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THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

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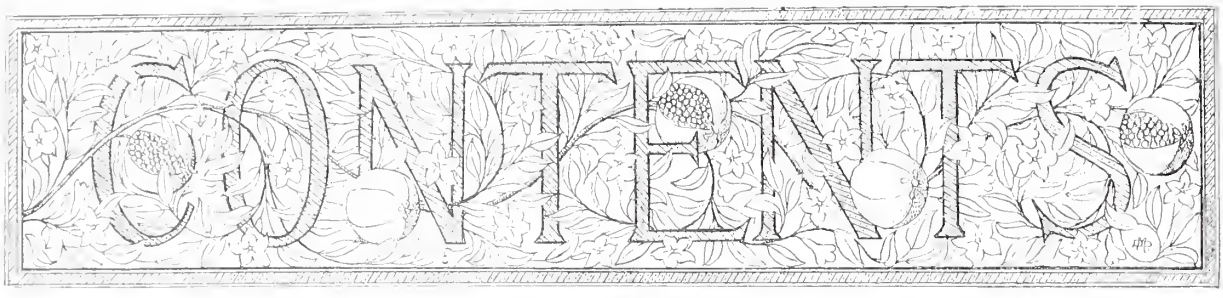
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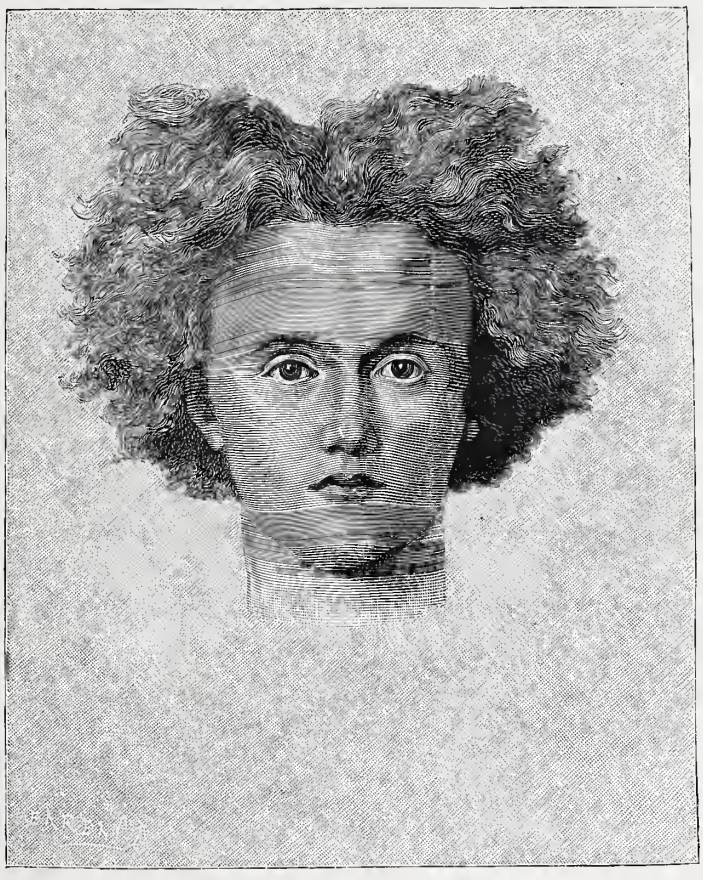
NOTE TO BINDER.

The article in the September number, "The Apprehension of Pictures," should be folios 277 to 280, and signature 4 B, thus preceding the article on Cambridge Portraits.

THE ART JOURNAL.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.

THERE are obvious reasons why, however long the master had been before the world, a critic could not wisely aim at presenting a complete account of the works of a living and still energetic artist. The greater such a master's activity, the richer his resources, the wider the field he cultivates, the more difficult will an observer find it to summarise his aims. The sum of the achievements of such a one is not made up while he continues to labour, and this is more than usually true in respect to the author of 'Love and Death' and noble portraits (of which our illustrations comprise two), and, to say nothing of busts, the sculptor of certain statues, one of which we shall soon engrave; and, finally, the delineator of landscapes filled with pathos, precious in the deep splendour of their coloration, and solemn or wealthy in their manifestations of tone. The world has not yet seen the grand equestrian group of Hugh Lupus, which will shortly give new interest to ancient Chester, the capital of the great peer's earldom. A second equestrian group, still larger than its forerunner, and illustrating an idea which is characteristically intense and original, is now on the artist's modelling platform. Both these groups are greater than the heroic scale allows, and each is full of fire. The one, although it repeats none of it, may be said to be the outcome of the other, because they severally represent ideas of active force, in the forms of conquerors or discoverers, as distinguished from the latent force of the masters of intellect.



A Youth. By G. F. Watts, R.A.

Although still in the very prime of his vigour, these powerful statues are the work of one who was born in 1818, and, more than forty years ago, gathered laurels in Westminster Hall by means of a cartoon of 'Caractacus led in Triumph;' and in 1847, or four years later, was again distinguished by winning a still larger prize with 'Alfred inciting the Saxons,' an oil picture of very noble qualities, presenting an historical subject in a grand dramatic manner, which was hardly known in this country before, or had been seen in Europe for many years. It was painted with technical felicity, the result of studies in the best schools. These schools were those of the antique and the old masters, whose principles Mr. Watts collated to a modern service, and has aptly illustrated in sculptured busts or statues, or painted portraits, or pathetic landscapes, or pictorial moralities and imaginations of subtle import, unrecognised in Art since Tintoretto flourished in Venice.

How little is it desirable to aim at producing a complete account of Mr. Watts's Art will be understood when it is known that, apart from the sculptured group entitled 'Active Force,' he has recently painted landscapes, and developed the designs for emblematical pictures on a large scale, which are instinct with pathetic poesy, and well worthy of his earlier efforts, being as rich as these are in design, colour, and tone.

Mr. Watts's competitors at Westminster were worthy of his honours, and are still renowned; they included—1, John Cross, whose 'Death of Richard I.,' now in the Houses of Parliament, is an epoch-marking picture; 2, P. F. Poole, R.A., whose genius the Academy is now distinguishing by means of a special exhibition of his works; 3, Mr. Armitage, R.A., whose 'Aholibah' ought to preserve his honours; 4, William Linton, the painter of fine classical landscapes; and 5, Mr. Millais, R.A., a planetary artist who has shone in more than one splendid phase. This noteworthy group consisted of men trained in diverse schools, who severally expressed themselves in modes as different

as possible from each other. Among these were, however, not one whose accomplishments were greater, whose aims were higher, or whose energy and resources were grander than those of my subject, who, more than any of his competitors, excepting, perhaps, John Cross, studied nature for the sake of Art, and with exceptional success. Watts's very touch is fastidiously eclectic, his thoughts are select and, pictorially speaking, monumental, although, unlike Mr. Armitage's and Linton's, not austere. The spirit of the masters of Venice, not those of Rome or Florence, survives in his, and in more than one sense he may be said to have recovered the mantle of Robusti. As portrait painter, as designer of magnificent emblems which a hasty world has not yet justly recognised, and as the delineator of superb decorative pictures, he, if any, has recalled the illustrious Venetians. The fresco at Lincoln's Inn, to say nothing of wall paintings destroyed with the old buildings of Little Holland House, and more than one instance still to be seen in the Houses of Parliament and elsewhere, remind us of that stupendous emblematist and dramatic moralist in Art, "Il Tintoretto." If anywhere, here is the prototype of our contemporary, whose genius is illustrated in a hundred modern instances, and in the portraits that charm us all, as well as in emblematic designs pregnant with noble fancies, and many a subtly-woven allegory of high moral and poetic import. In respect to these works he is less fortunate than Tintoretto, because the imagination of the times in which he lives is out of harmony with his inspiration, and, being impatient of whatever demands thought and heedful examination, will not willingly study that which is not to be read while running.



Fata Morgana. By G. F. Watts, R.A.

Tintoretto, on the other hand, must have had a body of sympathising friends and patrons devoted, after the manner of his age, to the study in any form, however recondite or picturesque, of those great truths which underlie or are interwoven with the fabrics of nearly all the myths of the world, myths which survived Greece and reappeared in splendid attire among the half-pagan literati and cognoscenti of Italy in the sixteenth century. Such is not Mr. Watts's good fortune. It is a great disadvantage to him that the very subjects he most deeply affects are somewhat foreign to modern fashions in pictorial design.

There is, nevertheless, a rich class of works by our painter which, although embodying the gist and motives of recondite emblems, has a poetic as well as a pictorial application, so that its examples are less like "caviare to the general" than grandly designed allegories like 'Time and Oblivion' (No. 60 at the Grosvenor Exhibition of 1882). The artist described this picture as one where the gigantic emblems of the mightiest powers "rise above the sphere of the terrestrial globe, and are poised in the mid-air betwixt the orbs of Night and Day; and Time himself—far other than the decrepit effigy of decay, appears as the type of stalwart manhood, ever renewed by generations after generations of our race—holds in his right hand the emblematic scythe; while Oblivion, with bent wings and downcast eyes, spreads her ample cloak and speeds swiftly towards the tomb." From these minatory emblems, reminders of mortality, an all-impatient people is ever ready to avert its eyes. Even 'Life's Illusions,' No. 46 in the same exhibition,* although a noble piece of painting, moved few who did not care for its technical achievements. Yet the princes of Venice, a race as luxurious if more voluptuous than our own, gathered below the ceilings Tintoretto glorified, and were by no means unaffected by the emblematic subjects of their great countryman.

The poetic and peaceful aspect of the examples to which I have alluded is well illustrated by a picture of 'Echo,' which was in Westminster Hall in 1847, a work so lovely, so severely broad in style, and yet so rich in colour, that it impressed painters with even greater force than that already mentioned more ambitious picture of 'Alfred,' to which was awarded the

* This picture previously appeared in the Academy Exhibition of 1849.

national prize of four hundred guineas. 'Echo,' although one of the most charming of its class, was not the first of Mr. Watts's productions appealing to the public with a beautiful technique and vivid play of poetic spirit and fancy in activity, qualities which distinguish all its fellows in the same order. 'Isabella and Lorenzo' was in the Academy of 1840, while another poetic instance, called 'The Fount,' was at the British Institution of the same year, and was succeeded on the same walls in the following season by 'Vertumnus and Pomona,' by 'Blondel' in 1843, by 'Guiderius, Arviragus, and Belarius,' in 1844, and in 1848 by the better-known 'Paolo and Francesca,' the subject of which has more than once attracted our artist.*

One of the finest specimens of the class of poetic and graceful pictures in question is that for leave to engrave which *The Art Journal* is indebted to Mr. Watts, the beautiful 'Fata Morgana.' It was exhibited at the Academy in 1870. Its design may, as the reader sees, be understood in more ways than one. The right version is that of the painter, who, after saying that he took the subject from Boiardo's "Orlando Inamorato," adds that "the female figure represents 'Opportunity,' only to be caught by the lock of hair that grows upon her forehead." Fair and joyful as an Oread, the naked maiden fleets through the woodland, and, in the summer air, goes like a gleam of sunlight upon water. She hardly ran, but rather drifted upon the breeze until she was firmly caught by the brown and golden tress which the stalwart knight clutched with his gauntlet, having, all eager-eyed, followed her across the waste moor, the blooming gardens, the rocky streams, and the hills and valleys which typify the paths of men in life. The beauty of the woman, all her gladsomeness, energy, and grace, are spoils of this indefatigable captor. The artist's opportunity was in painting the sun-flushed, vitalised, and rosy carnations of the captive. The *morbidezza* of her comeliness, as represented in the picture, is a triumph in painting. The colouring in general of the work is, although even in the darker tones deliciously rich and luminous, somewhat gayer than we now discover in Venetian pictures, but its harmony is perfect, whether we study the sumptuous foliage and herbage of the scene, the ruddy tints which underlie the bronzed skin of the knight's visage, the brilliant tinges of the sky and clouds, the shadowed figure of the boy in front, or the cold and shining armour and gorgeous vestments of the man. It is needless to describe those other elements of the design which the woodcut fairly represents.



A Knight. By G. F. Watts, R.A.

More strictly an allegory of the miniatory sort than 'Fata Morgana' is 'Love and Death,' which seems to be the artist's masterpiece in all respects, poetic, pathetic, and pictorial, as well as one of the very few modern works which had no prototype. It reflects a grand and tender inspiration in an original manner, is

* An amended version of this picture, if not the same canvas, was No. 51 in the Grosvenor Exhibition, 1882. It remains a member of the Little Holland House Gallery, that is, Mr. Watts's private collection of his works, some of which, certainly many noble portraits of distinguished men, it is the painter's intention to bequeath to the National Portrait Gallery, in succession to three members of the series which have been already deposited there by him.

It may be desirable here to add that the above-named 'Isabella and Lorenzo' was not the first picture exhibited by Mr. Watts. The Royal Academy, 1837, contained 'Portrait of a Young Lady,' 'A Wounded Heron,' and a second 'Portrait of a Young Lady.' Other portraits followed these in the exhibitions of 1838, 1840, 1841 (Miss Brunton), 1848 (Lady Holland and M. Guizot), and a 'Subject from Isaiah,' the design for a fresco, appeared in Trafalgar Square in 1849; 1850 (Countess Somers and Mrs. Jackson, her sister). 'Guiderius, Arviragus, and Belarius,' see above, had been already seen at the Academy in 1842, that is in the year before it was in the British Institution. 'The Good Samaritan' was at the Academy in 1850. Besides the above-named portraits Mr. Watts, under the name of "George F. W.," has exhibited more than one work (see the Academy Catalogue for 1858). Among productions of other kinds is an admirable essay on the art of B. R. Haydon, which is appended to the "Life" of the latter painter.

itself wholly original, and undoubtedly the truest example of allegory according to the modern inspiration, which is very different from the ancient one. According to this motive, Death the Indomitable, the harbinger of change, is no tyrannical spirit, not even the "terminator of delights and the separator of companions," but a slow-moving, stately power, who, without a sense of wrath, comes to alter all things of the earthly life, and has no strain of vindictiveness. The scene of the picture is the entrance to the house of one whose time for change has come, although the sun shines richly on the façade and roses still bloom there. The spirit wears a voluminous robe of silvery white, having an opalescence in its tint which gives strange impressiveness to it. He has approached slowly to this House of Life. Trailing behind his feet, the mysterious mantle is drawn over his head, and that head is bowed while steadily and irresistibly he presses onwards, with one hand upraised above the figure of graceful Love, a youth, who, moved to pity, and with eager cries, has thrust himself between the doorway and the intruder. The latter presses Love against the gate, while the boy's lithe form struggles in the air, and his pinions of rose, azure, and vermilion tipped with black, coruscate in a hundred lights and flutter about his shoulders, while with a passionate appeal he lifts one beautiful arm to oppose the indomitable but not unkind spirit who presses on without so much as an effort to put the boy aside. Already the shadow of Death covers part of Love's exquisite flesh, and although clear in itself, obscures most of his form, leaving little of his limbs for the gilding of the sun. In that very shadow something of the pearl-like inner lustre of Death's garment is reflected on the very form of Love, and thus it suggests hope of something that is shining within the veil, the very light of the inner grave. Already, however, so far as the mortal elements of the scene are concerned, a mighty change has attended the footsteps of Death, and follows his shadow. In that shadow the roses of the portal have faded, some of them have dropped their hold on the wall, and prostrated themselves at the feet of the Presence, while others, blanching in the chillness, are about to fall. Some of these children of the sunlight still flush the lustre that gilds the walls. The style of Death's draperies owes not a little of its dignity and complete grace to antique Phidean types, which have been so thoroughly mastered that every fold is true, elegant, and, above all, expressive of the movements and contours of the form within. That form is no grisly skeleton, inspiring hate, horror, and terror, but the embodiment of the might and energy of an irresistible but not ruthless being, who moves with stately force and neither hastes nor rests. The beauty of the colour of this picture, partaking as it does of a strange splendour, enhanced by the greatest wealth of tone, and having a modern spirituality infused to every part, is otherwise Venetian. Thus the very colour of the work subserves the sentiment of the design, and gives subtle pathos to transcendent Art. The picture forms part of the Little Holland House Gallery.



A Portrait. By G. F. Watts, R.A.

'Orpheus and Eurydice,' a romance which subserves a moral, has been illustrated more than once by Mr. Watts. This work shows tenderness and sympathy with the subject to have been combined with dignified Art, in representing the wedded lovers at the very entrance of Hell. As in 'Fata Morgana,' the colour of the picture adds to the expressiveness of the design. One of the subtly-considered elements of that design is the arrangement of the curves of the form of Eurydice, by means of which her figure seems to roll upon itself, and, snakelike, turns, self-intervolved, swerving upon the downward current of the air, so that involuntarily she thus eludes her husband's grasp.

Thus far I have endeavoured to put before the reader certain phases of Mr. Watts's Art, and in doing so I have tried to show them in the light which is proper to them. The master also appears as a portrait painter, and in a much more easily recognisable phase of his powers in the capital reduction here given of a large drawing in chalk of the head of Mr. Henry Prinsep when young. Miss Dorothy Tennant is the subject of the engraving of the lady holding the squirrel. The figure of the knight has not only a fine and pathetic face, but it appears in armour, the painting of which would have delighted Giorgione.



DANTE AND BEATRICE

ETCHED BY C.O.MURRAY AFTER HENRY HOLIDAY



SOME JAPANESE PAINTERS.



THE opening to Europeans of the various ports of Japan, less than a score of years ago, and the intercourse between its people and the nations of Europe, have disclosed to the latter the existence, hitherto but imperfectly (if at all) known, of a vigorous and mature civilisation, which had given birth to an essentially original, powerful, and highly cultivated Art. A very curious result of this intercourse between Japan and the Western nations is the deep sympathy which sprung up between them, and has ever since been as assiduously maintained as it originated rapidly — a most unusual thing in the history of our relations with the Eastern races. Whilst the Japanese were eagerly imitating European manners and customs, and remodelling their political and social institutions on the approved patterns of those of the Western hemisphere, Europeans, on the other hand, suddenly developed a remarkable but perfectly justified taste for the various arts of Japan. Japanese paintings, ceramic productions, ivory and metal works of Art, lacquer boxes and jardinières, and a thousand other delicately-wrought articles, were imported into Europe in large quantities, and immediately purchased by amateurs and collectors, whose example was soon followed by the public at large. The influence of the Art of Japan over our own decorative Art, we may here remark, is a very interesting fact, and well deserves to be studied in all its details.

Strange to say, no one seemed to know anything about the artists whose productions were so universally appreciated and admired, nor was any one able to supply the much-needed information. It was taken for granted that elaborate works of Art were as plentiful in Japan as oranges in Spain, and people were quite satisfied to purchase them; but the utmost indifference prevailed as to who were the artists to whom we were indebted for them. True, a few Art critics and writers in England, Germany, and France had given the subject more than a passing thought, as testified by the very few books written on the subject; but a complete, authentic, and reliable history of the Art of Japan had not been written, and we were quite as much in the dark as ever as to the origin and development of Japanese Art.

This highly interesting subject has now been elucidated, and a flood of light thrown on the progress of Art in Japan, by the admirable work of M. Louis Gonse, in two magnificent volumes just published by M. Quantin, the well-known Parisian publisher.*



Kanaoka, a Japanese Portrait Painter.

* "L'Art Japonais," par Louis Gonse, Directeur de la Gazette des Beaux-Arts. Paris: A. Quantin. 1883.

In the first volume M. Gonse, after briefly sketching the history of the people of Japan, its manners and customs, proceeds to give an exhaustive account of Japanese painting, it being the master art from which all the others are derived. In fact, nearly the whole of the first volume is devoted to painting. The reason of it is thus explained: "The history of painting is in Japan, more than anywhere else, the history of Art itself. The history of its progress, of its development, and of its modifications, can alone throw some light on the history of the secondary arts, which we oddly call the *decorative arts*, and give us an intimate knowledge of Japanese taste." Whilst admitting that the Art of Japan may have with that of China a common origin, M. Gonse protests against the oft-repeated assertion that the former is entirely borrowed from the latter, and claims for Japanese artists an originality peculiar to the race, and unlike anything produced by Chinese artists, whose influence he only recognises as dating from the fourteenth century, for, according to M. Gonse, Japanese Art is more Indian than Chinese.

Most interesting is this account of Japanese painters and their works from Kanaoka to Hokousaï, Hiroshighé and Yosaï, from the ninth century to the nineteenth, illustrated with a large number of admirably-executed designs and reproductions from authentic original Japanese works. Hokousaï, who is represented in the annexed design in the garb of a Japanese warrior, lived in the eighteenth century, and left a large number of works. He is certainly one of the greatest, if not the greatest Japanese master, and can be compared to our best artists. Humorous and versatile, powerful and elegant, he was unequalled as a skilful draughtsman and as a shrewd observer of the manners and character of his countrymen. His sketches are invaluable as illustrating Japanese life and customs. Can anything be more delightfully funny, and at the same time more lifelike, than the four men with fans at the top of this article? And how remarkable is the simplicity with which effects are produced by the clever pencil of this accomplished artist! As a book illustrator, Hokousaï is one of the most perfect artists known. His power of invention was really inexhaustible, and it has been computed that in his long and laborious career he has produced some thirty thousand paintings, designs, and sketches. Whether dealing with popular scenes, in which he seems to delight, or landscapes, or animals, he was equally successful, and all the subjects treated by him show great originality, as well as a remarkably keen sense of humour. It would be thought that such a master would have been a great favourite with the Japanese, who are born artists, and are excellent judges of Art. Yet it was with the greatest difficulty that M. Gonse was able to obtain information respecting the life of Hokousaï from the Japanese. They do not seem to entertain so high an opinion of him as Europeans, who look upon him, and we think rightly, as a truly great artist.



Hokousaï, a Japanese Master.

Yosaï, the last representative of the purely national Art of Japan—he died in 1878—has left several paintings representing the old Japanese Artists, with that scrupulous accuracy in the details so characteristic of Eastern art. They are of great interest as showing the native artists at work. Very little indeed is required by a Japanese: a few brushes and a box of colours suffice to him. The maulstick is unknown to him, and his brush, guided by an unerring hand, reproduces on the silk, with admirable precision, the ideas conceived by the artist. Kanaoka, whose portrait by Yosaï we reproduce, is the earliest painter mentioned by M. Gonse, and with him may be said to commence the history of Japanese painting. He is represented in the act of painting a portrait, one of those precious *Kakémonos*, a few of which are carefully preserved in Japan. A poet as well as a painter, he lived in the ninth century, and has had many imitators, one of the most renowned of whom was his grandson Hirotaka, the painter of Hades. The painting is now extant, and is said to be a most powerful and original composition. According to a legend currently told in Japan, the artist has so vividly depicted the torments of the damned, as to be himself frightened by his own work. Yosaï has taken this legend as the subject of one of his paintings, of which the annexed woodcut is a reproduction. Another picture by the same artist represents an equally celebrated painter Yoriyoshi, engaged in painting an image of the Japanese deity, Foudo. In their figures and landscapes, which are always very cleverly drawn, the Japanese display a knowledge of the laws of perspective much superior to that possessed by the Chinese. But they appear to be especially at home when depicting flowers, trees, and, above all, animals. Their horses, of which there are very few in the illustrations before us, do not come up to our idea of how horses should be drawn. On the other hand, their birds and fishes are rendered with an accuracy and truthfulness which it would be difficult to match. Whether flying or at rest, fighting or

billing and cooing, their winged friends, drawn with consummate skill, denote careful study, and an intimate knowledge of the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the various species. Cranes, eagles, and cocks are favourite subjects with them, and constantly recur under their pencil. As to fishes, they have an unequalled facility for representing their easy, graceful, undulating motion through the water which is singularly striking and effective. Monkeys and frogs, rats and mice, are of frequent occurrence in Japanese designs, especially rats, which they nearly always introduce in their compositions. The reason of this is that the rat is, in Japan, the emblem of wealth, a notion which is in direct opposition to the opinion we, in Europe, entertain of this rodent, our inveterate enemy.



Hiratoka painting Hades. By Yosaï.

A number of capital illustrations, characteristic of the various phases in the history of Japanese painting and its successive modifications, give special value to the remarks of the author, who has spared no pains to make his work as instructive as it is interesting. It is by the careful selection of good examples of native Art that M. Gonse succeeds in imparting to his readers as perfect a knowledge as possible of the old artists of Japan, and the graphic processes used by them.

The beauty of the numerous woodcuts, etchings, and coloured engravings, so admirably copied from authentic Japanese works as to be scarcely distinguishable from the originals, is remarkable, and they form a very satisfactory series of illustrations.

L'Art Japonais should at once become the standard authority upon that national Japanese Art which is now fast disappearing under the influence of Western ideas and manners. We shall be glad to hear that an English edition is being prepared for those who cannot enjoy a work in any other than their native tongue.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.' Engraved by Lumb Stocks, R.A., from the picture by J. E. Millais, R.A.—When Mr. Millais confined himself generally to portraits, as is now his custom, he greatly disappointed the large public which cares for the interest of reading a story in a picture, and many and loud have been the complaints as to his abandonment of what the complainers considered to be a kind of art higher than portraiture. But in fact the painter was, by this very change in his studies, proving that his art was truer than his critics supposed. The time had come when it could no longer act chiefly as the accompanist to literature, and when it was to deal with impressions upon the painter's sight rather than with the inventions of a writer's mind. Certain it is that some of the work most technically admirable amongst Mr. Millais's achievements has been produced in portrait painting, and that the highest qualities of his intelligence have been employed in the study of actual and entire character, which is the noblest function of portraiture. Nevertheless he has from time to time contented the lovers of storied pictures by giving a dramatic action to a group, or more simply by turning what would otherwise have been a portrait into a single figure piece of historical genre, by means of expression, costume, and accessories.

This picture is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Holloway, and is intended to decorate the Holloway College, Egham. He purchased it at Christie's in May, 1881, for the large sum of £3,990. We engrave the work by permission of The Fine Art Society, the owners of the copyright, and publishers of the magnificent mezzotint by Samuel Cousins, R.A.

'DANTE AND BEATRICE.' Etched by C. O. Murray, from the picture by Mr. H. Holiday (by permission of the painter).—Mr. Henry Holiday has always used his art for decorative purposes, and, if we remember right, has painted fewer incidents than allegorical or monumental groups. In 'Dante and Beatrice' he has the loveliest city scenery in Europe in which to place his figures, and the noble profile and austere draperies of the young Dante to set before a background of the Arno and the Ponte Vecchio. And in the incident he has chosen appears in all its exquisiteness that mystical simplicity which so utterly differentiates the life of mediæval Florence from the life of modern London.

'Izabella Czartoryska.' From a drawing by Richard Cosway, R.A.—Cosway and his beautiful wife, the Irish innkeeper's daughter from Leghorn, were smiled at in their day as the more effeminate "æsthetes" are gently ridiculed in ours. Their oriental bric-à-brac, their wonderful china, their old Japan lacquer, their "cabinets of cobweb-ivory," and their Saturday evening concerts, attended by the Prince and crowded by all that was foremost in the town, made them much laughed at and much envied.

The full-length portrait of the beautiful Polish lady, Izabella Czartoryska, representative of one of the two last great houses of her country, is reproduced from an engraving by Testolini. The engraving is dated 1791, and is in the stipple manner of engraving fashionable at the time, and which is so well known to collectors of Francesco Bartolozzi's works. The original engraving has been printed in colours, and at one impression, from the copper-plate. The production of such prints is not a lost art, as some have supposed, but is simply an art that has fallen into disuse from the large expenditure of time required to produce each print, and the consequently enhanced price of the prints when produced. The copper plate having been cleaned, the printer (who must have been an artist) carefully and with fine brushes applied the various coloured inks, working the colour into the incisions in the plate. When the plate had been charged with the coloured inks, one impression at the press produced the complete picture. The reproduction of Testolini's picture which accompanies this paper has been done by means of the comparatively modern art of chromo-lithography, and eleven stones, each printed in a separate tint or colour, have been used. The drawings upon the various stones have not been arrived at by means of photography, but have been drawn by a skilled artist upon the stones. It will be evident that in producing a picture where so many different printings have to be employed, the result of the various printings must fit one upon the other with absolutely perfect exactness. This is one of the mechanical difficulties involved in chromo-printing, whether produced from stone or from raised or relief blocks.

The practical explanatory details here slightly noted of the method of manipulation employed in this example of artistic reproduction, may serve as an introduction to a short series of papers to be commenced shortly in *The Art Journal*, in which it is proposed to treat technically and historically the subject of "Automatic Engraving." In lithography, whether in monochrome or in colours, the engraver is dispensed with altogether, and as soon as the artist has drawn his subject upon the stone it is ready for the printer's hands. The descriptions of the various processes will be further elucidated by examples of the various processes, and some indications of their respective capabilities.

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.

UNDER this title we propose, every month during the current year, to chronicle the date of birth and death of the celebrated artists of the world, together with any noticeable event connected with Art, that may have occurred in that period. The researches of architects and antiquarians during the past two or three decades have given much historically precise knowledge, where before we had merely tradition. This has materially affected our knowledge of dates, and thus some here given may disagree with the older standard works of reference. With regard to the Dutch and Flemish schools, it is especially necessary to rectify the many chronological errors of Houbraken, Immerzeel junior, and Campo Weyermann.

And first as regards birthdays: the year opens with the baptism of Murillo, in 1618—the actual day of birth being not certainly known, but perhaps the same as of his baptism; the 2nd is the anniversary of the German sculptor, T. C. Rauch, born in 1777; 4th, François Rude, the French sculptor, at Dijon, 1784; 6th or the 10th, Gustave Doré, at Strasburg, 1832 or 1833; 7th, George A. Storey, A.R.A., at London, 1834; 8th, Laurence Alma-Tadema, R.A., at Dronryp, in the Netherlands, 1836; 9th, W. P. Frith, R.A., at Studley, near Ripon, Yorkshire; 10th, Pierre Edouard Frère, at Paris, 1819; 11th, Parmigiano (F. Mazzuola), 1503, at the town whence he derives his cognomen; 12th, Spagnoletto (Giuseppe Ribera), at Xativa, near Valencia, 1558; 17th, Paul Potter, the great Dutch animal painter, at Amsterdam, 1654; 19th, Kugler, the celebrated German Art historian, at Stettin, 1808; 21st, Peter de Wint, one of the greatest of aquarellists, at Stone (Staffordshire), 1784, of Dutch descent; and Achille Martinet, celebrated French engraver, at Paris, 1806; 23rd, J. R. Herbert, R.A., at Maldon (Essex), 1810; 25th, Daniel Maclise, at Cork, 1811; 26th, 1819, the French caricaturist, Amadée, son of Count de Noë—his pseudonym, Cham, was in itself a joke, being the French form of Ham, a son of Noah (Noë); 27th, Viollet le Duc, the architect, at Paris, 1814; and 29th, J. C. Horsley, R.A., at London, 1817.

The necrology of the month is less remarkable: on the 3rd, Josiah Wedgwood, who did so much for the development of English ceramic art, died at Etruria, the village he had built for his workmen, in 1795; 5th, Giulio Clovio, the greatest of illuminators, at Rome, 1578; 6th, Francia (F. Raibolini), at Bologna, 1517 (also given as the 5th); 7th, Sir Thomas Lawrence, 1830, buried in St. Paul's; 8th, Giotto, at Florence, either in 1336 or 1337; 12th, Luca Giordano, at Naples, 1705; also of Sir François Bourgeois, 1811, founder of Dulwich College, and Lorenzo di Cuedi, at Florence, 1537; 17th, Carlo Dolci, Florence, 1606, and of Charles Blanc, the French critic, 1882; 18th, J. L. Géricault, the apostle of the modern French realistic school, at Paris, 1824; 19th, Paris Bordone, at Venice, 1571, and Henri Regnault, who perished in a sortie from besieged Paris, 1871; 20th, J. F. Millet, John Linnell, and Gustave Doré in 1883; 22nd, Andrea del Sarto, at Florence, 1531, of the plague; and 24th (or 27th), Willem van Mieris, inimitable in his power of finish, at Leyden, 1747.

Pollajuola was buried this month, 1498, in the church of S. Pietro in Vinculis, Rome, and Adriaen Brauwer in the church of the Carmellites, Antwerp, 1638, but the exact day is unknown in each case. The Academy of Design, founded by Murillo, at Seville, was opened on the 11th, 1660.

Alfred Beaver.



IZABELLA CZARTORYSKA

W. Conway R.A. delin.t

Petrie

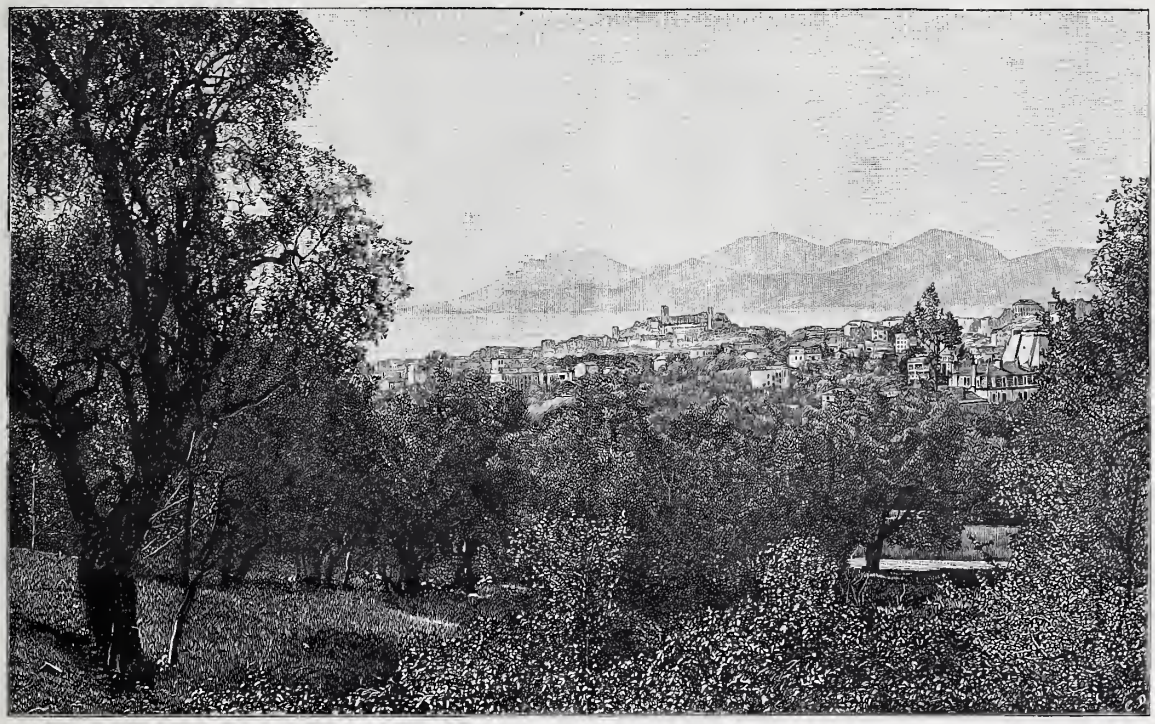
LONDON

THE WESTERN RIVIERA.

CANNES.

NO region in Europe combines such a variety of charms and interests as the Western Riviera. That narrow strip of country from Hyères to Genoa is especially favoured by nature. It lies cradled between two of the grandest natural objects. The snow-crowned Maritime Alps form a mighty wall of defence on the one side, and the deep blue Mediterranean Sea—the sea of history, laves its shore on the other. The one imparts to all its scenery a background of celestial purity and sublimity, and the other softens with beauty its asperities, and lends animation to its quiet hills and valleys. It has a climate of its own, which, with a few local variations owing to special circumstances of exposure, is wonderfully uniform and equable. It partakes of the excellencies of the tropics and of the temperate zone. The Alpine range protects it from the frosts and mists of the north, and attracts the clouds which discharge their watery burdens in the shape of snow upon the higher peaks, and leave the southern sky blue and clear as a sapphire; while the low rocky hills, with their steep slopes into which the Alpine range subsides as it reaches the sea, concentrate the heat of the sun, and radiate it upon the comparatively level ground along the shore, thus abnormally raising its temperature, which, however, is never felt to be too oppressive, cooled as it is by the fresh breezes and the genial influences of the Mediterranean.

What strikes the visitor most when passing eastward beyond the smoke of Marseilles and Toulon, is the peculiar quality of the light that shines on sea and shore. Fresh from dark cloudy northern skies that limit the horizon, and circumscribe



No. 1.—*Cannes, from California.*

the view, and bring the heavens like a roof close to the earth, imparting to the landscape a grey gentleness of tint and a mysterious depth of shadow, he is suddenly transported to a land where the brilliant sunshine and the translucent atmosphere give the feeling of vast aerial space, and the horizon recedes to an immense distance, and the heavens ascend to an infinite height, and naked reality surrounds him far and near. The light has a sparkling crystalline lustre, as if each particle of air through which it passes were the facet of a gem. It transfigures every object, makes a dead leaf to shine like a ruby, and converts the meanest and most squalid scene into a picture. To realise its full brilliancy and intensity, one must see it lighting up a bed of scarlet anemones, which glow like flames in the heart of a furnace. The dull red brick under its magic touch becomes almost transparent, the grey rock breaks out into opalline lustres, and the blue waters near the shore gleam like the bickering hues upon the neck of a dove. Pictures done in this light seem in our country gross exaggerations of colour; but the artist knows how impossible it is to transfer to his canvas the transparencies of light, and the radiances of burning hues which are at once his joy and despair.

Another feature which strikes the eye of the stranger are the steep rocky hills, seamed by dry torrent beds and cleft by deep gorges, forming the immediate background of almost all the scenery. These hills are as bare as were the foundations

of the earth on the first morning of creation. The rock crops everywhere to the surface, and but the thinnest sprinkling of soil covers its nakedness. No tender verdure of grass or moss creeps over these hills, and they are hard and rugged to the feet, and stern and arid to the eye when one is wandering among them. But at a distance they add much to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scenery. Composed for the most part of limestone, they are weathered into a great variety of striking forms, and nature loves to mark this material with her gentlest shadows and her brightest colourings. When closely examined, the naked precipitous rocks are found to be covered with a minute crustaceous lichen, which imparts to them a soft lilac bloom, eminently effectual as a background to the vivid foliage which they shelter at their base. They are also stained like old marble with the rusty hues of age, which light up in the level afternoon sunshine into the most glowing tints. When their bases are clothed with dark green maritime-pines, their gaunt nakedness comes out by contrast into more striking relief. And nothing can be more picturesque than the numberless mediæval villages that are perched here and there upon their spurs and crests, like eagles' eyries, which long years of wind and rain and sunshine have so assimilated to the rocks upon which they rest, that it is difficult to tell where nature's workmanship ends and man's begins.

The vegetation also impresses the visitor with its strange and novel aspect. The native plants differ widely from those which properly belong to this latitude; and it is only when one advances four or five degrees farther south, to the zone of Naples or Sicily, that the same flora is again found. The vegetation of Italy, especially Lombardy, Tuscany, and the region about Rome, is that of central Europe; and many of the forms of that vegetation may be also seen along the Riviera. But the peculiar physical conditions of the latter region have produced a flora which is neither insular nor continental, European nor Italian. It has a special physiognomy of its own, partaking largely of a semi-tropical character.



No. 2.—Algerian Prisoners at the Ile St. Marguerite.

And owing to the successful introduction of trees and shrubs from Africa, Australia, Peru, and India, not in single isolated specimens here and there, but in quantities sufficient to impart a decided aspect to the scenery, the visitor may well imagine himself to be in another continent altogether. Only evergreen plants can effectually resist the dryness of the climate, and therefore the prevailing vegetation is of that nature; but the blue sky and the brilliant sunshine prevent it from assuming a dull and lustreless appearance, and give it almost the transparency and cheerfulness of our deciduous foliage. Olive-trees clothe the slopes, with their dusky masses silvering to the breeze; on the arid rocks the pinaster and the Aleppo pine give a hint of the cold northern forests; while the tall dark spires of the cypress, rising here and there in picturesque groups, cast their weird moveless shadows over the plains, and lead the eye away by a succession of vistas to the distant hills. Contrasting with the sombre hues of these trees, the orange and lemon groves clothe the hottest and most sheltered spots near the shore with their glossy yellow-green tints, and sweeten the air with the fragrance of their flowers. Forming a striking foreign feature in every landscape, the eucalyptus lifts its lofty stem and slender, pendulous willowlike boughs into the sky, and by the incessant quivering of its leaves in the breeze gives a delightful feeling of aromatic coolness to the sultry air. Huge agaves and opuntias, rooted in the crevices of the driest rocks, forcibly recall the grotesque vegetation of the tropics. Over all the waste places cistuses spread their grey aromatic bushes, and unfold their roselike blossoms of white and red in quick succession of evanescent beauty; while dense thickets of myrtle, thorny smilax, and spiny broom form the undergrowth of the wooded hills. But the plant that above all others attracts the stranger's eye and fascinates his imagination is the date-palm, which flourishes all along the Riviera, and is like a vision of a new world. There is no more remarkable combination in nature than the palms of this coast with the snows

of the Maritime Alps, which look down upon them without daring to breathe upon their sturdy plumes. A picture which unites and harmonises these apparently incongruous objects under one cloudless violet sky, leaves nothing to be desired in the way of landscape beauty.

Besides the charm which the Riviera derives from all these novel features of the scenery, we must enumerate that which human Art supplies. The architecture of the towns and villages is peculiarly quaint and interesting; and the picturesque industries of the people furnish inexhaustible studies to the genre painter, continually turning into sudden poetry the grey prose of common life. Romance, too, breathes over all the land its ideal beauty. The song of the troubadour and the lay of the Provençal minstrel invest every scene with the tender or stern associations of human passion; while, to complete the enchantment of the land, memories of the far-distant past, when the world was young—of Greek enterprise and Roman power—cling to the hoary ruins that moulder on the inland heights, or give the consecration of antiquity to the quiet shores.

We shall begin our sketches of the Riviera with Cannes. This is not the natural order, but this place claims precedence on the ground of its own importance, and the fact of its being perhaps better known than any other town of this region. We are accustomed to think of Cannes as very modern, a recent creation of the English, but it is in reality a place of great antiquity. Its early history is very obscure. Originally it is supposed to have borne the name of Ægitna, and to have been destroyed by the Roman army as a punishment for the murder of some Roman colonists by the inhabitants.



No. 3.—The Old Town and Harbour of Cannes, from the Club Gardens.

Rebuilt under the name of Castrum Marcellinum (Château Marcellin) from the relics of a martyr of that name said to have been brought there from Africa, it was twice destroyed by the Saracens in the eighth and tenth centuries. Repeopled by a colony from Genoa, one of the Counts of Provence called it Castrum Francum, or Château Franc, on account of the freedom from taxation which he conferred upon it. Its modern name of Cannes was derived from the long reeds or "cannes" which formerly grew in immense abundance in the marshy grounds around, and imparted a peculiar appearance to the landscape. Numerous towns in Italy, such as Canneto and Canossa, obtained their names from the same cause; and Cana in Galilee is a similar example. At first Cannes was perched, after the manner of most ancient Provençal towns and villages, on the top of an isolated rock called Mont Chevalier, and had little to show besides a few narrow steep streets, quaint gables, old arches and doorways crowding round an ancient castle, with a church on the highest point dedicated in 1603 to Notre Dame d'Espérance. The square tower of the castle—seen in the above illustration—which is popularly termed Saracenic, but was actually built in the eleventh century by one of the Abbés of Lérins—was admirably adapted as a place of safety in troublous times, having its door high up, accessible only by a ladder. A curious arch in this ancient part of the town is called Lou Posterlo, or Chemin de Traverse, and had a sentinel always stationed there in time of war.

After a time the patron lady of Cannes—according to the legend—appeared one day to a young peasant-girl watching her flocks in the meadows by the sea, and sent her to inform the inhabitants of the village on the rock that they might leave the security of their elevated fortress and build their houses on the plain round about, and she would protect them

from their enemies. This supernatural permission was speedily taken advantage of by the cramped inhabitants, and the margin of the small harbour and the eastern slope of the hill were by-and-by covered with their squalid houses; this quarter of the town receiving the name of Sucquet, the main street forming part of the famous Corniche Road extending from Marseilles to Genoa along the coast. When Napoleon landed in its vicinity, after his escape from Elba, it was the same obscure fishing village among the reeds which Smollet and De Saussure described it. In 1831, however, the beauty of the neighbourhood and the fineness of the climate attracted the attention of Lord Brougham, who was prevented from crossing the Italian frontier to Nice by the Sardinian authorities on account of the cholera. Thus detained he determined to settle at Cannes, bought a piece of ground and built upon it a house, which he called the Villa Louise Eleonore, in memory of his only child. To this spot he used to come every winter thereafter; and there he spent his last days, dying in the summer of 1868. His choice made the place famous; his example brought many Scottish and English people to the locality, and Cannes is now a large and important town of more than 10,000 inhabitants, and the most fashionable winter resort in the south of Europe. A beautiful promenade has been formed along the beach, and the neighbourhood is thickly studded with magnificent villas embosomed in the richest and most varied exotic vegetation. Cannes possesses a marked character of its own. Its locality is remarkably well chosen, the numerous low hills and rising grounds forming admirable sites for houses and gardens; and almost every view has for its western background the range of the Esterels, whose marvellous beauty of form and colour affords a continual feast to the eye. To the natural picturesque features of the spot are added the charms of rich and abundant foliage, strange semi-tropical vegetation, and brightly-coloured eastern-looking houses, all seen under a brilliant cloudless blue sky, and bathed in sunshine that brings out every hue and form with the utmost distinctness.



No. 4.—The Ile St. Honorat.

One disadvantage about Cannes is the long stretches of white dusty roads between walls, which have to be traversed before getting into the wilds of nature. The walks and drives, however, are very numerous and varied. About two miles to the eastward is a low range of hills covered with pine-trees, the shoulder of which for some occult reason has received the name of California (Illustration No. 1). There is a steep ascent to it, and on the slope are built several large hotels and villas. All the way up the views increase in extent and beauty, and at the top the horizon is indeed magnificent, bounded on the west by the Esterel Mountains, to the east by the long promontory of Antibes, to the south by the wide Mediterranean, with the picturesque Lérin Islands, and the romantic château and old and new town of Cannes forming the foreground, and to the north by long billowy ranges of hills, hoary alike with their bare rocks and their covering of olive-woods, rising up behind one another and terminating at last in the glorious peaks of the snowy Alps. At the Valetta California is the famous garden of Camille Dognin, which rivals in some respects the better-known gardens of Mr. Hanbury and Dr. Bennett at Mentone. It is laid out on the summit of the hill, and besides its own intrinsic charms of the rarest and most beautiful trees and flowers, it has the most exquisite glimpses and vistas of sea and shore and mountain imaginable. From California the hill slopes steeply down and runs far out to sea, forming the picturesque promontory of La Croisette, near the end of which is a large orange garden, which is known by the imposing name of "Des Hespérides." The oranges are grown for sale, and on account of the classical grandeur of the name are dearer there than elsewhere.

The most popular of all the excursions around Cannes is that by boat or steamer to the islands of St. Marguerite and St. Honorat. The fortress founded by Richelieu in the former island is historically interesting, as the place where first the Man in the Iron Mask was imprisoned, and subsequently Marshal Bazaine. One hears so much in the locality about these incidents that they almost cease to interest. The mystery connected with the former personage has never been satisfactorily cleared up; and his existence has grown into a kind of myth, round which all kinds of supposititious stories and romantic conjectures have gathered. The fortress is still used as a prison for Arab criminals, who are sent there from Algeria (Illustration No. 2). Their dignified attitudes, dark wild faces, and oriental dresses make up a picturesque and interesting sight. Accustomed to the free life of the Desert, their confinement in this fortress must be peculiarly irksome to them. The island is covered almost entirely with a forest of splendid umbrella pines. From an archæological point of view, however, St. Honorat, which is about half a mile distant, is far more interesting. It is a perfect treasure-house of ecclesiastical antiquity. Along the pleasant road, shaded by a belt of old umbrella pines, which leads round the island, are the remains of five chapels dating from the seventh century or even earlier. The original number was seven, but of the other two no traces now remain. They bear some resemblance to the still ruder chapels built about the same time in Ireland and in the western islands of Scotland by the saints or coarbs of St. Columba. The best preserved of the group is the Chapelle de la Sainte Trinité, at the eastern end of the island, beside a fort constructed by the Spaniards. It is not more than twelve yards long and about two wide, and is placed from east to west. It is a low building with an immense block of stone

over the doorway, and an aperture above it, by which the dark interior is lighted. The corner-stones are enormous, and the arches of the nave and of the apsidal chapels are of the rudest and most primitive description, evidently constructed when this mode of architecture was but in its infancy. At the western extremity of the island, within an old fort, is the Chapel of St. Sauveur, which looks on the outside, with its tiled roof and whitewashed walls, like a peasant's cottage. Inside it is a regular octagon with a dome-shaped roof; six of the sides being occupied by arched niches, the seventh being formed into an apse containing a rude stone altar with three holes in it, supported on one foot. On the remaining side is the rough ruined doorway, with a small round window over it, through which the light enters into the interior. Having been often used as a fold for goats, and a cooking-place for the herdsmen, the walls are blackened with smoke, and the place is kept in a disgraceful state. It bears a close resemblance to the Chapel of St. Sauveur, at Grasse; and is believed to have been originally a baptistery connected with the monastery, and the first Christian building erected on the island. Besides these most interesting old buildings there are the Chapel of St. Justine, now a stable, the ruins of the Chapels of St. Cyprian, St. Pierre, and the restored Chapel of St. Porcaire, where it is said that the saint was buried.

But the most remarkable of all the ancient buildings on the island is the monastery of Cistercian Monks (Illustration No. 4), originally founded by St. Honorat, in the fifth century, beside the landing-place. It presents a curious combination of religious and military architecture; having been fortified with a strong donjon-tower surrounded by a loopholed wall, in order to protect the monks from the attacks of the Saracens, who on one occasion slew five hundred of them. Its history is very eventful, strangely out of keeping with the peaceful object of its construction. In the centre of the tower is the oblong cloister in three stories, of which two remain entire. The gallery of the first is supported by pillars of marble and granite, of different colours, standing round an ancient cistern, one of which has the inscription, "Constantino Augusto Div.," carved upon it, which indicates it to be of Roman origin. From this gallery open the doors into the cells of the monks, and the refectory. The story above is constructed in the same style, only with smaller pillars, and leads to the library and the Chapel of the Holy Cross, where rest the remains of St. Honorat, St. Venance, his brother, and St. Capraise, his spiritual teacher—the three tutelary saints of the island. From the top of the tower, which still exhibits many traces of the works added by the Spaniards for artillery, a most magnificent view is obtained of Cannes, and the far background of the snowy Alps. In the wall of the tower is shown a cannon-ball fired by the English when they took possession of the Iles de Lérins, in 1746; and near at hand there is an old palm-tree, which is said to have sprung from an older and larger one, which St. Honorat climbed when he prayed that the sea might overwhelm the island, and so destroy the serpents with which it was infested. The large church belonging to the monastery was rebuilt in 1876, and the whole arrangement of the interior altered; the altar, which originally faced the east, being placed where the door once opened. At the present door of entrance there is an old Roman pillar of red marble; and there are other interesting remains, particularly in the transept and cloister of the primitive edifice, which probably date from the eighth or even the seventh century.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

(To be continued.)

OUR NATIONAL ART EDUCATION.

THE public mind has of late been considerably exercised as to whether Great Britain is receiving any adequate return for the vastly increasing sums (now no less than £350,000) which every year she is asked to pay for Art education. A series of papers dealing with either side of the question will, therefore, form a part of this year's volume of *The Art Journal*, commencing with one by Sir Rupert Kettle, and which he delivered in his capacity of President of the Arts Section at the recent Social Science Congress.

THE subject of Art education has been under discussion in England for the last fifty years. All disputants, however, agree that it is desirable our countrymen should have better facilities for studying "pure" Art, and that our skilled artisans should have a more thorough training in "applied" Art.

I do not intend to enter upon the subject of Art education in a controversial spirit. No doubt many mistakes have been made from the year 1836, when a vote of £1,500 was taken in the Budget estimates for establishing a school of design, down to the time when the annual vote became £351,403, and the Department of Science and Art was constituted part of our system of national education. The subject was new to our Government; and in this, as in other matters, we proceeded tentatively, gaining experience, by experiment and failure, as we went along.

I shall make the best use of the short space allotted to me by devoting it to a succinct exposition of the state of our national Art education at the present day, and offering some suggestions for its improvement. I am not without hope that you will agree with me that the mistakes hitherto made, both in management and teaching, have been neither more numerous nor more grave than might have been expected, having regard to the kind and the extent of the difficulties to be surmounted. As to the large expenditure about which such loud complaints are heard, I trust I shall be able to satisfy you that the nation has had—is having—and will continue to have full value in return for its outlay.

Our system is not in all respects the best we can pursue. I hope, however, to show you that, by enforcing more strictly upon students—particularly during the latter part of their pupilage—undivided attention to the ultimate use to which their Art attainments are to be applied, the Department, as now constituted, will accomplish all the nation requires in public Art education.

Before a school of Fine Arts can be permanently founded, two conditions must be fulfilled. You must have a general standard of taste sufficiently high to appreciate the works

produced; you must also have a body of trained artists who will not only work up to the level of public taste, but raise its standard—the former being the precedent condition.

The tardy success of our efforts to introduce an efficient system of Art education must be partly attributed to the limited extent to which pure Art was appreciated amongst us at the time when attention was first aroused to the necessity of Art teaching. Not only was there a deficiency of intelligent criticism, but there were prevalent amongst us tastes which were absolutely vicious; so that the first promoters of improvement had not only to interest the indifferent, but to correct the vulgar.

Although Art education had made some progress both by public and private aid between 1836 and 1851, we must look to the action of that illustrious Prince who devised and carried out the Great Exhibition for the beginning of our present comprehensive system of Art training. We had to educate both the public and the Art workman.

Time does not permit me to trace the stages through which we have passed since then. I will proceed, therefore, to give you a view of national Art education as it is now carried out.

First, we have, as part of our ordinary system of elementary education in our voluntary and board schools, each year no less than six hundred thousand young persons of both sexes under instruction in drawing. This includes between twelve and thirteen thousand pupil-teachers. There is an inspection and examination in this subject as part of our ordinary elementary course. Masters are encouraged by payments for results, and pupils by prizes for merit and diligence. In the ordinary progress the most proficient of these pupils, and those who show an aptitude for drawing, when they leave the elementary school, join Art classes, or they enter one of our schools of Art. The pupil-teacher, when he has served the requisite time under a certified master, passes on to a training college, where drawing is continued as part of his probationary study: in due time he submits his work to examination, in order to obtain a schoolmaster's drawing certificate: the examination is thorough, for out of 1,672 candidates last year a minority only obtained this certificate, which entitles the successful student to teach drawing in an elementary school, but does not entitle him to form an independent Art class. To obtain a certificate as a class master, a candidate is required to pass a much more severe examination. He has also to go through that most searching test of all, a time task; that is, to finish a drawing of a previously unseen object in a limited time. A large proportion of the candidates break down at this test, though some of the most hopeful are allowed to make a second attempt. Very few of the competitors succeed in obtaining a class-teacher's certificate; I am told not thirty last year. When, however, a master has obtained such certificate, he is entitled to form independent Art classes, to be supplied with examples, models, and Art-school requisites, to receive capitation fees for those of his pupils who regularly attend, and are properly instructed in his class; and his pupils are allowed to contend for the prizes and scholarships in the national competition. These Art classes do very useful work in places too far from a regular school of Art, or as supplemental schools in large towns. My experience is, that upon their first introduction such classes injuriously affect struggling Art schools by taking away some of their pupils; but that, after a few years, they begin to act as feeders to these schools, by supplying them with a better class of students in the lower forms.

The masters of the Art schools are subjected to a much longer and higher training than certified class teachers. They are generally the exhibitioners and holders of prize scholarships at South Kensington. They go through a regular course of study under the personal instruction and guidance of professional teachers at the central school—or Art college, as it really is—at South Kensington. They are thoroughly instructed, not only in drawing and modelling, but in the principles and practice of ornamental Art, and, with the assistance of objects in the museum, its practical application to the improvement of manufactures. Moreover, those preparing for the appointment of master have their aptness as teachers tested. They have to take classes at the college before their training is completed, and afterwards they are usually further tested as assistant masters before being placed in charge of an Art school. Last year we had at work 169 schools of Art, with 13 branch schools and 545 Art classes—some affiliated with the schools, but the greater number of them working independently.

To the large number I have mentioned who learn drawing in our ordinary elementary schools must be added at least 200,000 pupils each year under more or less advanced Art education. Without going into details as to supervision or expense, I may say generally that there is a complete system of inspection and examination in force from the lowest to the highest departments, and that there is no payment out of public funds to masters, except for work actually done, as tested by results, and to pupils, except as rewards for excellence in an open competition. Of all classes there were upwards of 800,000 pupils under actual instruction last year. The direct payment out of public funds was £53,441 and £39,198—less than half-a-crown per annum per pupil. Of course these payments are supplemented by liberal private contributions and by school fees.

There is no considerable town in England without a school of Art, containing the requisite examples, models, and Art appliances, and in almost every large village there is an Art class at which pupils leaving the national or board school may continue their Art education.

Now what is the course of instruction under this series of gradations? (1) It begins with drawing outlines from the flat—that is, copying lines perpendicular, horizontal, curvular. Then outlines of objects—say, a box, a ball, a chair. The pupil must observe accurately, and then use his hand without assistance. He must know what he sees, and then bring what he knows to the point of the pencil. This is the first step to free-hand drawing. (2) He next shades from the flat, that is, from a paper copy. The use of this stage is to accustom the pupil to the use of lines suggestively; proper lines of shading are used, not only to denote shadow, but, from their inclination, to suggest the form of the surface upon which the shadow lies. Shading from the flat is a simple part of drawing, but useful if only to check the slovenly propensity to smear-in shadows, and work with a stump instead of a point. (3) The pupil now comes to drawing outlines from the round, that is, sketching from models, simple at first, but, as he advances, of more complication—fruit, foliage, and scroll ornaments in bas-relief. This is a further exercise of the faculty of observation and transmission. (4) Then shading from the round, a process requiring much more skill than shading from the flat, because it includes determining by the pupil's judgment what course or flow the lines should take so as to suggest the form of the surface upon which the shadow falls. He has now acquired the art of free-hand drawing. So

far his progress is imitation, without invention — without imagination. This is the end of the elementary part of his Art education, and the foundation upon which all true Art training must be based.

I will now consider what advantages we have gained by our national Art teaching up to this point. I will first look at these advantages apart from their value as a preparation for the special studies in Art upon which the pupil will now enter.

Free-hand drawing is in itself an art, although not of that class which is called a fine art. It is the skill to practically apply certain fixed principles to a given purpose; it is an art in the sense of skill. Besides being an art in itself in this sense, it is the rudiment of pictorial art, and, to a certain extent, of plastic art also—the two important branches of the Fine Arts. Free-hand drawing has this advantage over other rudimentary Art knowledge, that it is useful in itself. It is a language by which Art is expressed; but it is capable of expressing other than Art thoughts. It is the language of form, and can tell you form, for useful as well as for ornamental purposes. Practically it is a new faculty of language. A man who has been trained in free-hand drawing—when he wishes to describe any object—can put his ideas beyond the reach of mistake, for he is able to take a piece of chalk in his hand and pictorially represent that object. In a manufacturing country the advantages of this, both to employers and workmen, cannot be overestimated. And when we consider that we are, every year, giving this faculty in a greater or less extent, to upwards of half a million of our working classes, we may realise the magnitude of the benefit. This is, of itself, I venture to assert, worth all the money which is being expended upon it. Nor am I discouraged by the fact that the statistical returns show more failures than we might expect in the higher departments of study.

After the completion of his education in free-hand drawing, the student would be taught the use of the tools and pigments of painting—first in monochrome, and then in colour—and he would work from object examples placed before him singly or in groups. If he is to be a modeller he is placed at a stool to work in clay or wax. Lastly, if he carried out the primary purpose for which the institution was founded, he would begin to design under the guidance of a master.

I must now refer to the educational use of our museums and galleries.

No part of the South Kensington institution has been subject to such merciless and persistent—I will not say censure—but jeers and scoffs. But it has grown beyond the reach of satire. The English people have become proud of it. They see at South Kensington the most magnificent collection of Decorative Art that ever was brought together. It may be that in forming the collection occasional mistakes have been made, and that some money has been uselessly spent. The general result, however, is a great triumph to its founders.

Without a vigorous effort, and the force of genuine examples constantly presented for examination and study, it would have been impossible successfully to combat that vicious taste which for so many years had been growing upon England. If the Museum has done nothing else, it has certainly created a sounder knowledge and fostered a better taste amongst our wealthy middle class. It is, however, in connection with the Art college that its educational influence is most directly felt. There is not a designer in any branch of trade, who has mastered the principles of free-hand drawing, but can find in the Museum an exemplar to guide him in his work. It is, no doubt, one of the consequences of all public exhibitions, that rival artisans from abroad can—and it is well known that they do—derive their inspiration from South Kensington equally with our own countrymen.

Extensive—I may say ample—provision is also made for the exhibition of examples in the great seats of industry in the country as well as within the stationary Museum in London. The system of circulating objects of Art has now become one of the most important features of the scheme for disseminating Art taste. By the last return to Parliament, in the annual report for 1882, the total objects circulated since 1855 were 69,271; of drawings, designs, and paintings, 69,188. The number of visitors to the various local exhibitions is given as 13,312,318, and the amount received for admission £252,363, it being understood that to many the admission was free.

In addition to these contributions of a temporary character, loans of objects for one year, changeable periodically, are made to permanent museums established and controlled by municipal corporations. Such contributions are of great value and importance, far more so than absolute gifts, since the loans admit of variations, exciting a new interest periodically, whereas a gift of objects would simply remain as a fixed contribution, losing much of its interest, and certainly of its novelty, and the instruction to be derived from it would be limited to the extent of the gift.

By the National Gallery (Loans) Act, 1883, the trustees of that institution have now power, under certain restrictions, to lend pictures for the purpose of local exhibition.

We have also always open amongst the silk-weavers in the poorest part of London the Bethnal Green Museum. Our great provincial towns, too, have given to their Art schools the aid of museums of examples and picture galleries. In Nottingham, for instance, this has become a great source not only of instruction but of recreation. Birmingham will soon have the finest institution in the provinces. Liverpool has had a great donation of Art work. It is unnecessary to complete the list: but I may be permitted to mention my own town, Wolverhampton, in which a private citizen, whose name is not publicly known, is erecting at his own cost a most beautiful structure for an Art gallery, to which we trust our school of Art, which has outgrown its space, may be added.

Enough, then, is being done to educate the public taste.

By personal instruction and teaching, and by the contemplation of Art examples, the Art student is grounded in the technical elementary knowledge of Art; he has acquired the free use of his hands and tools and a knowledge of materials. I have now arrived at the point to which my observation, that of enforcing more strictly upon students during the latter part of their pupilage undivided attention to the ultimate use to which their attainments are to be applied, had reference.

At the point I have mentioned the pupil should have finished the practice of imitation, and be fit to commence his course of study in imaginative or inventive Art. The highest object of such study is pure Art: the production of works intrinsically beautiful, or beautiful by association—apart from any special service they are to serve, or use to which they may be applied.

Now, without raising the vexed question of whether State aid is the best means of developing a pure Art feeling, I beg to express my opinion that in cases where it is wise to train pupils in the highest department of Art—a point which can only be attained by those who have the divine afflatus of the poet—by those who can feel only the spiritual influence of

Art: to these fortunate few, these naturally-endowed artists, I do not think our Government college can give the best possible training. The system of the South Kensington institution seems more adapted to applied than to pure Art: to what are called the decorative—the ornamental—or, lower still, the industrial arts. To me the *genius loci* always calls up an indistinct idea of an indefinite something which draws my mind from the art itself to its salable value. If pure Art be the young artist's aim, I advise he should either become pupil to some artist whose style he desires to follow, as is done in France and Italy, or he should enter the school of the Royal Academy of Arts, or avail himself of the institutions founded by the liberality of Felix Slade.

I suggest, then, that South Kensington should draw the line more distinctly between "pure" and "applied" Art. The latter is a work quite as onerous, and, all things considered, more extensively useful than the former. Continuing to teach pure Art beyond a certain point tends to distract attention from that application of Art which is, after all, the main purpose—and ground thought—upon which South Kensington was founded.

Let me illustrate what I mean by the official returns of the Department of Art. I have explained how our system of training enforces inspection and examination, from the lowest straight-stroke drawing-class in an elementary school up to the finished work of the Art schoolmaster. The greatest and most general test is what is called, and properly called, the National Competition. The Art schoolmaster selects the best works produced in his school during the year for this competition. The highest prizes are medals, of three degrees of value: gold, silver, and bronze. Below these are book prizes and certificates; but it is enough for my purpose to consider the medals only. As these are the high prizes, they denote superior skill from advanced training. It is, therefore, right at this point at latest, to distinguish between drawing-school work and such work as carries out the purpose of schools of design—such work of practically applied Art as is executed in France by artisans in the communal "Ecoles de Dessin."

Now, if the distinction I have ventured to suggest were carried out, we should expect to find among the gold medallists—as being probably the most competent pupils—a greater proportion of designers and fewer drawing pupils than among the silver medallists, and so among the silver over the bronze. But what is the fact? In 1882 there were ten gold medals awarded, four only for design work proper—namely, two for textile fabrics, one for an architectural model, and one for surface decoration. The others were given for very excellent work, but not of applied Art. There were forty silver medals awarded that year. Of these one-half only were for design—namely, nine for textile fabrics, four for ornamentation, five for architecture, one for a terra-cotta clock. The bronze medals that year were eighty-eight in number. Of these thirty-six were won for Art work (again about one-half); fourteen for textile fabrics; four for architecture; ten for application of plastic art; five for original studies of ornament; two for anatomical studies. One work for which a bronze medal was awarded I must mention, because it carries out my idea of the right work to be done by the senior pupils in our schools of Art. It was for studies treating natural objects ornamentally. I have looked over the tables of other years, and being supplied with the return for the year just issued, I have carefully analysed that also, and I find that 1882 is a fair test year.

It is a common complaint amongst masters of schools of Art, as I believe it is at the central establishment, that almost all artisan pupils desire to become painters. They press to be continued as students of painting when they might, and many of them ought to be, employed in applying the learning they have already gained to the trade to which they have been perhaps apprenticed, and in which they work daily. A few of the artisan scholars persevere in imitative art until they can paint pictures of what is called still life—of fruit, flowers, or even familiar, unsuggestive, and therefore inartistic landscapes. Some of these can be sold, and after a short time the pupil gains a larger income than their late workfellows receive as wages. This tempts others to try to follow their example, and many a good Art workman is lost, without being replaced by an artist.

Our local schools of Art receive annually large contributions from the wealthy inhabitants and those engaged in the trade of the districts where they are established. I believe that a part of this fund might, without injuring the general work of the school, be usefully devoted to forming special classes in which artisans who had mastered the elements of Art knowledge, and acquired the necessary skill in execution, could be taught the practical application of their knowledge to the trade in which they were engaged.

The principles of applied Art can be taught by direct instruction. Indeed, they are so taught in other countries. This can be best accomplished by dividing the subjects into classes. They may be classed as—1. Pictorial. 2. Plastic. 3. Textile. These can be subdivided according to their uses, and each can be taught with regard to its special requirements for practical application. A general knowledge of the trades of the neighbourhood would enable the master to carry out such a system of classification.

Art objects are either decorative or decorated. Decorative objects should be intrinsically ornamental, self-contained, and complete, not dependent upon extraneous aid for their effect, but beautiful in their own form, colour, and sentiment. In decorative objects beauty must be considered apart from utility. They often depend for effect upon the position in which they are placed, having regard to their surroundings, and are often made to appear useful for the purpose of congruity only: and that by a transformation which is destructive of Art sentiment—such, for instance, as by turning a statuette into a clock case.

Decoration is something applied; the object to be decorated is the first consideration; to it the decoration must be subordinate. Use is of primary importance. No decoration should interfere, or even appear to interfere with or conceal the usefulness of the object decorated. It must be fit in form and colour. It must be incorporated with and become part of the thing decorated, without altering its structure. Decoration must not set up an independent existence, but must remain subordinate to that which it decorates. The first principle of ornament has been so thoroughly treated in the published works of Digby Wyatt, Redgrave, and, as to colour, Owen Jones, that every Art schoolmaster is familiar with the subject; there would be found no practical difficulty in dealing with it in each class according to its separate requirements. The main difficulty is to teach pupils to devise—that is, to invent—appropriate ornament. The range within which natural forms and colours can be used decoratively is very limited. Ornament is too apt to preside over that which it is

intended only to improve. Pictorial decorations are apt to break up flat surfaces; they clash with the colour of material, or they interrupt the flow of structural outlines. Natural objects, beautiful in themselves, are what is called conventionalised for decoration. The best examples handed down to us from the greatest masters of decorative Art in all ages show that they all used their skill in conventionalising to produce their finest works. The best works we can bring together are, as I have explained, laid before our students as examples for their instruction. They may copy the work, they may examine it until they catch its spirit and purpose; but, if they want to profit by it as an example, they must go back to nature, the source from which the design was originally derived, and not attempt to conventionalise that which is already conventional—as our designers are too apt to do.

It is in teaching the designer to conventionalise natural forms that the aid of the trained eye of the master is required. He will teach the student to seize the principal quality of form which excites admiration of the natural object; then, to subdue that form to his purpose by modifying it into conformity with that with which it is to be associated. To conventionalise objects, the Art workman treats them with a motive exactly opposite to that of the caricaturist. The latter seizes upon some main peculiarity, and then, by judicious exaggeration, makes it obtrusive and ridiculous. The designer, instead of forcing peculiarities into undue prominence, reduces them into subjection. Let the schoolmaster instruct and advise, but let the pupil work out his own thoughts upon design, let him work in the material he is most accustomed to, and, if it may be, let him complete his Art education in the workshop.

I cannot conclude this paper without expressing my conviction that, since 1851, we have made most satisfactory progress in all those staple industries which require taste and Art knowledge for their success. We are producing not only the best decorative ceramic ornaments, but the most beautifully decorated useful pottery in the world. Our metal work, from cathedral screens to domestic brasses, is a manufacture of which we may now be proud. Without speaking of the special manufacture revived in Venice, I can say with confidence that no country has at any time produced such pure brilliant flint glass as the English makers now give to the world. As to design, whether in cut, engraved, or moulded glass—whether in rock crystal or cameo work, no such Art glass was ever before seen as that which is now being produced in my own neighbourhood. RUPERT KETTLE.

RECENT BUILDING IN LONDON.

THE baneful influence of English architects upon American Art has recently been the subject of a vehement article in a transatlantic contemporary, and it seems to call for observation from an English Art journal.

The only buildings in New York which stand the American writer's test were erected prior to the year 1876. Up to that date the European and American architects had agreed to arrange themselves in two camps—mediævalists in the one confronting classicists in the other; the former subjecting his works to fixed principles of design, the latter accepting as final certain completed forms. The Gothic revival was, after twenty years' trial, earnest and alive, and another generation of artists might have brought the swelling bud to a splendid blossom. The works of the modern Renaissance are scarcely touched upon, and we cannot be sure whether that school was alive or not. At this moment an artist—whose name has been handled in this connection a little too freely—"clever, and with a special felicity in piquant and picturesque grouping," stepped upon the scene, and, like another Mephistopheles, "bedevilled his weaker brethren." But not alone his weaker brethren, for it appears that, with scarcely an exception, the architects of New York, old and young, followed his lead, and fell in behind the banner of Queen Anne The result, according to the writer, is so deplorable that the resources of language scarcely serve to describe it. A large section of New York architects have degenerated into a "frantic and vociferous mob," who have welcomed the new movement as a relief from all restraint, and even from all public decency, are destitute of all sense of propriety, and are alike unfettered

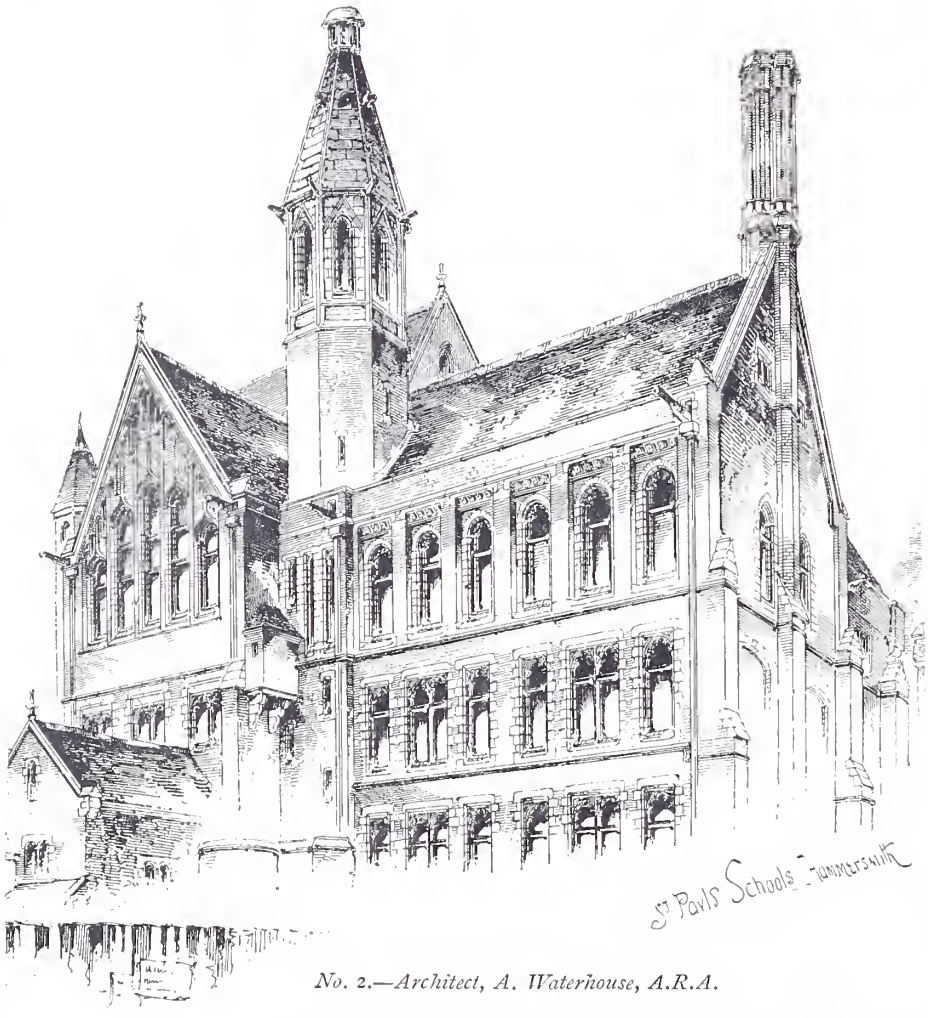


No. 1.—House of Mr. Frank Holl, R.A. Architect, Norman Shaw, R.A.

by reason or revelation. If they are all this, they are certainly very bad indeed, and are in a "parlous case."

We confess, however, to some misgivings on this head, especially as the *Century* magazine, in an article on the same subject, takes an altogether different and hopeful view of American Art.

However, assuming that modern American architecture is the farrago of absurdities which this writer states it to be, and leaving him to settle his account with the authors thereof as he best may, the real question at issue between us is whether Mr. Norman Shaw is responsible for it. As a matter of fact, the illustrations of New York architecture in support of the writer's thesis have not a single touch of Mr. Shaw's manner about them; and, on the other hand, the English work which has fallen under his influence has none of the irrelevant feebleness which the New York work exhibits.



No. 2.—Architect, A. Waterhouse, A.R.A.

Whether the Gothic revival dates from Horace Walpole or Sir Walter Scott, or whether, as Mr. Eastlake thinks, the Gothic feeling was only dormant, and not dead, it found itself, on re-awakening, face to face with the old difficulty, the treatment on mediæval principles —not practice—of the indispensable internal accessories of our domestic buildings. The genius of Pugin broke against the task of giving them appropriate and characteristic forms, and no one, we suppose, would now dream of reproducing his designs for furniture. While opinion is scarcely divided as to the artistic *ensemble* of the new Law Courts, no one has a word in defence of its furniture and fittings. These, too, are the least satisfactory portion of the Manchester Town Hall. Scott was a rich man, and an enthusiastic defender of the universal applicability of Gothic Art; but he did not embody his teaching in a Gothic house for himself. He lived in a Philistine structure in Kensington, or hired a veritable Queen Anne house at Ham. Those of our young architects who have given themselves to the design of furniture as a spécialité, were all abroad and ineffective until they followed the Jacobean examples and refined upon them, and now it is scarcely too much to say that household furniture is the one artistic thing that our English nation does better than any nation on earth. To put the matter shortly, Gothic Art gave us picturesqueness without comfort. The real Queen Anne gave us comfort without picturesqueness. The leader of the new movement thought they might be combined. He tried the experiment, and he has succeeded. The quality which Mr. Shaw has introduced into our domestic architecture is distinctively that of homeliness.

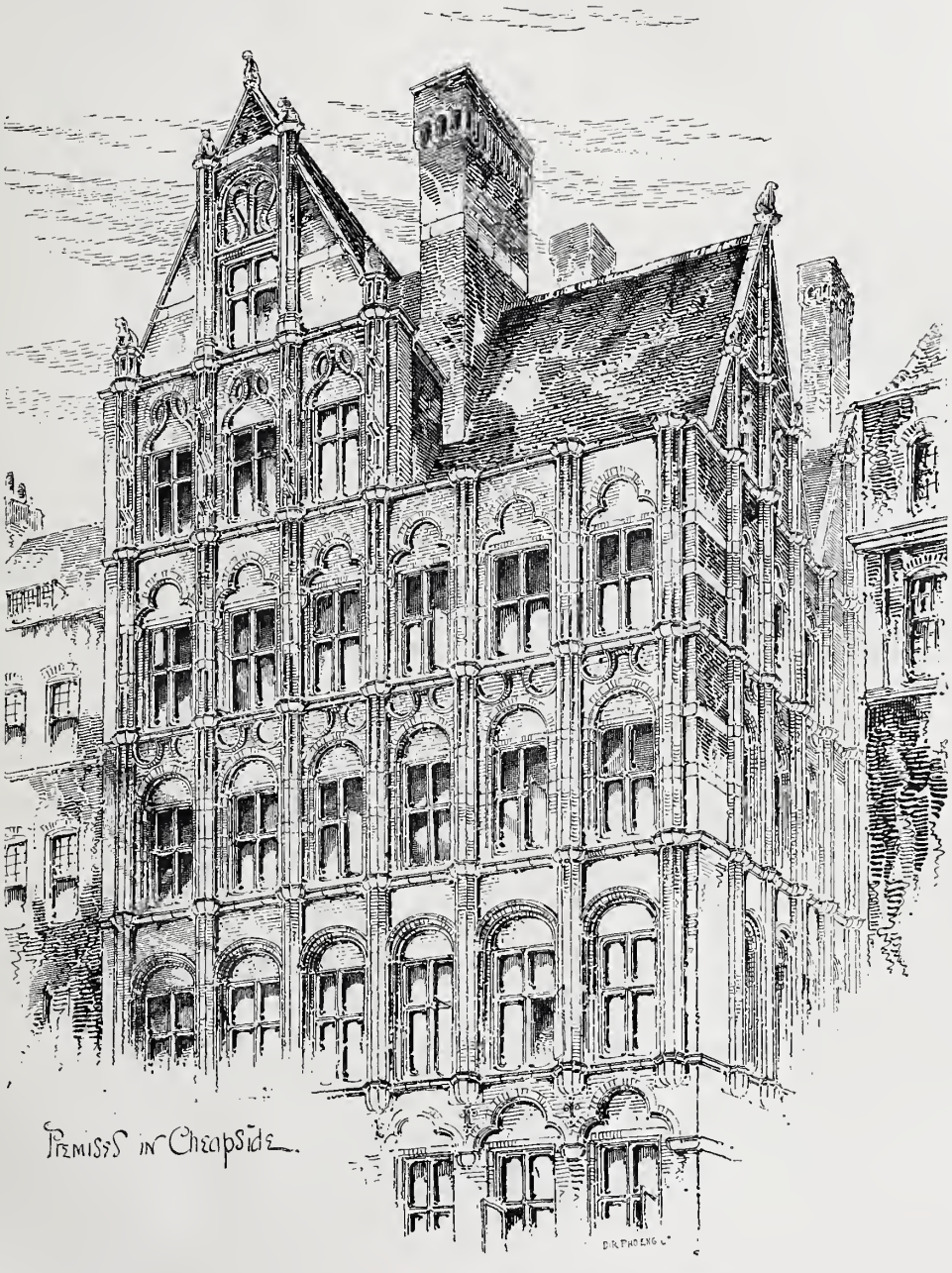
The little sketches of the house of Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., the "Three Gables" (Nos. 1 and 6), have all the attractiveness of an old house of the sixteenth century, and all the internal conveniences and *agrémens* which modern science and Art can supply. It is essentially an artist's house, and the peculiar grace, variety, and playful fancy which Mr. Shaw infuses into all his work is quite in accord with the artistic temperament, and is appreciated by all who can appreciate Art. The influence of Mr. Shaw has been shown in nine-tenths of our modern domestic work, and by no one, perhaps, more clearly than by Mr. Ernest George, testified by a multitude of his buildings. Yet in all the work bearing the impress of Mr. Shaw's example, there is still much originality and independence, and none of that license which is said to prevail in the architecture of New York. The remarkably beautiful building in Cheapside, of which we give a sketch (No. 3), is one of the ablest designs of the day, and is only one example of the work of its accomplished architects. The variety and sparkle of its detail is subordinated to the necessary quality of breadth of treatment, and combined with structural fitness. He must be a very captious critic who will complain of the twisted piers, the curved Flemish ornaments in moulded brick which surmount the windows, and the other details which give to this effective composition so much interest and charm.

If, however, we look to the school of English Artists, who choose to work in a more severe manner, we shall find the same fancy, the same regulating good sense and propriety, and an extreme refinement in the application and design of the details, which mark the highest class work of any period.

The Liberal Club in Bucklersbury, designed by Mr. Grayson (No. 5), is a most refined rendering of Greek feeling applied to modern wants. Not a single moulding, or feature of any sort, is an exact counterpart of ancient work; and yet it is evident at a glance that the *motif* is an essentially Grecian one, and that it is an intellectual achievement. "The mind the music" of its façade is obvious to any one who has an eye to see and a mind open to artistic impression. The portion of the new City of London Schools (Davis and Emmanuel), on the Embankment, which we engrave (No. 4), shows the treatment of Italian Renaissance, and so far as the superposition of the orders can be rational and effective, it has been attained in this design. The relation of broad surfaces (which the architects have had the courage to leave untouched), to the highly elaborated bays, is happy in the extreme, and the figured sculpture and carving is specially appropriate and excellent. Here, again, the effect of thought is visible in every line, and the combination of a picturesque and varied sky-line and *ensemble*, with the utmost refinement of detail, is eminently scholarly and satisfying.

The greatest artist in architectural composition is undoubtedly Mr. Waterhouse, A.R.A. His exquisite sense of colour and his really marvellous power of draughtsmanship give him an advantage over architects who are less facile in the use of the pencil and the brush. His new Natural History Museum at South Kensington has won golden opinions from all sorts of people, not only for the happy manner in which the idea of representing in its terra-cotta ornamentation the flora and fauna which its collections were to comprise, but in the grandeur of its general composition. His new St. Paul's School at Hammersmith (No. 2) afforded him no such opportunity for expressive detail, and the sum at his disposal was not sufficient for a highly elaborate work. But his power of composition is effectively shown in this as in all that he does, and the grouping of one of the wings, as shown in our drawing, is enough to mark the hand of a master in the art.

The churches of Mr. Pearson have all the qualities of the highest art—a complete adaptability to their use, a rigorously scientific constructive scheme, an extreme breadth of general effect, and the most fastidious refinement of detail. They are all in a particular phase of thirteenth-century Gothic, and are mostly of brick, and they mark as a series the high tide of the Gothic revival. For churches it is probable that our native Gothic, in spite of an occasional aberration, will always hold its own. A church is not to us like a church unless it is Gothic. For monumental works the classical styles have made good their claim, and although open to much criticism, are on the whole well adapted for modern uses, and the London streets are full of admirable examples of the manner. For domestic purposes the much-maligned Queen Anne has obtained a sure footing: it has been shown to have picturesque qualities possessed perhaps by no other style; it is indigenous and racy of the soil; it is endeared to us by crowds of memories, historic and social; it is elastic enough to suit all the demands which can be made upon it, and has, in short, in competent hands, many recommendations and no inherent defects. It has never yet been used on such a scale as to test its applicability to really great works; and it is a misfortune that—as recommended by the President of the Architectural Association in his

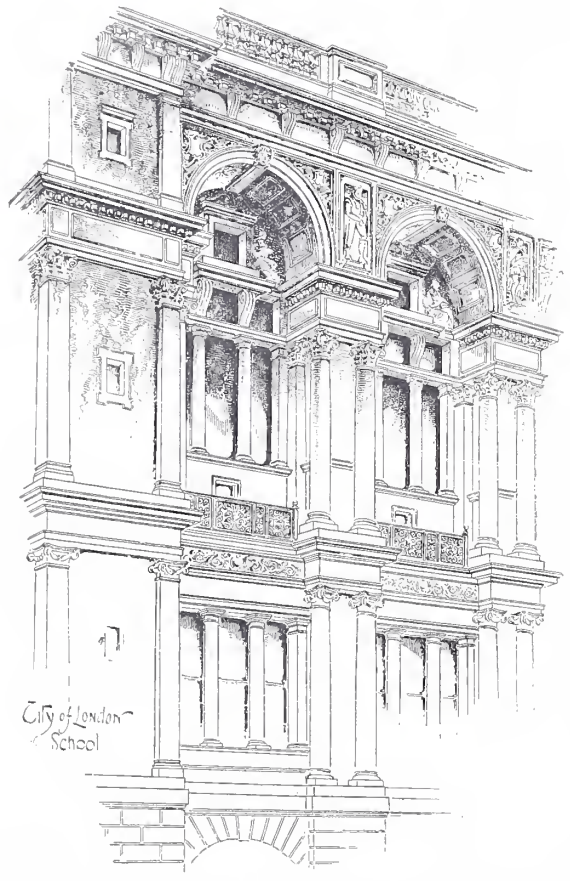


No. 3.—Architects, Messrs. E. George and Peto.

inaugural address—the new War Offices, upon the design of which hundreds of busy brains are now working, have not been used as a test of the power of the acknowledged master of a distinctive style, to rise to so great an occasion and vindicate its claims to our regard.

Amongst the other recent London works, to which one can point with satisfaction, the Board Schools, of which we gave several illustrations at pages 137 and 161 of our 1881 volume, must not be overlooked. An ill-judged parsimony is reducing their design to a level but little above that of the ordinary street architecture; but before this fatal stringency set in, and Mr. Robson, the architect, was allowed a little freedom, he succeeded in producing some of the most picturesque, appropriate, and distinctively characteristic buildings of the day.

All critics are agreed that one of the first of architectural virtues is the clear expression of a purpose—and in this particular the series of Board Schools referred to is explicit and



No. 4.—Architects, Messrs. Davis and Emmanuel.

unambiguous. But they are distinctively "Queen Anne" in *motif* and treatment, and it is perhaps not too much to say, that if Mr. Shaw had not first opened up the possibilities of the style, these schools would not have possessed the merits which all allow.

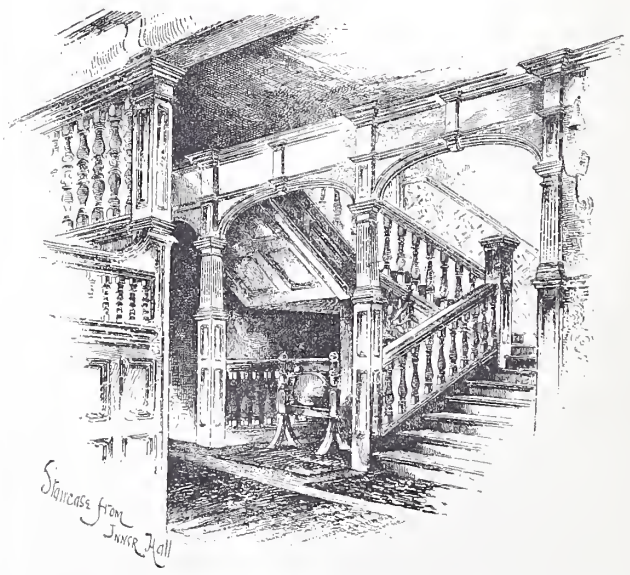
It is the old story of Columbus and the egg. And it is difficult to believe with the writer of the article in *Harper*, that the New York architects, who have shown such unanimity in their admiration for our English master, have nevertheless not the wit to follow successfully the example he has set them, and that although they have the seed they cannot grow the flowers.

The influence of Mr. Shaw's genius has been felt throughout the whole range of English domestic art; but it has not led



No. 5.—Architect, Mr. Grayson.

to the silly rubbish which the American writer says is rampant in New York. If it really prevails to the extent stated, one thing is clear from the companion works in England, viz. that its weakness is not inherent in the manner which Mr. Shaw has made his own.



No. 6.—House of Mr. Frank Holl, R.A. Architect, Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A.

Our illustrations are from sketches made by Mr. Herbert W. Railton.

THE POLDI-PEZZOLI MUSEUM AT MILAN.

WE have nothing quite like the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum in London. The nearest approach to it is, perhaps, the Soane Museum, a rare, if not a solitary instance, in which an Englishman has left his house and his collection for the public use. Both contain a library, antiquities, and pictures, but it is mainly in the intention of the founders that any real parallel can be drawn between the two institutions. In the quality and variety of its contents the Milanese Museum is more like that at South Kensington than that in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is of course on a very much smaller scale than the former, but besides a very choice collection of pictures by native artists, it contains furniture, tissues, tapestries, arms and armour, bronzes, pottery, gold and silver smiths' work, enamels, glass, and sculpture. All these precious objects the Cavaliere recently left, with the rooms in his palace which contained them, for the public benefit in perpetuity. He also endowed the Museum with funds not only for its maintenance, but for its augmentation, and entrusted its administration to his friend, Signor Giuseppe Bertini, and after him to the President of the Academy of the Brera for the time being, or such person as the Syndic of Milan should nominate. The founder expressed a wish that the rooms (in which he himself had resided) should be preserved in the state in which they were found at his death, and even devised the arrangement of the catalogue. During his life some of these apartments must have assumed much the appearance of a museum, but the rest of them, with their chairs and tables, their curtains and well-decked mantel-pieces, are enough to give the whole house a human and habitable air.



Portrait of a Lady. By Piero della Francesca.

Whether this social atmosphere is favourable for the scientific study of works of Art may be a question, but it is certainly not without its charm. One escapes that first feeling of bewilderment which attends the entry into a large public gallery. There is no question where to begin or what to look for. Things are taken as they come, and each seems at home in a place which has been selected for it with not a little care. Though the visitor may have no association with the founder, and though the founder be dead, his presence is still felt in the arrangement of his house. Be the collection never so heterogeneous, a certain harmony as of a presiding human genius prevails, unifying to a certain extent the medley. All this, perhaps, tends to make criticism more difficult, but it makes enjoyment easier. The faculty of comparison is less on the alert, but the mind is more open to the reception of unexpected kinds of pleasure. The eye has greater change and yet more rest, and is perhaps readier to concentrate its attention on objects which are of special interest to it when it has been diverted by less absorbing sights. The beautiful specimens of decorative Art, the cases filled with glass and porcelain, the inlaid chairs and carved chests, not only act as a kind of setting to the pictorial gems of the Museum, but help to create and sustain a frame of mind from which it is easy to pass to the appreciation of more elevated beauty. There are richer collections of all kinds than the Poldi, but none which can be more easily and fully enjoyed.

The Palazzo Poldi-Pezzoli fronts the Via Alexandro Manzoni, but part of it is occupied by a bank, and the entrance to the Museum is in the Via Morone. The hall has a fine piece of ancient Roman mosaic let into the pavement, representing Hercules binding a lion, but the Museum may be said to begin with the staircase, which, though restored, retains its old form and its balustrade of gilt iron. The fountain and lantern of painted glass were designed by G. Bertini. The taste of this artist is indeed visible throughout the apartments, which were mainly designed and decorated either by himself or under his supervision, with the assistance of his brother Pompeo in the painted glass, of Scrosati, and other modern Italians, in the carvings and frescoes. Any criticism of the design and decoration of these elaborate rooms is outside the purpose of the present article, nor do I propose to do more than mention the presence of some pictures and sculptures by modern artists. These include portraits by Bertini, Molteni,

and Francesco Hayez, and two celebrated works of the sculptor Bartolini, the 'Astyanax' (in plaster), and 'La Fiducia,' which show that Signor Poldi, as also his mother, Donna Rosa Trivulzio, belonged to the higher class of amateurs who not only love Art and help to preserve the works of former generations, but do what they can to encourage the production of original Art-work in their own time. Such rooms as the Sala Dorata (not completed till after Signor Poldi's death), and the Gabinetto Dante, will also serve in the future as examples of high-class decorative Art-work of Italy in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Few visitors will be disposed to linger long upon the staircase to examine the portraits by Ghislandi, fine though some of them be, or the landscapes of Magnasco; but will do well to enter the library, for, besides the bookcases which enshrine, among other treasures, some rare Aldines on parchment and some precious manuscripts, they may find, as I did, a splendid and curious portrait of a severe old gentleman in black, with both hands on a lion's head. Except a ticket which ascribed this work to Giuseppe Ribera, I obtained no information about this fine picture, which was yet uncatalogued. If, as is probable, some other place has been found for it, the Sala Dorata is the room in which the real riches of this *Fondazione Artistica* will first be tasted. In this beautiful apartment, with its fine cabinets and *cassoni*, its Louis XV. clock, its engraved and elaborately-framed Venetian looking-glass, its Italian tapestries and Oriental carpets, its trophies of arms and glass cases full of ancient bronzes, modern porcelain, Roman glass and Etruscan pottery, will be found some choice small pictures, two of which we engrave.



The Deposition from the Cross. By Sandro Botticelli.

One of these is a spirited and finely-executed profile of a lady's head, by Piero della Francesca (No. 21). This very interesting artist, who is sometimes assigned to the Florentine, sometimes to the Umbrian school, was an Umbrian by birth and a Florentine by education. Born at Borgo S. Sepolcro about 1415, according to the latest conjectures, he is known to have worked at Florence with Domenico Veneziano. Morelli traces the influence of Paolo Uccello in his landscapes, and has assigned to the latter artist the remarkable portrait of a lady (No. 768) which is ascribed to Piero in the catalogue of the National Gallery. Dr. Richter also suggests, with some show of probability, that Piero was the pupil of Uccello. At all events he was an artist of rare intelligence, originality, and accomplishment, who by the study of perspective and the new medium of oil or varnish, is generally allowed to have done much to advance the scientific practice of painting, and his influence on the Umbrian school was great. Of his experiments in oil painting—a process which he is said to have learnt from Domenico Veneziano (to whom it had been imparted by Antonello da Messina, who was one of the first to practise it in Italy)—this picture shows nothing, as it is painted in tempera, but the brilliance of its execution, the distinction, *naïveté*, and spirit of its design, are worthy of the artist's reputation. A comparison with the picture in the National Gallery (a very similar portrait of a very different lady) is strongly in favour of the two works being executed by the same hand. Besides the very evident resemblance in style, and the equal precision with which the character of the two faces is seized, the arrangement and ornament of the hair, the concealment of the ear, the necklace, and the round-cut bodice with the ornament on the sleeve, may be noticed. The size of the lifelike and brilliant little portrait at Milan is about eighteen inches by thirteen.

This room also contains a very interesting 'Madonna and Child,' ascribed to Botticelli (No. 17), which presents many characteristics of this imaginative master. The Child is seated on its mother's knee with his right hand on an open volume, from which he appears to be expounding the prophecy of his death. Round the left arm is the crown of thorns and in the left hand the nails. Behind is an open window with a small fragment of landscape. The face and action of the mother are beautiful, and full of sad sweet love and awe; but the child

is unsentimental to say the least, and the head and fat neck seem ill suited and ill joined to the body. A far more admirable and characteristic work of the master will be found in the Stanza da Letto, representing 'The Deposition from the Cross' (No. 35). Of this highly impassioned picture, the most important, perhaps, of all the paintings in the Poldi, we give an engraving, which renders, more perfectly than could well have been expected of a woodcut on so small a scale, the expression of the various figures. The characteristic drawing of the nude figure of Christ may be compared with that of Mars in our National Gallery (No. 915). The face of the Saviour is, perhaps, the least successful part of the engraving, scarcely preserving the peacefulness of the original. I think the fault lies in a slight exaggeration of the hair on the upper lip, which conceals too much the clear calm lines of the mouth. The illustration is, however, so good that it seems scarcely necessary to supplement it by any written description of this intensely pathetic design. Sandro, often as he tried to express highly-wrought emotion, never succeeded better than in this work, which is throughout inspired with the most vivid and sincere imagination. Above all to be praised, perhaps, are the face and gesture of the Magdalen. The exceeding tenderness and reverence with which she in the dumb agony of her grief lays her cheek close to those feet which she once



The Marriage of St. Catherine. By Bernardino Luini.

washed with her tears and wiped with her hair, are felt with a fulness and expressed with a perfection for which it would be hard to find a parallel in pictorial art.

Returning to the Sala Dorata through the Sala Nera, we may notice a charming 'Madonna and Child' (No. 31), by Vincenzo Foppa, a rare artist, little known in England, although, according to the opinion of Dr. J. P. Richter, we have an example of him in the National Gallery—'The Adoration of the Kings' (No. 729), now ascribed to Bramantino, a still rarer master. Foppa, who died in 1492 after he had completed his eightieth year, must have lived his long life almost contemporaneously with Piero della Francesca, but Foppa was a Brescian who settled at Milan about the middle of the fifteenth century, and may be called the true founder of that section of the Lombard school which was afterwards so strongly influenced by Leonardo da Vinci. He is said to have been a pupil of Squarcione. In this Madonna at the Poldi we see much the same gentle, gracious type of beauty with which we are familiar in the works of his follower, Ambrogio Borgognone. Except for the long, slender, and rather stiff hands, nothing can be more free than the drawing, more natural than the pose and expression of the figures. The Virgin (three-

quarter length) is standing, holding the Child on her right arm, its feet resting in her open palm. She is reading from a book lying on a table, and he is lovingly caressing her chin with one hand and looking straight out of the picture. His expression is singularly natural, just that of any baby who is happy and good-tempered and intelligent. The mantle of the Virgin passes over her head, like a hood, concealing her hair. The Child is clothed in a short shirt with a broad band round its waist. Behind the figures is an open window through which is seen a hilly landscape with a winding road. Altogether, this is a work of singular charm and masterly execution, possessing a clear and distinct individuality amongst all the Madonnas in the gallery. It is more easy to feel than to analyse this individuality, but delightful freshness and simplicity are certainly two of its elements. The artist had evidently the courage and the power to paint what he saw, and could moreover penetrate it with poetry. The poetry was his own; the realism, perhaps, he owed to his native air of Brescia, which was afterwards to produce Il Moretto and Moroni.

Signor Poldi was fortunate enough to possess another fine example of Foppa, and this is a portrait which for its quality of life may be compared with that of the later Brescians. It represents a man of middle age and dark complexion, in a red skull-cap. His rich dress and strong aquiline features are sufficient to show that he was a personage of importance and decided character, if not of high lineage. This distinguished head is modelled with the strength, but without the hardness, of the followers of Leonardo, such as Solario. Some other pictures in this room show how "advanced" a master was Foppa, and how free from traditional conventions which for long after restricted free pictorial expression in other parts of Italy. Of his contemporaries in the Venetian school (if we may include Padua and Murano in the title) the Sala Dorata contains two tiny specimens (Nos. 20 and 21). The former is ascribed to Carlo Crivelli, a master of the latter half of the fifteenth century, and is a very painful representation of a vision of St. Francis and our Lord. Christ stands with the cross and other symbols of his death, and with his fingers pinches the wound in his side, from which spirts a thin stream of blood, which is caught by the kneeling saint in a chalice. The other is a miniature in the style of the Vivarini, a 'Pietà.' In thinking of these uncouth productions as the works of contemporaries of Foppa, we must not forget that they were also the contemporaries of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini, and the Poldi contains a portrait by a pupil of Giovanni which affords a better comparison. This is by Girolamo da Santa Croce, who flourished about 1530, and probably, therefore, came into the world the best part of a century after Foppa. There is a certain semblance between the two designs. Both are busts of men with their faces turned to the left of the spectator, and both have their hair falling in a fringe on the forehead and in a long swell over the neck. Foppa's is of course the finer work, for Girolamo was not a very remarkable artist; but still the comparison serves to show that Foppa must be ranked with the most original and enlightened masters of the fifteenth century.

The only picture in the Sala Dorata which remains to be noticed is the charming example of Bernardino Luini, of which we give an engraving. Pictures by this most amiable of painters are not rare, though, as the famous 'Christ disputing with the Doctors' (No. 18 in the National Gallery) once was, they are frequently ascribed to Leonardo. Nevertheless, Luini can be properly studied only in Milan and its neighbourhood. The Poldi contains four of his works (Nos. 16, 84, 85, and 125). The first is the subject of our engraving, and both it and No. 84, 'Tobit conducted by the angel Raphael to his Family,' are choice examples of the master. It is doubtful whether Leonardo or Luini has been the greater sufferer by the confusion which has existed in regard to their paintings. The former has had some works attributed to him which were not marked by his commanding genius, but the reputation of one of the most delightful and accomplished of masters has been almost obscured by the shadow of a mighty name. And this is the more hard in that Luini, however much his style may have been strengthened by his admiration of Leonardo, preserved always a very distinct, if delicate, individuality of his own, both as a colourist and a draughtsman. In an early work of his here, a 'Saint Jerome,' with a very various and beautiful landscape behind him, he shows originality and refinement. The diptych of the 'Man of Sorrows' and the 'Mater Dolorosa,' which is, I suppose, a later work, seems to bear traces of his master, Ambrogio Borgognone, especially in the attitude of Christ and in the short-headed, large-mouthed type of the head to the left of the Madonna. In the other two pictures, especially in the 'St. Catherine,' we see Luini at his best. The 'Tobit' shows, perhaps, a greater variety of power, but in the 'St. Catherine' there is more harmony, and the composition is less crowded and confused. Nevertheless the 'Tobit' is a very remarkable work. The dainty sweetness of the angel, the ingenuous beauty of Tobit, the bland but noble head of the father, and the more majestic and sterner type of the mother, exhibit a command over different types and characters which is seldom found in the same picture. If it had been discovered in England unnamed some half-century ago the connoisseurs of the day would have infallibly quarrelled over its right ascription, for it not only is suggestive in parts of the artists who influenced him, Borgognone and Leonardo, but also of others who were his juniors. It is not impossible that Raphael and Correggio, or even Michael Angelo, might have been named as artists whose influence is clearly discernible in this little picture, and it would have been probably assigned to a much later painter of another school. There would probably have been some little difficulty about the 'St. Catherine' also, which is probably one of the finest and most characteristic works of Luini's maturity. The types of the Madonna and the Saint are very different. In the former, sweetness of disposition; in the latter, nobleness of character, seems to predominate. Both belong to a far higher intellectual rank than the pretty shy Madonnas of Borgognone, and the Child is more suggestive of Foppa than his pupil. On the whole, the examples of Luini at the Poldi seem to show that he had naturally a very gentle, sensitive mind, with a tendency to sentimentality, and that Leonardo's more masculine influence acted as a tonic to him, and braced up his timid powers to the noblest efforts of which they were capable, till, as in 'The Marriage of St. Catherine,' he was able to embody his conceptions of mental and physical beauty, if not with the magic and mystery of Da Vinci, at least with a sweetness and nobility seldom attained by any other artist.

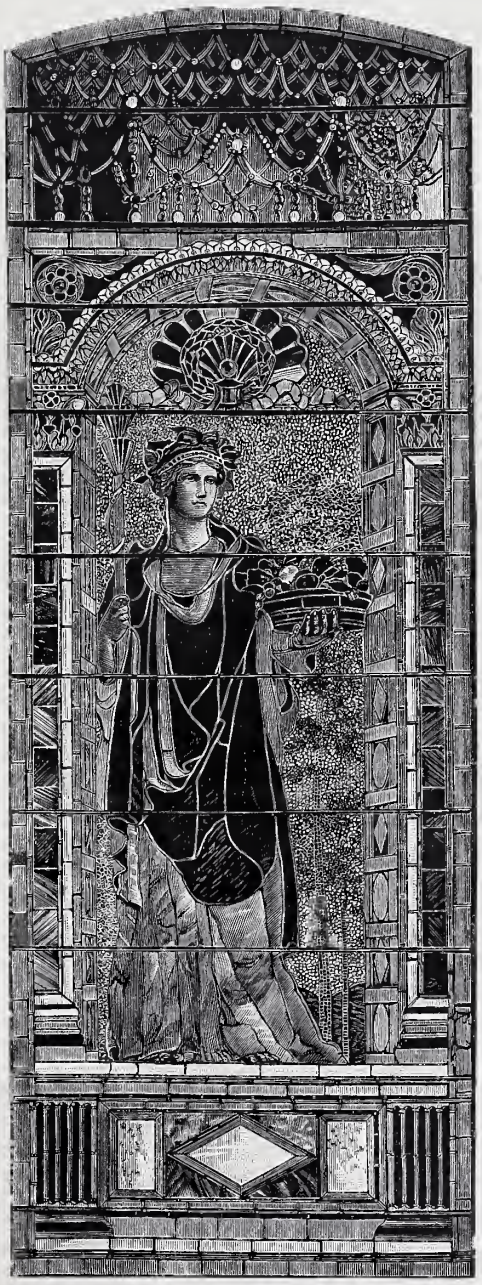
COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE PROGRESS OF AMERICAN DECORATIVE ART.

NOTHING would gratify me more than to be able to preface the articles I have been asked to write on this subject with the statement that the decorative impetus in America was due to no outside influence, but was essentially national. But there is, unfortunately, no escaping the fact that it was to English influence, and more particularly as it was felt at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, that the movement owes its origin; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the public thereby gained a general idea of what is meant by decorative art, and of its importance as a factor in national wealth. Before this time there were artists in the United States who had given much time to the study of decoration, and especially to Japanese works. But this was felt, even by those best fitted to appreciate it, to be a pardonable eccentricity, and in no wise affecting anything to be accomplished; and, in fact, the result of these studies took no substantial form.

Before the Exposition of 1876, however, two wood-carvers, father and son, William and Henry Fry, Englishmen—the father having studied his art in England, and having been connected with some of the most important work done there up to the time of his emigration—had awakened some interest in their craft in Cincinnati. Through Mr. Benn Pitman, the photographer, also an Englishman, and a pupil of the Frys, wood-carving became popularised; students took it up as a profession, and it had a large *dilettanti* following. This work was confined to Cincinnati, and it only became known generally at the Centennial Exposition, and chiefly through surface decoration, the work of the women of leisure of that State.

Decorative Art in the United States could not, however, be long sustained on the influence of English Art thus received, since our country does not furnish the materials on which it depends. We have no great museums, no private collections, no noble houses, the depositories of accumulated treasures of Art; no fine interiors of famous houses, no architecture, all of which have contributed so greatly to the revival of decorative art in England. Nor were these otherwise easily accessible. Our foraging-ground is across many thousand miles of water, and the materials gathered in hasty foreign tours are soon exhausted. One of two things became patent. Either American artists must be contented to reproduce foreign work in spirit, if not in detail, or they must make new paths for themselves.



No. 1.—Window. By John La Farge.

There has been time enough to arrive at their decision, and to form some estimate of its value. One circumstance has tended to aid them materially in whatever they did: this is the vast accumulation of wealth in individual hands, which has enabled American decorators to carry out their ideas on something, if not the same scale of magnificence, that artists enjoyed in the past, when Church and Guild stood patrons. In one sense it is the privilege of rich men to afford such opportunities; in another sense, and in view of the prominence of commercial interests over other interests in the United States, and the still hazy relations of Art to tangible values, it is entirely creditable to these men, who could have easily contented themselves with the prestige of having obtained foreign works, and having the assurance that they would be accepted unquestioningly, that they should have risked works of such magnitude to American decorators whose spurs as decorators were yet to be won.

Decorative artists being thrown, so to speak, on their own resources, there have resulted two things. The first and most important has been a certain *cachet* which distinguishes peculiarly American work, but which it is too soon to say marks an American school, although that is what it certainly will result in if the influences which now guide decorative work in this country continue. These distinctions amount to what may almost be considered as the outcome of a peculiar theory of decoration. This includes both certain structural uses of design seen in the adaptation of natural forms, and in the development of certain colour schemes.

The second result includes new processes, original methods of arriving at certain effects, a wider range of materials used, and what might be termed the dynamic forces of decoration, since it has brought about new industries dependent on the prospects and progress of decoration. Under this head is

included the manufactures of Art stuffs, improvements in glass making and methods of using glass, new combinations of metals for artistic purposes. Inventions of all kinds have followed upon one another, protected alike by the seal of the United States, some valueless, others important. These give rise to commercial interests, and the effect of the decorative movement here must be considered in this light as well as on its artistic side.

To refer again to the artistic distinctions which may be said to characterise decorative art here when left to itself: the first arises from the necessity of finding motives to hand. Decorative artists have been driven to nature nine times out of ten, when, if the conditions had been reversed, the proportions would have been as certainly reversed. Going to nature is always followed by an allegiance to nature that the most determined theorist on the subject of conventional decoration cannot shake off when he finds himself badly supported on the side of his theories. The consequence is that in purely American work the boundaries between realism and conventionality are far less rigidly defined than elsewhere. This tendency toward greater realism in decoration is a tendency which it is easy to recognise might easily run into excess. Happily it exists in the hands of men whose training in Art is not only of long date, but after severe methods. The men who lead in decorative work in New York, and concerning whose labours this, my first, article refers, are artists who made their reputations in the Fine Arts, men versed in the literature of Art, and whose artistic judgment is likely to hold them in check. Among these men may be mentioned John La Farge, a man whose artistic instincts are well balanced and well trained; who has explored with keen intelligence the various fields of Art, and has studied its expression among different nations and in different ages. Only less may be said of Samuel Coleman, Louis P. Tiffany, and Augustus St. Gaudens and others. Men who have such equipment are not likely to lose their restraint when they follow a new bent. On the contrary, the delicate balance which the work shows, the nice artistic judgment which has carried suggestiveness so far forward, yet restrains the hand before it encroaches upon the boundaries of the picturesque, are its distinguishing peculiarities, and warrant the hopes that may be built upon it.



No. 2.—The Cock Fight. Stained Glass. By Louis P. Tiffany.

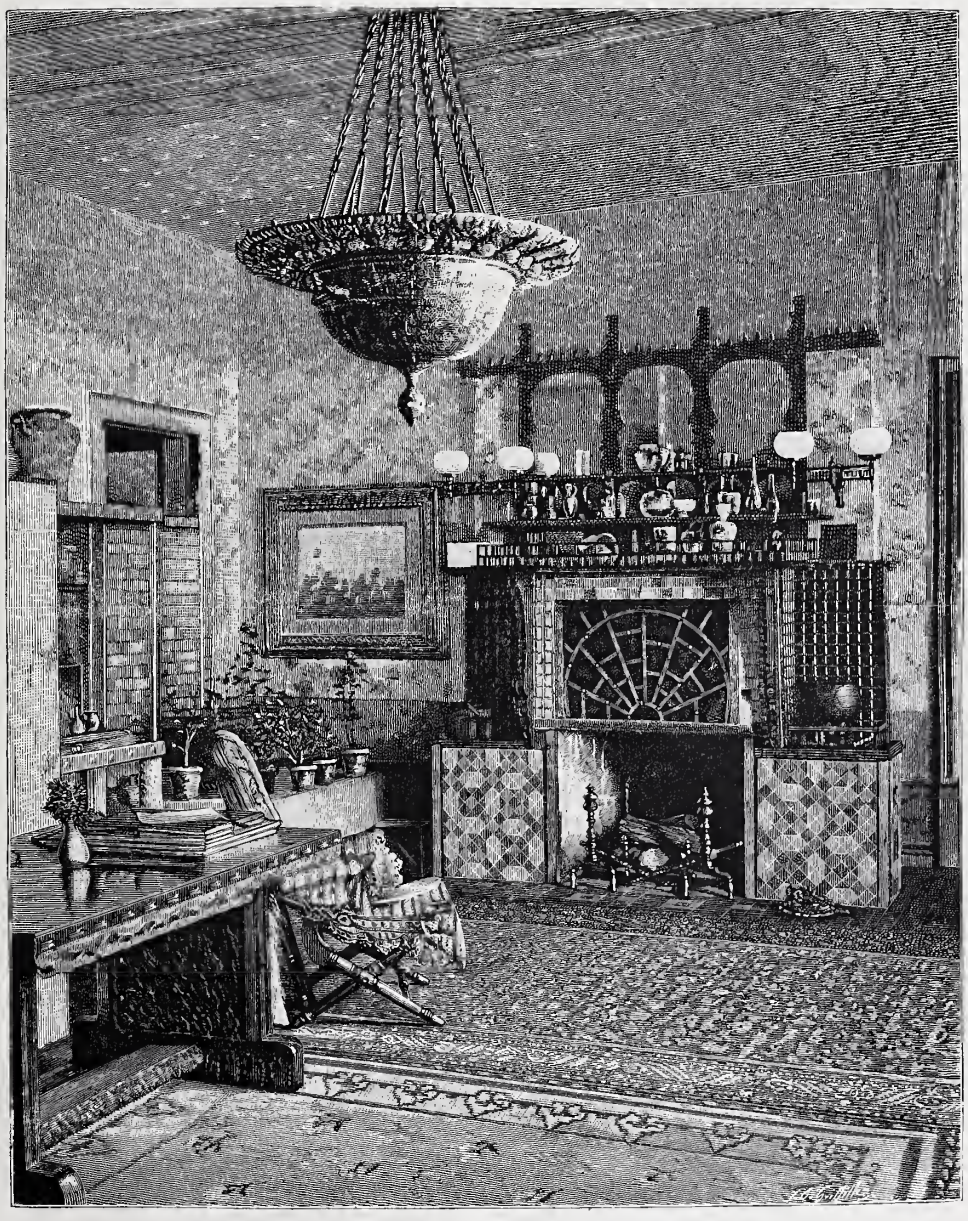
The most important outcome of the interest in Decorative Art here has been the work in glass. Several years ago Mr. John La Farge having been obliged to give up painting, through ill-health, turned his attention to experiments in the making of glass. From this beginning, which was in a feeble way, several valuable patents have been secured, and the artistic use of glass has undergone important changes. Mr. La Farge's first patent was for opalescent glass. The peculiar jewel-like qualities of this glass render it as valuable by night as by day. When thus used it is in the form of jewels, or nuggets of glass whose angles throw off the light. This quality of the glass is now no longer confined to the opalescent glass, but is possible in all the hues of the prism, and this property alone has made glass available in a number of ways before unused.

Mr. La Farge has introduced still more improvements in the working of glass. One is the fusion of the pieces, rendering leads unnecessary; the other is the modelling of forms in glass which in many cases produce effects not otherwise attainable except by paint or plating; both of these have arisen out of Mr. La Farge's peculiar feeling in decoration. A sensitive artist must control his materials. Art in its best sense does not admit of compromises until every means is exhausted. Of all media glass is the most intractable, and particularly is it difficult in the sort of effects Mr. La Farge attempts. This may be best illustrated by the windows he has just completed for Mr. Frederick Ames of Boston. One of these represents some stocks of hollyhocks in bloom in front of a sloping bank, a bit of brown meadow and blue sky beyond. The stalks and flowers are as perfectly represented in the glass in all their shifting bits of colour as might be done in a painting, and the effect is that of the work of the brush. It can readily be imagined how impossible this would be in ordinary glass without the use of paint; and in any case how the usual leading would interfere with the unity of the design when the effect is at all realistic and picturesque. This has been met by fusing the pieces; and this is so perfectly accomplished that no trace of the process is seen. The other windows are Japanese panels, different compositions introducing peacocks and red and white peonies. These peonies in modelling and shading vie with the most exquisite flower-painting, and in this case the effect is reached by running the molten glass in forms that leave the flower in intaglio, and the transmission of the light gives the changes of tint which imitate the subtle blending of nature. These windows may be taken as the best exponents of Mr. La Farge's colour. That of the Japanese windows is full and rich even to gorgeousness. The prevailing tone is blue, a deep glowing blue, which is the background for the peacocks with their gleaming dyes, the heavy-petalled peonies, the brown rocks and silvery moonlight stream flowing beneath. These are but suggestions, the treatment, as has been intimated, being Japanese. The composition is sufficiently intelligible, but is not insisted on. The peacocks are

fully identified, but they exist in the light that was never on sea nor on land. But the charm of the windows above all else lies in the poetry and mystery of the colour—colour which, as does all that is best in Art, stimulates and feeds the imagination. That of the third window is frank and joyous. The hollyhocks are as blythe as a summer's day; the landscape is by no means brought out with the same truth of detail as are the flowers, but it is so powerful as a suggestion that it is necessary to pause and consider before being aware that this is the case. The window which we engrave (No. 1) is from the residence of Mr. D. O. Mills, and gives some idea of the style of design employed by Mr. La Farge, but the chief beauty of course lies in its fine colour.

The deduction from these windows is that Mr. La Farge as a colourist is poetic and ideal, but that mysterious, or frank, or whatever note it takes, it is always healthy. He is less afraid of colour than any of our decorators. He uses it boldly, but if powerful it is never crude, if delicate it is never affected, if mysterious it is not morbid.

Mr. Tiffany, on the contrary, confines his glass to con-



No. 3.—A Room. Designed by L. P. Tiffany.

ventional decoration. His large window in the Union League Club-house, so unfortunately placed, is much less interesting in colour than in design. This is ingeniously made not to appear at once, but in time is revealed. 'The Cock Fight' in the illustration (No. 2), which is more Japanese in treatment than most of his work, still gives an excellent idea of this use of his motive. A vein of ingenuity akin to this runs through the greater part of his decoration, and excites attention distinct from that of its decorative intent. This is particularly true of his use of materials, as he disdains nothing that can contribute to the effect. To return to the glass, there is a smaller window in the Union League Club-house which contains some beautiful colour, but not as part of a general colour-scheme. His last most important work has been a large screen across the corridor of the White House at Washington. In this the national emblems, which we admit neither in colour nor form are well adapted for decorative purposes, have been made to take a prominent part, and their inherent difficulties to skilfully harmonise with his scheme. The colour of Mr. Tiffany's glass is restrained in tone, and seems to be used rather in

accordance with some decorative theories he holds than prompted by a spontaneous artistic impulse.

Almost the most important work of the year has been that done in wood. I refer to the dining-room ceiling of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's house done by Mr. La Farge and Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor. In magnificence, if not in extent, this parallels fifteenth-century work of its kind. The room, which measures forty-five by twenty-three feet, is intended as well for a picture gallery. The only horizontal light is through a conservatory at one end. The chief light comes through glass panes in the ceiling in a simple design, and composed chiefly of opalescent glass set with coloured



No. 4.—Bacchus. By A. St. Gaudens.

gems and jewels. The ceiling is divided into twenty panels, of which the glass fills six. The remaining panels are of mahogany set in oak, and between oak beams ornamented with a double Greek fret pattern in mother-of-pearl. So variously are these panels treated that, with the exception of four, each requires separate description. These four panels are in the corners of the room. The chief ornament is a head of Apollo as the sun-god, modelled in low relief and cast in a bronze composition giving dull golden tones. Surrounding the head is a wreath of laurel in relief, whose leaves are of green serpentine. On either side are doves with outspread wings, holding ribbons, and these are all inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Defining the limits of the panel is a wreath of golden bronze with iridescent tones, and this is framed in an egg-and-tongue moulding of old oak.

Following the dimensions of the room on one side are two panels, with allegorical designs of the Sun and Moon, divided into three sections in mediæval style, with small figures, reproduced in metals and pearls. These are copied from an old ivory carving, now covering the *Office de Lion* at Sens, France, and have been enlarged from plaster casts by Mr. St. Gaudens. These flank a central panel in front of the chimney-piece, in which the date of erection, in high projecting ivory Roman numerals, is placed above an ornament inlaid in pearl, while at each end is a wreath in green serpentine with berries of coral and ivory. On the other side the corresponding panel has clasped hands with olive-branches surrounded by vine-leaves, carved heads and great flowers in relief, and their cups inlaid with pearl. Flanking this are two panels, one bearing in ivory letters the word *Hospitalitas*, the other *Amicitia*, each enclosed between wreaths with ivory and coral berries. The four principal panels, placed in pairs at the ends, are the figures of Bacchus, Ceres, Pomona, and Actæon. These figures were modelled by Mr. St. Gaudens. In reproducing these in the panels, something of the exquisite feeling and vitality of the flesh which marks Mr. St. Gaudens's work is lost. But the poetic conceptions of at least three of the figures and the graceful compositions make them, as isolated pieces of sculpture, among the most delightful works produced even by Mr. St. Gaudens, who has done so much that is enjoyable. The least interesting of the panels is the Ceres, who is fully draped, holding a basket of fruit.

The Bacchus is a charming type, as the illustration (No. 4) shows, which gives the panel without its border. The figure is carved in low relief in the mahogany, and overlaid with creamy Vienna marble, which renders the flesh. In this something is lost of the delicate modelling through the process, which is difficult. The mantle is left in the mahogany, which tones in beautifully with the marble. The leafy crown and foliage is a dull greenish bronze composition, and the cup inlaid with mother-of-pearl. All these various materials, boldly put in juxtaposition, form part of a general colour scheme, and their tints are chosen with greatest care: this has involved a number of methods and of experiments new to decoration here. Metal enters largely into all these panels, and each composition is the result of a special alloy, which will produce the necessary harmonising tint. The numerous tones thus secured, and the memoranda in this way obtained, at the cost of much time, labour, and expense, will doubtless have its own value in the future. At present it chiefly indicates under what difficulty an artist labours, given a certain quantity of work to be done in a certain time, since the American householder has yet to learn that Art is not produced by mechanical methods, and with the swiftness and untiringness of a machine.

The obvious difficulty in work of this kind, uniting so many tints and such different textures, is the prevision necessary to make them not details, but a whole. Even those who most greatly admired the work when seen in parts felt uncertain of the effect when they were brought together. It was even felt that some treatment of the woods might be necessary to harmonise the panels. But the ceiling is now finished, and it is gratifying to add that all that will be necessary to perfect its unity may be safely left to the gentle ministration of time.

MARY G. HUMPHREYS.

(*To be continued.*)

EXHIBITIONS.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—This Winter Exhibition, although not equal in merit to the summer show, contains many works of interest, and a few which add much to their authors' reputation. Although the Society does not pretend to offer hospitality to all comers—the limited wall space at the disposal of the hanging committee precluding them from keeping open house—there must be a feeling of regret among the public that the same artist has the power to exhibit an apparently indefinite number of works in which the same method is followed, the same idea predominates, and the same time-honoured, but monotonous, treatment is observed. We confess to preferring, for instance, Mr. Marshall's partial failures in a new line to the unenterprising evenness of some, whom it is unnecessary to name. The first place in our notice should be awarded to Professor Ruskin's half-dozen architectural studies from Northern Italy and Burgundy; but including one landscape, the 'Bay of Naples.' Professor Ruskin must adjust with himself the motives which permit him to exhibit drawings in the unfinished state he condemns in others. The public, however, has no reason for remonstrance, however much they may regret at not seeing fully carried out the delicate ideas of the artist. Mr. Holman Hunt is another stranger to this Society, whose rare appearance one is disposed to welcome; but his 'Moonlight Study' and 'Afternoon' belong to a school of atmospheric effect into which it is difficult to follow him: and even in his more definite landscape scenes, 'Penzance' and the 'Sussex Downs,' the originality is more striking than the truth of the treatment. Such works compare but poorly with Mr. Albert Goodwin's fanciful conceits, in which nature, though often disguised, still asserts herself as she does in Claude and Turner. Amongst such is to be noted 'Whitby,' bathed in a sunlit-haze through which the red roofs are barely distinguishable. In 'A Sunlit Valley,' 'The Porte Vecchio, Florence,' and 'Perugia,' these qualities are repeated with sufficient variety to give to each a sense of originality. Mr. North's 'Biebrich' has the beauty, delicacy, and stateliness which always accompany his work. Mrs. Allingham gives us this year some glimpses of fresh nature, which smell more of the heathside than of the studio. Especially charming are her 'Surrey Sand-hills' and 'Stray Pet.' Mr. Henry Moore's dull, lumpy sea, 'Off Corrie-Vrechan,' the scene of many a disaster, is well executed—the "whirlpool," as it is called by the neighbouring inhabitants, being seldom at rest even in the calmest weather; and when he shifts his scene from Western Scotland to East Anglia, as in his 'Breeze, Morning,' or to the Breton Coast, as in 'Mont St. Michel,' he carries with him his knowledge of the colour of the sea under all aspects, and his sympathy with all its moods. Mr. G. H. Andrews sets an example to his fellows in the gift of a large drawing, 'Fighting at Sea Long Ago,' to the small collection of works which is in course of formation by the Society. Another gift, which is likely to be overlooked, is the vigorous painting of the royal arms from the hands of Sir J. Gilbert, and which has been placed in the entrance-hall. Mr. Marshall this year has gone afield for subjects, and his 'East Anglian Port' is a dainty work. As Mr. Marshall makes London his own, so Mr. Charles Gregory centres in Rye, the old Cinque port, deserted alike by the sea and the world, all his interests. There is no lack of bright sunlight, of red tiles, green plants, and divers coloured flowers in every picture; but the eye becomes a little weary of all their brilliant contrasts, which look so much like the reminiscences of a painter's sunny day crowded into a single canvas. A special word should be said for Miss Clara Montalba, who has at last quitted the Venice of the South to find in the Venice of the North and amid the Dykes of Holland subjects to her taste. She has seldom produced anything more successful than the 'Fish Market' and the 'Windmills' of Amsterdam. Amongst the landscape painters, too, must now be reckoned H.R.H. The Princess Louise, who sends a wonderfully clever sketch of 'Niagara Falls,' said to have been produced in two hours, and 'A Down the River View off Greenhithe:' both maintain their right of merit, not of favour, to find a place on the walls.

It is said by some that water-colour painting is unsuitable to figures; but such works as Mr. Alma-Tadema's 'Declaration' should be full refutation of such a heresy. Mr. Carl Haag also sends a highly-finished head, 'Hássan ben Moosa.' Among the younger figure-painters Mr. Tom Lloyd sends, and Mr. Norman Taylor contributes, agreeable episodes of country life.

Mr. Lamont, who has been for some time absent, sends a more ambitious work, 'Sir Andrew Barton,' surrounded by his sailors, putting on his armour. In this, as in all Mr. Lamont's works, there is a deep poetic spirit, rendered with force and manly sentiment. Of Mr. Marks, Mr. Poynter, and some others of well-established reputation, it is unnecessary to speak. Their works are as spice to the very goodly, but not too solid, banquet provided by the Old Society for its winter guests.

The following elections were made on the 30th November:—Members, H. S. Marks, R.A., E. J. Poynter, R.A., E. F. Brewtnall, C. Gregory, H. M. Marshall, and T. W. North; and as an Associate, J. H. Henshall.

EASTERN EMBROIDERY.—A novelty in the way of exhibitions is open at Messrs. Liberty's, Regent Street. A collection of ancient and modern embroideries brought together from all parts of the East is shown, some of the pieces being Japanese of the fifteenth century, others delicate examples of old Chinese and Persian work. It is noticeable that, putting aside the tone given by age, many of the modern specimens very nearly approach the antique in feeling and harmony of tone. The attendants are dressed in costumes worn in the various countries, so that visitors realise the wealth of colour prevalent in Eastern homes.

DUNFERMLINE.—Another provincial exhibition has been added to those in Scotland in the opening of the First Exhibition at this Fifeshire manufacturing town. A splendidly-lit hall has been obtained by flooring over the public swimming-bath not used in winter. It contains eight hundred pictures.

ART NOTES.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.—The Award of Prizes to the Students was this year noticeable for the high level attained in the Sculpture competition; for the subject, 'Socrates teaching the people in the Agora,' Henry Bates received the gold medal and travelling Studentship of £200. Wm. Mouat, Loudan, obtained a similar prize for Historical Painting. The prize of £50 for six drawings from the life was also highly spoken of; it was awarded to J. E. Breun. The Turner Gold Medal was won by R. O. Rickatson, and the Creswick Prize by H. A. Olivier.

The President's address to the students was marked by exceptional ability and research. When Sir F. Leighton assents to the publication of these annual theses, they should command as much attention, both now and hereafter, as have done those of his illustrious predecessor, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

MR. MILLAIS is engaged upon a painting of colossal size (18 feet in length) representing the Yeomen of the Guard. He has also completed a portrait of the Marquis of Lorne, and presented it to the National Gallery of Canada.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND was re-opened on the 1st of December. The principal additions are a fine female head, by Romney; a marble bust (Rev. A. Alison, author of "Essays on Taste," grandfather of the distinguished general), by Samuel Joseph, R.A.; a shipping scene, by Ewbank; and the diploma works of Messrs. Smart, Lockhart, Mackay, and Gibb, R.S. Academicians.

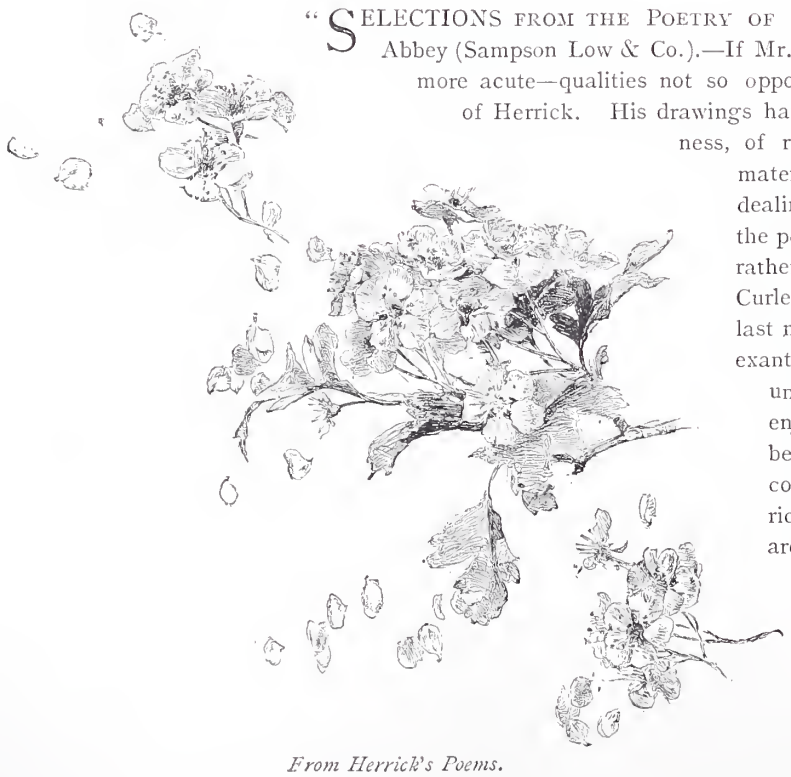
ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.—Mr. J. W. Oakes, A.R.A., and Mr. Thomas Graham have been elected honorary members, and Messrs. T. Stuart Burnet, Patrick W. Adam, and George W. Johnston, Associates.

THE DIRECTORY OF ARTISTS which forms the Appendix to "The Year's Art, 1884," offers a valuable field for those who delight in analysis. A glance shows that the family of Macs furnish by far the greatest number of wielders of the brush, their varieties mounting up to eighty-seven against twenty-seven Smiths and a dozen Joneses. Another peculiarity is how often husband and wife follow the profession, and father and children. A notable instance of the latter is Mr. Montalba and his four daughters, all of whom have attained a well-earned notoriety.

HAMBURG.—The town of Hamburg is to be enriched with the collection of paintings of the English school formed with so much judgment by Mr. Schwabe, of Yewden, Henley, so soon as it shall have built a worthy receptacle for them. What the value of this gift during his lifetime to his birthplace is, only those can appreciate who have had an opportunity of gauging the donor's affection for his treasures.

REVIEWS.

"SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY OF ROBERT HERRICK," with Drawings by Edwin C. Abbey (Sampson Low & Co.).—If Mr. Abbey's sense of humour were a little broader and more acute—qualities not so opposed as they seem—he would be an ideal illustrator of Herrick. His drawings have exactly the right mixture of delicacy and quaintness, of rusticity and refinement, of intellectual purity with material full-bloodedness. It is only when we turn to his dealings with the broader and more roughly humorous of the poet's creatures that we find our enjoyment snubbed rather than encouraged by his pictures. His Cuffes, and Curles, and Clunns are poor, and so is his Herrick. For the last named Mr. Abbey should have gone to the portrait still exant, where he would have found a set of features not unlike those of Dumas, breathing a rich, rather pagan enjoyment of life. If we lose sight of his physical exuberance, Herrick degenerates, so far as character is concerned, into a kind of less articulate Sterne. American wood-cutting, and still more American printing, are seen at their best when engaged on such designs as these of Mr. Abbey. The waving folds and rich transparent shadows of Julia's silks and satins, the "liquefaction of her clothes," as the poet puts it, the rough tangle of a breezy common, the flutter of a gauze, the light vapours of a summer sky, are here rendered with a subtlety of truth hardly to be otherwise reached. In the



From Herrick's Poems.

engraving to 'Delight in Disorder,' one of the most exquisite of Herrick's golden apples, all these beauties may be found mated with some delightful drawing on Mr. Abbey's part. The raised left arm with its dimpled elbow is a little triumph of foreshortening, while the piquant features in their vibrating reflected lights, the "tempestuous petticote" and the ribbands that "flow confusedly" from hat and neck, make the picture drawn by the artist hardly less dainty than that left to us by the poet. Our other two cuts from 'Corinna's going a Maying,' show Mr. Abbey's power of line and faculty for filling a space without occupying it. An introductory essay by Mr. Austin Dobson and some happily-designed tail-pieces by Mr. Alfred Parsons add to the value of the work.



From Herrick's Poems.

"AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD," by Thomas Gray. The artist's edition. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., London: J. Slark).—This is another *chef-d'œuvre* of English poetry illustrated by American artists and engravers, but unlike the Herrick, nearly twenty different hands have been employed upon the drawings. The consequence of this is that they show not a little inequality both in conception and in technical treatment. The three best, which we take to be those by Mr. Schell, Mr. Church, and the very simple but sweet and truthful landscape, 'The Upland Lawn,' by Mr. Murphy (reproduced on next page), are separated by no slight interval from the others. So far as the engraving and the printing are concerned, we can have no adverse criticisms to make. The former is admirable, and some of the blocks have a delicacy of gradation that few English printers could rival. But, from a non-technical standpoint, the poem and the pictures are hardly at peace with each other. The former is intensely English, the latter are unmistakably American. The shapes of the fields, the dress of the rustics, the ploughman's team, "the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault" (adapted apparently from a photograph of Tarragona Cathedral), and, more than all, a "Senate" in which the present Commons' Chamber is filled with members in the dress of a century ago, and one and all with hatless wigs, prove that the country of Gray is strange to most of those who have embellished his verse.

"CHOICE POEMS FROM HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW." (Cassell & Co.). Illustrated from paintings by his son Ernest W. Longfellow.—This edition contains some twenty of Longfellow's lighter poems. Many of the best American engravers have been employed upon it, but their woodcuts have been made, apparently, from drawings or pictures not primarily intended for reproduction in black and white; at all events, they are wanting in that richness of detail which adds so much to the effect of a wood block. The best are those that deal with the sea. In these softness of gradation make up for absence of detail, and two or three, the illustrations to 'The Lighthouse,' 'Chrysaor,' and 'Daybreak,' for instance, would not be out of place in a much more elaborate volume than this little quarto.

NEW YEAR'S CARDS.—In addition to those noted by us last month, we have received extensive consignments from other firms which testify to the continued popularity of this latest method of remembrances. From Marcus Ward and Co., some admirable specimens of the art of Chromolithography, notably 'The Angels of Peace and Good-will,' an imitation of

panel painting in the Fra Angelico manner, showing a praiseworthy restraint in design and harmony in colour; 'The Guardian Angels,' by J. K. Thompson; 'Scenes in the Early Life of Christ,' 'Bees and Heather,' by Mrs. Whymper; 'Clever Kittens,' 'Daffodils,' 'Chloris and Strephon,' a triptych very rich in colouring, and 'Quaint Conceits,' by Kate Greenaway. Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons send a complete album in which some hundreds of cards are very ingeniously fixed. No firm approaches them in the gorgeous covers with which their cards are decked. Plush of every hue, occasionally inlaid with bevelled glass, is pressed into the service, and fringes of silk and dainty tassels abound. Cards in picture form are also supplied with folding easels whereon to rest them. Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co. vary this by an original device for making their cards serve as stands, by passing a portion of one through the other, so that they may be used as a rack, or letter-holder, after having served the purpose of conveying a new-year's greeting. Mr. Wilfred Ball's series of Thames etchings of last year, which were so deservedly popular, are this year supplemented by a little volume whose subject is "Round about Stratford-on-Avon." These, like their fellows of 1882, are well worthy of a permanent frame. Amongst others of a topographical character, we note a set of photographs of the Wye, by H. Barton. 'Beautiful Roses' also single themselves out for comment, on account of their effective grouping and rich colouring. This firm also introduce fringes of fancy feathers—peacock's, pheasant's, etc. Messrs. De la Rue and Co. evidently aim at imparting delicacy and refinement into their publications, and in this they certainly succeed. Youth and beauty, health and happiness, are the subjects they delight in; everything is *couleur de rose* and sunshine. Another year we hope they will record on their cards the names of the artists, for they deserve recognition. Messrs. Samuels announce a novelty in tesselated mother-of-pearl crosses inserted into cardboard mounts; and few better gifts could be made than one of Messrs. Letts & Co.'s artistic diaries, which are made in great variety.



From Herrick's Poems.



The Upland Lawn. From Gray's Elegy.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—An illustrated Catalogue (Sydney, J. Sands) is just published, and by means of it we are fully able to form an idea of the magnitude of the collection which the Colony is amassing. It now consists of seventy-nine paintings, seventy water-colour drawings, and twelve statues, besides a gallery of engravings, etc. The value of these is not less than £40,000. That it is appreciated is proved by the large number of visitors. The dark side to this encouraging news is that these treasures are at present housed in a building composed of wood and iron. The illustrations to the catalogue (ninety-four in number) are reductions of pen-and-ink drawings from the accomplished hand of Mr. E. L. Montefiore. They include 'Rorke's Drift,' 'Wedded,' and 'The Widower.'

THE MONASTIC ORDERS IN GERMAN ART.

IN these degenerate days it is wholesome to turn the mind to the olden times when the Religious Orders shone as lights in a dark world. In the midst of a modern civilization in which rapidity of motion is often mistaken for progress, it is good to think of the tranquil life in the cloister, where Learning trimmed her lamp and Contemplation "pruned her wings." For the gentle mind, the inquiring intellect, and the devout spirit, the monastery, secluded from the noisy world and planted oft mid scenes of surpassing loveliness, was at once a church for worship, a library for study, and a home of security and peace. The life of the Religious Orders in the best times had not degenerated into indolence, ignorance, or imposture; the Benedictines were laborious scholars, industrious agriculturists; where they built a church they founded a library, and where they placed the cross they planted a tree. The Augustins reared noble cathedrals: the Mendicants founded hospitals. And with all the Fine Arts were grafted on useful industries: the earliest and some of the chief artists of the Middle Ages were monks: Fra Beato Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo were Dominicans, Fra Filippo Lippi was a Carmelite. We know that the Religious Orders conserved the knowledge and practice of Art; they fixed the fitting treatment for sacred subjects, and while they fed the fire of spiritual inspiration, they determined with mathematical exactitude the laws of perspective. In fine, the convents were the cradles of Christian Art: the churches of Christendom, enriched with matchless sculpture and painting, rose at the bidding of the Monastic Orders: monks were architects, sculptors, painters, musicians, and their names lie now oft forgotten, only because they worked not for personal renown but for the glory of God.

In Germany as in Italy the Religious Orders became zealous pioneers of civilization. The Teutonic races were comparatively late to receive the light of Christianity: and it is interesting for us to remember that the darkness which settled over vast tracts of the continent of Europe was cleared away by missionaries coming from the outlying island of England. St. Augustine had obtained footing in Canterbury, and a Benedictine Abbey was established at Nutsall, near Winchester. And it came to pass, about the beginning of the eighth century, that a certain Saxon monk called Winfred, of a noble family in Devon, afterwards honoured in the Church as St. Bonifice, saw a vision and received a mission. In his evening meditations within the Abbey of Nutsall, a voice was heard, "Go, preach the Gospel to all lands." Then in



Gipsies at a Convent-door. By Paul Thumann.

mental vision was seen stretching out before him the land of his German ancestry, where still reigned an idolatry of which no historian had depicted the abominations. This English monk, whose story presents thrilling incidents not

surpassed in the annals of ecclesiastical history, went on his work with strange enthusiasm. Not daunted by early discouragement and failure, he resolved to go direct to head-quarters in Rome, and there succeeded in gaining the Pope's sanction to his enterprise. Thus entrusted with a sacred work, he journeyed in Thuringia and Bavaria and penetrated the wilds of Saxony, converting the people and founding monasteries. These labours brought reward and power: St. Boniface was created Archbishop and Primate of all Germany. Yet a missionary's fate befell him: he perished in the wilds under the onslaught of a savage tribe still the worshippers of the God Thor. A narrative thus abounding in adventure has naturally found a conspicuous place in the literature and Art of Germany. Churches have been dedicated to the saint, and pictures celebrate the heroism of his life and the tragedy of his martyrdom.



In the Olden Times. By Edward Grützner.

German Art is no exception to the law, that all Art reaches its highest effort when approaching the confines of the supernatural. And the legends which attach to the Monastic Orders, signs and wonders in the heavens and miracles on the earth, to be accepted solely by faith and to be realised only through the imagination, incited artists from century to century to put forth their utmost powers. Germans differ from Italians chiefly in being denied access to the ideal. They have, it is true, a world of the imagination, but it is not peopled with forms of beauty, their characters are not abstractions but concrete realities; and thus in old German pictures saints appear as mere mortals, and the Religious Orders are composed of shrewd men of the world. So far the sacred arts of Germany and of Italy stand apart under distinctive nationalities. But in all that pertains to steadfastness of faith and to singleness of devotion the Germans of the Middle Ages were not behind other peoples, whether Italian or Spanish. In an old panel of the thirteenth century, a monk on his knees has no other thought than of "the Mother of God," and St. Francis in ecstasy sees in clear vision the divine Infant in the arms of the Blessed Virgin. And the artist's mission was to embody this faith, to bring the vision of the mind to the cognizance of the senses; if he could not make a miracle visible to the eye, his picture had no claims to a place in church or cloister. Usually the painter or sculptor fearlessly and without hesitation went straight ahead: he attempted no circumlocution or subterfuge, and in knocking off a miracle he seldom missed the mark. Take as an example Peter Vischer's 'Shrine of St. Sebald' in Nuremberg: the miracles of the saint are literally recounted in bas-reliefs under the coffin: there may be seen how St. Sebald on his return from Italy to Germany, when perishing with cold and finding no fuel in the cottage in which he had taken shelter, placed on the fire an icicle, which burnt like coal! Afterwards it may be observed how, at the request of his host, he mended a broken kettle by blessing it! Of course the difficulty is to make a miracle of faith also a miracle of Art: but that, with the Church at least, was a minor consideration. Wide indeed is the gulf lying between mediæval and modern times: the Reformation came, Luther at the Wartburg flung the Bible at the devil, and so perished Satan and all his works—including monks! Hence for the last three hundred years the Religious Orders have fallen into comparatively low esteem, and find only occasional and inconsiderable place in modern German Art. Thus also it happens, as seen in the illustrations to this paper, that monks now serve for little else than pictorial properties and appurtenances, as curiosities which consort well with old furniture—strange relics of the past, less to inspire reverence than to provoke a smile. A chronological review shows that pictures concerning the Monastic Orders are of three classes: historic, devotional, and simply naturalistic. We have now arrived at the stage when monks for the most part serve to give piquant picturesqueness to genre compositions.

Nevertheless, in Germany of the nineteenth century, there have been and still are artists who deliberately live and labour after the austere and devout manner of the Middle Ages. During the first decade of the present century it is well known that Overbeck, Cornelius, Veit, Schadow and others forsook the degenerate Fatherland, and as pilgrims entered Rome in order to draw near to the first fountains of Christian Art. These truth-seeking men had contracted in the German academies a hatred for the falsity and the abominations of the late and corrupt Renaissance; purists and pietists by birth or discipline, they had no relish for the meretricious manner of the times; flaunting draperies, rococo ornaments, and voluptuous

nudities were for them the prostitution of Art. Had they lived half a century later, they might with advantage, like many in our day, have taken refuge in nature, but instead, by proclivities and surroundings, they were led to castigate the follies of the age by recourse to the austere habits of the cloister. Those of their number who were Protestants by birth joined the Roman Catholic Church, as the only door of access to Christian Art: and though they hesitated actually to assume the monastic life, "poverty, chastity and obedience," the vow of St. Francis of Assisi, dwelt as the ruling spirit in their minds. And thus after the lapse of three centuries, during which they believed the world had been going wrong, they revived, by a bold anachronism, Monasticism in Art. That they really thereby entered "the Holy of Holies," or that even in moments of ecstasy they were caught up to the seventh heaven, their pictures do not prove. And yet the new-born school of Christian Art in Germany has a certain unction wanting elsewhere. In England, such men as Benjamin West were hirelings, not shepherds: in France, painters great and true as Flandrin worshipped in the outer court of the Gentiles; while in Germany, Overbeck, Führich, and Steinle, if not high priests, served near to the altar. It has been my privilege to see Overbeck in Rome and Steinle in Frankfort in the midst of their works, and never since the days when the cloister was the studio, and Art in the hands of the Religious Orders, has so complete an accord been found between the painter and his picture. We are told that to know of a doctrine a man must live out the doctrine: Overbeck held that in Art as in religion a corrupt tree cannot grow good fruit, and therefore at the outset he ordered his life after the example of the good men of old, the best of whom he believed lived after the manner of the Monastic Orders. And the sphere of religious painting being out of the world, its fitting personages are those who renounced the world. Hence, in the Christian Art of modern Germany, the prominence given to dignitaries of the Church, to bishops, missionaries, and ministrants of the sacraments. And taking a lower stand, Religious Orders and Church functions, by costume and splendour of ceremonial, prove eminently pictorial; moreover, the presence of men given to meditation and good works serves to raise a picture above the level of common nature.



In a Carthusian Convent. By Hermann Kaulbach.

Overbeck, it is known, at one time seriously inclined to take the vow and enter a monastery, and he was only deterred by the Pope, who told him that the best service he could render to the Church was to remain in the world and paint pictures. An artist with such pronounced proclivities to monasticism naturally found occasion to introduce the Religious Orders. Accordingly in Overbeck's most arduous work, 'The Triumph of Religion in the Arts,' ecclesiastics play leading parts, and with partialities proclaimed in a printed pamphlet, the painter exalts Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo at the expense of Michael Angelo. In the same spirit Overbeck entered on a labour of love when he went to Assisi to paint in the church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli, at the foot of the hill, the 'Vision of St. Francis.' The apparition seen in the heavens—the Madonna and Child encircled by the heavenly host—occupies the upper part of the composition: St. Francis, attended by guardian angels, kneels on the ground with arms upraised in ecstasy gazing on the heavenly vision: on the other side are two monks of the Order in adoration. A legend tells that over this spot, sacred as the birthplace of the saint, angels were heard singing at the hour of his nativity, and certain it is that when an earthquake in the year 1832 shook and shattered the Church degli Angeli, the fresco of Overbeck, as by miracle, escaped uninjured! The artist, while engaged on the work, lived like one of the brethren, and as a mystic in mind and a symbolist in Art he was in spirit in accord with St. Francis, the chief of seraphic saints. The painter during his sojourn received a visit from his friends and devoted followers Führich and Steinle, and when the morning came for their departure, they felt they were taking leave of a saint. I have several times seen this picture. On one occasion I had been making a walking tour through Umbria, my mind was full of the religious Art of Giotto, Gaddi, Memmi, Giovanni Santi, Penturicchio and Perugino, and when I came to the modern version of the 'Vision of St. Francis,' I found that Overbeck did not suffer under comparison with his great forerunners.

Protestantism in Germany inevitably drove the Monastic Orders out of the realm of Art. With no longer a mission to the people or a function in the Church, they found no place in such pictures of devotion as might be needed by reformed

Churches assuming creeds of reason. How far Art has profited by the exchange of superstition for common sense, a period of decadence may be left to determine. But monks, though banished from present uses, cannot be deleted from the page of history, and whenever the transactions of nations in past centuries—the crowning of kings, the baptism of princes, the retiring of a monarch into a monastery—have to be depicted, ecclesiastics in the robes of the Church must necessarily come upon canvas. The painter Lessing, a Protestant and something more, in his master-work, 'Huss before the Council of Constance,' has realised with strict fidelity the historic situation. The dignitaries of the Church, seated in solemn conclave, are clad in the varied costumes pertaining to their several orders and degrees. No churchman can impugn the picture: it is not an indictment against Religious Orders by the hand of a censor or satirist, and yet, as might be anticipated, the work is not Catholic but Protestant. The cause I take to be, that the reason of man, rather than the spirit of God, presides over the picture: the cardinals and bishops, listening to the appeal of Huss,' show themselves shrewd men of the world assembled for business. Had Overbeck portrayed the convocation, all present would have been saints. And this is just the difference between the aspect given to the Religious Orders by Catholic painters on the one hand, and by Protestant painters on the other. Lessing's famous picture illustrated my papers on German Artists in *The Art Journal* of 1865.

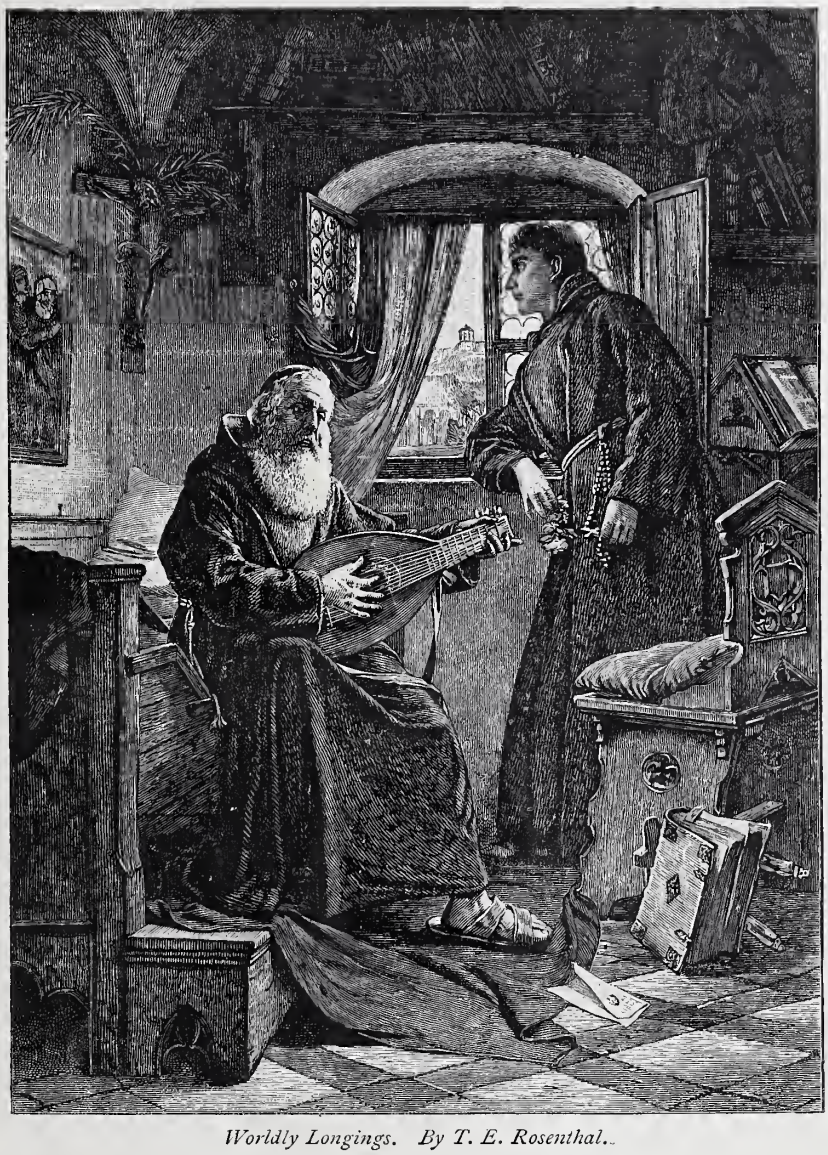


In the Sacristy. By Ludwig Passini.

The compositions selected to illustrate this paper pretty fairly represent the present attitude of German artists towards the Monastic Orders. Friars are held up neither wholly to reverence nor quite to ridicule. Edward Grützner, an artist identified with convent scenes, takes, in the illustration given on page 34, what the public may consider the happy mean. This and a companion picture have gained wide popularity: the one represents a Benedictine, the contemporary of Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo, busily decorating a cloister wall; the other, a monk of the same order, in iconoclastic zeal, obliterates a time-honoured fresco with whitewash! The treatment barely escapes caricature, and that historic accuracy has been sacrificed to scenic effect is proved by the awkward fact that the fresco which the Friar paints belongs to a chronologic style some centuries prior as well to the monk as to the architectural structure. Ludwig Passini, who illustrates these columns with a characteristic scene in a Sacristy, is also well known by numerous works wherein priestly personages figure with accustomed indolence and self-satisfaction. Hermann Kaulbach forsakes the sublime sphere of his illustrious father, and descends, in our illustration, upon a couple of Carthusians before easel and canvas: nothing calls for observation save a certain largeness and breadth which is affected by even the genre painters of Munich. T. E. Rosenthal, also a successful genre painter in the same school, takes the spectator back to the days when the Benedictines were not only thinkers, writers, painters, but musicians. Paul Thumann depicts a gipsy girl who dances, like the daughter of Herodias, at a convent door: numberless are the compositions wherein monks are seen to flirt with women: they never escape frivolity and often degenerate into coarseness. That such dubious suggestions universally please, speaks ill for the public taste. With nobler intent Alfred Rethel conceived 'Death as a Friend' under the character of a solemn friar: the composition was engraved in *The Art Journal* of 1865. The venerable monk, worthy of the pencil of Zurbaran, tolls the passing-bell for an old man whose troublous life finds tranquil close.

Many of the monasteries of Germany have been secularised, desecrated, or swept away; some, however, survive to cherish ancient rites and to preserve the treasures of golden and not inglorious days. Among the most famous that have fallen under my notice is the large Augustine Monastery of Klosterneuburg, with lovely outlook over the Danube, and known no less for its vineyards than for its library and its priceless enamels, caskets, crosses, croziers, and reliquaries. These treasures were shown to me in their stronghold with singular courtesy and intelligence by a resident monk, and again I examined them when forming a chief attraction in the archæological section of the great International Exhibition in Vienna. In the history of the art of metal work few works can compare with the fifty-one niello plaques etched with Biblical subjects forming the frontal to the altar of the Virgin, wrought in the twelfth century for Prior Werner. Scarcely less worthy of notice is the Monastery of Strahow on a commanding height overlooking

the picturesque town of Prague, still in the possession of the "White Canons." The picture gallery, better called a slaughter-house, is little to the credit of its present keepers: here has been flayed alive the masterpiece of Albert Dürer, the Madonna and Child in the Rose Garden, painted at Venice in 1506, the colours when undefaced glowing with Venetian lustre. The great master of Germany, here as in the grand composition of the "Trinity" conserved in the Belvedere of Vienna, takes occasion to introduce plenteously the Religious Orders among the noble assembly. In the rose garden before the Madonna and Child stand bishops and Pope in company with the Emperor Maximilian. But never have I looked on so pitiable a wreck, brought about by ruthless restorers. Well may the canons in shame throw all possible difficulty in the entrance of strangers to witness the havoc they have made. A living German painter, Edward Grützner, who furnishes an illustration to these columns, has a companion canvas depicting a modern degenerate friar in the act of defacing with whitewash a fresco which for centuries had adorned the cloister wall. I felt the satire to be a verity when visiting the Strahow Monastery.



Worldly Longings. By T. E. Rosenthal.

The preceding narrative will indicate that the days of the Monastic Orders, at least upon canvas, are numbered. It is hard to take leave of men who in their time have done high service, without some feeling of regret. And the loss to Art will not be inconsiderable: for character and costume the manners and customs of the present day offer the painter but mean substitutes.

Yet that for Art there is still in store some great future, I for one devoutly believe. The time may certainly come when partial and abnormal phases of life, with the accidents and eccentricities of costume, shall give place to higher manifestations: thus when the Monastic Orders shall in the fulness of time be swept away, there will remain for the artist nobler forms of humanity.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

THE POLDI-PEZZOLI MUSEUM AT MILAN.*

As might be expected, the group of painters who form what is generally called the Milanese School is strongly represented in the Poldi. I have already mentioned works by Foppa, by Ambrogio Borgognone, and by Luini, and there are few of the pupils and followers of Leonardo at Milan of whose skill some example is not to be found in this Museum. By Andrea Salaino there is a 'Madonna and Child,' with St. Joseph and little angels, and by Marco da Oggiono a 'St. Sebastian;' but of those who were actually the pupils of Da Vinci, none is perhaps so worthily represented as Beltraffio, or Boltraffio. It is in the former manner that the name is spelt in that epitaph now preserved in the Academy of the Brera, from which we learn that this artist was debarred in his youth from seriously prosecuting his studies as an artist. He belonged to a noble family, and a certain amount of Art training formed, no doubt, part of his education. Unless, indeed, this was the case, the proficiency he attained would be indeed remarkable, for we are told that he was much employed in public duties after he arrived at manhood, and he died when forty-nine years of age. Fortunately we need not go to Milan to see as good a specimen of this very refined and accomplished artist as the one we engrave. Our National Gallery possesses a very characteristic work of his, No. 728. Both this exquisite Madonna in

* Continued from page 24.

Trafalgar Square and that at Milan are of a type of beauty, elevated but unidealised, which is peculiar to the artist. No doubt we trace the influence of Leonardo in the sculpturesque modelling, in the fineness of the finish, in the sweetness of the smile, but no one else has given us quite the same face or quite the same union of realism with reverent and refined sentiment. These traits are very observable in the little picture in the Poldi here engraved. The action of the Child is not less natural than graceful, while the expression of maternal interest in the Virgin's face is not unmixed with a mysterious love and wonder, and her modesty of demeanour is combined with true dignity.

Of those painters who cannot be called pupils of Leonardo, but were strongly influenced by him, there was scarcely a more accomplished artist than Andrea Solario. Here, again, we have admirable witnesses in the National Gallery, in two superbly-modelled portraits. Solario is represented by four pictures in the Poldi Museum. Two of these are fragments of an altar-piece, half-figures of St. John the Baptist and St. Catherine with her wheel. The former is dated 1499. These, though interesting, will not compare in importance either with the 'Riposo in Egitto,' or the 'Ecce Homo.' The 'Riposo in Egitto' has a "cartellino" with the legend, "Adreas de Solario Mediolanensis, anno 1515," which shows that Andrea of Solario and Andrea of Milan, instead of being two different painters, as was once supposed, are one and the same. The picture is very fine in colour and marvellous in finish, with a singularly rich and beautiful landscape. The expression of the 'Ecce Homo' has something of a Flemish feeling—lachrymose rather, but yet patient and dignified; the head is magnificently modelled, and the colour is remarkable from the green wand—the mock sceptre—which is relieved against the warm flesh of the figure of Christ.



Madonna and Child. Beltraffio.

Our remaining engraving is from a beautiful head of a saint by Lorenzo Costa (1460—1535), an artist born at Ferrara, who is said to have studied there under Cosimo Tura and under Benozzo Gozzoli at Florence, to have worked with Francia at Bologna, and died at Mantua in the employment of Francesco Gonzaga. Whatever instruction he may have derived from Tura, none of the influence of that powerful but ungraceful artist can be traced in this sweet face. He was, indeed, one of those artists whose own pure and refined feeling was too strong to be obscured by any influence; always natural and gentle, and charming in colour, his works have a freshness, fragrance, and simplicity which have scarcely been sufficiently recognised. We possess a good, but not first-rate, specimen of his art in the National Gallery (No. 629), but there he is seen at a disadvantage beside finer examples of his pupils, Francia and Ercole (di Giulio) Grandi. The splendid altar-piece by the latter master, formerly in the Casa Strozzi at Ferrara, was long thought to be by Lorenzo Costa. A charming little picture by Costa (in the possession of Mr. Leyland) was exhibited at Burlington House in the winter of 1882. It represented 'The Virgin and St. Joseph in Adoration.' The two figures are standing on either side of the Infant Christ, who is lying on a white sheet between them. Behind is an open window with a beautiful landscape. This delightful little picture was imbued with Costa's peculiar quality of religious sentiment, which seems to be somewhere between Perugino and Correggio. The head we engrave is so natural that, but for the halo round it, it might well be taken for a portrait of some beautiful and noble-minded contemporary of the artist, as indeed it probably is.

Our space is too confined to do anything like justice to the many other treasures that hang upon the walls of this Museum. Of Tura, the founder of the school of Ferrara, there are two characteristic works, an allegorical group of Charity, with children dancing round

her (94), and a very powerful profile portrait of an old man (77). By Bartolomeo Montagna there are two very fine full-length figures of St. Jerome and St. Paul. The latter, in its unsophisticated naturalism, reminds one of a portrait by Moretto. Of another artist, Victor Carpaccio, traces of whose influence are, according to Signor Morelli, to be found in some of Montagna's pictures, the Poldi contains a very interesting example. The subject is Samson and Delilah, and is treated as an incident of modern life. The scene is the terrace of some Italian mansion overlooking a richly-wooded and hilly country, and there Samson, in black trunk hose and yellow shoes, is lying on the broad parapet, with his head on Delilah's lap. She is a sweet, gentle-looking Italian lady, whom none could possibly suspect of treachery or any other vice; but kneeling by her side is a handsome youth, who is preparing to shear her lover, and she has her broad mantle in one hand ready to cast over her accomplice in case the strong man wakes. The conception of the scene, as an artistic composition, is admirable, the colour rich and fine, but the coolness with which the treacherous deed is being done is startling. Dêlilah may have looked as guileless, and her barber as young and innocent, as Carpaccio has represented them, but one cannot help feeling that the same features and expressions would have served equally well, if not better, for the Virgin and St. George.



Head of a Female Saint. Lorenzo Costa.

An altar-piece, attributed to Fra Bartolommeo, is another work of singular interest. It is a triptych with a Holy Family in the centre, a saint in each wing, and the outside of the wings are painted *en grisaille* with the Annunciation, the Virgin on one, and the angel on the other. It is ascribed by Signor Morelli, and with good reason, to Albertinelli, the unregenerate fellow-worker of Fra Bartolommeo, who refused to listen to the voice of Savonarola. It might well have been a joint production of the two painters, whose friendship survived their theological differences; but whatever hand, or hands, may have been engaged upon it, it is full of beauty and life and freshness. A fine figure of a monastic saint, by Fra Carnovale, the painter of that St. Michael in the National Gallery (769) who is standing on the decapitated body of a queer little lizard-like dragon, is another picture which deserves to be signalised; but I must pass over this and the Bocatis and the Palma, a grand Venetian beauty with a wealth of golden hair, and many another rare and pleasant work, to say a final word of a very beautiful Madonna and Child by a pupil of Leonardo who is little known. This is Bernardo, or Bernardino da Conti. The Madonna is seen in profile, and she is *allaitant son enfant.* The Child is of much the same well-developed, handsome type that we see in the Beltraffio which we engrave; but the mother, though not less sweet, is of a more classical and nobler order, with straighter nose and firmer mouth and rounder chin. It is, I think, the grandest face in the Gallery. The colour, if I recollect rightly, is low in tone, greyish, greenish, and has possibly faded, but the design would be enough to secure it distinction wherever it was placed.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

STATUES FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.

FOR some mysterious reason the sculptures set up in the numerous "second cities of the empire" are far more successful as works of Art than those with which the streets and squares of London are besprinkled. In both Edinburgh and Dublin the statues in the public places are much better on the average than those in the capital. Many of our readers will no doubt remember the Outram and Captain Cook of Foley, which were erected for a time in London before they were shipped to their respective pedestals in Calcutta and Sydney.

The colony which possesses this latter work has commissioned Signor Fontana, an Anglo-Italian sculptor, to execute three marble statues of heroic size for the new government offices at Sydney. These are now finished. Two are standing figures of the Queen and Prince of Wales; the third is an ideal figure, representing New South Wales. Signor Fontana has been most successful with the Prince. His Royal Highness is shown in Field-Marshal's uniform, which is carried out in all its details with considerable tact as well as extreme care. The likeness is good and the pose easy, natural, and not wanting in grace. The Queen's state robes offer a difficulty that has, so far as we know, been found insuperable by every sculptor who has attacked it, and we can fairly say that Signor Fontana has succeeded as well as most of his predecessors. Here again the likeness is good, and the modelling of the head, neck, and arms all that could be wished. The genius of the colony is embodied in the form of a young woman in her first maturity, with a cornucopia in her right hand, and a wreath of a flower peculiar to the southern coast of Australia, in her hair. This statue and that of her Majesty are intended for niches, while that of the Prince of Wales will stand free in the

centre of a large hall. Signor Fontana has had the advantage of personal acquaintance with the building in which his statues are to be placed, and on the whole, although we regret that no English sculptor has been selected, we may congratulate the colony on its choice of an artist to carry out its wishes.

THE TUSCAN MAREMMA.

IT would be difficult to define precisely the boundaries of the Maremma. The transition from the smiling gardens of the Pisan Hills to the moorlands of the Castagnetano, then to the semi-cultivated stretches of Campigliese, thence to the desolate marshes of Grosseto, is so gradual, and the change is spread over such an extent of country, that the degree of cultivation of the soil would be but a poor criterion in determining its confines. The transition from a healthy to an unhealthy atmosphere, sometimes equally insensible in its gradations, is subject to such variations as greatly to perplex the observer: some years the malaria seeming to abandon those districts throughout which it had hitherto been despotically dominant; and then, when cultivation and population have begun to occupy the tract from which the plague seemed to have disappeared, taking possession once more of its ancient domains, at times sneaking in like a weasel or a serpent, at others boldly rushing in like a torrent to claim its victims.

It is no use whatever to ask the inhabitants where the Maremma begins and where it ends. Their reply is always that the Maremma begins a little farther on than their own locality, for they reject with scorn the appellation of Maremmano, as if it were some fault of theirs, poor souls, instead of their misfortune. However, this Maremma, or marsh country of Tuscany, covers a good slice of the sub-prefecture of Volterra and of the province of Siena, and almost the whole of that of Grosseto, stretching as far as the Chiavone stream, where it joins the no less extensive and equally deadly Roman Maremma. I need not here dilate on the experiments at reclaiming the land, hitherto more or less fruitlessly attempted, or on the causes of the *malaria*, which science, ever a trifle presumptuous, believes to have discovered with every fresh outbreak, and with which as yet she has shown herself unfit to grapple; whether the system of long leases inaugurated by the Grand Dukes of Tuscany has succeeded in checking it, or whether drainage and canal digging have availed, in part, in doing so; whether these miasmatic fevers are produced by the spores of the *algæ* or by the *bacillus malariæ*; whether they may be cured by the use of arsenic, or quinine, or decoctions of herbs, or oyster-shells, or cobwebs, or toads' livers, are questions for the statistician and the speculator, for the man of science and the quack. For an artist, that which strikes most forcibly is the spectacle of that fertile yet fatal nature; the observation of those types of men and strange beings; the surprise one feels at finding within a few miles of such civilised centres as Rome and Florence the nomadic habits and lives of the patriarchs, the eccentricities of the Trappist, the characteristic costumes and customs of the Gauchos of the Pampas. And let it be noted that this spectacle, which changes with every variation of locality, and consequently with their habits and occupations, varies radically with every change of season; also that it ebbs and flows with the tide of its population.



Lake of Burano.

In September the Grosseto Maremma, for instance, is a desert. Among those castellated villages, perched like vultures on some rocky eminence, villages crowned by crumbling Spanish walls, we meet only a few granary-keepers, a beggar or two, a stray factor, or land steward, sometimes a doctor, now and then a priest. The rich are drinking the waters at Montecatini for their liver complaint, or seeking consolation in some of the larger towns for the enforced privations of the winter; the small landowners, the government clerks with their respective offices, have retired to the neighbouring towns, comparatively healthy; the shepherds, the labourers of every description, have betaken themselves home. By-and-by, as the rains begin to saturate the ground and purify the air, some few regular inhabitants timidly peep out, like skir-

mishers detached from the main body of an army, and by degrees recall their families to prepare their quarters for the winter.

Winter approaches, snow begins to show among the beech-woods of the Libro Aperto Mountains, wood-cutters come down from the Pistoja Hills, bill-hooks slung at their waist, a bread-bag, a kettle, perhaps a rusty gun, being their only *impedimenta*; unless, indeed, a sickly child or a brace of lean hounds drag along in their wake. These are all on their way "in Maremma!" Winter approaches—hoarfrost puts her fairy network on the green pastures of the Falterona and Luna Alps, and now the shepherds descend from the lofty Casentino and from the Arezzo Hills. From the humble shepherd driving a few score rickety ewes before him, to the flock-master, high set in antique saddle, guiding six or seven thousand sheep divided in flocks, separated from each other like the detachments of an army, officered by great white-coated dogs, followed by a respectable baggage train; from the herds of cows and calves, from the troops of rough-and-tumble mares and foals, down to the little herd of a few goats, with many a halt they all make their way "in Maremma."



A Chief Herdsman.

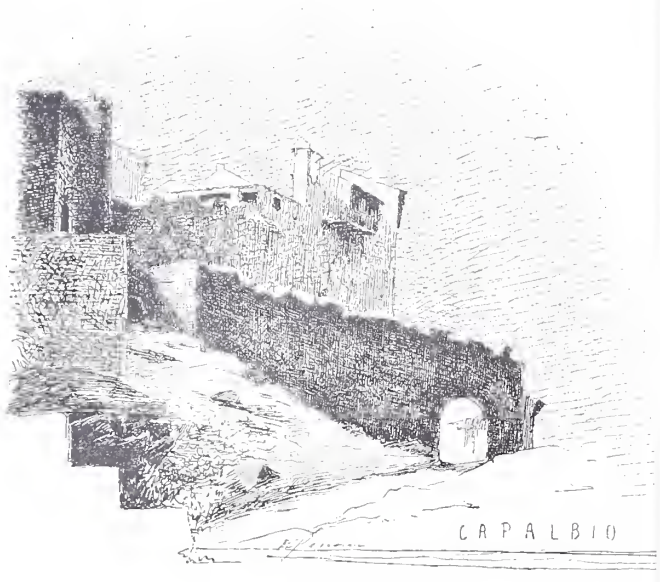
Winter approaches, and lack of work impels the dwellers of the borderland to descend into the Maremma, where, in ragged goatskin garments, they hack down acres of brambles and underwood. Want drives down also the Aquila mountain-dwellers to earn a crust in the Maremma; badly paid and worse treated, being singled out for the most laborious and unwholesome occupations, working up to their knees or up to their waists in water, they earn themselves the sadly quaint appellation of *Cinghialotti* (wild-boar cubs). With these, stream down carriers, muleteers, farm labourers, corn-dealers and brokers, oil merchants and cattle-buyers, and with them not a few sportsmen, both amateurs and professionals.

All these waves of population give a certain animation to this desert. Down these interminable roads, where a month ago the hare gambolled and rabbits scuttled about, sure of freedom from molestation by any living soul, are now seen, passing and repassing, horsemen of every degree, high-piled charcoal carts, strings of beasts of burden; down among the endless corn-fields, many of which take eight hundred sacks of seed-corn to sow, numerous couples of white oxen plough up the teeming soil; flocks and herds dot the meadows; the blue smoke of the charcoal-burner rises like incense in the valleys, or trembles on the hill-sides, among whose woody covert is heard the wood-cutter's axe, the shepherd's pipe, the hunter's horn. On the Sundays all the folk who pass the week in the woods or in the fields, who sleep in the cabins of the peasants or the rush huts of the labourers, or the hovels of the charcoal-burners, pour down into the village or little township most handy to them, to hear mass, to make their little purchases for the week, enjoying the break in the monotony of their lives made by this mingling in a crowd, by their feeding and drinking differently from other days, by their game of bowls or of *morra*, or five fingers, or by a dance.

But besides these people there are the natives—natives, not aborigines—for in this Saturnian land which devours its offspring so greedily you will not find a single household that dates very far back. These natives, for the most part, have come hither to stake their lives against the chances of a fortune; in two or three generations the question is settled; they return to their former homes with enough to live on—sometimes even rich—or they leave a vacancy which other families, impelled also by want, or moved by the same lust of wealth, soon fill up. In point of fact, very few grow old. I remember on one of my first visits I was looking down from the organ-loft upon the compact crowd down in the church, and was struck by the absence of those bald or grey-haired heads which usually variegate the darker shades in any numerous assembly. I ingenuously asked a neighbouring onlooker, "Don't people turn grey in the Maremma?" He looked at me with a smile, in which irony and melancholy were strongly blended, replying, "We do not live long enough to get grey!" an answer that reminded me of another given to a similar question put by the poet Aleardi to a reaper in the Roman Campagna, "Well now, how do you live here?" and he was answered, "Signore, *we die!*"

In good truth death is rife enough. To all the causes of mortality common to other countries, and to those arising from overwork, carelessness, and the perils of a semi-bar-

barous life, must be added the fever which in this deadly banquet takes the lion's share. Pernicious fevers, tertian,



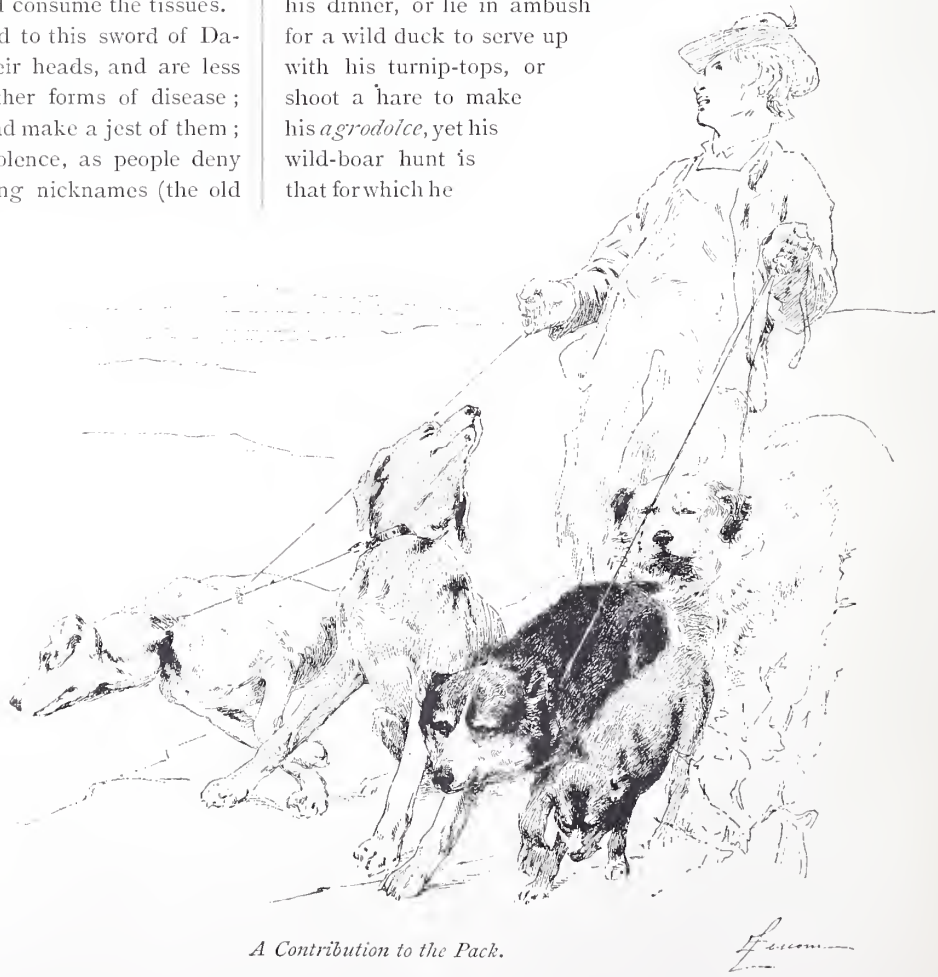
A Maremma Town.

quartan, and innumerable forms of fever, come down like banditti, knocking at the doors of poor folks' houses, demanding their life; or, again, stealthily insidious, they lurk around to spring upon their destined prey unawares. Sometimes, like a slow poison, they clog and consume the tissues.

The Maremma folks get accustomed to this sword of Damocles continually suspended over their heads, and are less preoccupied about the fevers than other forms of disease; nay, they even affect to despise them, and make a jest of them; they even deny their frequency and violence, as people deny what they fear; they give them pleasing nicknames (the old woman, the gossip, the godmother, etc.), to avoid calling them by their real appellations, as if naming them might summon them to their bedside. Just so those who are fearful of the cholera call it the gipsy. In times when people believed in the devil he was called the old gentleman, old Nick, etc., fearfulness and superstition going ever hand in hand. The worst of it is, that the frequent visits of "the gossip" lead to their treating her with a familiarity that is astonishing, and they calculate upon its arrival or departure as they would on the arrival or departure of the train, allotting the intervals between one attack and another to the business or pleasure of the moment. In fact, whilst we should be utterly knocked up after one of these attacks of the Maremma fever, they pass the greater part of the time between one attack and another without even going to bed on account of their illness. They brood over the fire, they loll on the benches of the wine-shop, or sun themselves in the wintry gleam, and see it out on horseback or hunting if possible.

This continual oscillation between a doubtful good and a positive ill, this perpetual prospect of a danger that cannot be staved off, induces unconsciously a species of fatalism, or Epicurianism. Like the bandit with a price set on his head, like the Roman patrician who anticipated from one moment to another the *liberti* of Tiberius, like any one, in short, who feels himself powerless against his pursuers and doubtful of the morrow, the dweller in the Maremma does not struggle against his lot, and merely tries to crowd into the space of a day such enjoyments as may be within his compass. They are not many, nor are they very choice; a strapping shepherdess has for him all the charms of the most exquisite belle of a ball; a rough heavy wine for him takes the place of port; a light and watery drink stands for claret; a dish of pig's fry substitutes any rare delicacy of the table; an everlasting hand at *scopa*, a kind of piquet, represents Monte Carlo for him; a struggle with the heifers or a bout with the colts are better than any spectacle or circus. The refined high livers of our capitals would be disgusted at such an existence, which, after all, is but their own with the surroundings changed.

But among the amusements of the Maremmano the first place is held by his beloved sport of wild-boar hunting, his sport *par excellence*; for though he may shoot a stray quail or partridge to add a roast bird to his dinner, or lie in ambush for a wild duck to serve up with his turnip-tops, or shoot a hare to make his *agrodolce*, yet his wild-boar hunt is that for which he will neglect his interests or scorn an attack of fever; for which he reserves his best gunpowder and the rare sparks of



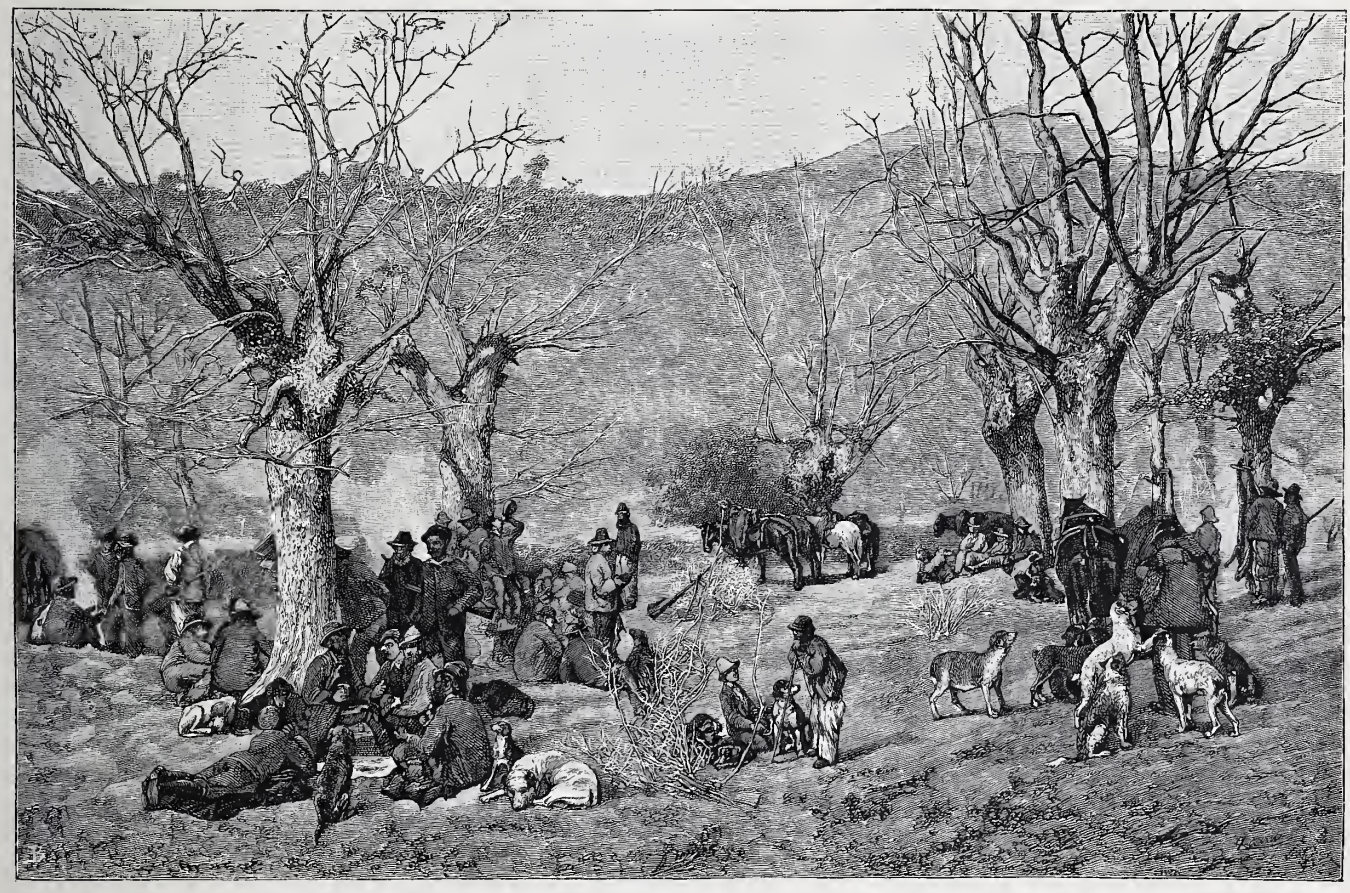
A Contribution to the Pack.

enthusiasm he can give out—this is the only real sport for him. The wild-boar is the favourite theme during the long evenings of winter; it forms the *bonne bouche* of the gourmand in carnival, it is the object of the young sportsman's ambition, the delight of the elder ones, the great regret of the old. For a wild-boar they pass the deadly hour of nightfall in August perched up on the trees like kites, waiting for its coming at the usual hour of feeding—sunset. For him by the wintry rays of a January moon will they tramp through the bogs barefoot, listening and dogging his steps, intercepting his road, disturbing at their acorn feast the young porkers; for him they carefully balance spring-guns at gaps in the hedges, follow up his trace on the waggon roads, lie in ambush for him in the drives, and hunt him in the woods with dogs.

"How is this done?" you ask.

Well, I will try and describe it.

In the Maremma it may be said that the owner of the land is also owner of the game, but the persons most benefited by it are the villagers dwelling nearest the said land. Excepting the few preserves in the Castagneto, Populonia, Montiano and Capalbio properties, it is not the wealthy landed proprietors that chase the wild-boar; they sanction and occasionally direct the hunts, but the villagers have an almost customary right to share therein, and even to organise them. So true is this that the chief huntsman is chosen, by a species of universal suffrage, among the villagers. The necessity, moreover, of having a good number of men in order that the chase may be successful, and the lack of precision in the landmarks defining territorial rights and the difficulty of enforcing them, will explain these customs, which date back to a very early period.



The Rendezvous.

However this may be, the fact remains, that on hunting-days (two or three times a week, from December to the 20th February) the chief huntsman sounds his horn early in the morning through the village, and the sportsmen, landowners and tenants, shopkeepers and strangers, from the highest to the lowest, on foot, on horseback, on donkeyback (some with the fever, almost all without a game license), all take their way to the rendezvous, where a bonfire is lighted, so that the sportsmen of all the country-side may see where the place of meeting is, or in the wild-boar hunting slang, "*where they make smoke.*" Generally the fire is lighted in some clearing, either in the depth of the woods or on the top of a hill. Around the fire are grouped from a hundred to a hundred and thirty followers of Nimrod, from the dandy sportsman, looking as if he had just stepped out of a band-box, down to the rough blackbird catcher in his sheepskin garments. Dispersed among these are the lads that act as beaters, the dog-keepers, some with one couple only, others with an infinity of the most varied kinds. From the pointer, that from defective training has had his legitimate career closed to him, down to the shepherd's dog to whom the woods have taught the craft; from the slim greyhound to the sturdy mastiff, ill-bred terrier or shaggy cur, all the dogs that hunt by scent are got together in these packs, which muster from forty to sixty in number. The horses and mules, hitched up to the pollarded oaks, are covered with sheepskin rugs and bear the guns slung to the saddle pommels. An English sportsman might shudder, a French *grand veneur* might turn up his nose, at such a heterogeneous collection, but to an artist they are worthy of observation. When the chief huntsman has consulted the oracles of the locality on the probabilities of the wind, the whereabouts of the quarry, the line he will take, he starts his beaters, stations the

best shots in the most favourable spots; driving the boys with their dogs to the opposite side. At a blast of his horn a few



A Maremmano.

of the most trusty hounds are unleashed, those that will not go off on a false scent after a fox or a roebuck, a hare or a polecat, or any of the lesser game in which the covers abound. When one of these gives tongue the dog-keepers loose all the other dogs, and hurry them on with shrill cries or savage yells, with clapping of hands, and not unfrequently beating a tattoo on petroleum tins or firing of pistols. It is seldom that all this rumpus and all this barking of dogs does not start one or more of the boars, though some old hermit will oft stick in his lair, or a litter of young ones may sometimes trundle round without breaking covert. In such cases the barking and din redoubles, mingled now and then with the death-cry of a hound, tusked by the quarry; now and again the report of firearms is heard, and the cry, "Viva Maria," when some expert in this form of venery puts a ball into a recalcitrant porker. But in the majority of cases the brutes start off at once, first taking a round in the vain hope of breaking through the living wall of beaters, and then, pressed by the hounds, make for the point where all is silent, and where, hoping to find safety, they meet death.

Having finished one beat, another is commenced, and then another, until the lateness of the hour counsels all to desist, and the fatigue of the dogs and the number strayed in pursuit of game enforces a cessation of hostilities.

Then the quarry is divided, the spoil cut up, and an equitable distribution made to each sportsman; the head and "innards," the choicest portions of the meat and the hide of the head and spine awarded to the killer or the first to wound the victim.

In case of disputes, which the vanity of sportsmen and lust of pork may occasion, and which the wild habits of the disputants and the handiness of a gun on one's shoulder might render of fatal conclusion, the head huntsman questions the parties and witnesses, examines the spots, and decides to whom the head belongs. From his verdict there can be no appeal. Generally, however, he deigns to consult his fellow-experts, who display a sagacity and science that a nisi prius judge might envy.

Whoever kills his first boar is called upon to "stand his footing," *i.e.* to provide refreshment for all parties in proportion to his means and social position, and as "our friend's friends are our friends," many invite themselves, so that if the novice be a well-to-do person we may be sure that nearly all the folk round will come in for their share. The guests fire off their guns a number of times in proportion to the abundance of good cheer provided, and the echoes of the night spread abroad the good news.

Thirty-seven head of wild-boar in two days, twenty-one in a day, have been the richest hunts of late years in the unpreserved parts of the Grosseto provinces.

It is owing to this sport that the Maremma may by chance have revealed to any capable of appreciating them the grandeur and beauty, the melancholy and the squalor, which are rather those of bygone ages than our own.

But even if among the few sportsmen that venture into these districts there be one in whom the passion of the chase has not so stifled the soul within him as to render him insensible to the beauties of the Maremma, yet it is probable that he will only see it under one aspect—that of winter. For one who goes to spend January at Fonteblanda or Montalto merely in order to be there for the passage of the woodcock, nature has but one aspect, the stern lines, the characteristic wilderness, bare, and I might say, pinched and livid with the cold. He knows not what smiles are lavished by this bounteous region when the spring covers the wild-pear woods with flowers and whitens the whole hill-side with blossom, broken only by patches of heather and briar roses. He knows not how the sunny June yellows the waving fields of corn for miles and miles; how the rolling sweeps melt in the distance into the deep dark blue of the Tyrrhenian ocean—gold and lapis-lazuli—as far as the eye can reach.

He who has only toiled after his panting pointers up the steep hill-side, among the leafless dwarf oaks, cannot imagine what depths of shade and shadow those same woods afford, showing like caverns in the August sunset; hiding the pestilential pools of stagnant water that make one shudder to gaze on; filling one with awe and dread of their power as we look into the blue depths.

He who has seen these marshes from which, at the first report of his gun, rise up clouds of birds that resemble an immense casting-net thrown up into the sky, and has seen them when a hedge of flame and a line of dogs and sportsmen drive out the boar from his reedy lair, would not recognise them when the dog-days rend the surface of the parched earth into fissures that crackle like thorns in the blaze, when the *fata morgana* mingles its images with the pestiferous exhalations of the lands that present the aspect of a scorched and a plague-stricken and accursed patch of country, such as one dreams of in feverish slumbers, with terror and affright.

For life in the Maremma would *not* suit every one.

In the artificial life of towns a man is scarcely aware how greatly civilization fevers his nature, blunts his senses, weakens his muscles and renders him incapable of providing for his own necessities. Here he subsists by force of cohesion, not by his own strength. A lower class furnishes him as best it can with the necessaries of life; birth, position, family, or money procure him ease, amusement and refinement; the officers of justice protect his life and property; careful nurture and chemical science protect his health; society generally takes care of his well-being. In the Maremma study, birth, position, family wealth count for little or nothing; the officer of justice is a myth, or at best a rare apparition; chemical science exists not; society is far away. Man is alone, and the lovely and smiling yet deadly Maremma propounds, like a sphinx, the riddle of existence, the eternal question of life or death.

EUGENIO CECCONI.



THE FERRYMANS DAUGHTER

ETCHED BY CH COURTRY AFTER L.E ADAN

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.*

SEVERAL of our notes this month have alternative dates given; in such cases it must be assumed that that which appears best authenticated is first given.

Among the births are—Guercino (G. F. Barbieri), variously given as the 2nd, 6th, or 8th, at Cento, near Bologna; 2nd, Oswald Achenbach, at Düsseldorf, 1827; and J. B. Guillaume, the sculptor, at Montbard (Côte du Nord), 1822; 4th, Birket Foster, at North Shields, 1825; 7th, Henry Fuseli, R.A., at Zurich, 1741; 10th, Ary Scheffer, at Dort, 1795; and W. F. Woodington, A.R.A., at Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, 1806; 11th, G. F. Waagen, Art critic and historian, at Hamburg, 1794; 12th, Frederico Madrazo, Spanish painter, at Rome, 1815; 13th, Philip Veit, at Berlin, 1793; 14th, Val. C. Prinsep, A.R.A., in India, 1836; 15th, C. F. Daubigny, at Paris, 1817; 17th, Henri Delaroche, 1797; 18th, J. A. H. Leys, at Antwerp, 1815; 20th, Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., at Kensington, 1797; 22nd, Antoine Wiertz, Belgian painter, at Dinant, 1806; François Desportes, animal painter, at Champigneul, 1661; Mattia Preti, at Taverna, 1613; and G. H. Louis Grüner, Art critic, at Dresden, 1801; John Ruskin was also born this month, at London, 1819.

The death-roll is somewhat heavy: on the 1st, George Cruikshank, in 1878; 2nd, Martin Schoen, or Schongauer, at Colmar, 1488 (1499 has also been given); and Govaert Flinck, at Amsterdam, 1660; 3rd, the burial of Jan Steen at Leyden, 1679, the actual date of his decease being unrecorded; 5th, G. Moroni, at Bergamo, 1588; 7th, Sir George H. Beaumont, Bart., at Coleorton, 1827; 8th, Jan van Huysum, at Amsterdam, 1749 (also given as the 7th); and Nicholas Berchem, at the same city, 1683 (buried in the Westerkerk on the 23rd); 9th, Gerard Dou, buried in the church of St. Peter, Leyden, 1675, but the exact date of death is unobtainable—the year, too, is given both as 1674 and 1680; 12th, James Holland, at London, 1870; Charles le Brun, at the Gobelins, Paris, 1690; and Luca Giordano, at Naples, 1705; 13th, Jacopo da Ponte, called Bassano from his birthplace, where also he died, 1592; and Albrecht Altdorfer, in 1538; 14th, W. Dyce, R.A., at Streatham, 1864; and Sodoma (G. B. Bazzi), at Siena, 1549; 16th, Pierre Prud'hon, at Paris, 1823; 17th, William Collins, R.A., in London, 1847; John Martin, in the Isle of Man, 1854; Michael Angelo Buonarotti, at Rome, 1564; and Giuliano Bugiardini, at Florence, 1554; 22nd, J. B. C. Corot, 1875; James Barry, R.A., in London, 1806 (buried in St. Paul's); and Gentile Bellini, at Venice, 1507 (also given as the 23rd); 23rd, Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., in London, 1792 (buried in St. Paul's on the 3rd of the following month); and Artus Quellin the elder, the sculptor, at Antwerp, 1668; 25th, Sir Christopher Wren, in 1723, buried in his own masterwork; 27th, John Philip, R.A., in London, 1867.

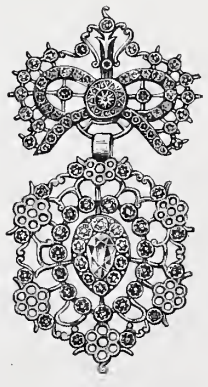
On February 22nd, 1649, the Council of State resolved that the grand collection of works of Art formed by Charles I. should be "disposed of for the use of the public," though some had been sold on Jan. 3rd previously. ALFRED BEAVER.

PEASANT JEWELLERY—FRENCH.

PEASANT jewellery is that kind of ornament in gold or silver which is, or now in too many places was, worn by the middle and lower classes on their festive gatherings. Every one who has studied the peasant jewellery of Europe knows that it is the outcome of personal decoration on religious festivals, for nearly every nationality has given it a form which evidences the bias and teaching of an ecclesiastical feeling. The lack of these religious festivals must have had a considerable influence on peasant jewellery, as it is observed that in Protestant countries such ornaments are either very poor or missing altogether. Thus it is of a meagre character in Holland, and the only national jewellery in England is that which is found in the barrows of British and Saxon times. This is of great interest, and has not received the attention it deserves, as, besides its historical value, there are other things to be learnt from its study. Thus one fact there to be considered is, "When was the art first discovered of soldering two pieces of metal together, so as to make them appear as one?" soldering being a most important factor in making jewellery. The ancient Britons, although they made beautiful jewellery, did not use solder, but joined the various parts of a jewel together by burnishing the two edges of two pieces of metal, to be joined as one, over each other. Even the Romans, when in Britain, did not solder their leaden water-pipes in making them, but bent one edge over the other thus  , and so made them water-tight. But all the jewellery found in the barrows of the Saxon period are most perfectly soldered together, quite as well as at the present time; and the Saxons had a pattern gold chain that is even now made in exactly the same style and manner in Birmingham, and one can be scarcely told from the other, being the pattern now called the "old Skillet." It was



No. 1.—Croix St. Loe.



No. 2.—Croix Rouennaise.

* Continued from page 8.

formed of twisted wire, very cleverly soldered in each link. The engraving (No. 9), "Saxon Chains and Pins," shows the natural size of an ornament which was found in a Saxon barrow, near Devizes, and is known to be a post-Roman barrow from having a late Roman coin in it.

It must here be observed that nearly every peculiarity of design in peasant jewellery has been derived from three or four emblems, giving a type to the character of every kind. Of course this does not refer to jewels *de luxe*, which may be of every form; but peasant jewellery is adapted almost entirely from some decorated form of a cross, a heart, a dove, or a crown, two of these being often joined together in one jewel. The cross was the symbol of faith and devotion; the heart—*Sacré Cœur*—of zeal, charity and love; the dove, reliance on the Saint Esprit, or Holy Ghost, besides being a Whitsuntide ornament; and the crown the emblem of success and reward, rather more than of loyalty. In some countries these forms are almost lost, through deviations and changes of taste, from the original models; but the older the jewel, as a rule, the more it will be found nearly to resemble one or other of these forms.



No. 3.—Croix St Loe, from Caen.

The cross, heart, and crown are found most often in Belgium; the cross and heart in France; the cross in Spain, Italy, and Russia. In free-thinking France the cross and heart have been perhaps better preserved than in any other country, Italy coming nearest to it as regards ornamental peasant jewellery. In Catholic Flanders it has been much less distinctly preserved, in Spain it is still less prominent, and Portugal and Holland have almost lost in their national ornaments.

The peasant jewellery of France is of the most interesting kind, and has many very distinct varieties and types, each district having had its own form of decorating the cross and heart. The crown is not found in any kind of treatment in this country, but the other two are met with in great variety, both in plain gold and silver, and also covered with stones.

Even in the decoration of their jewels each country had a different fashion. Thus all old Flemish and Spanish work will be invariably found to have nothing but rose diamonds for its decoration, however humble the piece, while such are never found in strictly French peasant jewellery. Here they have ever employed what they name as *Caillou de l'Alençon*, or *Caillou du Rhin*; being pure rock crystal, cut and faceted in the rose form for the small stones, and the brilliant shape for the large stones; each country most strictly following this rule, even when only a few miles apart.



No. 4.—Croix à Bosse.

In the north of France, and especially all along the coast-line, ending about Dunkirk, a cross and heart of a large bold form is found, without any stones on it, called the *Croix à Bosse* (No. 4), from the peculiar treatment of the ends of the cross and heart; these have always been patronised by the fisherwomen. The heart is covered with beautifully-designed wirework, the cross itself being faceted, with the lower limb always loose. This style of cross is still worn in the districts named, yet it is not now made where worn, as of old, but is "manufactured" in Paris, and sent northwards. The model shown is early eighteenth-century work, nearly all the old ones being of the very purest gold, although the same design was sometimes made in silver. Ear-rings were worn formed in the shape of one arm of the cross, the whole making a fine ornamentation. The cross illustrated, although five inches in total length, weighs only ten pennyweights, so fine and thin is the gold; but every collector must have observed that not only French ladies, but the French peasantry, wear jewellery of a lightness and delicacy that more northern people in wearing would soon break to pieces.

It is only natural to assume that the undecorated cross, without the addition of stones, is the oldest form of this ornament, and thus the *Croix à Bosse* may be considered the type of cross ornament, from which many of the other forms have been derived. To show the correctness of this idea, the nearest locality to the coast-line of France where the *Croix à Bosse* assumes the general type, is now Amiens; the special variety which is called the *Croix d'Amiens* is a debased kind of the form just mentioned, or such as would be supposed to grow out of it, when set with a few crystals. It is the poorest of the peasant jewels of France, for it is seldom found of large size, the gold is poor, always very thin, and generally filled with composition to give it strength, and this form is never found in silver.

As one recedes from the coast the cross assumes a much more ornamented form, and at Rouen we find the *Croix Rouennaise*, the largest in form and the most elaborately decorated of any in France. Many of these Rouen crosses are of great interest, and have evidently been preserved as heirlooms in the family, having been very generally worn up to the beginning of this century by the peasantry, and only given up when the use of costume

declined about 1840, as to this district. These crosses were worn by all, both young and old, as they are found of every size from an inch long, only fit for a child (yet even then fully covered with ornament) up to twelve inches square, giving the wearer the appearance of having a breastplate of gold. The peculiarity of the *Croix Rouennaise* (No. 5) is that it was filed or sawn out of thin plates of gold, the surface being covered with scroll ornament, and then set with very small crystals, or, as they are called, *petites pierres*, the cross being considered more beautiful the more it was covered with stones. The French jewellers will tell you tales of how they remember the destruction of these crosses, and how many were melted up about forty years ago; as they get scarce, so they increase in value, and are now charged from five to ten francs the gramme, although a large one, lately sold by auction in Pall Mall, fetched £30. The cross here illustrated is one of the

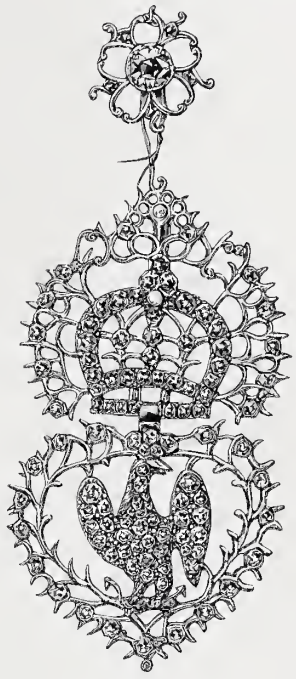


No. 5.—Croix Rouennaise.

purest styles of *Croix Rouennaise*. It is of gold, and weighs sixteen dwts.: it is five inches long.

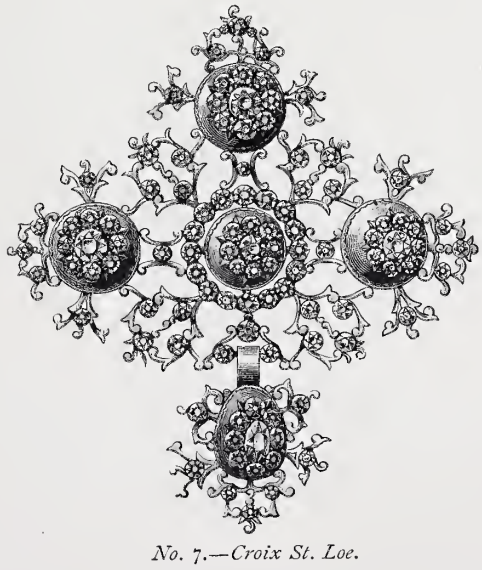
The gold of the Rouen cross is never more than 18 carats fine, and often lower; it is always made of reddish gold, and in this particular type is never found in silver, although what are called Normandy crosses are as often made in silver as in gold; yet the silver ones are of an entirely different type, and being the ornament of a lower class, were never made with the *petites pierres*, but with large crystals as the chief feature. The *Croix Rouennaise* is the only one of this class of ornament still made for sale, being very easy of production with modern appliances, but is not now produced for the peasantry of France, but for those who affect or collect such things.

The rarer and more beautiful forms of these jewels, which were not made from thin plates, are not now reproduced, as they would take far too long in fabrication, labour being much too dear. These better forms were hammered up and soldered together from a large number of pieces, arranged in a manner that can be only done where time is of small value. An interesting feature in these jewels is that very rarely is it that two are found alike, even by one who has collected hundreds of these jewels, the ornamentation being always different, notwithstanding the great family likeness. And this shows with what care and deliberation the workman did his labour, models in copper even being made for the best forms. The cross (Illustration No. 2) is one of these models, which are very scarce. It represents a rare form of ornament not often found in gold, the drop having almost lost the heart shape. It is surmounted with what is termed the *Haut*. The Rouennaise cross had either a heart or a round ornament surmounting it, called the *haut*, so as to be worn with velvet. From the large numbers still to be found, they must have been very generally worn. This cross is not to be compared for beauty of design with those made at Caen, or the cross called *Croix St. Loe* (Nos. 3 and 7), the last named being the perfection of all peasant jewels, as will be seen on comparison. No. 3 shows a gold cross found at Caen; it has a beautiful combination of the cross and fleur-de-lys, the top of this form being called a "Bouton."



No. 6.—French Eagle.

Many persons often speak of Brittany crosses, but there is no such thing strictly, as Brittany had not a typical ornament of this kind, but it simply copied the cross belonging

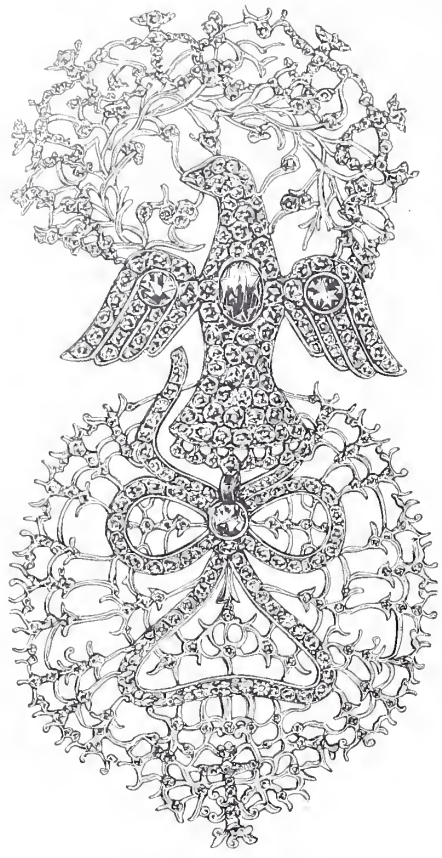


No. 7.—Croix St. Loe.

to Normandy, which was the land of costume and ornament up to the beginning of this century. In this locality, however, more than in any other, the dove became a jewel, and was worked up to the ornament called the St. Esprit (No. 8), being the dove with outspread wings, covered entirely with crystals,

and holding a bunch of conventional flowers, with coloured pastes in them to represent the colours of the flowers. No. 8 gives the largest type of the St. Esprit, the natural size being six and a half inches long, with a weight of one ounce and three-quarters. The St. Esprit is more often made in silver than in gold.

This ornament was made of all sizes, according to the taste of the wearers; they are now five times dearer than they were twenty years ago, the gold ones selling in France from 13 to 16 francs the gramme, and one lately fetched 400 francs by auction at Caen. The St. Esprit, when perfect, has the *haut* in the shape of a knot or bow over it, but the heart found over the cross was never used with it; very rarely the St. Esprit has the flowers in white crystal, and—once now and then—a sort of travesty of the St. Esprit is formed when the French eagle is put in its place, and a crown is placed over it. No. 6 is the St. Esprit in the caricature form; it is three inches long, and weighs ten pennyweights. This and the St. Esprit (No. 8) are rather more natural in the treatment than the crosses, which are purely conventional. When the large crystals are found set in projecting lobes, or with very prominent knobs on the crosses, it may be assumed that the cross is then of the oldest form—the flatter the treatment the later the style of the ornament. All the old crosses and St. Esprits have the hall-mark on the bow or loop; as the French say, they were *controllé*. The French marks have not been as yet unravelled, being more complicated than the English ones, from so many places having the power to stamp plate.



No. 8.—Croix St. Esprit.

Another interesting peasant jewel is the silver *collier*, set with false crystals, and having a cross in the centre, which was much used in all the north and west parts of France, called the *Collier de Mariage*, from not being worn before that event. This ornament is interesting as being the only one in which the French jewellers did not put real crystals, but used paste imitations, or, as they call them, "Strass," from the name of the inventor of this kind of glass. It was always made in silver, and consisted of long links entirely covered with false crystals, the cross also covered in the same style and attached by means of a short chain; very rarely a St. Esprit took the place of the cross. These collars have been so much sought after, that a large number of forgeries are now made, and it is very rare to find a real old one.

The most beautiful of the French peasant jewels is, as has been said, the *Croix St. Loe*, which varies from three to six inches long, and is nearly always in gold, of a better quality than that of the *Croix Rouennaise*; the "Haut" is always in the shape of a true lover's knot (No. 1). Instead of being pierced from a thin plate of gold like the Rouen cross, they were worked up from a large number of pieces soldered together, sometimes so fine in the construction as to look like a spider's web. There is great obscurity as to the place of their manufacture, whether at the town whose name they bear, or at other places near. Many have been found at and near Caen, and it is probable that, like bells in England, which are now only made in about three places, yet in the seventeenth century were made in hundreds of villages in England, just where they were wanted, every local jeweller made the crosses as required. Each followed the general type, yet so worked to his own taste that no two are alike. In style they are eighteenth-century work, as a rule, but when a seventeenth-century one is found it will be seen to be of more elaborate design and more beautiful in detail. Much of the work was hammered into form, like *repoussé* work, and required great skill in the manufacture. About twenty years ago these crosses could be purchased for five francs the gramme, but now they readily bring twenty francs the gramme, it being too costly to make or imitate. This cross is always ornamented with "les petites pierres," the crosses with the large crystals being quite another style.

J. W. Singer.

(To be continued.)



No. 9.—Saxon Chains and Pins.

ENGLISH ART AS SEEN THROUGH FRENCH SPECTACLES.

IS there an English school of painting? To this question, posed by many foreign writers upon Art, a negative answer has been almost uniformly given; and, although some may admit the excellence of a few of our artists, it is only in certain technical details, or on the ground of quaint eccentricity. Until comparatively recent times the knowledge of foreign artists and the foreign public with works of the English school was as limited as was the acquaintance of its history and development by the critics and arbiters of taste. So careful and conscientious a writer as Kügler, in his "History of Painting since the Days of Constantine," disposes of English Art in a dozen pages. Dr. Ernest Guhl, another erudite German, dismisses the claims of England to a place in the Art world in a single sentence, apparently having accepted without inquiry or demur the verdict registered in marble by Baron Von Klenze, at the Munich Pinacothek—the English school, it may be recollected, being here represented by a sleeping figure, her unused palette lying beside her. Since the Paris Exhibition of 1855, however, a gradual change has come over foreign, and especially over French writers on Art, with reference to this country; and, although the existence of an English school in the strict pedagogic sense is still, and with truth, contested, the continuity of tradition, as well as the importance of individual influences, are admitted to be discernible throughout the progress of English oil painting from Hogarth to the present day. French critics, moreover, are now ready to admit that to English painters, like Wilson, Bonnington, and Constable, the revival of French Art is mainly due.

Whether or not there has been or is an English school of painting is, after all, as M. Feuillet de Conches points out, a mere *jeu de mots*. In his voluminous and carefully compiled "Histoire de l'École Anglaise de Peinture" (Paris: Ernest Leroux, 1883), he holds to the view that the influences exercised by Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Reynolds were such as to stimulate rivals and to create followers; and that possibly English Art gained rather than lost by its freedom from academic restraints, which did violence at once to the liberty of nature and to the instincts of individual genius. The majority of French writers have hitherto maintained that the sudden and glorious burst of English painting in the last century passed away too rapidly to leave any permanent trace behind, whilst the number of those who attained distinction was too restricted to constitute a school. There was then to be found in England a certain number of skilful artists, some of the highest order, this one taking Tintoretto, that one Vandyck, a third Rubens or Watteau for his guide, whilst all sought their inspiration in some foreign school of Art, and none cared to lay down for English painting laws and dogmas which should serve as national traditions for all time. To these objectors M. de Conches replies that, if a school represents the combination of artists of the same nation, imbued with certain tendencies towards a common object, without excluding individual influences, the term is as applicable to English painting as to that of any other country.

M. Ernest Chesneau, on the other hand, in his handbook, "La Peinture Anglaise" (Paris: Quantin, 1882), decides the question in the opposite sense. The word "school" can only be held to apply in a very imperfect sense to the Art movement in England. By a "school" M. Chesneau understands an *ensemble* of tradition and method, a special taste in drawing, and an equally special sense of colouring, directed towards the pursuit of a common ideal. A careful analysis of the works of English artists shows the absence of any common tradition, of the absolute independence, or, if the term be preferred, isolation of each painter.

M. Chesneau, however, hastens to add, that if for the sake of simplicity it is agreed to describe as a "school" the bundle of individual manifestations which represent a nation's Art, and an Art worthy of the historian, then most assuredly the existence of l'École Anglaise must be admitted, though it dates from scarcely more than a century and a half. The peculiarities which it displays are, he maintains, but the expression of the British mind. Its products fail to reveal the importance of painting considered as a Fine Art. The subordination of the artist to his patron is more marked in the course of British than of foreign painting. In the eighteenth century especially was this the case, and hence we may expect to find the artists of that time before all things courtiers—of the class which paid. For this reason M. Chesneau declares that, in considering the painters of that time, the words "grandeur and elevation" should be erased from any criticism. In their genre works, and even in portraits, they display a prearranged naïveté, which promptly becomes monotonous; they are anecdotical, but rather in a literary than a picturesque sense. In landscape, however, their special qualities reveal themselves—for the most part they have studied nature, and their skies, in which lies their superiority, bear witness to a constant desire to reproduce the unrealisable variations of the atmosphere. The weakness of the English school in French eyes lies in its want of any persistent effort. Its independence even is the outcome of caprice, not of design. If it rejected all tradition, it is not to walk in some new path marked out beforehand, but in order to allow free scope to each painter's taste for some individual eccentricity. Such a motive, it may truly be said, has little in common with the highest attribute of Art in all countries—originality.

M. Charles Blanc is even more outspoken, and, we may add, far less discriminating than his compatriots in his estimate of English Art and English artists. He holds that we belong to that strange but unlimited ethnographical variety of the human race which is in revolt against all artistic sentiment. Outside France and Belgium, and here and there at

rare intervals in Germany, M. Charles Blanc thinks Art has little or no existence; and he concludes that England, in spite of her possessing the works of Pheidias, and of her immense wealth, will never succeed in the "acclimatation du grand art" (Ch. Blanc, "Les Artistes de mon Temps," Paris, 1876, p. 477). English artists and the English public know more, perhaps, of the history of Art than those of other nations—they have seen more masterpieces of the different foreign schools, have visited and made themselves at home in every Art capital; but they carry away with them none of those lessons which the great masters inculcate on others. Once back again to their insular fogs and mists, they become incapable "de comprendre les principes du beau, de s'élever aux idées générales et aux formes génésiques; les voilà confinés dans le relatif le plus étroit, et rivés à ce qui est justement l'inverse de la tradition, le rebours du style." M. Charles Blanc and M. Chesneau alike shut their eyes to what has been the practical outcome of academic teaching, and the culture of "le grand Art." They forget that the French school, inaugurated so brilliantly in 1630 by Claude Lorraine, barely lasted a hundred years, and that from Lancret, Watteau's favourite pupil, French Art, at least in landscape painting, fell lower and lower, until it may be said to have become extinct. A hundred years after Lancret, it was recalled to life by the Englishman Constable.

In spite of M. Feuillet de Conches's erudite studies, wherein the origin of English oil paintings is traced back to the missal illuminators of the fourteenth century, we may with more confidence regard Hogarth, the opponent of all systematical training, as the precursor of our national Art. Up to his time, Dutch, Flemish, and French artists had monopolised the patronage of the court, and although English names appear like those of Robert Cook (temp. Henry VII.), Andrew Wright and John Brown (Henry VIII.), William Streete and Nicolas Lysorde (Edw. VI.), Nicolas Hilliard, Sir Nathaniel Baker, and Isaac Oliver (Elizabeth), nothing of their work which remains suggests originality either of conception or execution. They were either a faithful imitation or servile copyists of the foreign masters, in whose studios they had acquired, with more or less dexterity, their teachers' methods. Under the Stuarts national Art was quite as little favoured. George Jamesone, "the Scotch Vandyck," was, perhaps, the only exception; for his portraits, of which many are still extant, prove him to have been one of Rubens's best pupils; whilst, like his fellow-student Vandyck, he displayed a softness and delicacy of touch, combined with a breadth and transparency of treatment, in which their common master was at times wanting.

Hogarth, indeed, may be accepted as the starting-point of a survey of distinctive English painting. To foreigners, who know him necessarily chiefly by his engravings, he was rather a moralist than a painter, a tavern Molière who struck medals illustrative of the life of the people. M. de Conches, however, recognises in him qualities of a higher order, and in the composition of his pictures, when they related to his peculiar sphere of thought, assigns to him a foremost place. "Hogarth," he declares, "could convey a meaning to the very attitude of each of his figures, by their dress and by the smallest accessories. He could make even the furniture of the room add point to the story he wished to tell. The innermost thoughts, the heart-burnings, and the private life of his characters are written on their faces. Possessing this secret of a creative power which vivifies the conception of the mind, he gives to abstract motives a startling form." Hogarth's paintings he regards as generally free, "brutale de touche, un peu terne, molle et lâchée," because, in a hurry to express all he means, he, like Goya, is regardless of all conventional rules. M. de Conches rejects summarily all attempts to connect Hogarth with either the Dutch or Flemish schools. Both in the direction of his thoughts and in his manner of painting, he belongs to no school, and drew everything from himself.

M. Chesneau is less appreciative of Hogarth's power, and assigns to him a very subordinate place as a painter, and even as a moralist, places him scarcely above the level of a caricaturist. Drawing, colouring, composition were for him sealed books, meaningless words, so long as they could not be adapted to translate a useful moral idea of easy application and intelligible to every class. He had no sense of Art, and cared little for the beauties of nature.

It is unnecessary for us to pass in review the verdict pronounced upon all the English artists of the last century, but before touching upon the two most distinguished, it is only just to our neighbours to see how far they endorse the opinion of one of their own distinguished artists, Joseph Vernet, with regard to Richard Wilson, whom English taste allowed to die in want. Vernet, who had met Wilson at Rome, soon after the latter's adoption of landscape painting by the advice of Zuccarelli, had offered to exchange any of his own works for the picture on which Wilson was then at work.

M. Chesneau refuses to admit the claim of Wilson as the father of English landscape painting, and thinks that the neglect by his contemporaries of which he was the victim was in some degree deserved, because he confined himself within the limits of that narrow idealism which for a long time influenced the French school. In France Wilson would have found patrons and earned renown, but in his own country his yearnings after "le grand style" were looked upon as mystifications, which those who had learnt to admire nature through the interpretation of Gainsborough refused to accept. Wilson, he says, seemed to think that nature existed only as a frame for the woes of Niobe, and that ruins were the highest form of architectural beauty. The transparency which, like Claude, he managed to throw into his distances, was purchased at a cost which even the great Frenchman could not at all times avoid; the foreground opaque, heavy, and bituminous, whilst to the right and left avenues of trees of dark and thick foliage. In this frame, as in the darkened chamber of a diorama, the light is brighter, and produces an illusion, but remove the framework and the effect disappears.

It was probably Géricault the artist who, by his letters on English painters, first aroused in France an interest in Gainsborough and Reynolds. Although to him both painters were at times deficient in their sense of form, and occasionally leaden in tone, their naïve grace, sustained gracefulness, and harmonious seductiveness are irresistible, and to Gainsborough especially, who painted youth and springtime with as much delicacy as feeling, he rendered full homage as an original genius. In this view M. de Conches concurs, dismissing as fanciful the attempts to convert the real "father of English landscape" into a disciple of Cuyp or Huysmann, of Vandyck or Watteau. By temperament his talent may have had something in common with his illustrious predecessors, but his true master and inspirer was nature; from her he received his earliest impressions, which in later life his matured talents reproduced. In his portraits, as in his landscapes, Gainsborough

found in nature the charms which his great rival rendered by the force of artistic composition. His 'Blue Boy' is one of those *chefs-d'œuvre* which Vandyck would not have disowned, and this and all his portraits are life-like and speaking; they are nature itself robustly painted in solid *pâte* with warm, transparent, vigorous tones. His landscapes are windows opening out upon the country, laying bare a world where the sense and the intelligence unite. M. Chesneau places Gainsborough's best works, such as his 'Blue Boy,' higher than anything by Reynolds, above even the latter's 'Nelly O'Brien;' and he attributes this supremacy to Gainsborough's greater sense of the picturesque. As a painter, however, M. Chesneau thinks that Gainsborough is weak, often even careless; his treatment of accessories is broad and almost decorative, but it is seldom that his colouring is not exquisite. Moreover, as a portraitist, he throws all his power into the face, and not only shows his model, but "l'âme du modèle elle même qui passe comme une mélodie surnaturelle dans l'ensemble de la composition."

It might be supposed that Reynolds, with his Academic leanings and his intimate knowledge of foreign schools, would commend himself more to the attention of French critics and excite warmer admiration than Gainsborough's school of nature. This is not the case. M. F. de Conches thinks that throughout the early years of this artist's life he was constantly endeavouring to adapt himself to the style of the various masters whose works he successively studied at Rome, Florence, and Venice. He endeavoured in a way to amalgamate the transparent brilliancy of Rubens and Paul Veronese, the rich colouring of Titian and Rembrandt, the truthful force and elegance of Velasquez, and the freshness of Vandyck. The result was a style full of seductive and harmonious effects, but wanting in imaginative power, and just falling short of "le grand style," which was his dream, and by which he was most bound to the masters he revered. His desire was to reproduce the severe dignity and simplicity of his masters, but his own delicate sense made him prefer for his models any happy pose they may have unconsciously adopted. More intent, nevertheless, to realise an ideal of absolute beauty in the manner of his masters than to copy literally the faces before him, he not unfrequently succeeded in astonishing both his models and his brother-artists by his "magnifiques à peu près." His more imaginative works are efforts of great talent, but they principally serve to mark the distance which separates Reynolds from the great masters by whom his genius was inspired. In most of these works of which *la pâte* is transparent, smooth, and subtle, there is much to attract and charm us, but they do not rise to the level of great works of Art. The 'Three Graces' gathering flowers and weaving garlands round the statue of Hymen are simple mortals, whose style of beauty is that of the century in which they were painted. Finally, M. de Conches, in summing up Sir Joshua's claims, is not prepared to accord to him the highest rank as conferred upon him by his compatriots. In spite, however, of these defects, he admits that Reynolds is a great artist, and the inventor of that soft, charming manner which is the characteristic of the English school.

M. Chesneau's judgment is very analogous with that of his more strictly literary *confrère*. Reynolds's talents he regarded as a splendid conquest of the will; Gainsborough's the spontaneous blossoming of a flower naturally turning to a fruit of exquisite flavour. What Reynolds learnt by the aid of a brilliant intelligence Gainsborough divined by instinct; and for this cause his works are a richer source of instruction than the thoughtful lectures delivered by Reynolds to the students of the Royal Academy. In spite, however, of the overshadowing of the models by the master, traceable in so many of Reynolds's portraits, M. Chesneau accords to him the highest praise, precisely because he usually succeeded in assimilating in perfect union the various sources whence he borrowed his inspirations. Reynolds moreover possessed the secret of the distinctions and graces of both women and children. He could render with marvellous care the most fugitive caprices of fashion and make them appear artistic for all time. In like manner, when painting men, he throws them into the midst of the occupations of their lives, catching, as it were, some gesture interrupted by the artist's appearance.

We must pass rapidly through the list of painters whose names are to be found amongst the earliest members of the Royal Academy, merely noticing that in French eyes N. Dance, Owen, Northcote, and Beechey possessed more originality and exercised a more direct influence upon the British school than Romney, Barry, Sir B. West, or Hoppner. In Opie's works they recognise, in spite of his heavy, cold colouring, much originality and boldness of drawing, but consider his women chalky in tone, and their modelling often defective.

As to the position to be assigned to Sir Thomas Lawrence, there is a considerable divergence of opinion. M. Chesneau sees in him little more than a debilitated Reynolds, who had all the tricks but none of the power of his master. He had, however, the gift of being able to hide his numerous weak points, and to array himself in many virtues. He was but a poor draughtsman, yet his figures are life-like; he was no colourist, yet his pictures are not wanting in a certain brilliant harmony. He had no appreciation of truth or strength: he was in all things, and at all times, a cheat. Simple beauty had no charms for him, yet his travesties of women are beautiful.

Delacroix, the artist, it may be remembered, was far less severe in his judgment on the artist whom he had known in London, although he found in him an exaggeration of the method of the Reynolds school; but his wonderful delicacy of drawing, the life which he gave to his women, who seem to be speaking, almost placed him, in Delacroix's eyes, as a portrait painter above Vandyck, whose figures pose so tranquilly.

M. de Conches is even more appreciative of Lawrence's work, holding him to have been the most successful portrait painter of his time, a skilful draughtsman and a brilliant colourist. No one could better draw the conditions of a head, or better model all its details. At the zenith of his powers everything about him declares him the true artist, not the servile copyist. He might, it is possible, have risen higher if, instead of allowing himself to follow the course of a brilliant but conventional inspiration, he had understood that nature was rich enough to provide the artist with varying effects for his figures, without violence to absolute truth. None knew better than Lawrence the art of rendering graceful the simple costume of modern times, whilst few could infuse into his portraits that sentiment which stirs the spectator, without either doing violence to the original or excluding simplicity. This, which is rightly termed "character," is a mark of "le grand style," and of this Lawrence had his share in common with the greatest portrait painters of all schools, from Holbein to Vandyck.

Here we pause for the present, reserving for a future occa-

sion the judgments of our neighbours on the landscapists of the past and on contemporary Art and artists. It must not, however, be supposed, because only a few names have here been selected from the roll of deceased English artists, that others are unknown or ignored by our neighbours. Wilkie, Collins, Etty, Haydon, and even Blake, are to them something more than mere names, and their special influence upon their contemporaries, though small, except in the case of Wilkie, is fully recognised, and their shortcomings and excellences duly weighed. For such as desire to pursue the study of foreign criticism farther, abundant materials are to be found in the writings of Descamps, Delacroix, Ch. Blanc, Dubosc de Pesquidoux, etc., besides those already mentioned. LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.



'THE FERRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.' Etched by Charles Courtry, after the picture by Emile Adan.—No wonder that out-of-door female labour should be a favourite study of those painters, chiefly French, who have carried the realism of contemporary art and literature into the rendering of rustic life. There is nothing more suggestive or more serious than the face or figure of a labouring woman, whose beauty is weather-beaten and whose look is directed to the distance like a noble animal's—the lion's or the eagle's. It is only here and there in England that a woman who labours afield is to be seen, and then she is hardly more than a casual worker, whose face wears the household look of attention to details and things near at hand, whose muscles have not sprung out upon her shoulders and arms, and whose whole aspect has something of the triviality of close rooms and much talk. But in France and in Germany the woman of the fields is to be found in her reality, and she strides over the hills of central Italy to her cottage high up in the chestnut woods, looking, as she goes, the least frivolous creature coming and going in the world. M. Adan has chosen no very severe phase of female labour. The athletic girl, who is using such fine and true action in his picture, is working within sight of her home and upon the waters of a placid river. The simplicity of the figure is in harmony with the even and grave composition of the landscape. M. Adan is not afraid of straight lines, as is proved by others of his works, for he has here presented a range of low hills as straight as some heights which border one or two French rivers, and the Rhine itself in one special place above Boppard. This quietness is far more attractive to contemporary taste than is any conventional arrangement of "objects," and his interesting picture has had a prominent place in the Salon of 1883, and in the Triennial of the same year.

'RETURNING TO THE FOLD.' Engraved by Charles Cousen, after the picture by H. W. B. Davis, R.A.—Cattle painting has always been closely connected with landscape, and England has taken as distinctive and separate a way of her own in the one division of Art as in the other. Nay, the English and Scotch artists who have devoted themselves to the study of cattle in the Highlands, and of sheep in the flatter southern meadows, have perhaps been more active than the landscapists proper in creating a little school peculiar to our island. They have taken a steadfast road away from all the persuasions of continental example and precept, and have generally aimed at the literal effects, the deliberate execution and full colour which mark British work, and have now produced a whole class of pictures which are the antithesis in manner and methods to the canvases of Troyon and of his pupil, disciple, and successor, Emile Van Marcks. As a rule, it may be said that cattle painters amongst ourselves have not considered beauty—and especially beauty of atmospheric effect—as important among their aims. But even here Mr. Davis resembles the master from whom he differs so much, for he has as much care as even Troyon for beauty of light. And he is a worthy rival to both the painters whom we have mentioned in the sureness and power of his draughtsmanship. Possessing this rare and invaluable vigour in constructive drawing, he has very intelligibly chosen the bull, the cow, and the calf for his models rather than the sheep—an animal which, whatever may be its typical and figurative value, does not offer, it must be confessed, any interesting accents of form to the draughtsman. Those metaphorical virtues are, however, great; and a flock, as they feed at secure pasture, or as, "half asleep," they

> "Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stay and stop
> As they crop,"

or as they herd together folded under the care of the shepherd, will always have associations which no repetition can *banaliser*. Mr. Davis, in his 'Returning to the Fold,' has sought an old but unfailing inspiration. His sheep, in their little crowd of moving forms, are passing over the hills from the green pastures and the waters of comfort, and are guided with rod and staff into the fold, to rest through the short warm night which is drawing on.

This picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1880, and was then purchased by the President and Council through the Chantrey bequest. It has been hung for some time in the South Kensington Museum.

'THE DEFENCE OF PARIS.' Engraved by E. Stodart, after the group by L. E. Barrias.—This is described on p. 57.



RETURNING TO THE FOLD

PAINTED BY H.W.B.DAVIS, R.A. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES COUSEN

THE WESTERN RIVIERA.*

HYÈRES, FRÉJUS, AND ST. RAPHAËL.

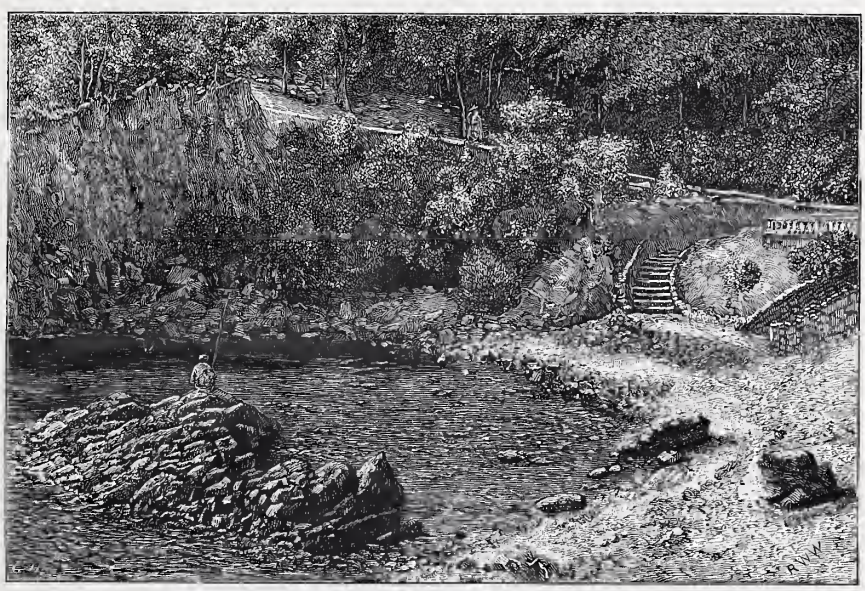


No. 5.—Hyères. Ruins of the Castle.

IN our last paper we described Cannes and its immediate neighbourhood; we have now to proceed westward, and visit a tract of country which should naturally have been considered first of all.

Hyères may be taken to be the vestibule of the Riviera. This favourite health resort is situated in a region which, from the peculiar richness of its pine, orange, and olive products, has received the name of the Garden of Provence. On the land side it is surrounded by the beautiful rocky group of the Maure Mountains, richly clothed with underwood, mixed with pine and cork trees, between whose ridges run up numerous sheltered valleys, where charming excursions may be made. These mountains protect the town from the keenness of the north and east winds, and so concentrate the sunshine that the place enjoys a temperature as mild as Nice. But it is a drawback that it is not sufficiently protected on the west side from the mistral, which blows from that quarter in spring; and that it is more than three miles from the sea, and consequently does not enjoy the fresh breezes and the variable life and interest which belong to coast places. The old town, which is very dirty and ill-smelling, with its open drains running down the middle of the streets, lies very picturesquely on the south slope of a steep hill crowned by the old fortifications, and at a height of six hundred and fifty-seven feet above the sea, by the ruins of a castle founded in the seventh century. From this elevated point a splendid panoramic view may be obtained (Illustration No. 5).

There are two very interesting old churches in Hyères, St. Paul and St. Louis, both built in the twelfth century, though somewhat clumsily restored in modern times. The former is situated on a terrace looking to the sea, and has a most curious baptismal font, which is much older than the date of the original building. The church of St. Louis is in the low part of the town, and belonged to the Cordeliers, a name given to the Franciscans from the cords which they wore round their waists. It is built in the Byzantine style, and has a beautiful pulpit of walnut-wood, as well as a row of stalls with curious canopies and confessionals set in the wall, all executed in the same material, and carved with elegant and original designs. Behind the altar is a large and striking picture representing an incident of deep local interest, viz. the landing of St. Louis with his queen and children on the shore of Hyères, on the 12th July, 1254, in order to pay a visit at the castle to Bertrand de Foz, the last of the race of the Counts of Provence. In the Rue Rabaton (Illustration No. 7) was born, in 1663, the greatest of the pulpit orators of France, the celebrated Massillon. His father was a notary, and the business was continued in the same house from father to son from 1647 to 1834, when the family either removed or became extinct. In the fourteenth century Hyères was a larger and more important town than Toulon. Catherine de Medici thought at one time of making it a royal residence. The newer part of the town consists chiefly of one long street, called the Rue des Palmiers, with a row of stately palm-trees on each side, and flanked by luxuriant gardens and beautiful orange-groves attached to the houses. Both the palm and orange trees, owing to the genial climate and the freedom from dust and sea air, grow better here than they do in most other parts of the Riviera, and form the most attractive and interesting features in the landscape. Outside the town there are numerous pretty villas, inhabited chiefly by the English. The most charmingly situated are those at Costebelle, two miles nearer the sea, on the slopes of the Oiseaux Hills, embosomed among pine, olive, and cork trees, thus combining the advantages of Arcachon with those of Hyères. From the



No. 6.—An Inlet of the Sea at St. Raphaël.

* Continued from page 13.

Hermitage Hill, with the church of Notre Dame on the top, a

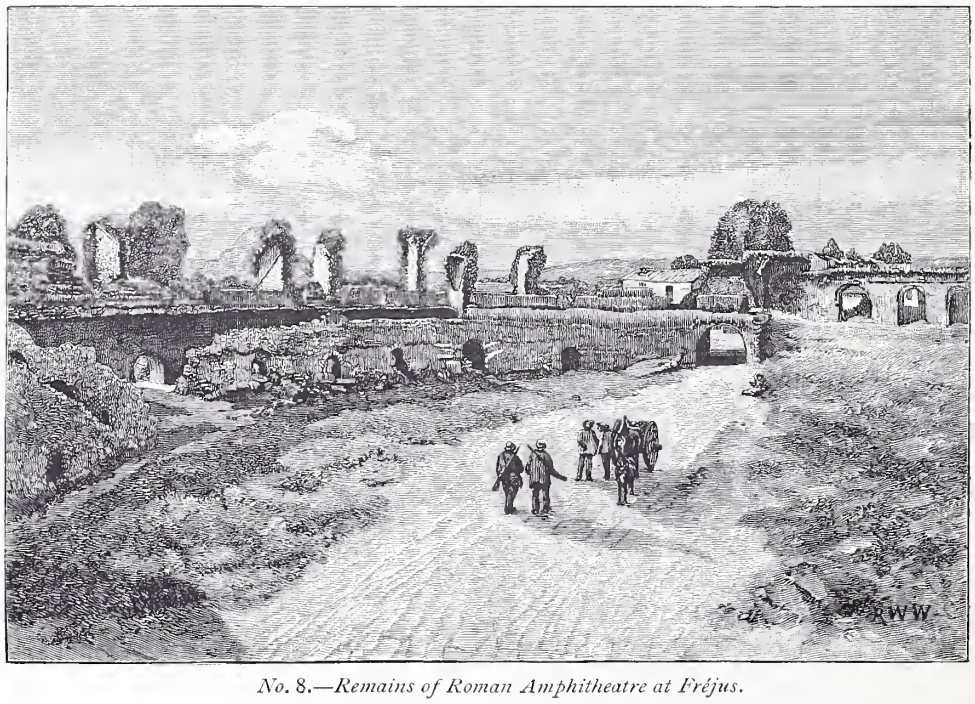


No. 7.—The Rue Rabaton, Hyères. Massillon's Birthplace.

favourite shrine of pilgrimage, filled with votive offerings, lovely views of the surrounding country may be got unobstructed by trees. On this, and most of the hills around Hyères, may be seen growing in great luxuriance the beautiful tree-heath from whose thick woody roots the *bruyère*, or briar-root pipes are made. These roots are dug up and prepared for the Paris manufacturers by the peasants of the mountain valleys, who find it a remunerative occupation, though their industry bids fair ere long to extirpate this most beautiful and interesting plant. To the south-west of Hyères, in the ravines and along the banks of the streams on the slopes of Mount Coudon, may be seen the rare and lovely Syrian shrub, the *Styrax officinalis*, which is found nowhere else wild in the Riviera. It yields in favourable circumstances a resin from its bark which is remarkably fragrant; and its drooping clusters of white orange-like flowers are exceedingly beautiful and graceful.

The neighbourhood of Hyères affords ample scope for the most delightful and varied drives and walks. All the roads and paths are free, and the visitor may ramble without hindrance through the orchards and woods, or among the lonely valleys and hills. A favourite excursion is to the summit of Mont Fenouillet, about four miles distant, by a path that leads from the castle through dense thickets of arbutus, cork-oaks, and firs. From the top, a little above a small chapel much visited by pilgrims, the view is indeed magnificent and extensive—finer than from any other coign of vantage. The archæologist will find much to interest him at the narrow neck of land on the shore called Près-qu'ile de Giens, about three miles from Hyères, where the remains of the Gallo-Roman town of Pomponiana were discovered in 1843, while excavations were being made near the handsome Gothic villa of St. Pierre des Horts. This naval station was founded at the end of the first century. The remains consist chiefly of a villa with baths, some vaults and foundations, and a part of a mole embedded in mud, seen at low water. The naturalist will also find in this place several rare plants and a large quantity and variety of shells; while he will be charmed with the splendid maritime and umbrella pines which cover the beach, and make the air fragrant with their balsamic and health-giving odour.

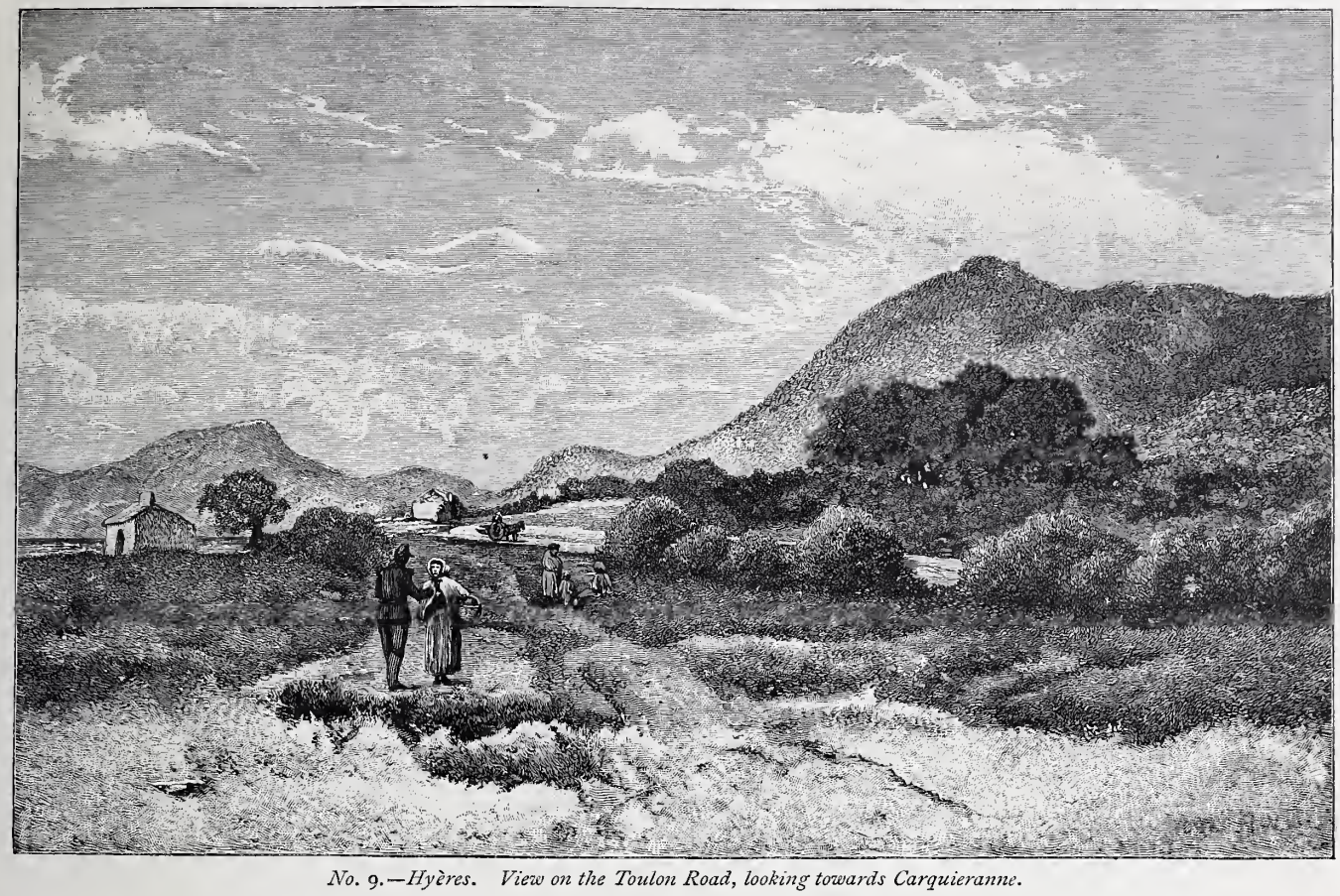
Before going to Fréjus, which is the next most interesting place in the Riviera, a little divergence from the main line may well be made by a branch railway to Draguignan, if only to see one of the most remarkable prehistoric remains in the south of France. About half a mile from the town, by the side of the road to Castellane, is a very large dolmen, consisting of one huge flat limestone slab, two feet and a half thick, eighteen feet long, and twelve feet wide, supported at a height of seven feet from the ground by four rough upright stones. On one of the stones may be traced a number of those curious cup and ring markings which are at present



No. 8.—Remains of Roman Amphitheatre at Fréjus.

attracting much attention among archæologists. The sig-

nificance of these prehistoric sculptures, which may be said to be among the first efforts of man to carve his thoughts upon stone, has only within the last few years been ascertained. They are found everywhere in Sweden, Denmark, France, Switzerland, and Germany. They occur on the dolmens recently discovered in Moab, and are supposed to be connected there with the worship of the aboriginal inhabitants of Canaan. They may be seen on the marble floor and steps of the Basilica Julii in the Roman Forum, probably carved there during some invasion of Rome by the Gauls. They are sculptured on the rocks and primitive stone monuments of India; and numerous most interesting examples have been found in North America, in Mexico, and California. In Britain they are very numerous, especially in Northumber-



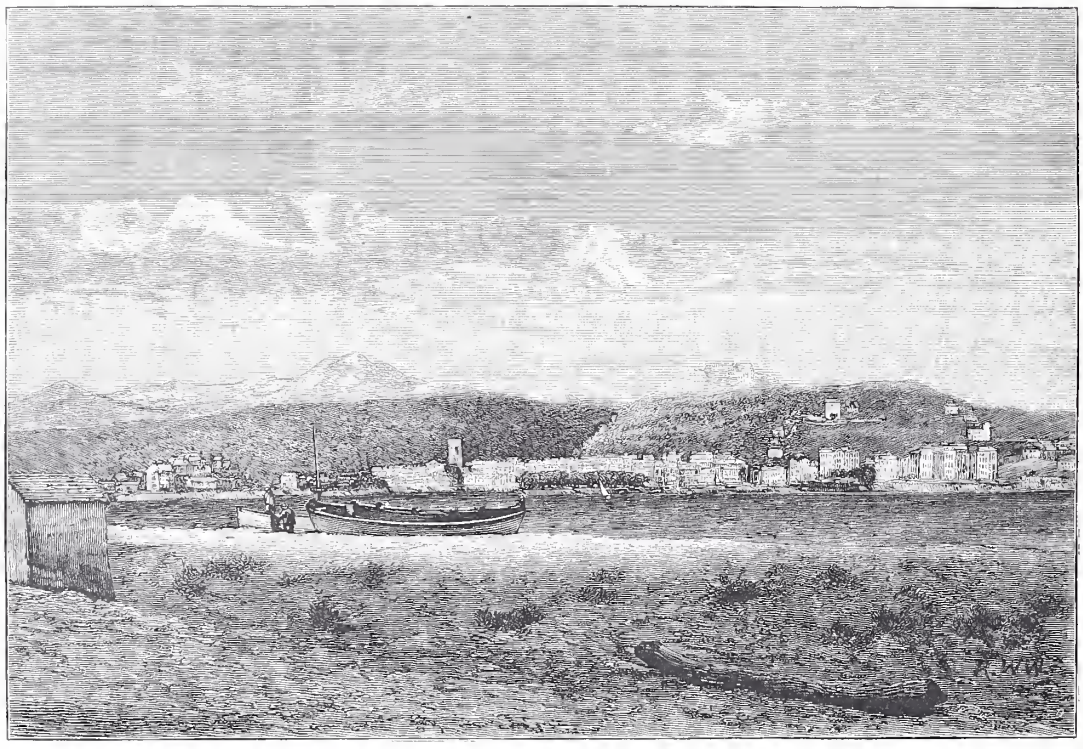
No. 9.—Hyères. View on the Toulon Road, looking towards Carquieranne.

land, Yorkshire, Perthshire, and Inverness-shire; while in Ireland they have assumed more complex forms than almost anywhere else. They have thus a wide range of distribution, and indicate a period when the same race and the same primitive mode of worship prevailed over a very large part of the world. The cup-shaped hollows in question are supposed to have been used for libations in connection with sacrifices offered to the sun as the creator of all things and the origin of life. And to show how persistent are such customs, surviving all knowledge of their origin and primitive purpose, similar symbols are found carved on the walls of churches in many parts of Eastern Europe, on baptismal fonts, and on the floors of temples in India. Around this most interesting Celtic monument at Draguignan are growing a juniper-tree more than twenty feet high, and several hundred years old, a splendid specimen of *Celtis Australis*, called by the local name of *Micoculier*, and a fine oak, as if commemorating the dark groves which used to overshadow such religious sanctuaries.

The railway, which passes all the way inland from Toulon, touches the coast at Fréjus. A short distance west of this town is the small station of Le Muy, where, on the left hand, may be seen an old tower, from which Charles V. was fired at on his retreat from his disastrous expedition into Provence. The fatal shot intended for him was received by the Spanish poet Garcilaso de la Vega, who followed in his suite, and was mistaken for his master on account of his more brilliant dress. The visitor will find in Fréjus numberless objects to attract him. The Esterel range begins here, extending northwards for about thirteen miles, and eastwards about ten, forming one of the most beautiful and picturesque groups of mountains in the south of Europe. It consists of bare fantastic cliffs of porphyry, rising abruptly in some instances, as in Mont Vinaigre, to a height of two thousand feet from the midst of dense pine woods, with whose sombre green their warm reddish hues form a pleasing contrast. Nothing can be more charming than the situation of Fréjus, with the graceful outlines and changing hues of the Esterels forming its eastern horizon, and bright glimpses of the sea constantly shining through its olive and pine woods. Over all the place, too, broods the dreamy atmosphere of the past. One seems to live there in an old forgotten world, as remote as possible from this busy exciting age. The ghost of departed Rome still haunts the spot, and imparts the wondrous magic of its history to every feature of the landscape and to every quaint ruin around. No other part of Provence retains so many traces of Roman occupation; and by means of the surviving relics it would not be difficult to construct in imagination a picture of the town as it was in the days of Julius Cæsar, its founder, after whom it was named Forum Julii.

During the intervening ages, however, the débris brought down by the torrent of the Reynan has silted up the ancient capacious harbour, in which the famous fleet of three hundred ships captured by Augustus at Actium was placed; the railway now passes over its site, and the modern town of Fréjus is nearly a mile from the shore. In the streets the visitor comes upon many lintels and gateways that belonged to the Roman time, particularly in the Rue de l'Évêché, where there are well-executed caryatides supporting the sculptured doorway of a mediæval house. The course of the old Roman walls and fortifications may be traced by considerable fragments here and there, and by the remains of gateways, such as the Porte d'Italie, composed of large stones, and the Porte Dorée, which has alternate layers of stone and brick. But the grandest relics are those of the amphitheatre (Illustration No. 8), with a diameter of two hundred and twenty-four feet, capable of containing nine thousand spectators; and those of the aqueduct which conveyed the water of the Siagne to the town from the mountains, a distance of twenty-four miles. For a large part of the way the aqueduct passed underground, but on emerging near the town it was carried for about half a mile over a series of eighty-seven lofty arches, many of which are still perfect, and, stained by time and draped with moss and wild flowers, afford most picturesque subjects for the artist's pencil. To the English visitor Fréjus is especially interesting as the birthplace of Julius Agricola, the conqueror and governor of Britain, whose character, as delineated by his son-in-law, Tacitus, shines out amid the deep gloom of a corrupt period as one of the purest and noblest in the annals of antiquity. To his wise and prudent administration Britain owed the foundation of her future greatness; and one loves to find in this far-away place such a pleasing and suggestive link of connection with one's own country.

Two miles beyond Fréjus the railway reaches the shore at the station of St. Raphaël (Illustration No. 10), which is fast developing into a fashionable watering-place, and thus losing much of its quaint old charm. It has many delightful walks, particularly along the beach to Fréjus, under the shadow of splendid specimens of the stone pine, which tree is much less frequent and characteristic in the Riviera than it is in central and southern Italy, where its tall red trunk and dark green wide-spreading, umbrella-like crown is a conspicuous feature in every landscape. The blue ermine-edged waters of the Mediterranean have worn out some lovely inlets in the rocky parts of the shore fringed with all manner of graceful vegetation (Illustration No. 6). Another walk, almost equally delightful, is up the ravine through which the Garonne flows between the lower ridges of the Esterels, where their gaunt rocky ruggedness is softened by a thick underwood of heath and arbutus, and shaded by dense clumps of maritime pines. Between St. Raphaël and the next station of Agay, amid very wild and rocky scenery, are the ancient



No. 10.—*View of St. Raphaël from the Hôtel de la Plage.*

quarries of grey porphyry—found only in this place—where the Romans obtained the stone with which they built the principal structures of Fréjus, and some of the finest columns which adorned the temples and forums of Rome. A good walker may also visit the holy cave of St. Honorat, where the saint lived a hermit's life for several years, about ten miles distant up among the mountains. On the way he will get a complete idea of the magnificent mountain scenery to the east and west, and come upon a Roman milestone with an inscription, from which archæologists have inferred that the old Via Aurelia passed in this direction. St. Raphaël was the birthplace of the celebrated Abbé Sièyes; and it was at this place that Napoleon landed on his return from Egypt in 1799, and embarked in 1814 for Elba, when the tide of fortune had gone against him.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

(*To be continued.*)



THE DEFENCE OF PARIS

ENGRAVED BY E STODART FROM THE STATUE BY E L BARRIAS

LONDON J S VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED

'THE DEFENCE OF PARIS.'

ENGRAVED BY E. STODART, AFTER THE GROUP BY L. E. BARRIAS.

THE sculptor, to whom Paris owes one of several works commemorative of her suffering and her fall, is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and a medallist of honour of the Salon of 1878. He made his student's career in the studios of Cavalier, Gouffroy, and Cognict, the last named of whom has done so much in the formation of contemporary plastic art in France. The group in the illustration shows plainly that M. Barrias follows that liberal school of Art which unites realism with allegory, not only in giving naturalistic treatment to the accessories of an allegorical figure, but in composing together figures of various conception. The Paris of the group, for instance, is as far removed from the modern idea of actuality as was the decorative work which glorified the halls of a France ignorant as yet of either the revival of romance or the creation of realism. And the National Guard who has sunk wounded at the feet of Paris, and feels for his last cartridge, is conceived with all possible naturalistic insistence. Perhaps the chief inconvenience of the combination is that it leads us to make illegitimate comparisons. The figurative woman is evidently taller than the real man; and while the hunger of the siege is shown in the soldier's hollow and wasted face, the aspect of the Amazonian figure is as full and robust as is required by the dignity of the ideal. We are troubled by a fear of injustice in the distribution of rations: the objection is, no doubt, fanciful, but sculpture of this kind deals with fancies. M. Barrias can doubtless cite good precedents for his method, which is, moreover, sanctioned by the taste of France in national and monumental art. His figures, besides, are full of energy and meaning. The typical Paris, with her mural crown, has a strength of physiognomy and expression which recalls, no doubt undesignedly, certain Napoleonic traditions, and her action, as she grasps sword and colours, is full of a dignity at once military and feminine. Her eyes, and those of her haggard warrior, are turned, as the gun points, to the German lines. These are drawn about the city, once bright with what Mr. Ruskin calls the "foolish magnificence" of its streets, and their "collateral proclamation that there was no pleasure but in vice—the Second Empire's corollary to the First Empire's assertion that there was no glory but in war."

REALISM IN ART.*

THIS is one of the chief difficulties in addressing an assembly of students like this that the speaker is in a complete state of ignorance as to the requirements of his audience. That students do become greatly excited over the varying tendencies in the Art of the day, I know full well from the remembrance of my own youth; and that they gratefully listen to the advice of a brother-painter on the problems which occupy their thoughts I can also vouch for from my own experience; and yet, strangely enough, whenever an artist is present at a meeting of this kind, and is called upon to speak to the students, no matter how anxious he may be to assist his younger brethren by his counsel, he feels, as I do at present, that to be truly helpful he should know very much more than he usually does about the wants of those he addresses, and should be able to read their thoughts, so as to answer some of the questions which perplex them. That such a happy state of things could be arrived at without great difficulty I confidently believe, and if I may be permitted to give a few words of advice—not to the students, but to the masters of Art schools generally—I would urge them to ascertain beforehand from their more intelligent and talented pupils what are the questions which chiefly trouble them, and to communicate the much-needed information to the intended speaker. Such knowledge would be a great boon to him, for it would place him in a far better position to be of real use to his young audience, and would save him from that brain-freezing dread of perchance speaking words which no one present is specially inclined to hear.

In a perfect state of ignorance, I am sorry to say, as to your aspirations and artistic doubts, your undoubted merits and possible weaknesses, I will, with your permission, speak to you on the very subject I have just mentioned, namely, the excitement always going on in the minds of students as to the tendencies of the Art around them; an excitement which is quite natural to their youth and temperament, but which, unless kept under control by their own wisdom or the wise guidance of their teachers, is more likely to lead them into following the mere fashion of the hour than to make them search for the permanently good and the permanently true.

Some time ago, distributing prizes at an Art school in London, I ventured to warn the students against "affectation in Art" (*vide Art Journal* for October, 1883), and pointed out the danger to those who, beginning the practice of painting rather late in life, and without any sound preliminary training, look around in their weakness for a guide in Art,

* The substance of the following paper was addressed, by Mr. P. H. Calderon, R.A., to the students of the Blackheath Hill School at the last annual presentation of prizes.

and fasten on some minor painter with a marked "manner" of his own. Having easily enough imitated that mannerism, their minds become warped by the process; having begun falsely they continue falsely, and remain not mannerists only (which is bad enough), but mannerists at second hand (which is fatal).

To you, trained in these schools from your early years, and daily practised in drawing from nature, the danger of becoming mere echoes of some Florentine voice may appear small indeed; but there is another and a very different monster which you young students will encounter just now, and against which I should wish to utter a few words of warning. For want of a better name it is called "Realism;" perhaps I ought rather to say for want of a *worse* name, for realism is a very good thing in itself, and, after all, only means *truth*; but realism, as understood at present in Art and letters, means not truth only, but hideous, revolting truth—truth to low and worthless things. Like many other fashions, it has come to us from across the Channel; and, amusingly enough, whereas in France the realistic movement has always had a political tinge, and been connected with socialistic ideas, the simple young English students who have ranged themselves under the realistic banner have done so without noticing the colour of the flag.

Now let us look back an instant, and see what sort of work painters did in the old days. For about two centuries painters were essentially *teachers*; books, as you know, were expensive and rare, and the power of reading was limited to a select few. So the Church eagerly sought the assistance of artists, and these, partaking of the fever of the time, covered cathedral and cloister walls with scenes of Bible history and simple illustrations of the miracles of Jesus and his apostles. Not a village church but had its picture, not a picture but had its purpose, and, in some dim way, led prince and peasant to think of higher things. Times changed, and religious fervour slackened. Among the first to show, if not to feel, that the old faith was gone, were the artists, who now painted pictures in which Art was thought of more and religion less; pictures scriptural in subject, indeed, but devoid of that humble believing spirit which had animated their predecessors, and which inspired belief in those who beheld them. A new learning was spreading abroad; Greek culture was in the air, and the artist took his right share of the work, and began to search after beauty—beauty of form, beauty of arrangement, beauty of colour. To gaze on a picture by one of the great Italian painters of that happy era is to feast on beauty and learn to love it. They never tired in their search; some sought it this way, some that way, but the aim of all of them was to produce something more beautiful than had ever been produced before—something which, amid the troubles and anxieties of our lives, should carry us away—at least for a time—from our sordid surroundings. That, gentlemen, was the aim of the great painters. What is the aim of realism now? What has it done for us, and what can it do?

In literature its chief apostles, taking their heroes and heroines from the lowest ranks of the people (no harm in that, if they showed us how poverty and true nobility can be combined), have minutely described their foulest sins, and so vividly brought before us the consequences of their vulgar debauch, that the gorge rises as one flings the dirty thing away. Choosing their incidents from the *Newgate Calendar* and the annals of the police courts, they endeavour to outshine their dangerous rivals, the newspaper reporters, by dwelling on those details which these either dare not publish or wisely suppress.

In painting, what has realism done? Again, taking its subjects from the same class, it has given us portraits (badly painted mostly) of sodden beer and absinthe drinkers moodily scowling at us with bleared eyes; it has given us hundreds of blue-bloused labourers, of a debased type, doing nothing in particular; and thousands of ill-favoured, wooden-shod females awkwardly perspiring in the sun.

And what can realism do for us in the future? What indeed can a school do, whose chief creed is that a picture should *mean* nothing, and whose constant practice is to select—as much easier to reproduce—models from the most degraded types of humanity?

Taking up Pascal the other day, I stumbled on this "thought" (which I quote and translate from memory): "Vain indeed is that Art which limits itself to reproducing those things which we should not care to look at in real life." Might not Pascal have written this a week ago coming out of some realistic exhibition? Students, the Palace of Art has many noble halls and beautiful chambers, but it has also many backyards, outbuildings, and dark entries. Why should any of you loiter away your lives in these, drinking and playing with the grooms, when the whole glorious Palace is open before you?

Within the last few years a perfect mania has seized students to rush away from England at the first opportunity and pursue their studies, some in Paris, some in Antwerp, Munich, or Italy. There might have been some show of reason in pursuing that course when England had no libraries, no museums, no National Galleries; when Art reproductions were bad, rare, and almost out of reach, and when the pictures of great painters could only be known by foreign travel.

But even in those dark days—as you would call them—consider what was done in this little England you now despise so much. Within one hundred years England produced—Hogarth, who besides being a wit, a humorist, and a philosopher, was an admirable painter (as witness his 'Marriage à la Mode' and his many sparkling portraits); Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of the very greatest masters in his branch of Art; Gainsborough, whose delicate grace was unrivalled even by our first President; Sir David Wilkie, who to the high finish and delicate execution of the best Dutch masters, added a spirit of innocent fun, a tenderness and refinement they never knew; and Turner, who, until his glorious genius became clouded by age, was the very greatest landscape painter the world has known.

Now, within the same period of time, match me these five—if you can—out of foreign lands, with their old-established schools and traditions! All five were born and reared on British soil, and what they did was racy of that soil—English work that appealed to English hearts!

In residing abroad at the age at which opinions are formed and man's mind is moulded to the shape it will have through life, you are at first amused only by the peculiarities of the objects and persons around you; when the sense of novelty wears off, you adopt unconsciously the thoughts and habits of mind of those you associate with; your English feelings and reticences imperceptibly fall away, one by one, from you, and on your return you find, to your dismay and to the sorrow of your friends, that you have "lost touch," as it were, of the intellect of your native country, and that you are a stranger in your own land.

My earnest advice to you, then, is to continue your studies here; every facility is given you, every assistance is ready to your hand; and whereas, in looking over foreign countries, the conviction sadly but inevitably comes that the sun has set which once shone so brightly, everything around us points to the fact that over fair England the sun of Art is rising. Be sure of this, whatever you may hear to the contrary—London is steadily tending to become the Art Centre of the world. That it shall soon be so rests chiefly with yourselves, and in no way will you attain that end more surely than by keeping always before you the duty of being in your Art, as in your lives, pure, honest, industrious, and true.

P. H. CALDERON.

RECENT LONDON EXHIBITIONS.

MR. LONG'S 'Anno Domini.'—The treatment of scriptural and classical subjects by modern painters is distinguished by a determined endeavour after realism and the absence of idealism. This realism finds its expression not in a large perception of the immutable attributes of humanity, but in an ingenious display of archaic research. In most recent important canvases—*e.g.* in M. Rochegrosse's 'Andromaque' and M. Munkacsy's 'Christ before Pilate'—this modern feeling is powerful. In the immense picture now on view at 168, New Bond Street, Mr. Long aims at realism through the like channel and by like means. His subject is the Flight into Egypt, and it is very characteristically combined with an imposing Egyptian pageant. In the rosy evening air a procession of priests and attendants, headed by girl minstrels, issues from the lofty portal of a temple, and in a vast semicircle winds across a plain until the right side of the foreground is reached. Borne aloft in the progress, like so many standards, are the images of the divinities of old Egypt,

> "The brutish gods of Nile,
> Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis,"

and these receive the worship of the spectators. Prominently in the foreground are seen the Virgin and Child, riding upon an ass, while Joseph walks alongside. The travellers have "come suddenly on Isis and Osiris," yet without exercising that divine annihilating influence referred to in Milton's magnificent ode. To the left, the foreground is occupied by some subsidiary groups that are a little too consciously disposed, and, in one instance certainly, a distracting element in the composition.

Leaving to Egyptologists the astonishing array of archaic detail, the sumptuous costumes and mere paraphernalia of the show, the treatment of the old familiar theme remains for chief consideration. The Flight into Egypt has been painted from two points of view, one in which the actors themselves receive primary treatment, the other where they are accessory figures in the landscape. Mr. Long's conception cannot be classed in either category. With great skill and sound judgment he has contrived to render the travellers from Judæa of first importance in his composition, and he has done this in spite of the dangerous competition of the elaborate procession and various important adjacent groups. He has effected it, however, by a departure from his realistic scheme, for the Holy Family is touched with idealism. The figure of the Virgin is instinct with elevated humanity, "very meek, with inspiration proud;" her face is fair and pale and of no Hebrew type; her expression is very thoughtful and pensive, and we may well wonder, apart from all natural preconception, that she does not attract more notice from the dusky throng that passes by. The Child, no less, shares this diffused aureole of divinity, and even Joseph himself is remarkable for distinction. The rigid advocates of realism will see in this beautiful group nothing but a concession to prejudice, and bewail it as sacrificing the integrity of the composition, whereas, in truth, it is difficult to perceive how otherwise, under the circumstances, the subject could be introduced. If religious sentiment and reverent treatment denaturalise the composition, the subject itself must be denied its claims to representation; to treat it from this standpoint would be merely to add one more group of figures to a composition already crowded. As it is, attention is concentrated towards the pathetic group of travellers, and the incident is treated not without imaginative insight. The situation is rich in suggestion, and the painter has been, perhaps, impelled by the nature of his commission to adorn the moral of his picture with little didactic touches. Immediately in front of the Virgin a little girl offers for sale an image of Pasht, while beyond is seated on the ground a woman with a sick child on her lap, and an agony of despair in her gesture. A well-modelled impassive negro stands behind, holding a tray of little images, and the efficacy of their magical influence is being essayed on behalf of the child. To the extreme left of this group stand a young man and a girl, who more injuriously affect the composition than the studied group beside them. The young man is fastening a necklace about the girl's neck, and she looks forth with an expression of gratified vanity; the prominence given the figure, the lighting, the pallid complexion, the peculiar distinction and alien air of the girl, seriously disturb the equipoise of the foreground groups, and the eye ranges from the Virgin to this girl with not a little distraction. The scene is solely lit by the ruddy after-glow of the sunset, whose glow lingers on the distant Pyramids, the heights of the Temple, the uplifted arms of the minstrels, and the gold images of Isis and Orus; it is inconceivable whence this one figure derives its accentuated light, which is as powerful as that which irradiates the Virgin's face. Mr. Long's picture measures sixteen feet by eight. It is not possible at first view to do more than indicate the more striking features in so extensive a canvas; it is certainly in many respects a remarkable achievement, and merits investigation and study.

PICTURES BY MR. KEELEY HALSEWELLE.—Mr. Keeley Halsewelle's venture must be allowed to be a hazardous one. Many artists' works gain by contrast, a few by comparison; and Mr. Halsewelle is still among the many. In a general exhibition this is not felt, for his work gives a sense of reality and outdoor life which is often wanting amongst his confrères. The eighty pictures of Thames scenery, of which the exhibition at the Old Bond Street Galleries is made up, chronicle Mr. Keeley Halsewelle's experience during six

summers in a house boat. It is round Sonning and Pangbourne that Mr. Halsewelle has found his best inspirations, and entered most fully into the spirit of the place and the special attributes of Thames scenery. The constant recurrence of masses of heavy wind-driven clouds may seem monotonous, and suggest limited powers of imagination; but if in this Mr. Halsewelle errs, it is in good company, for many of his forerunners have preferred risking their claims to variety to venturing into a treatment of nature for which they had no attractions. Our principal objection to Mr. Keeley Halsewelle's collection is founded upon a very different ground, and one which may seem to many baseless. To us there is in the majority of the works here brought together a very distinct suggestion of their having been finished either inside the artist's house boat, instead of outside—or perhaps indeed in the artist's studio. The skies, which in numerous instances are remarkably truthful studies, are ill at ease with the foreground, over which a fitful gleam or a general dulness is spread. On the other hand, many a carefully-painted river bank and reed-bed, exquisite studies of waterside life, are covered with a pall of rain-laden clouds, which in nature would have sadly marred the play of sunlight amid the loose strife and the rushes. One's eye rests with pleasure on such gems as the 'Old Anchor Inn at Abingdon,' the 'Banks above Pangbourne,' the 'Tow-path at Sonning' with the light behind the trees; the 'Shiplake Meadows,' 'Autumn Woods below Streatley,' and the quivering aspens which announce the passing storm.

SUBSCRIPTION ART GALLERIES—A DILEMMA.

WHEN Sancho Panza was administering the government of the island of Barataria, and answering the many hard questions that were brought to him for solution, he was confronted with the following most perplexing dilemma. A bridge had been built across a certain river, and sundry judges were appointed there to hold a court in perpetual session, to inquire into the business and intentions of the passers-by; if the result of their inquisition seemed satisfactory to them, the passenger was permitted to continue on his way, but if he should be found guilty of falsehood, he was to be straightway hanged upon a gallows erected for that purpose upon the bridge. One day there came a man who stated that his sole destination was to cross the bridge and be hanged. Then the judges were much perplexed, because, argued they, if we hang this man we will be acting contrary to our commission, inasmuch as he will have spoken the truth concerning his destination; whereas if we let him go unhanged he will have spoken falsely, and consequently our duty would be to hang him. Whichever way they considered this case the difficulty was equally perplexing.

And this is not the only instance of a hanging committee being placed upon the horns of a dilemma; not only does history repeat itself, but fact even occasionally condescends to repeat the vagaries of fiction. For example, certain exhibitions of pictures have latterly been started upon the basis of a mixture of exhibitors—subscribers and non-subscribers; that is to say, that those artists who feel so inclined are invited by the business element in the transaction to pay an annual subscription, presumably for certain, or uncertain, extra consideration and deference to be paid to their work over and above those other artists who do not feel so inclined, but who are none the less invited to exhibit. So far so good. Now for the judges at the bridge before whom those who would pass by are arraigned. Are they not placed in something of this dilemma? They, good men, may very well argue, if we hang these pictures upon their actual merit, are we not acting unfairly to those artists whose annual subscriptions would seem to have promised them some especial consideration? On the other hand, if we select the works of subscribers, and give advantageous positions to them irrespective of merit, are we not acting unfairly to the public, to artists, and to Art, and are we justly entitled to the position of judges at all? If we act fairly to the subscribers, we act unfairly to the public; and if we act fairly to the public, do we not defraud the subscribers? Whom shall we hang, the public or the subscribers? The fact is that the principle is very bad, and would be worse if it were possible to last and extend; but though this is hardly possible, yet it ought to be put an end to at once. Artists, like other craftsmen, have every right to combine together in any way they choose for the purpose of furthering the exhibition and sale of their work, and as certain expenses naturally accrue therefrom, these must be fairly proportioned between them. As artists are rarely of a temper or character favourable to business, nothing can be urged against the exhibition promoter, and he, like any other professional man, may manage his business in any way that is profitable to him and fair to his clients. He has two classes of clients, the artists and the public, and, under ordinary circumstances, being fair to one is being fair to the other. When the merit of the work is the sole test, then the artist has no valid cause for complaint, and the guileless public are not called upon to admire and buy bad work in deference to its conspicuously honourable position.* But in this newly-invented system of mixed interests, a fresh and perplexing element is introduced. What is to be done with the annual subscribers? Their work may or may not be as good as the non-subscribers, but at least they have paid for their places in the show, which the others have not. If they are to be placed in the front seats, the public have at least the right to know why they are there. If they are placed in the back seats, then an annual subscription is a somewhat sorry privilege. No; whichever way one looks at it, these mixed exhibitions are wrong, and fraught with evil to Art. The evil thing must be rooted out from amongst us and brought to judgment. Oh, for a Sancho Panza—and a gallows!

* Since this was written it has come to mind that even the Royal Academy is not by any means free from the charge of hanging the works of its members—*i.e.* its subscribers, as they undoubtedly were before material success flowed to the Institution—in better positions than their intrinsic value merits.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—OLD MASTERS' EXHIBITION.

THE special feature of this, the fifteenth, exhibition is the selection, arranged in Gallery V., from the works of Paul Falconer Poole, R.A., an imaginative and poetical painter, whose pictures, at one time highly thought of, have latterly passed into comparative oblivion. The present judiciously-chosen and well-arranged collection will go far to raise his reputation. Of the twenty-seven pictures, the earliest is 'Solomon Eagle exhorting the People to Repentance during the Plague of the year 1665' (289), belonging to Mr. C. P. Matthews, and painted in 1843. 'The Goths in Italy' (294), also the property of Mr. Matthews, and 'Job and the Messengers' (291), lent by Mrs. Marshall, are a few years later in date. It is curious to contrast the thin dry manner in which these earlier pictures are painted, with the rich impasto of some of the later ones, such as 'A Lion in the Path' (309), a grandly poetical landscape not unworthy of Poussin; indeed, this picture and the 'Seventh Day of the Decameron' (300), belonging to Mrs. C. F. Perkins, in which there are some splendid passages of colour, may be considered as the finest and most complete examples of the painter's ower.

Early Italian Art, which, as usual, finds its home in Gallery IV., seems to possess a fascination all its own for a certain number of people. The largest contributors to this portion of the exhibition are Mr. William Graham and Mr. Charles Butler; the former with fourteen, and the latter with fifteen pictures. Mr. Graham's most important contributions are a 'Virgin and Child' (238) attributed to Masaccio; 'Virgin and Child, with Saints' (251, 257), both assigned to the Florentine school; and an interesting work, 'Virgin and Child, and Donors' (232) by a little-known painter, Lorenzo di Bicci, or it may be by his son, Bicci di Lorenzo, for the work of the two seems to have been confounded even by Vasari. Both father and son executed a number of frescoes, chiefly at Florence, and the former was such a rapid worker, that there was a joke about his being accustomed to say, "Fill the porringers for dinner; I shall paint a saint and come." Two of Mr. Butler's pictures are also attributed to little-known painters, 'The Virgin Enthroned' (220) to Lippo Dalmasii, and a similar subject (226) to Stefano di Giovanni, called 'Sassetta.' Perhaps Mr. Butler's most important contribution is a 'Virgin and Child with Saints' (256), vaguely put down to the School of Verona. Mr. Drury-Lowe's contributions include the large unattributed 'Entombment' (252); the portrait of 'Sigismond Malatesta' (230), by Piero della Francesca, and two Masaccios.

Among the few examples of the early Flemish and German painters are some of great merit. Mr. Weld Blundell's beautiful and undoubted Jan van Eyck, 'Virgin and Child' (267), and his 'Holy Family' (279) attributed to the Master of Cologne, together with the picture belonging to Mrs. Davenport (285), which is a repetition in many important particulars of Memling's famous 'Marriage of St. Catherine at Bruges,' bear away the palm. Two other noteworthy pictures are Mr. Butler's portrait of a gentleman (278), by Hans Baldung, and 'The Banker' (288), traditionally ascribed to Holbein, which is one of the many fine works, forty in all, lent by the Marquis of Lansdowne from Bowood.

The great Italians of the sixteenth century are but poorly represented. Perhaps the best example is the 'Portrait of a Gentleman with two Children' (159), lent by the National Gallery of Ireland, remarkable as showing how such an admirable portrait painter as Moroni shows himself to be in dealing with the male portrait in this picture, could utterly fail when he had to depict children. The old masters who reign supreme in Gallery III. are Claude, by whom few more beautiful landscapes than the so-called 'Philip baptizing the Eunuch' (167), belonging to Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, have ever been seen here; Van Dyck, among whose numerous portraits of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, those here lent by Louisa, Lady Ashburton (187, 194), deserve to take the highest rank; Murillo, conspicuous with three religious pictures (164, 165, 169), belonging respectively to the National Gallery of Ireland, Mr. Butler, and Mr. Beaumont, and a striking portrait of his friend and patron, Don Justino Neve (190), from Bowood; and Rubens, though size rather than quality is the distinguishing characteristic of the allegorical subject called 'Glorification of a Prince of Orange' (150), which has hitherto formed the decoration of a ceiling at the Earl of Jersey's, at Osterly. To see Rubens at his best we must look at the famous 'Farm at Laeken' (174), lent by her Majesty. This brings us into Gallery II., filled with Dutch and Flemish pictures. Among the best may be enumerated the exquisite Terburg from Buckingham Palace, called 'The Letter' (122); Lord Scarsdale's sunny and luminous Cuyp (93); Louisa, Lady Ashburton's large 'Landing of the Prince of Orange' (77), by Backhuysen: the Earl of Normanton's so-called 'Studio of the Painter' (88), by Teniers; the two splendid Rembrandt portraits (106, 119), belonging respectively to Lord Lansdowne and Mr. F. R. Leyland; Mr. de Zoete's very fine Jan Steen (108); and the fascinating picture of two babies in a cradle (100), by C. de Vos.

Of the English painters Reynolds is the most fully represented. 'Hope nursing Love' (18), 'Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia' (209), which Sir Joshua himself spoke of as the best picture he ever painted, and 'Lady Sarah Bunbury' (31), all from Bowood; 'Viscountess Crosbie' (148), belonging to Mr. Talbot-Crosbie; Mr. Massey Mainwaring's 'Ino and Bacchus' (14), 'John Lee' (46), and 'Admiral Keppel' (50), are perhaps the most noteworthy among the 25 works from the great painter's hand. Gainsborough well holds his place as the most fascinating of painters with the 'Portrait of Canning as a Young Man' (261), lent by the Marquis of Clanricarde; Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's sumptuous full-length of 'Mrs. Douglas' (152); and Lord Lansdowne's lovely 'Nancy Parsons.' Romney is seen to advantage in one of the best pictures he ever painted, 'Mrs. Jordan' (200). Of the remaining English painters the two who especially attract attention are Richard Wilson and James Ward; the latter's 'Dalmatian Dogs' (3), belonging to Lord de Tabley, and the little 'Study of a Cow' (28), are marvels of accurate drawing and solid painting.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

IF this inaugural exhibition is to be taken as indicative of the aims of the younger artists of the day, there is little hope (or fear) of English Art soaring above the level of self-complacent mediocrity which it has reached. There is no lack of careful drawing, of harmonious colouring, of pretty grouping, but of higher aims and bolder efforts there is scarcely a trace. Frankly, an exhibition with more failures and greater variety would have been a symptom of greater hopefulness. It seems, however, that either the artists or the committee of selection are afraid of novelties. Instead of leading public taste, or boldly attacking it, they are content to follow it. By far the greater number of the works exhibited are those known as cabinet pictures, amongst which genre, or what takes its place with us, might play an important part. But English painters have long since abandoned old traditions, and having found that anecdotical painting passes current for historical, they go a step lower, and group together two or three figures with more or less grace, fill in the canvas with costly accessories carefully painted, and call the result a genre picture. As for a story complete in itself and pointing its moral, which from Hogarth to Mulready has found exponents in the English school, the clever artists of the present day have none to tell.

We do not mean to say that there are no redeeming features in the present exhibition. These remarks refer rather to the tendency of a new undertaking than to any special pictures in it. It was within the scope of a society in which the younger and rising artists of the day are largely represented, to reply to the worldly refrain, "*Il faut vivre*," by pointing to the higher life and nobler rewards which await those who can possess their souls with patience.

Mr. Wyllie's 'Black Diamonds,' a fleet of barges towed against stream, is a reminiscence of his Academy work, painted with vigour and individuality. Mr. Arthur Severn's 'Waves' is an ambitious attempt to give a moonlight effect. An impressive picture, though deficient in originality, is 'Her Last Moorings,' by C. E. Johnson. Mr. Colin Hunter's 'Running Water' renders, with Ruysdael-like dash, the whirl and rush of a stream among stones and boulders. In contrast with this is Mr. E. H. Fahey's 'Runnymede,' a Thames backwater in full glare of the summer sun; an almost equally charming landscape is Mr. Wimperis's 'Land's End.' Mr. Mark Fisher's 'Sussex Pastoral' represents cows in a pasture, most deftly painted, but scarcely with that joyous appreciation of the South Downs which generally marks his artistic work. Turning to the principal figure-pieces, Mr. Percy Macquoid's 'Theresa' is carefully painted. Miss Pickering's 'Children of the Night' are skilfully drawn and imaginatively coloured, but wholly unlike anything in nature. Mr. Walter Crane, who is pre-eminently a painter of figures, despite his lavish treatment of their setting, has two good works. In another school of imaginative painting is Mr. H. J. Stock's 'Aspiration of a Soul,' a young man asleep on a sofa whilst a girl is playing an organ, and behind him appears in a cloud a flame-coloured damsel, whose ideal form contrasts somewhat strangely with the carefully painted marble floor and accessories which make up the foreground of the picture. Mr. Hacker's 'Mother,' in spite of its technical merit, is too much like a face without a story. Mr. P. R. Morris's 'Blue Girl,' on the other hand, is a gem in its way. Mr. Burr's 'Auld Robin Gray,' except as a fantastic arrangement of light, can hardly be regarded as successful. Mr. Clausen's 'Day Dreams,' in spite of what it owes to the school of Millet and Bastien Le Page, is one of the most hope-giving pictures in the gallery. There is no concession to the supposed claims of pastoral beauty in either of the women; they are represented as hard-handed breakers of the soil, for whom the short mid-day rest was perhaps the only moment left for dream of the future or thought of the past. Mr. Burton Barber's 'Coaxing is better than Scratching' is one of those episodes of every child's life which he has made so popular, but the girl in her blue silk frock and black stockings is over-dressed.

Mr. J. Fullylove's 'Antinous' is a fine piece of architectural drawing. Mr. Waterhouse's 'Fishing,' is a charming bit of outdoor Venetian life; whilst Mr. Macbeth's 'Dog-days,' and Mr. Briton Riviere's 'Treasure Trove,' are studies of dog-life pitched in a thoroughly natural key, and if the latter is peculiarly happy in transferring human emotions to animal faces, Mr. Macbeth is scarcely less skilful in placing his dogs at least on a level with their fashionable mistresses. Two works by Mr. S. Solomon, 'Convalescent' and 'Mrs. Bentwitch,' deserve especial notice as giving a promise of a brilliant future. Of Mr. Alma-Tadema's own work, 'Well-known Footsteps,' it is needless to say more than, whilst exhibiting the artist's consummate technical skill, it suggests a passion often absent from his reposeful work. We may here remark Mr. Tadema's work has much to answer for in leading away a number of artists (whose handicraft will be found freely scattered round these walls) to spend in minute studies of marble, metal, and drapery, valuable time and real power without the least hope of ever attaining that degree of excellence which can alone render such works permanently valuable. Mr. F. D. Millet's 'Window Seat,' a girl in white spotted muslin dress, with her back to the window, is one of the most original works in the exhibition. Other pictures to which we think especial attention should be called are Mr. H. Maccallum's 'Branscombe Bay;' Mr. Edwin Bale's 'Ave Maria;' Mr. Marcus Stone's 'Silvia;' Mr. E. J. Gregory's 'Caterpillar;' Van Haanen's magnificent study of a girl in a dark velvet hat and pelisse; Mr. Cyrus Johnson's 'View of Lübeck;' Mr. A. Burke's 'River Bligh,' an admirable landscape, somewhat French in feeling, and full of colouring; Mr. J. D. Linton's 'Waiting;' Mr. Yeend King's 'Two Lovers;' Mr. Fred Slocombe's 'Idle Moments;' Mr. E. Hume's 'Patient Life;' Mr. E. J. Gregory's 'Rough Water on the Medway;' Mr. J. Syer's 'Way over the Moor;' Mr. C. Bell's 'French Seaport;' Mr. Brewtnall's 'Fatima;' Mr. T. Graham's 'Hay-time;' Mr. Schafer's 'Going Out;' Mr. P. R. Morris's 'Bread-winner;' Mr. Henry Moore's 'Cornish Coast;' Mr. Keeley Halswelle's 'Opening Day;' Mr. Langley's 'In Memoriam;' Mr. Burt's 'Home Shadows;' and Mr. R. C. Woodville's 'In the Nick of Time.'

ART NOTES.

THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN EXHIBITION.—This institution continues to make satisfactory progress, for although the pictures sold were fewer in number, the prices realised were considerably in excess of last year, amounting in the aggregate to nearly £9,000. The visitors numbered 63,464, exclusive of free admissions. The exhibits were 1,636. The extensive additions to the galleries, which have been in progress during the last eighteen months, are now approaching completion. As the wall space will be nearly doubled, efforts are being made for a display this year unparalleled in the history of provincial Art, and to include an important loan exhibition.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, BIRMINGHAM.—The Autumn Exhibition closed on Saturday, January 5th, after a very successful season. The public have shown their appreciation of its high quality by attending in much larger numbers than in any previous year. The sales amounted to nearly £5,000.

THE NATIONAL ESTEDDFOD OF WALES.—Several Art prizes are to be competed for at the next meeting. Amongst others, two of £50 each for the best painting in oil of a scriptural subject and of one incidental to Welsh history, the adjudication to be determined upon works exhibited at the ensuing Liverpool Corporation Exhibition, when the Esteddfod meets in the city in September next.

THE ENGLISH IN PARIS. — The wave of Anglophobism which has of late swept over the French press has overtaken even the Art journals. The first number of the new volume of *L'Art* is taken up with an article descriptive of a visit of a party of English tourists to the Louvre. The resources of the writer are exhausted in lengthened descriptions of his horror at the boots of the ladies (which he declares were undistinguishable, as regards size and clumsiness, from those of the men), in amusement at their guide, who is always either saying "March on! march on!" or "We go back;" to which extraordinary words of command his flock always reply, "Aoh! Aoh! Aoh!", or in an angry outburst at the delight of the party at anything which tells to France's disparagement. This reaches a climax when he finds one of the party surveying the demolition of the ruins of the Tuileries, and he imagines that the jottings in her note-book will read thus: "3 July, 1883. 3.10 P.M. I am watching the demolition of the Palace of the Tuileries. Buckingham Palace is not in this state!" One can afford to laugh at these mild improbabilities, but we feel bound to protest against one of the full-page illustrations which depicts three English, or American young ladies (for the Frenchman cannot distinguish between them) laughing over the indecencies of a statue which the guide points out to them. That the guardians of French museums are only too ready to do this we have ourselves had experience, but that it should be listened to and laughed at by English maidens is a base calumny. We are surprised that a journal which has been endeavouring to obtain a foothold in English-speaking countries should so condescend to soil its pages and damage its reputation.

OBITUARY.

FRANCIS HOLL, A.R.A.—The year 1883 passed without any vacancy being caused in the Academic body, but 1884 has hardly opened before, on the 15th January, the death was announced of Mr. Francis Holl, Associate Engraver. Mr. Holl, who was in his sixty-ninth year, came of an artistic family, his father being an eminent engraver. His works which are best known to the general public are the 'Coming of Age in the Olden Time' and the 'Railway Station,' after Mr. W. P. Frith's well-known paintings, and Mr. Elmore's 'Stocking Iron.' Mr. Holl was only elected in January, 1883, his son being an Associate at the time.

RICHARD DOYLE.—This well-known caricaturist died suddenly on the 11th December. He was born in London in 1826, being the son of the reputed author of the "HB." sketches. He first attracted attention as a contributor of several of the most striking of the early cartoons of *Punch*.

MR. F. LAMBE PRICE.—We regret to have to record the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. F. Lambe Price, Secretary of the Arundel Society and the Artists' Benevolent Fund. Endowed with a singularly winning address, he was a model official, gaining the affection and esteem of all with whom he was brought into contact.

MR. THOMAS HOLLOWAY.—The death of Mr. Thomas Holloway, on the 26th of December, removes from the world of Art a collector who, had he commenced at an earlier stage in his career, would probably have amassed a gallery of modern pictures unequalled in its cost and size. As it is, it is singularly incomplete, consisting of scattered specimens of the English and French schools, by artists living and deceased. It is not four years ago since Mr. Holloway astonished the world by giving £30,000 at one sale for seven pictures. Although he bought under the assumed name of Mr. Thomas, and managed thereby to mystify the outside public, there is no doubt that the secret of his intended purchases, then and afterwards, got wind, and that he was made to pay a much higher sum than he should have done. This notwithstanding, he preferred to buy at public auction, and we believe never purchased a picture direct from the artist. Those who were fortunate enough to send to auction pictures which he fancied, benefited no doubt largely by his princely mode of procedure, but into the artists' coffers no portion of his money found its way, and those whose productions he acquired may possibly have to regret the inflated prices which for the moment their works assumed. This, however, was no fault of his, and we believe that for some years he found employment for a number of artists at a time when work was very helpful to them. It is to be hoped that the gaps in the collection may be filled up, if it is to be of the educational character which at the outset it was intended to give to it. Should this be taken in hand by Mr. Martin, Mr. Holloway's brother-in-law and chief adviser, it will be well done, as it was upon his advice that the majority of the purchases in the collection were made.

REVIEWS: NEW ETCHINGS AND BOOKS.

'CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.' Etched by C. Waltner, from the picture by M. Munkacsy (Thos. Agnew & Sons).—The religious section, which comprises a large majority, of the sight-seeing public, have probably seldom had their preconceived notions of any scene in sacred history so shattered as by the picture of which the etching is now before us. A magnificent building, a judge arrayed in state, a surging multitude, and a nobility and dignified bearing in the features of the principal personage, seemed to be its inseparable accompaniments. But here we have none of these, but contrariwise, a building no better than a country county court, not half so much interest taken in the proceedings as is evinced at a meeting of a bankrupt's creditors, and a chief personage whose every feature betokens a low type of humanity. The shock will probably have been the greater because they have not been gradually indoctrinated into the new cult, and have consequently failed to read the meaning of this latest example of the ultra-realistic school, namely, the revolt of the artist against tradition and religion. This, notwithstanding the interest excited in the picture, has been very great, and we understand it has attracted crowds in every place where it has been exhibited. That a religiously inclined public will continue to accept such improbable readings is to us very doubtful, and unless the artist's forthcoming 'Crucifixion' is more in harmony with what must be accepted as truth its success cannot be assured. Mr. Waltner, in his etching of the subject, has successfully completed a most difficult task; but if time had permitted it certainly should have been engraved, for etchings of this size (31 in. by 21 in.) cannot apparently be printed in any numbers without the background becoming somewhat dull and sooty.

"TROJA:" Results of the latest Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Homer's Troy. By Dr. Schliemann. (J. Murray).—Nature was guilty of a rather cruel freak when she implanted the instinct of a great explorer in the breast of so unmethodical a person as Dr. Schliemann. His latest volume on his discoveries in the Troad must in many respects be sad reading for those who know how much priceless knowledge has been for ever lost to the archæologist by the unscientific way in which many ancient sites have been excavated. A large part of it is taken up with explanations of how the various mistakes into which he fell in his earlier digging campaigns were rectified when he came to go over the same ground with the help of two trained architects. We now see that the burnt city, the Troy of Priam and Hector, was the *second* on the mound of Hissarlik, and not the *third* as he formerly supposed. This second city must have had a long life, because its walls and public buildings show signs of having at one period been restored and enlarged, while the existence of a thick stratum of accumulated earth between it and the third city prove that centuries elapsed before its wasted site was again built upon. Dr. Schliemann has also to recant the opinion he once so confidently expressed, that Ilion was confined to the narrow surface of the mound of Hissarlik. His last explorations have brought to light a city of considerable size—about 1,000 yards long by 400 wide—lying on the north, west, and south sides of Hissarlik. The character of its remains shows that this town must have been contemporary with the second stratum of ruins on the mound, and the whole would give a city at least equalling in importance the Ilion of the Homeric poems. From an artistic point of view the most valuable of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries is that of two monumental buildings, apparently temples, on the platform of what he now confesses to have been the Pergamos of Troy. He is unable to restore the plan of the larger of the two with complete certainty, because a great part of it, nearly half, was dug away in his earlier and less systematic exploration. Enough remains, however, to give these two buildings a place among the most interesting that have come down to us from prehistoric times.

"LA FONTAINE'S FABLES." (Nimmo & Bain). — An admirable translation founded on that of Robert Thomson, which, published in 1806, has become extremely rare. The etchings by a French artist, which lighten this present edition, are in the majority of instances very good; that being so, it is a pity that a more careful adherence to the text has not been observed. As an instance, we may cite the fable of the "Tortoise and Two Ducks;" in the text we read, that to carry the animal, "across its mouth a stick they passed;" the etching shows the tortoise suspended by a cord, and the ducks are drakes.

"EXAMPLES OF CARVED OAK WOODWORK." W. B. Sanders (Quaritch).—A collector of furniture recently dined with the writer of these notes. On seeing the dining-room furnished with old oak, he remarked, "Are you still at the oak stage? I passed through that long ago; it was too heavy, so I tried Chippendale. So was that. Now I'm buying Louis Seize, but I fancy I shall revert to oak in my old days." No doubt his objection to oak, especially in small houses, was well founded. But there is a greater drawback to its intelligent collection, namely, the apparent inability of any one to give even approximate dates to the various pieces, notwithstanding that in no class of furniture has the practice of affixing the date been more in vogue. A shrewd Yorkshireman who collects furniture in out-of-the-way places, recently informed us that he didn't think any of it was more than seventy years old. And yet a piece almost identical to some of his, which we found used as an oat-bin in the outbuildings to a castle had, so the farmer informed us, been lately styled by the Archæological Society as "Tudor," it apparently being late Jacobean. And over this difficulty Mr. Sanders does not help us; he certainly generalises the fine examples of chests which he illustrates in his work as sixteenth and seventeenth century, but he attempts no classification of them. Nor does he notice what to us is a most interesting feature as regards oak furniture, namely, the localisation of style. For instance, an Eastern Counties chest has a distinct Flemish type, and differs not only in carving but in construction from one from Yorkshire: again, the west-country ones are much smaller, and are raised by legs. Chairs, respecting which Mr. Sanders has but little to say, are also distinguished in the same way. We trust that in the more extensive work which the author promises, he may see his way to thoroughly treating this interesting subject.

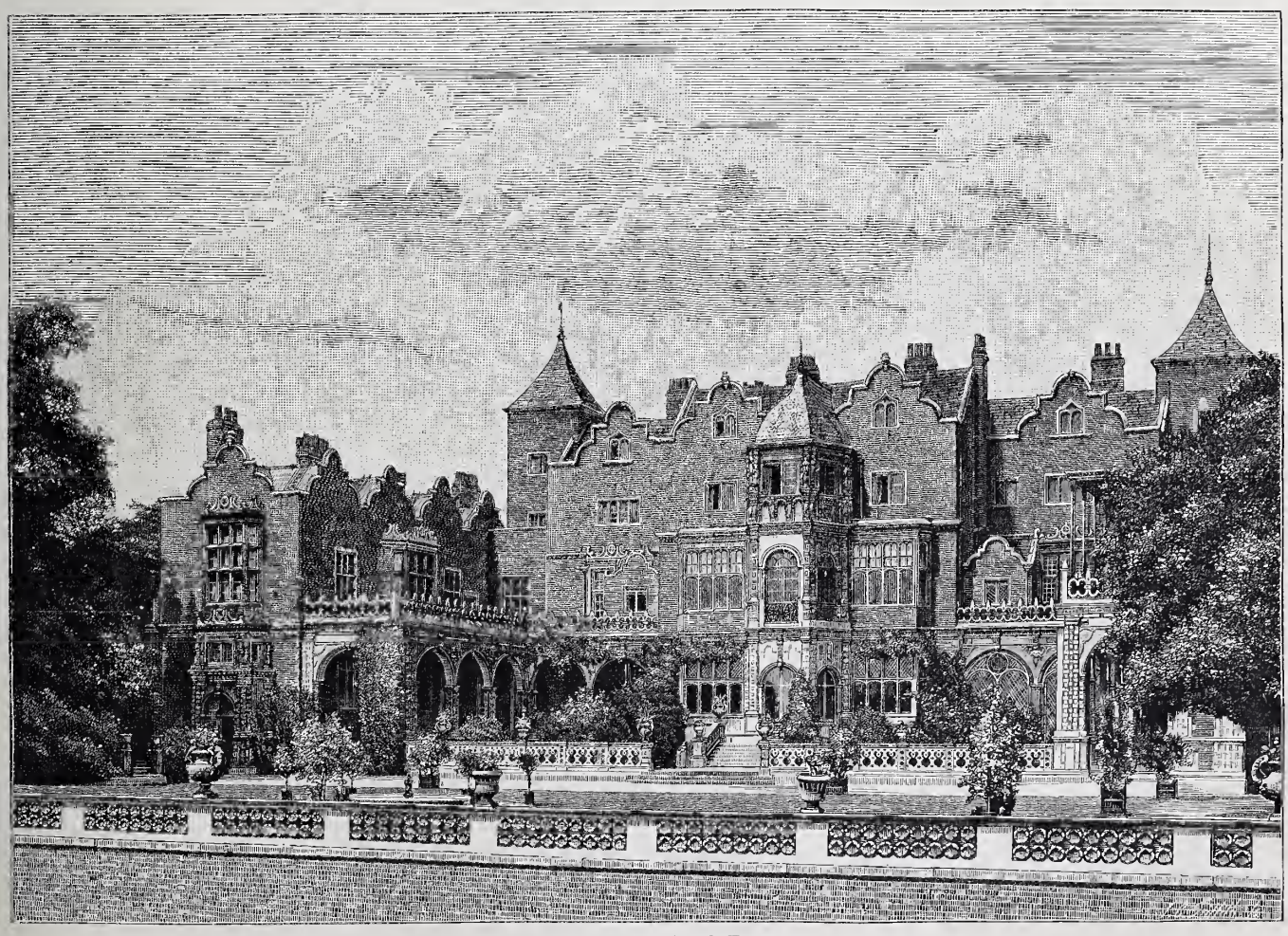
OLD KENSINGTON.

LEIGH HUNT says that there is not one step of the way through the district of Kensington, from its commencement near Kensington Gore to its end beyond Holland House, in which we are not greeted by the face of some pleasant memory. This, however confusedly put, is quite true; but every year deprives us of something which had the power of summoning up the past. This very walk from Kensington Gore to Holland House would supply a long catalogue of losses. What has become of Gore House, where Wilberforce lived, and afterwards Lady Blessington?—a change of owners which inspired James Smith, of the "Rejected Addresses," with an impromptu, which perhaps cost him some time to make—

"Mild Wilberforce, by all beloved,
Once owned this hallowed spot,
Whose zealous eloquence improved
The fettered negro's lot.

Yet here still slavery attacks
Whom Blessington invites;
The chains from which he freed the Blacks
She rivets on the Whites."

Gore House is gone, but no one can pass the spot where it stood without thinking of the beautiful lady who was so popular as a hostess that, "when she left the dining-room, even Moore ceased to talk brilliantly, and every one felt that the light had gone out of the room." Two buildings which were characteristic features of Old Kensington were swept away to make room for one of the most unsatisfactory houses that ever existed—that built for Mr. Albert Grant. It too has gone, and its site will some day be occupied by a colony of dwellings bearing the pretentious name of "Kensington Court." During its short life a quarter of a million of money is said to have been spent upon it, and it has been a loss to every one who had to do with it, even to the unfortunates who purchased its



Holland House—South Front.

carcase, for it proved to be so solidly built that for long it resisted all efforts to pull it down. To make way for its gardens, a number of wretched houses, which went by the name of "The Rookery," were cleared away. Its inhabitants

were for the most part Irish, and such was their character that the most charitable person hesitated to approach it



Thackeray's House.

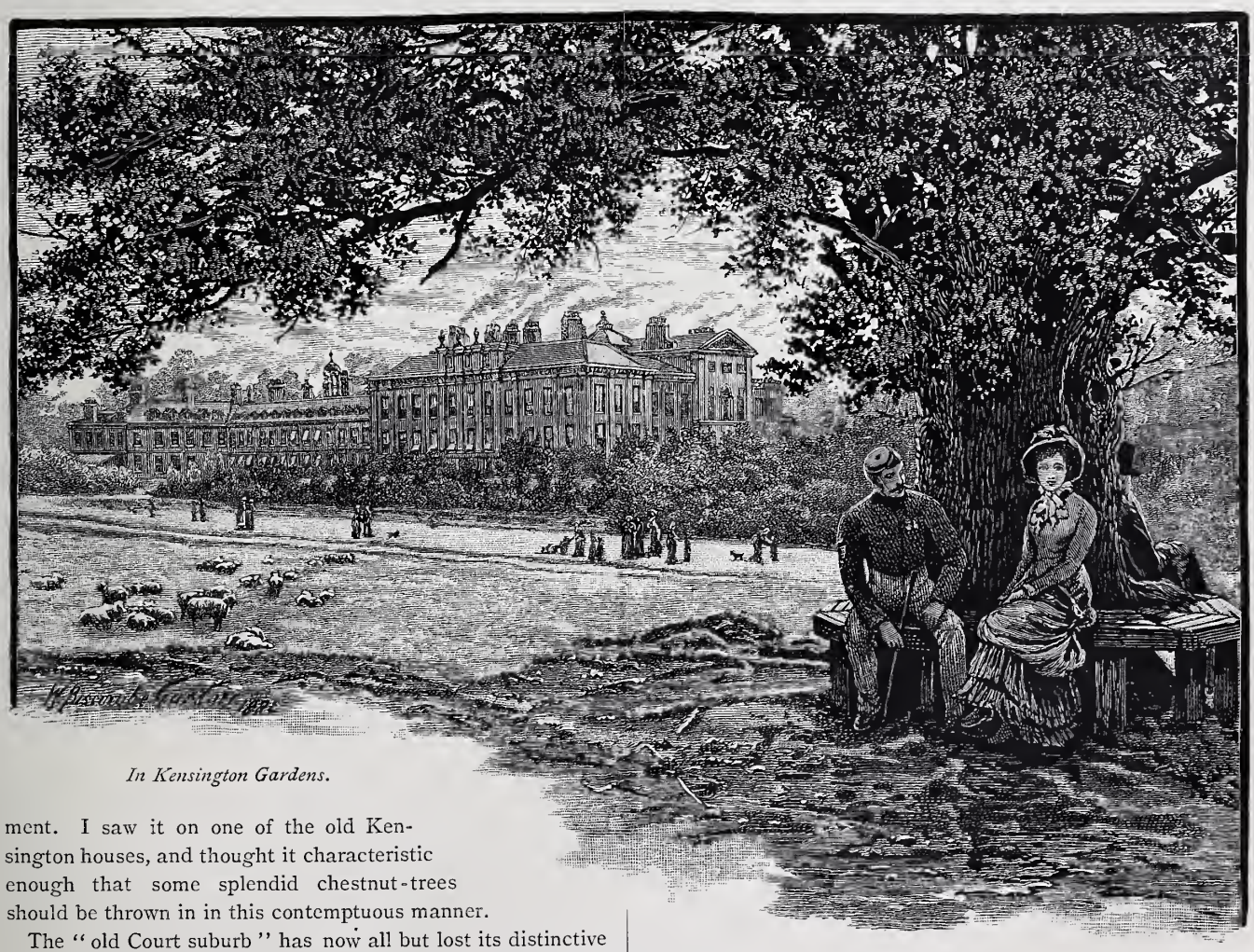
alone. They were only induced to leave the Rookery by the information that they might take away with them any portion of their houses that they fancied. The consequence was that they themselves made their homes uninhabitable by carrying off doors, windows, fireplaces; anything for which a shilling could be obtained. The destruction of the Rookery was a gain; but there was a genuine flavour of antiquity about the two dark-red brick houses, with their fine old iron gates and railings, which were known as Kensington and Colby Houses, and were sacrificed for the same reason. "Madam Carwell," otherwise known as the Duchess of Portsmouth, lived in the former, and tradition says that Charles II. supped there the night before he was seized with the illness which was fatal to him. Afterwards the son of Marshal de Broglie, himself an *émigré*, kept a school there for the children of other *émigrés* of high rank; and the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., an outcast also, occasionally looked in on them to whet their loyalty. That phase of its existence over it became a boarding-house, and there, in 1821, died Mrs. Inchbald, it is said from tight lacing. She was buried in the churchyard hard by, and her epitaph says that she was "a beauty, a virtue, a player, and authoress of 'A Simple Story.'" Charles Lamb calls her "that beautiful vixen!" and, on one occasion, at all events, it is probable that Mr. Inchbald did the same, for one day, being provoked at his having kept dinner waiting five minutes, she summarily committed to the flames the picture he was painting, which had caused the transgression. She deprived us of something much more valuable when, on her death-bed, she made a friend tear to fragments several volumes of MSS. which she had not the heart to destroy herself. It is sad to think that among them may have been records of the interesting people whom she knew, and novels as good as the "Simple Story," or "Nature and Art," which are not so well known as they should be. Kensington House at last became a lunatic asylum, and very grim and mournful it looked. No one was ever to be seen at its windows, and the story was current that an iron barrier ran across the front rooms, at a distance of about a yard from the windows, to prevent the unhappy inmates from approaching them. This absence of all sign of habitation, and the knowledge of the purpose to which the house was devoted, gave a tragic interest to it.

It was the absence of all such interest which made Leigh Hunt dwell with satisfaction on the Palace, an excellent view of which, thanks to the pulling down of an old lodge and a wall on the opposite side of the road by Mr. Albert Grant, can be obtained at this point. The Palace, dear to the first Georges, because the flat land around it was so like their own beloved "Yarmany," has often been spoken of in terms of disparagement by English writers; but age is now beginning to invest it with dignity and beauty. Here William III. lost the wife he loved so much. Here he died himself, and so did Queen Anne and her husband, George of Denmark, George II., and the Duke of Sussex. It is, however, more interesting from its having been the birthplace of Queen Victoria, and the home where her youth was spent. Here she was living when she was suddenly called to the throne. The Palace and Gardens are so associated with the names of every one of eminence for the last two centuries, that they are classic ground. In summer the Gardens are beautiful, and an inestimable boon to the neighbourhood. Mark Lemon called them the nursery-gardens, but many a mother's heart would ache if she saw her unhappy babies broiling in their perambulators in the sun, while the nurses sit in the shade buried "full fathom five" in gossip. Near the entrance to the Palace is the King's Arms, a favourite resort of Addison; and in Palace Gardens is the house where Thackeray spent the last years of his life, and died with such painful suddenness. He is said to have been his own architect. His first house in Kensington was 13, Young Street, where his daughter still lives. It is gloomy-looking enough, but close to Kensington Square, which at that time must have been in much the same state as when it was occupied by ladies of fashion, grave bishops, ambassadors, and a poet who, though "his poems had a horrible faculty of mediocrity about them," found a place in Johnson's "Lives." Talleyrand was its most distinguished resident. He lived at No. 37, which is still furnished with heavy iron-plated shutters, and the least suspicion of the great man's ghost, which is to be recognised by the sound of his deformed foot, and no less than three powdering-closets. Persons still alive can easily remember when Gloucester Road, and all the region near this square, was a wide tract of pasture-fields and cabbage-gardens, through which little streams pursued their way from Bayswater down to the river. Now it is covered with houses, and be they never so ill-built or uncomfortable, people will be found to pay high rents for them. On Feb. 5, 1871, *The Times* thus wrote: "Settlers of the better class are now congregating about Kensington, north and south, and it is sad enough to see the provision too commonly made for their reception. Many of the houses are little better than sieves, through which wind and rain readily

penetrate, while the drainage need not be mentioned, if, indeed, any exists." Let us leave these new houses, and return to the High Street and the old ones. Messrs. Herbert and Jones's, at the sign of the Pine Apple, is the oldest confectioner's shop in London, and, while supplying everything now in fashion, has many a good old recipe—among others, one for making gingerbread, given to the establishment by Queen Caroline, wife of George II., and brought from her own native land.

Bishop Blomfield used to say that Kensington Church was the ugliest in his diocese; and there certainly was nothing fine about it from an architectural point of view, but it was in character with the place, and it is a pity that it was pulled down. At the corner of this churchyard, on the day of Queen Caroline's funeral, a fierce struggle took place between the King's supporters and the Queen's. The military wished to drive the funeral procession away from the main streets, and, after having been worsted at other points on the route from Hammersmith, achieved a temporary success at this point. Church Street led to the pretty rural village called Kensington Gravel-pits, a sequestered spot where invalids came for health, and Morland for country sketching. Now and then we see at Christie's an old picture which shows us what is now the Mall as a pleasant country road, with a few pretty houses on each side. The last of the gravel-pits, which had for some time only been visible as a yawning cavity between two houses in Sheffield Gardens, was shut out of sight altogether about a year and a half ago by some new building. Maitland House, where Sir David Wilkie lived, is in Church Street, and has recently had a brand-new face put on it, but he painted some of his best-known pictures, 'The Chelsea Pensioners,' 'Reading the Will,' 'Distraining for Rent,' and 'Blind Man's Buff,' in Lower Phillimore Place. No. 15, Holland Street, was for many years the home of that charming poet and novelist, Jean Ingelow; Bullingham House claims the honour of having been Sir Isaac Newton's dwelling-place; and Holly Lodge was Macaulay's.

Not only has the old church disappeared, but the Vestry Hall and the schools built by Vanbrugh. The Metropolitan Station stands where Cobbett's house once was. That in which John Leech died, tormented to the last by his enemies the organ-grinders, is left, but the garden is partly built over. So is Shaftesbury House, where Sir David Wilkie once lived, and afterwards Kenelm Digby. Many others, too, which are interesting, remain, but their days are doubtless numbered. Who can arrest what Miss Thackeray so aptly calls the shabby tide of progress? Sooner or later you pass a house you have always regarded with pleasure, and see its walls disfigured by staring white bills, which announce that all "the sills, spouting, window-panes, doors," etc. etc. are for sale by auction, "together with some chestnut-trees, and other fittings and fixtures." This is a genuine advertise-

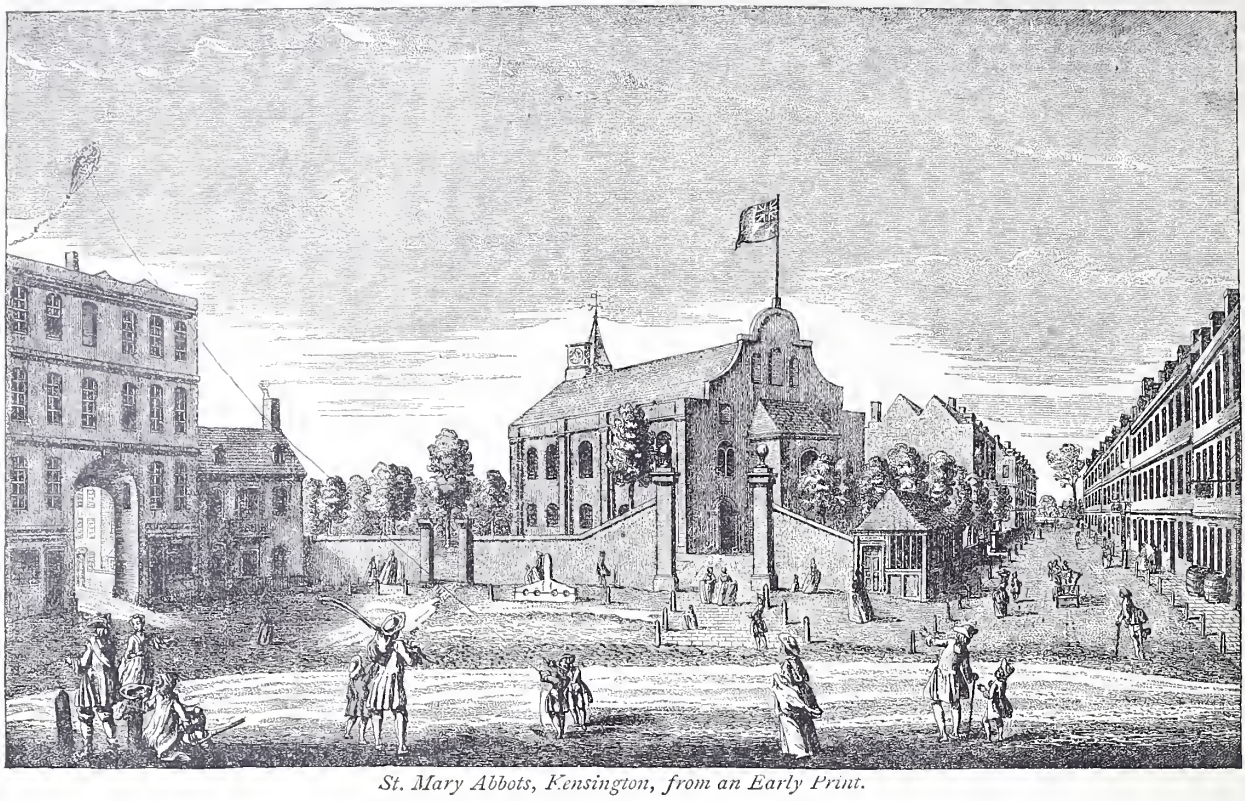


In Kensington Gardens.

ment. I saw it on one of the old Kensington houses, and thought it characteristic enough that some splendid chestnut-trees should be thrown in in this contemptuous manner.

The "old Court suburb" has now all but lost its distinctive features, and soon will be little more than part of the ever-widening circle whose centre is London. In 1638 it was so far removed from the great city that, when the first Lord Holland was refused an appointment which he coveted, he withdrew from the Court in disgust and retired to this remote

region. A hundred years later Lord Hervey wrote thus to his mother: "The road between Kensington and London has grown so infamously bad that we live here in the same solitude as we should if cast on a rock in the middle of the



St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, from an Early Print.

ocean;" and even after another hundred years had passed, when Kensington owed its main distinction to the fact of its being the place where Lord and Lady Holland had a charming house, in which it was their pleasure to gather about them the wits, beauties, and geniuses of the time, it was still the custom for those who enjoyed the privilege of dining at Holland House to be asked to "take a bed." It was a rural visit—a short journey. Macaulay describes his hiring a "glass-coach" and going there for the first time. Every one who was in any way distinguished went to Holland House. Fifty years ago, indeed, the *entrée* of Holland House was a hall-mark with which no man of letters could afford to dispense. "Five hundred travelled people assert that there is no such agreeable house in Europe." It must, indeed, have been a delightful place then. It had its woodland glades, its nightingales, its distant views of the spires of Harrow and the Surrey Hills. There were no noisy trains tearing past it on every side, no shrieking railway-whistles, no American buzzers; and busy men and women could there forget for a while that the chains of work were heavy on them, and that the place of their slavery lay so near at hand. Even at Kensington Gore, which is so much nearer town, Wilberforce wrote in 1800 that he was able to sit in his garden and read as quietly as if the great city were two hundred miles away. Holland House, however, was just the right distance from town; the wits and beauties, painters and poets, scholars and philosophers, could do their day's work and drive away in their glass-coaches, not forgetting to obey the injunction to take their night-caps with them, and arrive at Holland House in time for dinner at the then preposterously late hour of half-past six—an hour which Talleyrand asserted had been chosen by Lady Holland for the express purpose of making all her guests uncomfortable. This speech gives the clue to Lady Holland's character. Her bad manners, bad temper, and love of dominion were the only drawbacks to the happiness of the happy circle gathered round her husband's table; and how charming a man he must have been, and how attractive the society over which he presided, can be best learnt by a careful study of Lady Holland, for not even resentment at her overbearing impertinence could drive her guests away. They tolerated her for the sake of the love they bore their host and the charms of each other's society.

People did not put on gloves to talk to each other in those days, but even then Lady Holland's rudeness must have been intolerable. It is amusing to read the diaries and letters of the period, and see the relief with which a civil reception is chronicled. "Went to Lord Holland's, Milady in perfect good humour," writes Byron. "To me," says Lord Macaulay, "she was excessively gracious; yet there was a haughtiness in her courtesy which, even after all I had heard of her, surprised me. The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she keeps her guests." "Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay." "Lay down that screen, Lord Russell, you will spoil it!" "Allen, go and see why they are so long in bringing up dinner;" or, "Allen, there is not enough turtle-soup for you; you must take gravy-soup, or none!" Allen was a clever young Scotch doctor who had accompanied Lord Holland to Spain in 1801, and was so much liked by his employer that he never parted from him. His name is commemorated in Allen Street, Allen Terrace, etc., but in his lifetime it was generally uttered by Lady Holland as if she had been addressing a dog. To Macaulay she must have been especially irritating. He talked most brilliantly, but his conversation was a monologue which there was usually no checking. She, however, thought nothing of cutting him short by saying, "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of that, give us something

else." Once she turned to a poet who was dining at her table, and said, "I hear, Mr.———, that you are publishing a volume of poems; can't you suppress it?" And even Moore, who was writing a life of Sheridan in the happy hope that he was doing full justice to a remarkably good subject, was crushed by her ladyship's placid remark, "This will be but a dull book of yours, this Sheridan, I fear." He must, however, have had one moment of sweet revenge when "Lalla Rookh" was published, and this lady, who presided over the most literary society in London, made such a mistake as to say, "I don't intend to read your 'Larry O'Rourke,' Moore. I hate Irish things!" It was hard to be restrained by intimacy with the family from making the story public. I believe it never has been made public—it is usually told as if she had only said, "I hate Eastern things," but this is the true version. Holland House is a treasure-house of books, pictures, miniatures, MSS., autographs, and all kinds of memorials of the interesting people associated with the place. It is, however, so difficult to get an order to see it, that most people have either to be content with the glimpse they obtain from the public way on the east side, or to go to the Crystal Palace, if they wish to study some of the details of the façade nearer. It is still a delightful residence (as shown in our engraving from Mr. Vernon Heath's photograph), though the new streets, squares, and stations, foreseen and dreaded by Macaulay, have already begun to "displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with the courtly magnificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormond, with the counsels of Cromwell, with the death of Addison." The last ten or fifteen years have seen the park dwindle down to a mere shred, and have silenced the gun which nightly warned the neighbourhood that eleven o'clock had struck. This was a custom said to have been introduced by Lord Holland for the better information of burglars, who might like to know that he kept an armed watchman to patrol the grounds.

It is sad to witness these changes, and to see houses and roads threatening to curtail the fair proportions of the meadow where the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox made hay so vigorously at her royal lover, and creeping nearer and nearer to the handsome old house which Kensington would so gladly keep as it is. It is said that in the room next to that of C. J. Fox, these lines were written on one of the window-panes by Hookham Frere—

> "May neither fire destroy, nor waste impair,
> Nor time consume thee, till the twentieth heir,
> May Taste respect thee, and may Fashion spare."

For my own part, I would not have assigned any limit to the existence of Holland House. I well remember, however, a certain day, ten or twelve years ago, when we were told that it was on fire, and on going to an upper window saw a small but solid cloud of smoke rising from the roof. It is said that Sir F. (then Mr.) Leighton, Mr. Watts, and Mr. Prinsep, all dwelling almost under the shadow of the great house, ran at once and gave the most efficient help in saving the Art-treasures of the house. Would that they could repel its other enemies as effectually!

MARGARET HUNT.

THE PROGRESS OF AMERICAN DECORATIVE ART.*

REMARKABLE as has been the development in other branches of Decorative Art, the same advance is not so visible in that which comes under the designation of the decoration of interiors. We are a receptive people; any new idea or fashion quickly gains lodgment. That of decoration has spread as rapidly as one of our own forest fires. The demand for decorators has, therefore, quickly outstripped the supply of men competent to decorate.

We are as impatient a people as we are receptive; and the result is we shall need some time to realise and to endure much that has been hastily done. The first attempts naturally have been to reproduce well-known foreign styles. To a certain point this taste is easily gratified. Every architect's library, however scantily equipped, supplies him with sufficient definitions of forms to construct an epoch if necessary, and one that cannot be disproven. Greek, Roman, and Gothic, Louis Quinze, Louis Quatorze, Henri Deux, and Queen Anne are household names.

In looking over a book of these modern interiors, breathlessly produced, as it were, two things leave their strongest impression—their luxury and their want of repose. Money, at least, has not failed. The best things have been done under the influence of our own Colonial styles, the best in the sense of greatest simplicity, and in that spirit of intelligence which surroundings may be made to express. Nothing can be truer than that the mere repetition of forms assigned to this or that period are meaningless and unsatisfying. It is a curious fact that of all our interiors, reproducing the decoration of different periods or peoples, the most successful have been the Moorish and Japanese. This is not probably because they are more vital or truthful, but because they are so foreign to us that the mind makes no attempt to adjust them to our surroundings. We live in them as in strange lands, delighted with their beauty and novelty, and unconscious of self.

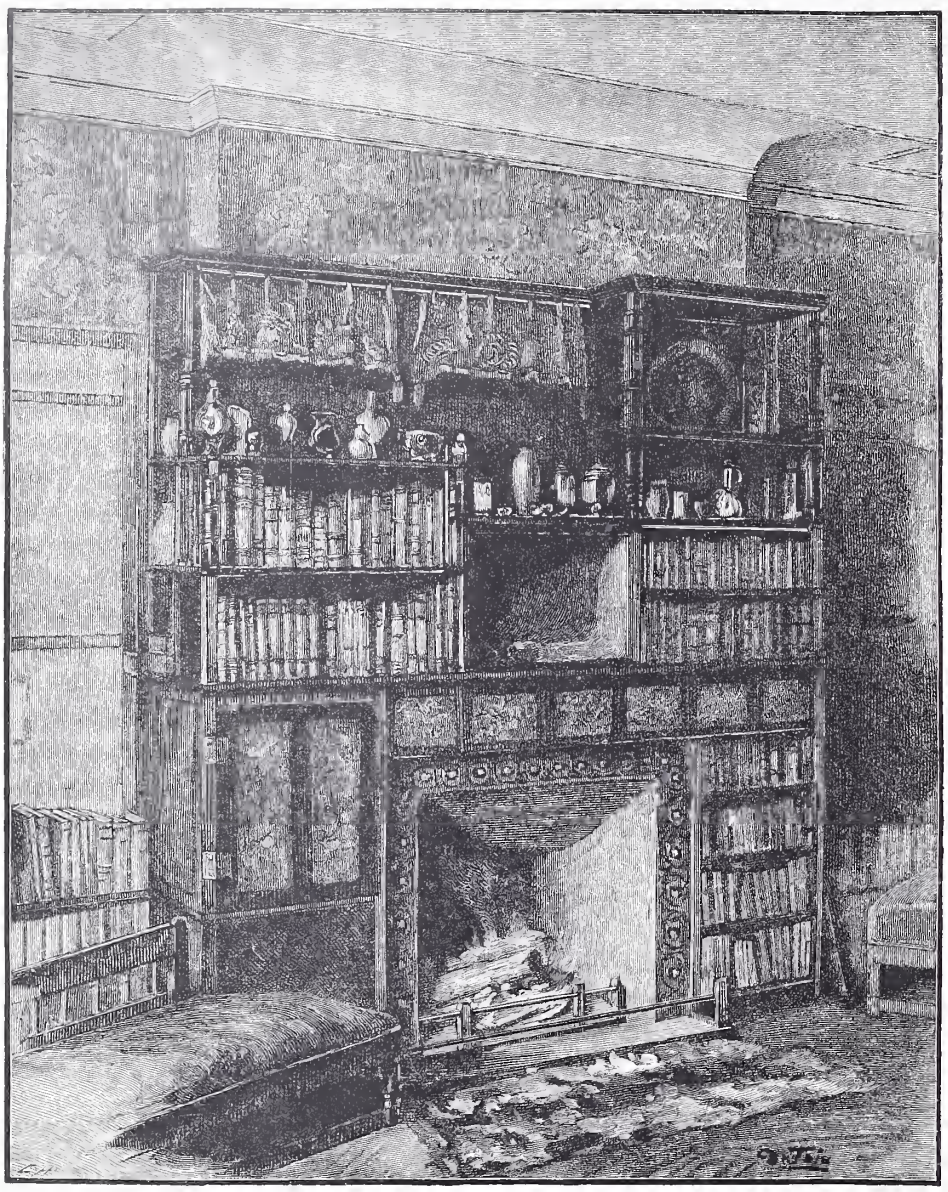
Such are the Japanese rooms of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, of New York, and of Dr. E. T. Williams, of Philadelphia. The walls of Mr. Vanderbilt's room are framed in bamboo, and made the home of curious bronzes, handsomely carved teak-wood, and celestial porcelain. Dr. Williams has a Japanese poem on Spring and Fusigama's calm beauty, above Japanese flower panels that make a panorama of loveliness on his walls. Interesting and pleasing as these are, they correspond to nothing in our domestic life, nor do we demand that they should.

The return of Mr. Lockwood de Forest from India with exquisite wood carvings copied from the perforated stone tracery of the temples of Northern India built under the Mahommedan conquest, swinging seats, and curiously-wrought

* Continued from page 28.

chairs and lanterns, gave great impetus to Moorish interiors, since much was ready to hand, and Japanese work was no longer in its first novelty.

All rooms of this kind make the strongest impression at first, and the strength and weakness of its gradations are a matter of individual temperament. This is not so with the work done under the influence of these styles, or rather when they have furnished the suggestion, and the decoration has worked itself out, trusting to a certain feeling rather than to the unequivocal utterance of forms. In the house of Mr. George H. Kemp, one of the most interesting houses in New York City, a painting by Pasini is the salient point in the walls from which the decoration proceeds, Arabian and Persian in character, but one which excites no anxiety as to consistency, and in which varied objects claim attention, while the general impression is not so much dependent on sight as on feeling—a much easier way of getting in sympathy with one's surroundings.



No. 5.—Mr. Louis J. Tiffany's Library.

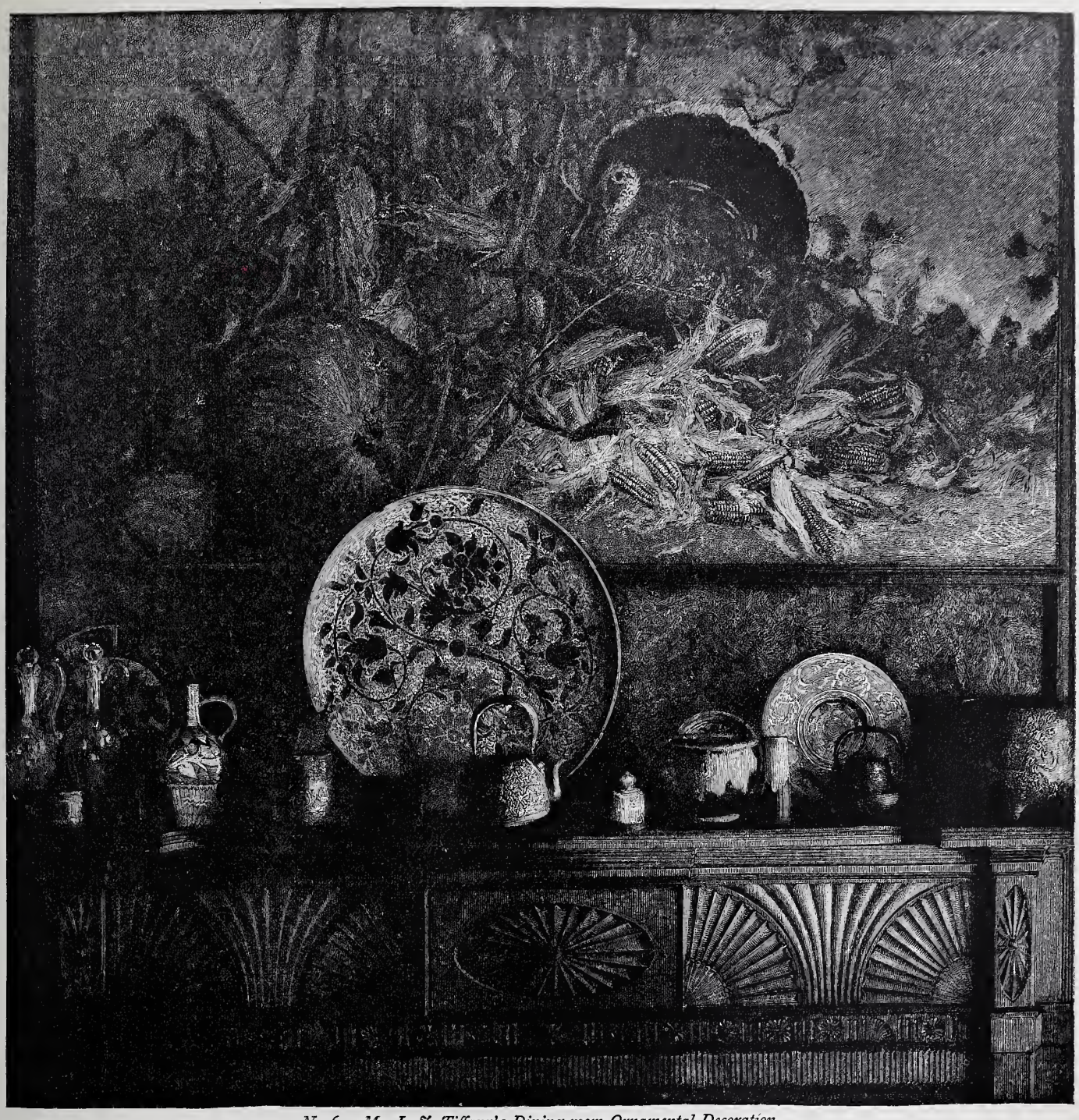
In the illustration above of Mr. Louis J. Tiffany's room, the details freely suggest the influence of Japanese and Moorish art, without insisting on adherence to the conventional signs of either. Unfortunately the illustration, which only includes the arrangement of the fireplace in the library, as suggested by a Japanese cabinet, does not give the intent of the decoration. The walls are panelled in tea-chest wrapping. This is painted in yellows and browns, the design being leaves and flowers drawn with the freedom and naturalness which mark Japanese work. Occasionally, in place of a panel of the tea-chest wrapping, a picture painted as a panel and in harmony with the surroundings has been inserted. The wide doorway between the library and dining-room has a band of carved wood above it. The carving is perforated and the design left, the leaves and flowers of which appear to carry out the design on the matting that takes the place of a frieze. The effect is novel and delightful, and the details in themselves interesting.

The illustration No. 7 discloses a corner of the dining-room on the other side of the door. Here is the same freedom of treatment. The walls are panelled to the height of the mantel, and mouldings mark a division which holds rare china and cups. Above this is suspended from small hooks an embroidered blue band, and a band of the same description makes the frieze. The walls are covered with a Japanese paper the ground of which is yellow, and the ceiling continues the wall tints in a yellow paper sprinkled with blue and glistening with mica. The prominent feature of this room is the decoration over the mantel which is seen in the illustration opposite. The Turkey cock among the pumpkins and corn is thoroughly American; and the decorative features, the striking forms and rich colour of material so exclusively our own, Mr. Tiffany was the first to appreciate. What should be especially mentioned in connection with these rooms is that the materials in every case are inexpensive, and the panels and the matting of tea-chests, the embroidered band and frieze of the dining-room, are of a blue material called "denin" in this country, and used chiefly in the manufacture of workmen's "overalls." The value of the decoration lies in its harmony of colour, its composition, so to speak, and in the spontaneity of its ornamental forms. This is noteworthy, since it is not characteristic of the artistic homes which are springing up on every side.

The frieze in the dining-room of Mr. George Kemp makes lavish use of American products. The foundation is gilded burlap. Boughs of ripe apples, peaches, and pears, tangled vines with clusters of purple grapes, make a gorgeous scheme of colour on the walls, and yellow pumpkins and corn are given a place on the panel above the buffet.

The library of Mr. Clarence H. Clark, of Philadelphia, has a notable frieze in a series of panels of stained glass in Japanese designs that also serve to light the room. Mr. Benn Pitman, of Cincinnati, has lighted his dining-room in the same way, there being no side windows. This dining-room is a model of ingenuity, and contains some significant artistic features. It is an interior room, and too small to allow for the ordinary furniture of a dining-room. Accordingly the buffets are supplied by two sets of hanging shelves, one for silver and one for china. These are enriched by the most exquisite carving, and when filled with their wares perform the same service as might a picture or other ornament to the walls.

As yet but little has been done as regards mural decoration



No. 6.—Mr. L. J. Tiffany's Dining-room Ornamental Decoration.

in a large way. We at one time had a season of Italian frescoes, but these we are glad to forget. Recently Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt has introduced in his new home a ceiling by Galland, and Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt a ceiling by Baudry. Of equal importance with these is the ceiling by Mr. John La Farge for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. The room itself is worth some description. It, in fact, is a corridor leading from the dining-room to the Moorish smoking-room to which allusion was made in a preceding article. The architecture is Italian, taken from Vignola, and consists of a central vault and two arcades.

In the large central vault is a long panel of stained glass, which is quite light, since its object is the display of the drawings. Where the two arches of the end meet the walls are two large semicircles filled with paintings. In one is

represented Venus in a boat drawn through the sedgy water by Loves, steering and pulling with mimic strength. On the other is an allegorical representation of Dawn, drawn in her chariot by two prancing horses, with Loves running at her side. The architectural divisions of the central vault are four T-panels, and four F-panels where they meet the end walls. These panels contain paintings illustrating the Seasons and four of the Senses. This series of lovely types is as unhackneyed as it is charming, and the most beautiful of all is 'Smell.' In action the figure is not unlike the 'Pomona'



No. 7.—A Corner in Mr. L. J. Tiffany's Dining-room.

of the dining-room ceiling, which has been described before. The girl has the same attitude, but instead of the knife and the fruity boughs, she draws toward herself a blossoming vine, which sweeping across the body makes its only drapery. The names given to these figures, it will be seen, afford simply the most conventional handles. The most of the work was done under Mr. La Farge, but this nude figure is the work of the master himself, and in subtle modelling, in the rendering of flesh with sensuousness, yet with delicacy and mystery, and in colour, he has done nothing finer.

Work of this sort belongs to the highest class of decorative art. In a country comparatively new as ours it requires not only men of wealth, but those who have the public spirit, to use one of our current phrases, to develop the resources of the country. Artists of their own motion cannot attempt works of such magnitude, and thus far there has not been an irresistible pressure urging them to forsake their accustomed modest canvases.

Still something has been done. Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield is now painting a centre and two large side panels for the new house of Mr. Twombly. The design is pleasing in composition and agreeable in colour. The 'Dawn,' which is the subject of the centre, is a female figure borne through the sky by a clustering group of figures. In one of the side panels is a floating figure emptying from her draperies flowers as the emblem of good gifts. That of the other is a spirited female figure with helmet and shield, chasing away brownies, as we may call the sombre-hued imps which symbolise bad dreams. Neither the conception nor the composition belong in any way to this country, except as the work is done here and by an American artist. Mr. Blashfield's work is always worthy of attention, but he has done other things which are much more individual, and consequently more interesting.

Mr. Blashfield's management of colour is peculiar to himself, and expresses sentiment as colour in the hands of but few artists is made to do. At least, if the range of expression is not greater, he plays upon many more keys. One of his most successful works is a decorative panel, 'Autumn.' A dark-haired woman, past her youth, sits in the niche of a stone slab, watching the birds flit by. There is none of the melancholy of meditation in her attitude; but that is the sentiment of the work, as well as of richness and maturity which her draperies convey in dun yellows and reds, carrying out the tints of the leaves at her feet. I know of nothing better managed than these draperies, in which the edges, in a manner that eludes analysis, convey the feeling of the leaf that has felt the touch of early frost. In this work there is distinctly a new feeling, and one which carries with it the element of promise.

Mr. Francis H. Lathrop has done a good deal of decorative work, which is always to be recognised by certain low-toned yellows and reddish browns. Mr. Lathrop is the author of the decoration over the proscenium arch of the new Metropolitan Opera-house, 'Apollo crowned by the Muses.' The companion figures are by Mr. George H. Maynard. These, 'The Ballet,'

and 'The Chorus,' except in the drawing, are painted in harmony with Mr. Lathrop's central composition. The decoration of the new house has excited much comment, favourable and otherwise. Certainly it follows no precedent. We learn that the aim in colour was to produce a golden tone. In this it has failed; it is more that of unwashed yellow pine; this gives to the house a cheap look, which only close study of the details of the ornament removes. In a house of such magnitude, however, close study is not practicable, and the general effect remains.

The ceiling is novel, and the effect of the dome under the dazzling row of gas-jets extremely graceful. The decoration is of scroll work in oblong sections of delicate green on a gold ground, and under the play of light the forms have almost a sense of motion. The field of the ceiling is in gold, of which spaces left free of decoration, and shaped according to the necessities of the architecture, are oxidised. This scroll-like decoration is carried down the pilasters of the proscenium mingling with charming heads of young girls and children. The curtain is brought into tone with these, and so should the statues in the niches above the arch, which are much too cold.

MARY G. HUMPHREYS.

(To be continued.)

FREDERICK SANDYS.

FREDERICK SANDYS traces descent from the Sandys of Cumberland, an ancient and honourable family, whose heraldic bearings of *fesse dancette* and *cross-crosslets fitchée* may still be seen carved on the walls and glowing in the windows of some of the old mansions of the Lake district. He was born at Norwich in 1832, and educated there at the Grammar School. The elder Sandys was a landscape and portrait painter of the place, the last surviving member, one might call him, of the Norwich school of artists. He was full of reminiscences of Crome and Cotman, and passed away only the other year, in advanced and honoured age. From him Frederick Sandys—along with a sister, Miss E. Sandys, who died recently, after having produced much interesting, though far from perfect work—received his first Art instruction. He might be considered fortunate both in the home and the city in which his early days were cast. The surroundings and influences of the place were far more favourable to the development of the artistic faculty than those of most other provincial towns would have been, for the city could boast of its own Norwich school of painting; the Norwich Society of Artists had, in 1805, started their yearly exhibition, the first of the kind held out of London; and Crome and Cotman, the leaders of the school, had both taught as drawing-masters in the city, and so helped to diffuse a taste for Art through its various social circles. But in the methods and subjects of these artists there was little that was akin to the aims and instincts of Sandys, little that could by any possibility give him guidance, or "marshal him the way that he was going." Though Cotman's early work was in portraiture, all his notable productions, and those of Crome and the whole school, were in landscape. The Norwich school holds descent from Hobbema and the Dutch landscapists; Sandys was to learn what



If.

of his art he gathered from the past from Dürer and the early Flemings.

But his days of studentship were passed before he made acquaintance with these latter masters, and perhaps the best and most potent of Sandys's early teachers was just the grey and venerable city itself, which lies so sweetly in the lap of



The Old Chartist.

the gentle hills that rise around it crowned with the ever-moving sails of the windmills, with the river winding through its midst, and the stately spire of its cathedral and the grim castellated strength of its Norman keep dominating the humbler roofs. Here there was enough presented to the eyes of the young artist to stir his imagination and carry his thoughts into the dim past of that mediævalism which he has made his own, and which his art has reproduced so vividly and sympathetically.

Among the earliest of Mr. Sandys's drawings of which we have record is a series illustrative of the antiquities of Norfolk, made, we believe, for the Rev. Mr. Bulwer, of Hunworth. During their execution the artist would become familiar with many a picturesque carving of the Middle Ages, in the fonts, brasses, and sculptured doorways of the curious village churches in which the county is so rich, while at the cathedral itself he would doubtless be led to examine the magnificent bosses on the groined roof of the cloisters, and that quaint fourteenth-century altar-piece, with its five compartments of Passional subjects, which had then been recently discovered, an interesting example of the graphic art of the past. Some thirty or forty years previously, Cotman, before he had been carried off to Normandy by Dawson Turner, had delineated similar subjects in his "Norfolk Churches," his "Architectural Antiquities," and his "Sculptured Brasses;" but we can believe that young Sandys's record of these venerable things would be more vivid and personal, more "informed with fantasy" and imagination, than was the accurate and architect-like work of his predecessor.

Another early series of drawings is that portraying the birds of Norfolk. Some of the items that go to swell the catalogue of Sir Thomas Browne had vanished from the county since he wrote, but the ospreys, "elks," and herons still remained to be figured, and the "crows, as everywhere," one of which Mr. Sandys has introduced, with no less truth to nature than weird imaginative effect, in his noble woodcut of 'Harald Harfagr.'

We have only to examine the works of Bewick to see how naturally the plumage of birds lends itself to beautiful and decorative treatment in black and white, and to feel how useful these ornithological drawings would be as a preparation for their draughtsman's future work as a designer. The fine collection of the Norwich Museum must have afforded every facility for their execution, and the artist could scarcely have glanced at the lovely series of shells which the same rooms contain, without learning valuable lessons in beauty and delicacy of colouring.

In these early illustrations of the birds and the antiquities of Norfolk, we find the artist, at the very beginning of his career, face to face with nature and with the past; and that truth to present fact and that imaginative sympathy with the picturesque and romantic aspects of mediævalism which such studies would foster, are characteristic of the whole course of Mr. Sandys's art.

He soon left Norwich for London, where, we believe, he studied for a short time in the schools of the Royal Academy under George Richmond, R.A., and Samuel Lawrence the crayonist, upon whose practice his own method in chalk may be said to be founded, winning much praise and several prizes for the beauty and accuracy of his draughtsmanship,

thanks to his naturally keen eye for form, and to the severe and wise training received from his father. In his brief notice of the artist in the Supplement to Pilkington's "Dictionary of Painters," Mr. Henry Ottley states that Mr. Sandys began to exhibit at the Academy in 1854, with a portrait of the Rev. Thomas Freeman; but we are probably right in assigning to him a drawing of 'Henry Lord Loftus,' which figured in the Exhibition of 1851, and appears in the catalogue as the work of "F. Sands." Since then he has been a tolerably regular contributor, mainly of portrait subjects.

To 1857 is referable a remarkable design of the artist's—a satire on the pre-Raphaelites and the championship of them by Ruskin—his first, and, so far as we know, his only effort in the art of caricature. In the Royal Academy of that year was shown Mr. Millais's 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford,' the noble and pathetic picture of an aged knight carrying two woodman's children on his steed across a stream. Shortly after the opening of the exhibition a large pen-lithograph, a most amusing travesty on the painting, was published. The print is titled 'A Nightmare.' The place of the charger is occupied by the ungainly figure of an ass, branded on the hips with the inscription, "J. R., Oxon." Seated firmly on the saddle is the mail-clad form of Millais, in front is perched the grave figure of Rossetti, while behind, clinging round the rider's waist, is Holman Hunt, a bundle of painter's brushes strapped on his back and taking the place of the faggots in the picture. The caricature is very firmly and broadly executed, and possesses considerable artistic excellence. It seems to have been received with wonderful good humour by those whom it satirised, and especially by Mr. Ruskin himself, who first came across the design in an Edinburgh printseller's shop, to the no little dismay of its owner, and exhibited much amusement and very hearty recognition of the spirit and vivacity of the drawing. At the time that the design was executed Mr. Sandys was unacquainted with any of the pre-Raphaelite leaders, but shortly afterwards his portrait of Mrs. Clabburn was shown to Rossetti by a mutual friend, and the admiration with which it was regarded led to a close friendship. Indeed, for many months Mr. Sandys was an inmate of Rossetti's house, and the residence must have had a powerful effect on the art of the younger painter. With Mr. Swinburne, too, he was soon intimate, and in 1866 he illustrated his verses on "Cleopatra" in *Cornhill*; while the poet's "Notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1868" contain an eloquent and appreciative defence of Mr. Sandys's 'Medea' and other works.



The Death of King Warwolf.

In examining the productions of Mr. Sandys, it will be convenient to divide them into the three classes of woodcuts, paintings, and designs in chalk; an arrangement which, in some roughly approximate way, is a chronological one, for his book illustrations rank among his earlier work, his paintings are representative of his middle period, while his works in crayon, though ranging from his days of studentship, are the only subjects which he has recently exhibited.

The first of Mr. Sandys's woodcuts appeared in *The Cornhill* for 1860, and illustrates 'The Portent,' a story by Dr. George Macdonald. In 1861 a number of striking woodcuts was contributed to *Once a Week*, and of these one of the finest is Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards.' Another strange and impressive subject is titled, 'Yet once more let the organ play,' and illustrates a little lyric of Uland's. The spirit of this illustration is in strong sympathy with that of the early German designers, and appears again in Mr. Sandys's woodcuts to a poem, "Until her Death," the reverie of a young and stately bride upon the end of life, while the figure of Death rises visibly before her eyes, holding forth an hour-glass with its swiftly escaping sands. In the large lines and the grandly meditative attitude of the lady, as again in 'The Waiting Time' and in the 'If,' from *The Argosy* for 1866, we have

a distinct reminiscence of the 'Melancolia' of Dürer, a solemn figure which seems to have haunted the imagination of our artist, and which reappears frequently in his work in various modifications and with fine effect.

One of Mr. Sandys's richest designs was contributed to *The Shilling Magazine* in 1865, forming an illustration to Miss Rossetti's profound and lovely poem, "Amor Mundi." In the beauty of its execution, and the solemnity and richness of its symbolism, the drawing is worthy of the poem which it illustrates.

The four examples of Mr. Sandys's woodcuts which we give are thoroughly representative of his design at its best. The Norse sorceress consulting her familiar who appears in the form of a raven, and the Norse viking sailing on his last voyage in his burning war-galley illustrate the more imaginative phase of the artist; 'The Old Chartist' shows the Dürer-esque precision and richness of detail of his treatment of nature; while in 'If,' the girl seated on the beach longing despairingly for the return of her lover, we see the power and largeness with which he expresses the figure and its drapery, and the black cliffs and the space of "moaning sea that cannot be at rest" are an admirable example of his telling and appropriate use of backgrounds. The chalk drawing, entitled 'Tears,' which we reproduce as our page illustration, is a study of two heads—or rather two modifications of a single head—apparently executed in preparation for the oil painting of 'Mary Magdalene.' In the striking features and delicate contours of the faces, in the careful rendering of the rich complexity of the hair, we find traces of the accomplished technical power of the draughtsman; while the expression of the countenances—one saddened and ready to weep, the other with the pearly tears already coursing down the softly-rounded cheeks—have a touch of the pathos which is characteristic of much of Mr. Sandys's art.



Harald Harfagr.

In addition to the published designs of the artist is one which has not yet been issued, though it has been admirably reproduced by Mr. Swain, the artist's favourite engraver, and ranks as one of the very finest of Mr. Sandys's subjects. It depicts 'Danae in the Brazen Chamber.'

These woodcuts, published here by permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, form a most important contribution to the imaginative art of our country. No one who has listened to Mr. Sandys as he described some completed or projected picture could doubt the exceptional force and clearness of his imaginative vision, his possession of the faculty which "bodies forth the forms of things unseen;" but it is interesting to find, from the numerous and elaborate studies for these designs which exist in the collections of Mr. Anderson Rose and Mr. Clabburn, how carefully he has, in every case, elaborated his first conception, how constant has been his reference to nature for every detail, for every blade of grass, and curve of cheek, and fold of drapery. In his method of work he has been a pre-Raphaelite in the best sense, and the strong hold upon actual fact which his works possess, give their visionary and poetic qualities a firm and substantial basis.

In his lecture on "Drawing and Engraving on Wood," delivered at the London Institution, and published in 1882 in



TEARS

FROM A DRAWING BY F. SANDYS IN THE COLLECTION OF J ANDERSON ROSE, ESQ

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED

this Journal, Mr. Herkomer ranks Mr. Sandys as the living representative of the style of wood drawing practised by Dürer and Rethel, the method which is "severe in line, treating all objects as if they were without local colour." Speaking broadly, the classification is a just one; his work is that of delineation, and he makes no such effort after the complete rendering of the varying weights of colour as is given, in different methods, by Walker or Small. Yet local colour has a place in Mr. Sandys's woodcuts to a far greater extent than in those of Dürer or Rethel; it appears, for instance, in the costume of the figure in 'The Old Chartist,' which forms one of our illustrations; and again, while in Dürer's 'Adoration of the Kings'—the twelfth cut in his "Life of the Virgin"—the face of Balthasar, the Eastern potentate, is given in white like the others in the design, and he is recognisable as a negro only by the type of features and the woolly hair; in Mr. Sandys's 'Cleopatra' the full local colour of the sun-browned skin is rendered in the four Egyptian figures who attend the queen that stands there in such stately attitude, clad in soft folds of sinuous drapery, dissolving the pearl in wine.

'The Advent of Winter,' here reproduced direct from the artist's pen drawing, is a design which has been published as a woodcut in *The Quiver* of 1866. In its distant landscape lying desolate beneath the snow-charged sky, in the bare trees and the tall withered weeds of the foreground, which bend from the wind that strips them of their last dry leaves, and in the old-world figure that stands meditative in the midst of all, we have an impressive rendering of a scene which "the three smiling seasons of the year" have visited and then departed.



The Advent of Winter. From a Drawing in the Collection of Mr. Anderson Rose.

Passing to the artist's works in oil, we find among the earliest of them a series of female heads and half-lengths, deriving their subjects mainly from the *Mort d'Arthur*. Among these are 'Oriana,' 1861; 'King Pelleas's Daughter with the Vessel of the San Grael,' 1862; 'A Vestal offering her Hair on a Rose-crowned Altar'; 'Fair Rosamund'; 'Mary Magdalene,' the chalk study for which forms our plate illustration; and 'La Belle Ysonde,' 1862. The first of these are somewhat flat and tentative in colour, but as time goes on greater power is gained; the 'Mary Magdalene,' with its delicate tearful face, has fine flesh painting and rich harmonies of colour in the golden hair and red and purple robe, which is relieved against the green background; while the execution of 'La Belle Ysonde' approaches in power to the 'Morgan le Fay,' the 'Vivien,' and the 'Medea,' of which the two former were executed in 1862–63, and the latter in 1868, and which form the most important and successful of the artist's imaginative works in colour. The 'Morgan le Fay,' a very masterly drawing, was reproduced in the *British Architect* for October 31, 1879; but for beauty of colour and for perfect rendering of female loveliness the 'Vivien' is the masterpiece of the artist. In the 'Medea,' which was painted while the artist was the guest of Mr. D. G. Rossetti, we have again a transcript of female beauty, but, like the 'Morgan le Fay,' it is beauty distorted by passion and made ghastly by despair. The fate of this powerful and individual picture at the Royal Academy was curious. In 1868 it was refused a place altogether, but in the following year, being again presented, it was hung on the line, attracting much comment, and gaining great praise for its originality and imaginative impressiveness. It has been photographed, on a greatly reduced scale, as a frontispiece to Colonel A. B. Richard's poem of "Medea."

One of the earlier and more remarkable of the portraits in oil by Mr. Sandys is a head of Mrs. Clabburn, senr., a powerful study in greys, and whites, and blacks. In its breadth and quietude, in the sobriety of its colouring and its masterly rendering of the features, the work is strongly suggestive of Holbein, and it contrasts with the brilliant hues and varied accumulation of detail which are characteristic of such of Mr. Sandys's later portraits as the 'Mrs. Susanna Rose,' dated 1862. The artist had accompanied Mr. Anderson Rose, the son of this lady, on a visit to Belgium. The travellers had

examined with interest the works by Memling and the Van Eycks at Bruges and Ghent, and Mr. Rose had said, "What would I not give to have a portrait painted with the truth of detail and the beauty of these old Flemings." Half laughingly his companion promised to execute a picture in the manner of the Van Eycks, and the likeness of Mrs. Rose was the result. It has been engraved in line by Mr. C. G. Lewis, and forms the frontispiece to Mr. Anderson Rose's "Catalogue of Engraved Portraits," and the chalk study for the picture has been etched by M. Rajon. Among the portraits by Mr. Sandys of similar character and similarly high quality, are those of Mrs. Jane Lewis, 1864, and of Mrs. Brand; while the likeness of Lady Rose, 1866, is especially remarkable for its wealth of brilliant colour and the beauty of its accessories. Among the more striking of the painter's male portraits is the half-length of Mr. W. Houghton Clabburn, 1870; and an unfinished picture of the Misses Clabburn.

The drawings in chalk by the artist include elaborate studies for nearly all his oil paintings, and those portraits in tinted crayons which are the only class of work that he has placed before the public during recent years. Among the latter are 'Father Gregorius Rossi,' 1875, the highly-finished and expressive likenesses of 'Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P.,' 1877, and the valuable and extensive series of portraits of literary personages, executed for the Messrs. Macmillan, which includes heads of Mrs. Oliphant, Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, John Morley, J. R. Lowell, J. R. Green, Goldwin Smith, and John Shorthouse—works modelled with such care and thoroughness that, as a celebrated sculptor said when he saw them, "You could make a bust from any one of them with the most perfect accuracy." The more imaginative of the drawings include 'White Rose and Red,' 'Love's Shadow,' and the powerful and dramatic pen-and-ink drawing of 'Judith.' The latest of the important imaginative works of the artist that we have been able to examine is the 'Lethe.' Never has the old classic myth found lovelier or more suggestive embodiment in graphic Art. The design forms a calm and beautiful ending to the imaginative productions of the artist, which have dealt so frequently with the grim passionate things of a legendary and poetic past.

OUR NATIONAL ART EDUCATION.

BY A MASTER OF A SCHOOL OF ART.

IT is now admitted upon all hands that a National system of Art Education should concern itself wholly with the encouragement of such forms of artistic skill as will be likely to endow the workman with a refined taste, together with facility in design and execution.

That this need is fully recognised, although not acted upon, by the authorities in this country is evident, from the reply recently made by the Vice-President of the Committee of Council upon Education to a deputation which sought to urge upon him the desirability of giving a thoroughly practical turn to the instruction afforded in our Art schools, as well as by the observations of the Director-General for Art, contained in the last report of the Science and Art Department upon continental systems of instruction. There are few but will agree with the strictures of Sir Rupert Kettle as to the blameworthiness of that portion of our Art teaching system which develops amongst students a tendency towards pictorial or pure Art. That such a tendency, however, need not be an inherent characteristic of a national system of Art education is proved by the success with which our continental neighbours promote instruction in the industrial arts.

Those members of the Royal Commission upon Technical Education, from whom public utterances have fallen, testify in the strongest terms to the immense strides we have yet to make in order to place ourselves upon a bare equality with other nations in our Art education of the masses; and it is a well-known fact that immense sums of money leave this country annually to purchase designs and drawings which apparently cannot be executed here.

Sir Rupert Kettle has shown that centralization is one of the leading features of our system of Art training. In this respect we are completely at variance with all other national systems. Whether this may not in a large degree be the cause of its unsuitability to industrial uses is a question which merits attention, for it is obvious that therein we have an element of inflexibility. We cannot place our Art schools in the same close relationship with the workshops, in respect to the studies prosecuted, as the system of local initiative and support enables the French teachers to effect.

The picture of the South Kensington system sketched by Sir Rupert is rather an abstract or ideal representation of the scheme than an accurate description of its realities. The present plan of instruction as it is commonly worked out in the schools and classes, it is true, begins with the training of the hand and eye, by the drawing of lines, angles, geometrical figures and conventional abstractions of plant form from the flat copy. But although such work trains the hand to a somewhat high degree of skill in drawing fine, firm lines, and creates a desire for accuracy, the pupil by it learns nothing of general drawing, such, for instance, as the expedients whereby the positions, directions, and lengths of lines may be judged. If this course is long continued, as it must usually be to attain the examination standard, all freedom of hand is lost by drawing continuously the one kind of line needed; and the pupil, at the end of such a course, finds that he has not gained the ability to draw a natural object in a natural way.

The study of model drawing is usually entered upon simultaneously with freehand from the flat, but the soundness of the course is greatly vitiated by the limited range of the models which are employed for examination of the students. These are selected year after year from the following, viz. the cube in solid and skeleton form, the cylinder, the cone, the hexagonal prism, and the sphere, together with nine simple forms of vases, so that only a very limited curriculum of study

* A continuation of the subject begun on page 13, with a paper by Sir RUPERT KETTLE.

is necessary to insure a pass. Under these circumstances, teachers are tempted to work all the session from the same few models which they know will be used in examination, in order to produce a high degree of skill in drawing them. Another objection to the continued drawing of abstract geometric forms is that such study confers no power of rendering the detail, such as handles, points of attachment, thickness of edges, etc., which is found upon all common objects.

The study of linear perspective is entered upon by comparatively few pupils. It is taught in an empirical way, and the methods used have no practical application outside the class-room. Engineers and architects employ another and a simpler method.

Geometry and simple projection form the remaining subject of the second-grade examination scheme, under which the elementary work of Art classes and schools proceeds. It is of a generally sound nature; but it would be better if more problems in artistic combinations of plain figures were to be found in the papers set. In model drawing and geometry, the time of examination, one hour, is much too short to allow students to do full justice to their knowledge and skill.

In addition to these local examination tests upon which grants depend, the drawings, exercises, and diagrams done during the course of preparation are sent up to South Kensington for inspection. In 1882 the enormous number of 369,231 separate sheets of work were sent up, and, as may be well imagined, where such a large number is concerned, the examination they are submitted to (although comparatively large grants depend upon it) is of the most perfunctory character. This unnecessary double testing of each student should be discontinued. If the whole work of a student during the year is submitted to the examiners, together with a statement of the number of his attendances, they should be able to estimate his progress without needing also to submit him to a local examination. Certain it is, that the dual system throws more work upon the South Kensington staff than it can do justice to.

That the second-grade course does not, as a rule, apply to the needs or wishes of the pupils is evident from the fact that but an extremely small proportion of pupils pass completely through its four subjects, probably not more than one per cent. Drawing symmetrical ornament from the copy is the most popular study, perhaps because it is the simplest to undertake, and usually after success in it the pupils are allowed to enter upon the study of larger ornaments, or the human figure in outline from copies, shading from the flat or simple cast, or some other study of more advanced character. It is during this portion of the course that the want of aim of the whole system becomes clearly apparent, for in most schools the work is entirely of an academic nature, and proceeds without reference to the practical uses of Art. It thus fails to arouse enthusiasm in the pupils, who, as a rule, fall into very slow and unpractical methods, which are further fostered by the vicious system of awarding prizes and medals for the excellence of a single drawing, without regard to the time spent upon it, or its due correlation to the other works of the set. No incentive therefore remains to healthy industry, but rather, on the contrary, is the pupil encouraged to labour long upon a single example, in the hope that the high degree of accuracy attained by repeated corrections will bring a reward; meanwhile he is losing whatever versatility or general power of drawing he may have possessed. In this way the pupil is allowed to forget that, in drawing as in other pursuits, a balance must be effected between the desire for perfection and the time at disposal; nor is the teacher under the present rules encouraged to remind him, for instance, of the time-saving qualities of tinted paper with white chalk for the high lights, nor of the broader experience and more practical habits to be gained by passing over a larger quantity of work.

It would contribute to reality and earnestness in working, if the whole range of examples were revised in accordance with the claims of modern Art. What shall be said of an English Art school system which includes no examples of Gothic architecture?

Should the student elect to follow closely the lines laid down by the Art Department, he may, after passing through the second-grade course, prepare in a school of Art for one or more of the advanced local examinations in design, architecture, anatomy, and perspective. As, however, out of 33,729 Art school pupils in 1882, only 724 entered the examination, and out of the latter number only 262 were successful, and but 33 gained prizes, this portion of the Department scheme cannot be said to be working successfully.

There is also a regulation providing for examinations of an advanced character being held in drawing from the antique, drawing from the life, and painting from still life, open to pupils who have fulfilled certain conditions of previous study. A report on any such examinations is not, however, to be found in the Blue-book, and it is probable that there are very few, if any, successful candidates in them.

With a view to the due encouragement of the direct study of solid ornament—a subject which has been greatly neglected in consequence of involving a good deal of trouble before payments and prizes can be obtained, because of the necessity for taking casts of the work done and transmitting them for inspection to South Kensington—an attempt has recently been made to give an impetus to the study by the offer of special grants upon the results of a local examination held by a visiting examiner, but the conditions which accompany the new regulation have so far rendered it practically nugatory. It is hard to see how, under a centralised system of examination, modelling, or any form of artistic manufacture in the solid, can be sufficiently encouraged when in competition with other and more portable forms of Art. Under the systems of municipal aid in vogue on the Continent, the art is taught vigorously and with very great success, and when we remember that so much of design depends upon the practice of modelling, a reason is at once seen for the deplorable condition into which this latter subject has fallen.

The references of Sir Rupert Kettle to the unsatisfactory indications furnished by the National Competition awards are supported by the abundant corroborative evidence derived from extraneous sources, many of which were pointed out in an article which appeared in *The Art Journal* in October last. We may, however, refer to two other instances which seem to show the want of sufficient practical knowledge on the part of the examiners in design.

The master of the Nottingham School of Art in his last report refers to the fact that a design for a hand-made flounce, to which a silver medal was awarded, was called by the examiners in their report "a machine-made lace curtain." He continues: "If the examiners have, on the same principle, been judging the designs for machine-made lace curtains sent from Nottingham as hand-made laces, the reason that we no longer receive gold medals for them is readily found." In consequence of this error representations have

been made which it is hoped will have the effect of promoting the appointment of examiners who are conversant with the technicalities of designs. The urgent importance of such a step is also shown by mistakes which have been made in awarding the prizes for carpet designing. On this point Mr. W. H. Stopford, head master of the Halifax School of Art, says: "Some years ago I pointed this out to the authorities, by representing to them the impracticability of some designs for carpets to which high awards had been made, and I am pleased to say that they have since made it a condition that designs of this description must be accompanied by a portion of the work put upon point or squared paper."

The local examination in this subject is distinguished by its alternative character, and consists usually of three or four problems in designing, the nature of which is entirely unknown before the time of examination. It thus happens each year that no examinations are held in several of the important designing industries, and many pupils consequently, though anxious to be examined, are obliged to withdraw from the test or attempt a subject with which they are not practically conversant.

With a view to stimulate designers and Art workmen, they may compete for national scholarships tenable at South Kensington for one, two, or three years, but only six or eight are given annually, and it appears to be very doubtful whether a fair proportion of the holders of these become successful designers on leaving the school.

With respect to the numerical progress so commonly referred to as showing the growing appreciation of the operations of the Art Department, it will be instructive to analyse the figures. There are two agencies by which industrial or other pupils can receive instruction in drawing, viz. the Art classes, formerly called Art night classes, and the schools of Art. The total number of Art classes in the United Kingdom have decreased from 910 in 1877, to 545 in 1882, and the pupils in them have decreased during the same period from 29,579 to 21,215. This, however, is not a complete statement of the case, since during this period an average of seventy new classes has been formed annually, and it therefore follows that during the last five or six years these classes have been closing their doors at the rate of 140 per annum. It would be well if the Department would fully explain its policy with regard to these classes, as many of them struggle on under great hardships in the hope of better times.

The immediate causes of the change are (1) an enormous and most injudicious rise in the standard of the teaching qualification, so great as to create a practical dearth of teachers; in fact the qualification was suddenly raised so much as to require at least three times as much study as was previously necessary in order to gain an Art class teacher's certificate; (2) the raising of the standard of the pupil's examination, and the very few prizes awarded to them—in 1882 only two prizes per class were given, or one to every twenty students; and (3) the conversion of Art classes into schools of Art. Taking, however, the total numbers annually instructed in Art classes and Art schools together, a gradual reduction of 4,449 pupils has taken place from 1877 to 1882, although during this period twenty-five additional schools of Art have been established. From this it would appear that the popular appreciation of South Kensington Art instruction has passed its culmination, and is gradually dying away. That this is indeed the fact must be further evident when we consider that during the same period a large increase has taken place in the raw material brought compulsorily under the training of the Art Department in the elementary day schools, for during this period of decadence in the secondary classes the number of school children who were annually taught elementary drawing increased by more than 300,000, or sixty-five per cent. If the system were a sound one, the secondary grades of instruction ought to have benefited much by this great extension of early training amongst the children of the working classes. As it is, it would appear to be the rule that young persons who have once been under the South Kensington drawing system do not desire to renew their acquaintance with it.

Sir Rupert Kettle refers to the system of inspection under which these schools and classes are worked, and it may be well to explain what it really is. The staff employed for doing this work consists almost solely of the military officers stationed in the neighbourhood of the classes they are asked to inspect, and all teachers know from experience how absurdly the system works. They also feel that it is an unjust one to them, if for no other reason than that it withdraws a class of appointments which should be made the reward of their success.

He also refers to the odium cast upon the South Kensington Museum, but it may nevertheless be questioned, whether too large a proportion of the national grant for education is not there absorbed. Though it is impossible to gather from the Blue-books the total expense of that institution, there is sufficient to show that each visitor to the Museum costs the Exchequer about as much as is required to provide an Art student with education for a year. Even the police services there consume twice as much money as is granted in aid as "direct payments" to Art classes.

If South Kensington is to remain the arbiter of Art education in this country, it is earnestly to be hoped that the following admirable series of recommendations recently made by Mr. Armstrong, the Art Director at South Kensington, may be embodied in the regulations of the Department with the least possible delay. He says: "It is quite certain that not one-tenth of those who would be all the better workmen for some knowledge of, and practice in drawing and modelling, come to our schools or Art classes." We should try to attract them, and for them some modification might perhaps be made in our system, which is, I think, more adapted to the wants of young people who may hope to enjoy continuous Art education for some years, and who are from their stations in life somewhat delicate-handed, than to those of workmen who, after handling hammers, trowels, and saws all day, come to get their little training as draughtsmen at night. "Perhaps bolder and larger examples, and a somewhat rougher method of execution, might be introduced with advantage for these. A workman with a good eye and fair natural aptitude for seeing and rendering form, who comes to draw as an evening student, is, it seems to me, from the nature of the occupation at which he has been all day, somewhat disabled from copying neatly the small forms of our examples. At any rate I should like to try the effect of larger and coarser examples on this class, if we can get them to come in greater numbers to our schools." "Much can be done to improve the lighting of our evening schools, and without much expenditure, if the students are made to draw in classes of six or eight, or more if possible, from perfectly lighted examples. There would be economy of labour for the teacher, the spirit of emulation could not fail to improve the work,

and if the examples were changed periodically, it would not be possible for a student to dawdle for months over a single drawing.

"I would have elementary modelling taught after very little drawing. Heretofore very little has been done, because the practice of modelling has been less profitable than that of drawing or painting.

"In the advanced stages we may copy with advantage certain methods practised in Germany for stimulating the production of designs and copies of good works of decorative Art. For instance, our students might be encouraged to produce models for metal work, which should be gilded or coloured and mounted at the expense of the schools, as in Bavaria.

"Opportunities for the execution of decorative painting might be sought for or created, until a demand came from outside, as it would come when architects found such work could be done, without the expense of bringing decorative painters from abroad.

"By travelling scholarships, or otherwise, we might have some of our best students sent abroad to make studies of decorative Art and measured drawings of buildings, which should belong to the Department."

Mr. Armstrong also urges the advantages of our system of combined payment by fees and results, "a system which certainly appeals to the strongest motives for human endeavour;" and rejoices that, in consequence thereof, the English Art teacher works so closely on the lines laid down by the Art Department, choosing "those grooves to run in which most easily bring payments to himself and prizes to his pupils."

Under such conditions as these, responsibility for the shortcomings of the system must rest entirely upon the Department.

W. E. CROWTHER.

THE WESTERN RIVIERA.*

ST. CASSIEN, VALLAURIS, ANTIBES, AND CAGNES.



No. 11.—Eucalyptus at Antibes.

BEFORE passing on our way to Nice, we must stop for a moment in the vicinity of Cannes to notice an interesting spot of which the engraving (No. 12) was not to hand when our first article was completed. The hermitage and chapel of St. Cassien are three miles westward of Cannes. The isolated eminence on which they stand, covered with splendid cypress-trees and umbrella pines, the one seeming to retain something of the darkness of the night in its shadows, and the other something of the storm in its sighs, has a very peculiar artificial look about it. It has had a *religio loci* and a sacred veneration connected with it from a remote antiquity. It is supposed that in the days of the Romans the eminence bore the name of *Ara Luci* (the Altar of the Sacred Grove), and was crowned by a temple of Venus, which lasted until an Abbé of the Monastery of Lérins destroyed it in the seventh century, and built upon its site with its materials a church dedicated to St. Stephen. In all probability, however, the spot has an older history still, and was one of the high places of Baal or Phœnician worship; its dedication to Venus being only a survival, so to speak, of the purpose of its original consecration. Whether its modern name of St. Cassien is from the celebrated theologian who defended St. Chrysostom against Theophilus of Alexandria, and who founded a monastery at Marseilles, where he died in the early part of the fifth century; or whether the name be, as others conjecture, only a corruption of the three last words of the sentence in which the five monks who lived on the sacred mount demanded charity—"La Carita per cinq que sian," it is difficult to say. But the former derivation seems to be that which is generally received, judging from the fact that St. Cassien is the patron saint of Cannes, and that a grand annual fête is held in his honour at the chapel on the 23rd of July, observed much in the same way as the Pardons in Brittany. It is very pleasant here in winter and early spring to see the magnificent old gnarled trees around the chapel, and to feel beneath one's feet the familiar crisp brown carpet of oak-leaves, giving forth the rustling sound and the familiar woodland smell, which recall to every Englishman the tender suggestions and associations of his native woods. It seems as if these magnificent trees were doing their best to perpetuate the memory of the dark old groves, that once marked the spot in prehistoric and Roman times, and in whose gloomy recesses many a mysterious rite of pagan religion had been performed.

Passing through Cannes we soon arrive at the village of Vallauris (Illustration No. 13), the seat of one of the most interesting and important industries of the Riviera. It is a remarkable example of the persistent continuance of an art in one place. In the days of the Romans it was famous for its artistic pottery, which competed successfully even with the Samian and Etruscan ware. In the surrounding mountains a peculiar calcareous clay, of a reddish or greyish colour, belonging to the Pleiocene formation, is found in thin layers near the surface. This material is admirably adapted for the purposes of the potter, and originated the industry which brought the place into notice. After a time the manufacture of artistic pottery decayed. The demand for it, and the ability to produce it, ceased during the barbarous ages which followed the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. During the intervening centuries the village maintained a struggling

* Continued from page 56.

existence by the manufacture of a coarse, cheap kind of domestic ware of the marmite class, which is not injured by being placed on the fire. At last Clément Massier, with a genius akin to that of Wedgwood and Palissy, conceived the idea of adding to this manufacture of *poterie réfractaire* the construction of ware that might be worthy of being called artistic, and reviving the old Roman fame of the place. He qualified himself by travelling through Italy and inspecting the museums of Etruscan pottery. By laborious experiments he succeeded in perfecting a number of glazes, distinguished for the fineness of their quality and the beauty of their colours. The blues, from a pale delicate tint to a deep, dark, ocean-like hue, are peculiarly rich and effective. So also are the different shades of olive and yellowish-brown. The abundance of fine clay suitable for the purpose in different parts of the Riviera has given rise to various kinds of potteries, which have received the names of the places where they are manufactured. At Nice there is a pottery where ware somewhat like that of Vallauris is manufactured on a small scale, with a plain, highly-glazed surface of a deep sienna brown, streaked with lighter blue markings, while at Monaco is produced a pottery, the peculiarity of which consists of wreaths and sprays of raised flowers in high relief laid upon the surface of the articles.



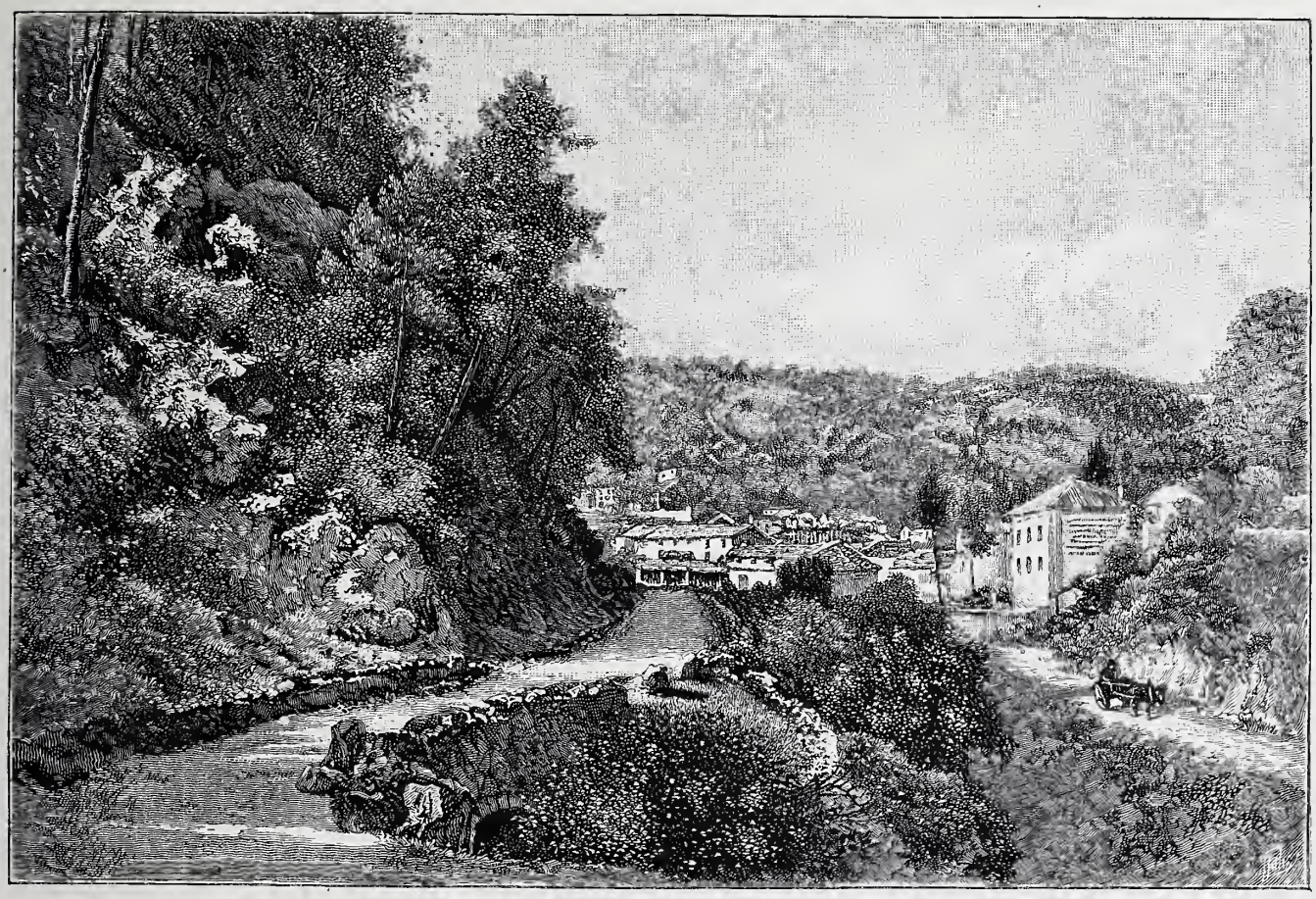
No. 12.—Hermitage of St. Cassien, Cannes.

Vallauris is a corruption of the ancient Roman name *Vallis aurea*, probably bestowed upon it on account of the yellowish-red colour of the clay used in the manufacture of the old ware, or, as some think, on account of the profusion and excellence of its golden oranges, for which it was as celebrated then as now. There are few traces of Roman occupation remaining. In the wall of a house in the main street opposite the church is built a broken slab, with a Latin inscription referring to the construction of a road in the neighbourhood by the Emperor Tiberius. And about two miles to the north-east, at Clausonne, there are the ruins of a Roman aqueduct, constructed to convey water to Antibes, locally known as the Pont-de-Vallauris. Some of the arches, especially those near the chapel of St. Nicholas, are in tolerable preservation, and the whole aqueduct forms a most picturesque feature in the midst of the wild mountain scenery. The streets of Vallauris, like those of all southern mountain villages, are narrow and picturesque. It was formerly surrounded by fortified walls, and the ruins of the gates can still be seen, on one of the stones of which is the quaint inscription, "It is open to God; it is shut to the devil." This is a relic of the period when the town belonged to the monks of Lérins, in the tenth century. There is an ancient chapel, built by the abbots of Lérins in the early part of the twelfth century, with the same ornamentation and style of architecture as the chapel of St. Anne at Cannes. A column was found in it bearing the inscription, "Constantine, Emperor, father of his country." The old castle, restored in the sixteenth century, is well worthy of a visit, if only for the sake of its magnificent stone staircase.

The scenery about Vallauris is fine and varied. Though situated at an elevation of 2,807 feet above the level of the sea, it is nevertheless in a hollow, surrounded by gneissic hills, and, farther off, woods of pine and arbutus. It occupies the site of an ancient lake. The view from it is therefore somewhat circumscribed. But on the steep ascent to it from Cannes, and at the highest part of the Corniche Road above it, winding along the face of the pine-clad mountains, magnificent views of the western side of Cannes and the Esterel Mountains, and of the picturesque and wildly-varied region to the east in the direction of Nice, may be obtained. From the charming site of the Chapel of Notre Dame de Grâce, with its avenue of splendid cypresses, the view down the valley to Golfe Juan is particularly beautiful, contrasting its rich cultivation with the wild ruggedness behind. The blue shadows of the olive and pine woods have a peculiar velvet softness in the distance, upon which the eye rests with pleasure. Among the moist rocks behind the town may be found stray tufts of the very rare and lovely little fern, the Grammitis leptophylla. The Hill of the Incourdoules, a striking eminence six hundred feet high, about half an hour's walk to the north-east of Vallauris, is remarkable for the immense number of ancient ruins, columns, capitals, lintels, and inscriptions strewn over its plateau. The place must have been a Roman colony, as the old Aurelian Road passes at its foot. On the southern slope of the hill there is a curious cavern called the Cabro d'Or, with which is connected a strange legend that the Saracens, when expelled from this region, left behind in it the golden image of a goat which they worshipped. Those who went in search of this treasure never returned, and hence the mountain got its ill-omened name of Incourdoules from *cordulé*, which signifies tears.

From Vallauris an omnibus takes us down the valley to the Golfe Juan station, situated on the seashore in the midst of orange-gardens. A few yards up from the station is a pillar marking the spot where Napoleon rested after his arrival from Elba, on March 1st, 1815. He had with him a force of over a thousand men, composed largely of his former Guard of Grenadiers, and four pieces of artillery, which he left here when he departed at midnight through Cannes to Grasse. Three miles farther on is the old town of Antibes (Illustration No. 14). This seaport has had an almost uninterrupted existence since the fourth or fifth century before Christ, when it was founded

by a Greek colony either from Nice or Marseilles. The story of the Greek settlements along this coast is exceedingly romantic. The Ionian wanderers from Phocæa, with the restless instincts of their race, found on these western shores the same picturesque mountain scenery, fertile valleys, fine climate, and varied coast-lines of sharp projections and deep recesses which characterised their own native land. After establishing a colony at Massilia, the modern Marseilles, they proceeded from thence to found Nice and then Antibes. The ancient name of the latter place, Antipolis, indicates that it was over against Nice, the city, and that it was founded after it. Hardly any traces remain of the Greek town; and of the Roman city afterwards built on its site, the only relics are two ancient towers in the centre of the modern town, one of them standing in the front of the church, and used as a belfry, and the other forming part of an adjoining official building. It is only the Latin inscriptions that are built into the walls, however, that can be said to belong to the old Roman town; the general masonry of the towers clearly indicating that they cannot date farther back than the tenth century. The parish church occupies the site of a temple of Diana; and as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century it was the custom in the church of the Franciscans to observe a species of saturnalia at Christmas and Epiphany. Persons dressed as priests, with clothes torn and wearing spectacles with lenses of orange-peel, followed by a crowd, enacted in the church the most scandalous scenes, which were evidently relics of the old worship of Diana and Mercury peculiar to the place. The history of the town is a very stirring one. It was destroyed by the Goths in 473. It shared



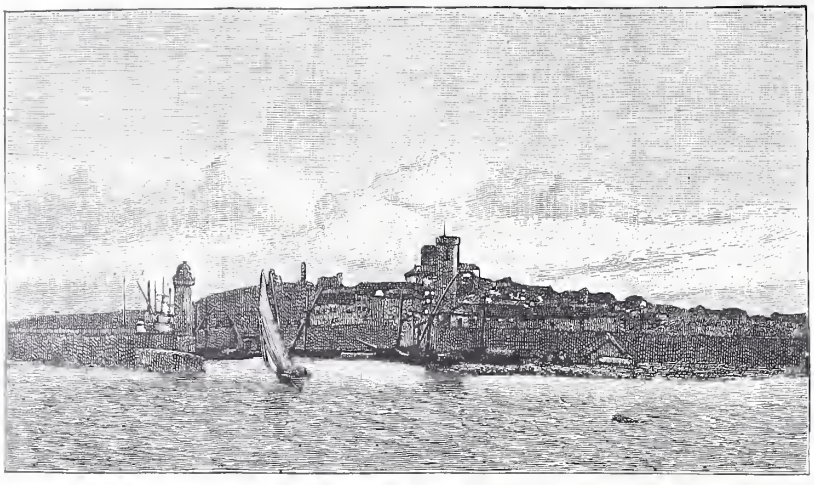
No. 13.—Entrance to Vallauris.

the same fate at the hands of the Lombards in 578. The Saracens held possession of it for many years during the seventh century. In 1524 it was taken by the Constable Bourbon; in 1536 it was sacked by Charles V. The Duke of Savoy seized it in 1707; and forty years later it was bombarded by the English, and in 1813 by the Austrians. During the Middle Ages the town bore the Provençal name of Antiboul, from which its modern name was easily derived.

The position of Antibes early marked it out as a suitable site for an important town. It is built on an indentation of the coast forming a secure harbour. On the one side is a rocky promontory jutting out a considerable distance into the sea, called the Cape of Antibes or of La Garoupe. On the other is a succession of smaller and shorter promontories, which shape out the shore into little semicircular bays perfectly sheltered from the Mistral. These promontories are formed of primary or igneous rocks, and have successfully resisted the disintegrating effects of the waves, which have worn away the calcareous rocks between; similar promontories have been formed by similar igneous formations at Beaulieu and Villefranche. Indeed, one is struck with the remarkable resemblance between the roadstead of Antibes and that of Villefranche. The two towns, Nice and Antibes, are directly opposite each other; and we see how appropriate was the old Greek name of the latter place.

A delightful walk may be enjoyed up the conical hill of La Garoupe, by the terraced steps of the Via Crucis, passing fourteen chapels, representing the different incidents in the Passion of our Lord, and leading to the church of Notre Dame d'Antibes at the top. This church is a very quaint

old building, and is supposed to date from the ninth century. Behind it is a splendid lighthouse, from the top of which, at a height of 270 feet above the sea, a most magnificent view of sea and coast-line, as far eastward as Bordighera and San Remo, may be obtained. Westwards the view is limited by the promontory of La Croisette, which completely hides Cannes and Grasse. Inland may be seen a succession of rugged mountain ranges and lofty precipitous rocks, terminating in the far background with the snowy peaks of the Maritime Alps. This view, which is hardly to be surpassed anywhere else, is the crowning glory of Antibes. On descending, a road leads to the celebrated gardens of the Villa Thuret—open to the public every Tuesday. These gardens were bequeathed, by the distinguished botanist who formed them, to the French nation, and are now used as a government school for the culture and study of semi-tropical trees and shrubs. Under the skilful supervision of the present curator, M. Naudin, they form one of the most charming spots in the Riviera. Here we may see collected together the luxuriant vegetation of Africa, Australia, and Peru, which, planted round the towns and villages along the coast, has given to this region such a strange and foreign appearance; while the glimpses of the blue Mediterranean, the old fortress of Antibes, and of the far-off snowy Alps, seen through the rare trees and shrubs, and from the lawn glowing with brilliant anemones, greatly enhance the attractions of the gardens.



No. 14.—Antibes from Fort Carré.

It is said that the first Eucalyptus-trees introduced into France were planted in these grounds in 1859. They may now be seen everywhere along the Riviera (see Illustration No. 11), shooting up with amazing rapidity, and becoming in a dozen years or so fine forest-trees. And though some object to them on the ground that they are not ornamental, especially when they reach a certain age, they serve so many useful purposes, producing excellent timber, and forming an antidote to the malarious influence of marshy and humid lands along the coast, that they may well be regarded as a very precious permanent addition to the sylvan treasures of Provence. And they are not wanting on the score of picturesqueness; their pendulous, slender, willowlike boughs forming an interesting contrast to the sturdy, rigid, spreading fronds of the palm. To the artist their smooth, clear trunks of a grey colour tinged with pink, their curious varieties of leaves, round or sickle-shaped, of a greyish-green glaucous colour unknown in our forest vegetation, and hanging down edgeways instead of spreading out horizontally, thus causing hardly any shade beneath them, and their strange buttons of white, fluffy, floss silklike blossoms, all afford novel and interesting studies of tree-life. It may be remarked that the Eucalyptus is a living relic of the Eocene period, which in this part of Europe had at one time numerous representatives of which the myrtle is now almost the sole survivor. This curious Australian tree thus revisits, from the opposite part of the world, its old quarters, and links together the Eocene flora of the geologist and the far richer and grander flora of the present day. It is an old-world form of myrtle coming to keep company with its sister-myrtle that has never forsaken its home, and to adorn together the shores of Southern Europe. At Antibes it may be mentioned in this connection that a great many rare plants are found, among which may be enumerated the Silene Nicæcnsis, which grows freely on the sands of the sea-shore, flowering in May, and the Ophioglossum Lusitanicum, the little Portuguese Moonwort, differing from the common species in having its frond linear-lanceolate, which is found abundantly in December and January on the greensward close beside the sea on the Cap d'Antibes.

Beyond Antibes is the station of Vence-Cagnes. The town of Cagnes derives its name, like Cannes, from the tall canes which once grew, in greater abundance than now, around it. It existed in the time of the Romans, and according to some authors an engagement took place near it, between the Emperor Otho and Vitellius, whose forces occupied Cisalpine Gaul; although the prize of empire was lost and won not here, but at the decisive battle of Bedriacum, between Cremona and Mantua. The old town is perched as usual on the top and slopes of a steep isolated eminence which is seen from afar. The houses are grouped round an old castle of the Grimaldi, whose crumbling polygonal tower has been modernised and converted into a comfortable residence. It is worthy of a visit for the sake of the fine painting, representing the fall of Phaeton, on the roof of the Salle Dorée, which was the *chef-d'œuvre* of Carloni. This is the principal painting in this noble hall; but the walls are decorated with frescoes representing the whole history of Phaeton, executed with more or less skill. The columns are painted with such deceptive art on the walls, that the room seems double its real height. The present owner has restored these old paintings judiciously, and has added a rather interesting picture-gallery. The castle occupies the summit of the hill, but a little way down from it is the picturesque old church of Cagnes, dedicated to Notre Dame la Dorée, to which Charlemagne presented some valuable votive offerings. And near at hand the venerable ruins of the still older abbey church, or monastery, of St. Véran, which was originally a small quaint building, probably of the sixth century. The chancel is the only part that is in good preservation. At the foot of the hill the modern town spreads itself somewhat irregularly over the plain, embosomed among luxuriant gardens, vineyards, and trees of all kinds. Owing to its low, rather damp position, it does not look a healthy spot, and in summer it is more infested with mosquitoes than any other part of the Riviera.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

(*To be continued.*)



HOMELESS

ETCHED BY CH. COURTRY AFTER A.H.MARSH.

LONDON. J.S.VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED.

LOMBARD COLOUR STUDIES.

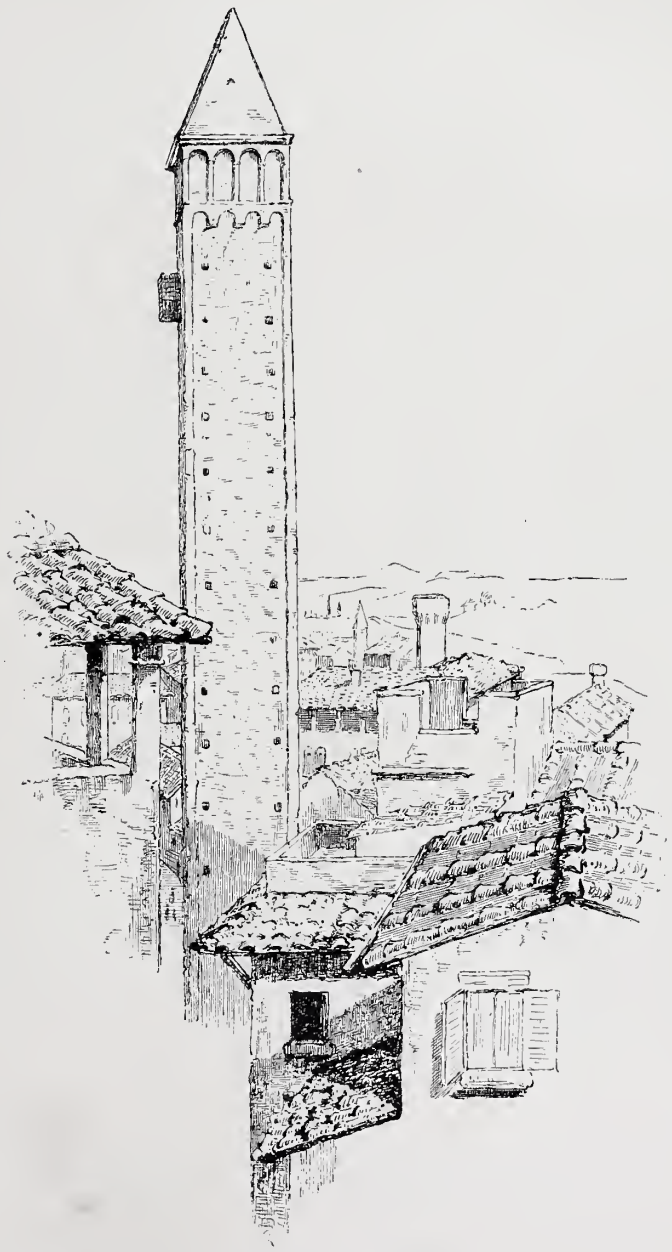
I.

THE LAST MONK AT THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA.

(Bright Red, Bright Blue, Bright Green.)

HE is the last surviving monk of the Certosa, and he is waiting (as he paces up and down the heated cloisters which do not warm his ice-cold feet, or kneels upon the damp-cold chapel flags which do not cool his burning body) for the fever, the enemy which has been besieging the great abbey these well-nigh five centuries, to make an end of him also.

It is the endless summer of the Lombard plain. The sun pours fire upon the big, empty courtyard, till the dry brown grass is burning to the touch. Fire upon the yellow marble (sunburnt by many such summers) of the richly-carved church front, story piled upon story, garland upon garland, till the thin malignant sculptured heads of warriors and kings, Alexander, Cæsar, Scipio, Cocles crowned or filleted, become, as it were, the personifications of this malignant sun. The red-brick gables and pinnacles of shingled roof lie like flame against the sky of molten, flaming blue metal; and they tremble and undulate in its vaporous heat. The flowers and grass in the smaller cloister, half in the shadow of the belfry, are dead; the blue metal of the sky arches it over, and is felt like a white-hot iron held close to the skin, which does not touch, but burns; the sunshine lies on the burning red bricks like little pools of scarlet fire.



The Cage Tower at Piacenza.

But outside, all around, spreads the soft, bright green grass of the irrigated meadows, damp and cool even now from the water which trickles incessantly in the little canals, under the thick green bushes, everywhere; not a meadow without its clear brown brook. The white, shimmering trunks of the congregated poplars throw a deep dark beam of shadow across the short, thick, bright green grass; while their thick tops, round clusters of shimmering leaves, green and white, sparkle and tremble and fan the blue sky. How green, cool, and refreshing such meadows under such heavens as these, by the side of all this mound of burning red brick! The brick is burning and red, making eyes and feet smart; and the meadows are cool and green, and balm to the parched skin and mouth. Yet death comes from those cool green meadows, and life lingers on within those burning red walls. For the green grass, the clear trickling water, are in league with the scalding blue sky; and their child, their fosterling, floating about with the wind among the hazel bushes and reeds, which bend over the streams, and among the rustling green tree tops, is the fever. And from all sides, from every blade of juicy grass, from every trembling fresh leaf, it beleaguers those red sun-smitten walls, which rise up, with steaming and tremulous red roofs, and steaming and tremulous red belfries and domes and minarets, from the bright green meadows into the bright blue sky.

How long will that siege last? It has lasted, it would seem, near five hundred summers; among the pomp of carved marble and jasper and porphyry, and glittering gold and silver, among the pomp of which robed, silent monks, assembling morning and evening in the sculptured choir stalls, pray for the soul of the great prince (his parricide scowl is repeated on pillar and medallion) who put them there; singing, among the incense clouds, the glory of Him who has bid the blue sky and the green grass beget the fever that burns and wastes them. And thus on for centuries, the blue sky

and the green meadows have laid siege to the monastery. And now there remains but one more man to exterminate. He paces, in his white robes, the cold dark church, the fever meanwhile burning his blood and his skin; and in the red cloisters, with their streams and pools of white sunlight, his teeth chatter and his feet strike like icicles upon the heated bricks. Meanwhile, from under the burnt brown grass of the cloister arises a faint, death-announcing, nauseousness of charcoal; and the green glistening poplar heads nod and tremble over the red walls, in the tremulous blue glare of the sky.

II.

THE CAGE TOWER AT PIACENZA.

(Pale Red and Pale Blue.)

Below, all around, is the town; tortuous streets, stifling and sweltering, full of a jostling, yelling, quarrelling crowd of men and women and beasts: bestial and brutal, eating and drinking, and filling the place with their filthiness and their noise. A grimy sliminess upon the walls, against which you brush; a black and nauseous ooze trickling between the rough round stones, and in every corner heaps of garbage and filth, round which the fat, slow flies buzz, while the gnats in swarms fill the sunbeam; a pushing and jostling of unwashed bodies, more stiflingly corporeal, fleshly, for heat, and crowd and weariness; and drunken brawl and obscene jest and angry oaths, coupling together God and dirt; no thought beyond the moment and the body. All squalid, stifling, muky, sweltering, and lewd down here.

And above, rising as if with gradual swiftness, as a visibly shooting flower-stem, the rose-pink square brick tower. Rising while our eyes follow it, above the stained walls, above the reefs and peaks and crags of roof and attic and chimney; above the deep red, scaly, shingly tiles of the church; upwards. Upwards till it has against its red straight sides only the dark-blue distant hills bounding the plain; higher, till it touches only the blue of the lower sky; higher, till the pale rosiness of its brick, which has lost all body, and remained only colour, is surrounded by the pale milk-blue of the free upper sky.

Surrounding this pale pink stem of masonry (for it seems to touch nothing and nowhere) the blue whiteness of the heavens, the tremulous haze of light which seems to quiver and oscillate about it, to come and go in luminous tide-like waves, now lapping all round it, then quickly retreating, leaving it quite alone, isolated, in an unfathomable depth of blue air and white light. Below, the swallows circle, their white breasts shining in the sun; up, there is nothing save sun and air, light and life. And we look up in wistfulness and joy.

But upon the surface of the tower there is a spot, a shadow upon its luminous rose brickwork, fretted and patterned like some delicate silken woof. From the topmost loophole is suspended a cage; iron grating above, iron grating below, iron grating all round. And in the cage is a man. They have brought him there in the morning, and will continue to do so on and on for days and months; chainless, free of arm and limb, free to crouch and turn as he will; a man, infamous in the world, whose punishment is to be here. The blue air circulates all round him, the white light streams down upon him, but the sun's fierce baking is cooled, washed away, by the edging waves of air; neither heat nor cold is his punishment. It is the isolation, the blue air, the white light; the height, the height. The world below seems to suck him down, to drag him towards it, as the iron is dragged to the loadstone; but the bars of the cage restrain, thrust back. Oh, for the sickening delight of falling, of feeling one's self sink, the body going down, clearing the air, free—but the bars hold him back. And he turns round and lies on his back, and looks up into the receding, palpitating, milk-white blueness; but the sky goes in and out, comes and goes like sucking lips, and it trembles with greed and pants with desire, and he feels it sucking him up, up, as the water is sucked by the sun out of the plants. But, between him and the blue heaven are the iron bars which restrain him, stop him at the moment of release only to let him be sucked up once more. And he turns on his side and, cowering, looks sidewards on the world below. The sunlit distant hills seem quite low; the high sun-smitten precipitous roofs are flat; the streets between them are like tortuous black brooks, the courts like deep black wells; the market-place crowded with people is a teeming moving mass of dark things. He looks down. Oh, that he could only hear those men whom he sees move, or hear more than a mere hum; that he could sniff the hot, close, stench-filled air; that he could know he was not cut off from the living! The crowd moves to and fro with its buzz of cries and clattering steps; it moves, divides, unites again like water on the sands. They have a fair to-day—they are selling their hemp, and wine, and cattle. They think of that and not of him. He was taken up there so long ago, and others have been in the cage before him; they have forgotten all about him; they do not even look up. And the man seizes the bars of the cage, and shaking them, yells with the rage of weariness. But no one hears him. The swallows circle below; the blue air palpitates around; the white sunshine trembles on the bricks of the town. The whitish-blue sky receives into itself the pale rosy stem of masonry which shoots up, penetrates into it like some living delicate thing. The cage, the prisoner are forgotten.

Vernon Lee.

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.*

There are many noticeable births in March: on the 1st, A. W. N. Pugin, architect, at London, 1812; John Evan Hodgson, R.A., at London, 1831; and Thomas Brock, A.R.A., sculptor, at Worcester, 1847; 4th, Jakob van der Does, at Amsterdam, 1623; and Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., at Stockbridge, Edinburgh, 1756; 6th, Michael Angelo, at Castel Caprese, 1478; and George L. P. B. Du Maurier, caricaturist, in 1834; 7th, Sir Edwin H. Landseer, R.A., at London, 1802; 10th, Edward Hodges Baily, R.A., sculptor, at Bristol, 1738; William Etty, R.A., at York, 1787; and Robert Thorburn, A.R.A., at Dumfries, 1818; 11th, E. Welby Pugin, in 1834;

* Continued from page 45.



PAINTED BY F.W.W.TOPHAM.

ENGRAVED BY F. JOUBERT

A MESSENGER OF GOOD TIDINGS.

NEWS OF RELIEF OF FLORENCE 1496.

12th, Anton Raphael Mengs, at Aussig (Bohemia), 1728; and Benjamin Williams Leader, A.R.A., 1831; 13th, Peter Graham, R.A., at Edinburgh, 1836; 16th, Baron Antoine J. Gros, at Paris, 1771; 17th, Francesco Albano, at Bologna, 1578; 18th, William Calder Marshall, R.A., sculptor, at Edinburgh, 1813; 20th, John Burnet, painter and engraver, near Edinburgh, 1784; Thomas Webster, R.A., at Pimlico, 1800; and Edward J. Poynter, R.A., at Paris, 1836; 22nd, Antony van Dyck, at Antwerp, 1599; and Rosalie (Rosa) Bonheur, at Bordeaux, 1822; 23rd, Francis Holl, A.R.A., engraver, at Camden Town, 1815; 24th, John Henry Foley, R.A., sculptor, at Dublin, 1818; 27th, John MacWhirter, A.R.A., near Edinburgh, 1839; 28th, George Richmond, R.A., in 1809.

The obituary is less extensive: on the 3rd, Anthony Vandyke Copley Fielding, at Brighton, 1855, buried at Hove; 5th, Antonio Allegri, generally known as Correggio, from his birthplace, where also he died, 1534; and Lorenzo Costa, 1535; 11th, Agostino Caracci, at the Capuchin Convent, Parma, 1601; J. J. de Loutherbourg, R.A., at Hammersmith, 1812; and Benjamin West, P.R.A, at London, 1820, buried in St. Paul's; 12th, Fransz van Mieris, at Leyden, 1681; 15th, Salvator Rosa, at Rome, 1673; 16th, F. T. Kugler, Art historian and critic, at Berlin, 1858; 19th, F. W. Schadow, at Dresden, 1862; 20th, Nicholas Largillière, at Paris, 1746; 21st, Jean Baptiste Greuze, in 1805; 27th, G. B. Tiepolo, at Madrid, 1770; and Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., architect, in 1878; 31st, F. W. Topham, at Cordova, 1877. The following deaths have also occurred in this month, Alexandre Calame, Swiss landscape painter, in 1864; and Comte Henri de Laborde, Art historian, in 1869.

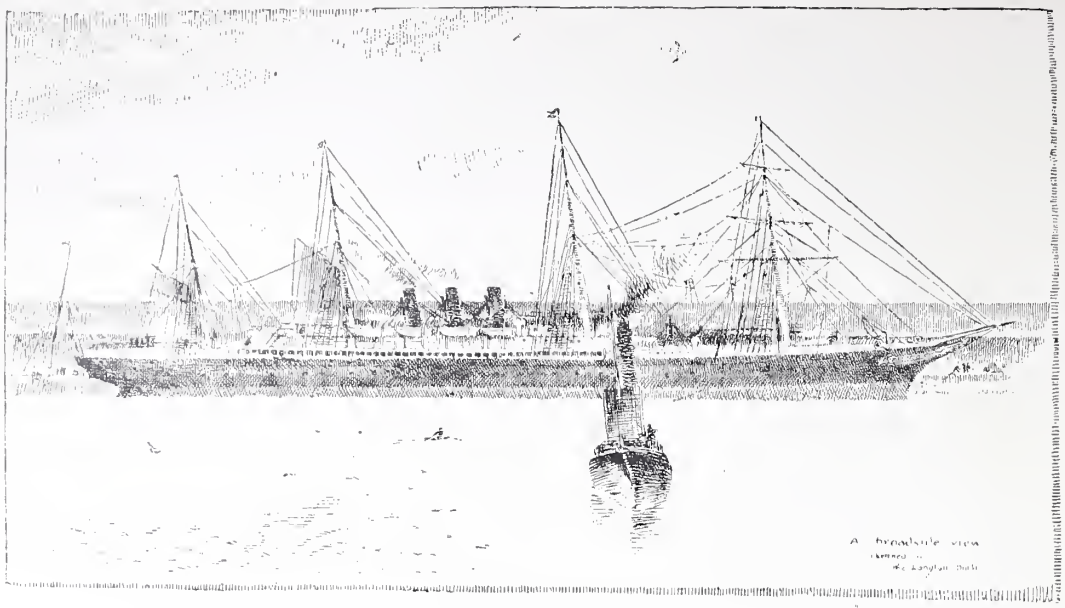
The 18th Ventôse, An X. (9th March, 1802), was the opening-day, at Paris, of the gallery of priceless pictures, acquired during the War of Liberty, by the army of the French Republic. ALFRED BEAVER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'HOMELESS.' Etched by Charles Courtry from the painting by A. H. Marsh.—Among the painters who look outside the range of historical or costume incidents, or of the little events of comfortable interest, for pathetic subjects, Mr. Marsh has for some years been foremost in England. His water colours first gave witness that a new artist was turning his thoughts to the fields and high-roads for scenes of rustic poverty and of wayfaring life, and his subsequent work in oils shows him constant to his choice. He by no means favours prosperous farming and fat land, such as breed the cattle of our shows or the wheat which is the pride of agricultural meetings. Nor does he deal with the farmer or the farmer's family, nor even with the model labourers upon his land. Mr. Marsh finds his artistic interest on the poor soil which has to be cleared of stones at the cost of much weariness, and whence the poor have much ado to draw the wages of work that lasts into the dusk. In 'Homeless' (exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1882) his subject is sadder still; the strength for labour is past, and a woman's old age is left without the shelter which a life of privations has failed to earn. The gravity of this painter's ideas is always to be found in his colouring and tone, and this harmony, admirably rendered by the etcher, is one of the chief beauties of the present pathetic picture.

'A MESSENGER OF GOOD TIDINGS.' From the picture by F. W. W. Topham. Engraved by F. Joubert.—Among the canvases by non-Academicians there have been few of late so popular as those of Mr. Topham, who attracts by subjects full of incident and movement, and satisfies by a certain completeness of composition and execution. His pictures are studio pictures; they even come under the faintly disparaging title of "costume pictures," which when uninteresting surely carry away the prize for insipidity. In his, however, there is the interest of vigour and vitality —qualities certain of their value, whether they are shown in the vivacious treatment of a landscape or portrait, or displayed more obviously in the action and spirit of a scene of incident and emotion. Mr. Topham is hardly one of the insistent modern realists, who take us into the very light and air of the streets and fields; but he is vivid enough to make us forget the platform, the costumier, and the model. Born in London some forty years ago, Mr. Topham has spent much of his time abroad—in France, and in the Italy from which he has drawn so many of the motives of his bright scenes of historical genre. Of these the nineteenth century, even in Italy, has yielded him but few. The Academy of 1878 contained his 'Drawing for Military Service, Modern Italy,' and we engraved his picture of 'Home after Service,' exhibited the following year, both representing scenes which are in our still later days of universal conscription as much a reminiscence as is the spectacle of a Cardinal of M. Heilbuth's, attended by a tall servant and a short, and exchanging stately and benignant courtesies with a brother-dignitary on the Pincio. But it is to remoter times that his subjects mostly refer—his 'Relics of Pompeii,' his 'Fall of Rienzi,' his 'Winged Pensioners of Assisi,' and the 'Burning of the Vanities' in Florence, under the august direction of Savonarola. To the same group belongs the picture now engraved. It represents the arrival of news of relief to Florence in 1496, and like that which commemorated the bonfire of ornaments and too luxurious art, it has found its inspiration not in Florentine history only, but in the Florentine history of the pages of George Eliot. Mr. Topham, like Sir Edwin Landseer, Mr. Frank Holl, and Mr. W. Leslie, is the son of an engraver, and he, as well as they, received his first lessons from his father. To that pedigree of painter from engraver he owes that literal care and that "quietness of natural light" which have won for him Professor Ruskin's praise.

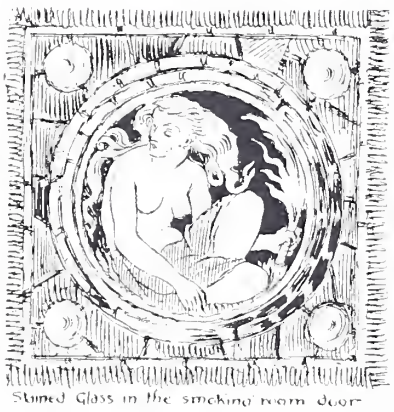
'TEARS.' From a drawing by Frederick Sandys.—This sketch, from the collection of J. Anderson Rose, Esq., is referred to in the article, page 76.



The City of Rome.

AN ATLANTIC LINER.

THE DRAWINGS BY F. RAFFLES DAVISON.

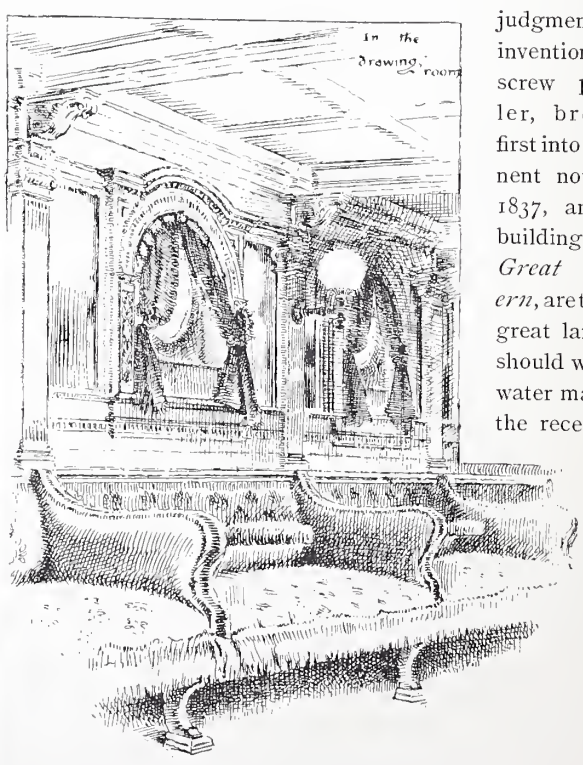


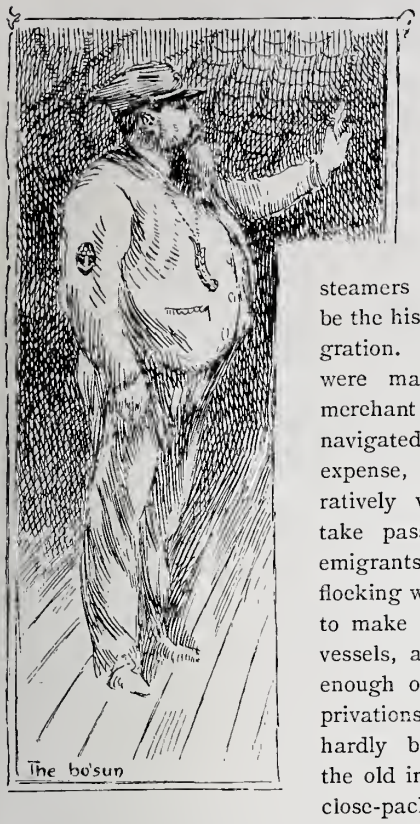
Stained Glass in the smoking room door

EARLY in 1808 the first passenger steamer began plying for hire on the waters of the Hudson. Proceeding from New York to Albany at a leisurely rate—no more than five miles in the hour—she was yet crowded with passengers, and her proprietors, Messrs. Fulton and Livingstone, got glory and great gain. How the Yankees of that day would have stared at the *City of Rome!* A pedantic historian, to adorn his tale, would lead us backward farther yet, even to mid-sixteenth century days, when Blasco de Garay made his bold essay. His incontinent boilers would awkwardly burst, yet he and his steamer (whatever it was), whether urging its fiery course, or in skyward deviation therefrom, excited high admiration and procured favour from Charles V.

It would have been interesting also to see what kind of a vessel that David Ramsay would have built, who in 1630 obtained a patent "To make boats, ships, and barges goe against the wind and tyde." Perhaps the canny Scotchman found a way to make money of his monopoly. It is certain, however, that he made no such vessel as he seemed to promise. To trace those progressive improvements in mechanism which opened the way for the perfected engines of James Watt forms no part of our plan. The "first practical steamboat" was the *Charlotte Dundas*, built by Symington for Lord Dundas, and launched on the Forth and Clyde canal in 1801. It was from observations taken on board this vessel that Fulton was able to build the *Clermont*, that scarcely superior passenger boat of which we have spoken.

The first steamer to cross the Atlantic made her start from the other side. Partly steaming, and partly by sail alone, the *Savannah* arrived at Liverpool from the States in 1819, after a passage of twenty-six days. This was the tentative and but partly successful experiment of a vessel not adapted for ocean navigation. The science of that time was still able to its own satisfaction to demonstrate that the navigation of the Atlantic by unassisted steam power was impracticable. Two English vessels, the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*, the latter expressly built for Atlantic service, soon made Science reverse her judgment. The invention of the screw propeller, brought first into prominent notice in 1837, and the building of the *Great Eastern*, are the two great land, or, should we say, water marks in the recent history of steam navigation. The *Great Eastern* always excepted, the *City of Rome* is the largest vessel in the



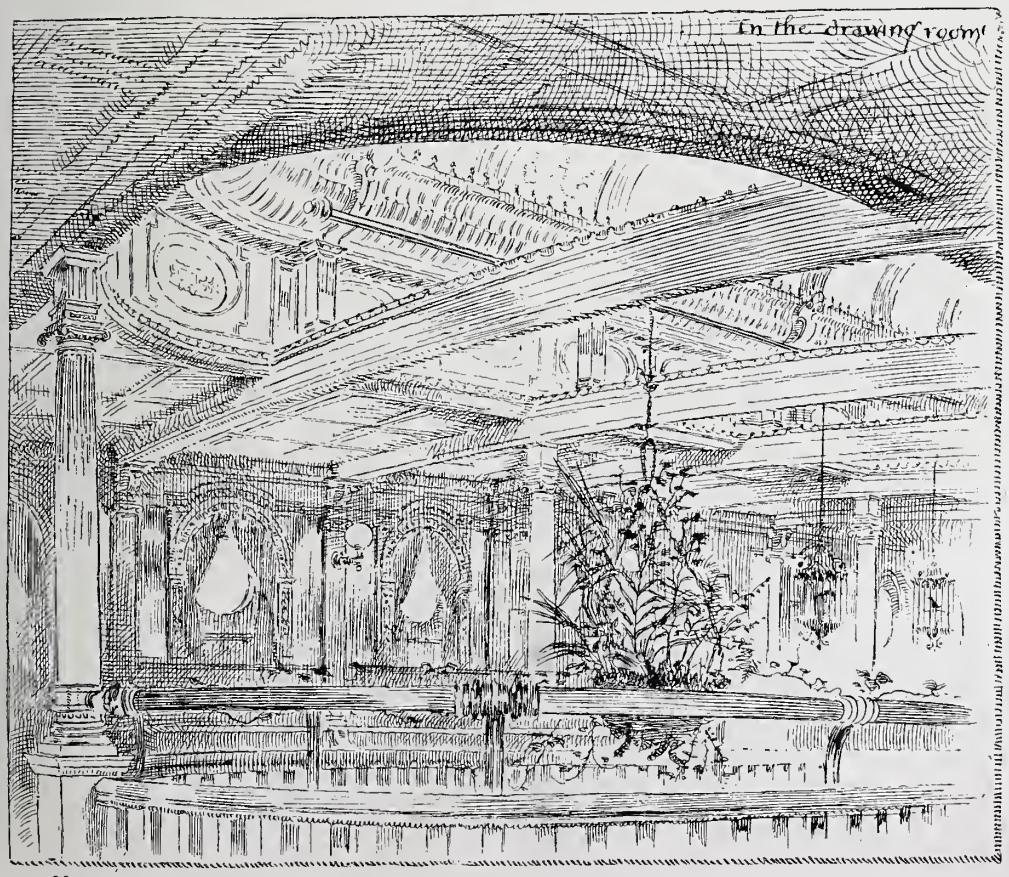


mercantile marine. The engines of the latter are without exception the strongest. She has lately changed hands.

The history of the Inman service of steamers may almost be said to be the history of American emigration. Prior to 1850 there were many steamers in the merchant marine; they were navigated, however, at great expense, and none but comparatively wealthy people could take passage in them. The emigrants, who even then were flocking westward, had perforce to make the voyage in sailing vessels, and the tales are sad enough of their sufferings and privations. The difference can hardly be imagined between the old interminable journey in close-packed wooden craft, and a swift and comfortable passage of seven days in a magnificent iron city. To Mr. William Inman, who lived to see the *City of Rome* launched but died before she sailed, belongs the credit of this adventure in a new path, humanitarian not less than commercial. He conceived the idea of employing iron vessels with screw propellers in the Atlantic, of dimensions large enough to enable them to carry so many passengers every voyage as to bring the fares within the reach of the humbler classes; in fact, to do the work of the "packets" at packet rates of charges. He thought this practical as a commercial enterprise, and in 1850, when little more than a youth, he commenced operations. It was on the 17th of December in that year that the steamer *City of Glasgow* sailed from Liverpool with her first consignment of emigrants, and it is a strong testimony to his energy and solicitude for his passengers, that both he and Mrs. Inman accompanied the ship to see that the passengers were properly attended to, and also to learn how the service might be improved. The scheme was a success from the outset. Of that success there could be no more striking proof than would be furnished by a comparison of these two ships, the



City of Glasgow and the *City of Rome*. No other such vessel as the latter, when she was launched on the 14th of June, 1881, was afloat on the waterways of the world. She measures some 560 feet from stem to stern; she is 52 feet in her beam; she displaces when loaded 13,768 tons of water, and has a mean draught of 26 feet. With a draught when fully loaded of 27 feet she is just able at flood tide to pass the bar at Sandy Hook, New York. Her masts are 180 feet high, and so would overtop many a church spire; her funnels have a circumference of nearly 11 yards, being 10 feet 9 inches in diameter. To better comprehend these figures we may remark that 560 feet is considerably more than the extremest dimensions of Westminster Abbey. Yet further to impress the mind and bring to it some apprehension of this magnitude, we may shift from linear to gastric measures and explain that the saloon of the *City of Rome* will accommodate 562 diners,



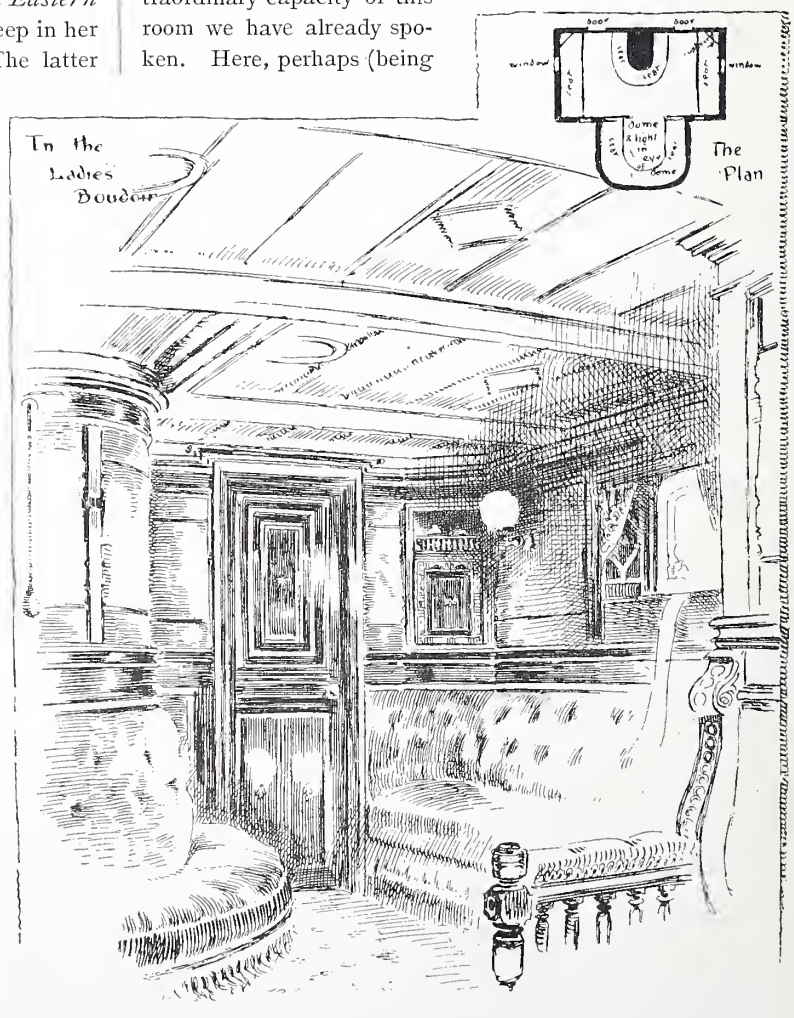


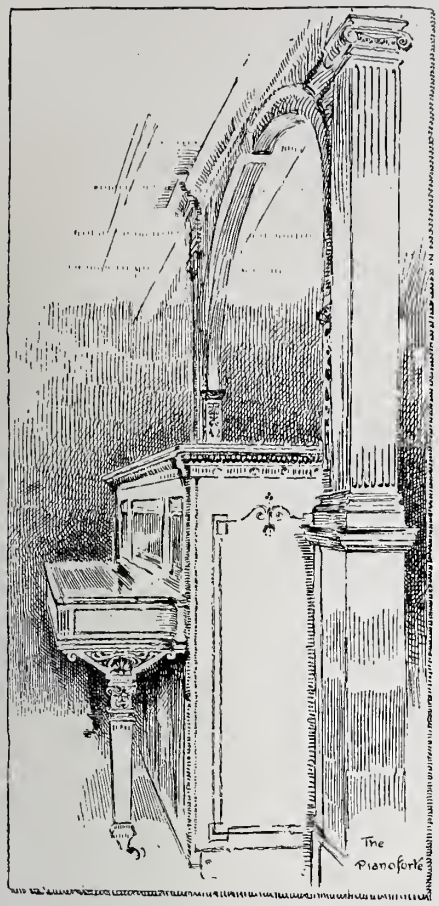
Nicholas Quinn.

rather more perhaps than twice the number that could find seats in the great hall of the Freemasons' Tavern. Comparing these dimensions, however, with those of the *Great Eastern*, we shall see that no modern engineer has emulated the vastness of Brunel's achievement. No modern vessel, indeed, would ever be built upon such faulty lines. The *Great Eastern* is 680 feet long and 83 feet in her beam, and 60 feet deep in her hold, as against 37 feet in the *City of Rome*. The latter vessel, therefore, is little more than half the actual bulk of her elder sister. The building of the *Great Eastern* belongs to the poetry of mechanical arts; the *City of Rome* exhibits the result of practical science in its ultimate application. Her cargo, to proceed with these details, is over 8,000 tons; she is propelled by a vast single screw worked by three "tandem" engines with a maximum force of 12,000 horse-power. She requires, to be properly handled, a crew of 300, and can hardly be turned in open sea in less than a mile of fair way. In the trial trip made by this steamer in 1881, it was demonstrated by actual performance that the engines could be brought to a dead stand-still in two seconds by the turning of a single lever, and that from going full speed ahead they could be reversed to full speed astern in the incredible space of five seconds.

In point of speed, she compares favourably with the best Atlantic boats, and may be counted upon to cover 500 miles in every 24 hours of fair weather. She can accommodate 520 first-class and 1,137 fore and steerage passengers, making with the crew a population of close on 2,000 souls, and thus exceeding the inhabitants of many a borough which returns a member to the Imperial Parliament. Statistical matters concerning his vessel usually receive little attention from the ordinary Atlantic passenger. He is a Gallio, caring for none of these things. His personal comfort, however, is another matter, and one about which, when a sea voyage is in question, he may justly be keen, and we will devote ourselves therefore to some description of the internal arrangements which most properly concern the passenger. Old-world travellers, reminiscent only of earlier days of the steam service, or the hardy modern, whose experience only ranges over the Channel Packet service which assists him in his journey to and from the Continent, would be astonished at the comfort and even luxury of such a vessel. In all her internal fittings we recognise rather the work of a modern house architect than of a shipbuilder.

Descending the main gangway (oak panelled, and enriched, it were hard to ask why, with a bronze of Augustus Cæsar), we pass through curtained doors to the drawing-room. A great structural difficulty of saloon architecture has been here cleverly overcome. By an ingenious management of his well-light, the architect has contrived to give an appearance of height to his room very grateful to the landsman, who, in a time of strange qualms, is apt to attribute his sickness to the depression occasioned by forced confinement between narrow decks. Our sketch will explain more clearly than words how this effect is achieved, and show also with what happy and homely accessories—flower baskets and song-birds—the traveller is surrounded. Ivy hangs from basket to basket with charming effect. The decoration of the whole room is tasteful no less than solid, and is pervaded by that air of pleasantness, the absence of which is often the sole but fatal fault of a drawing-room upon land. Leaving the drawing-room, we go to find the saloon. Of the extraordinary capacity of this room we have already spoken. Here, perhaps (being





on a lower deck), it was not possible quite to avoid that squat appearance which, in the drawing-room, is so successfully dealt with. The immense size of the room increases the difficulty. The ceiling rests upon 24 posts, believed generally to be of "Queen Anne" design. These pillars are oak panelled. There are 15 port lights on a side; the walls are panelled in box-wood and oak. The saloons, it may be remarked, are supplied with the electric light. The decoration of this vessel gives a high idea of the culture of its architect. At sea, no less than on land, a random catholicity is the note of the modern artist. We have seen the bronze of Augustus on the staircase, and taken pleased notice of the columns reputed "Queen Anne." Going now in search of the state-rooms, we shall know them by a series of Greek heads upon the door of one and a Japanese design upon the other.

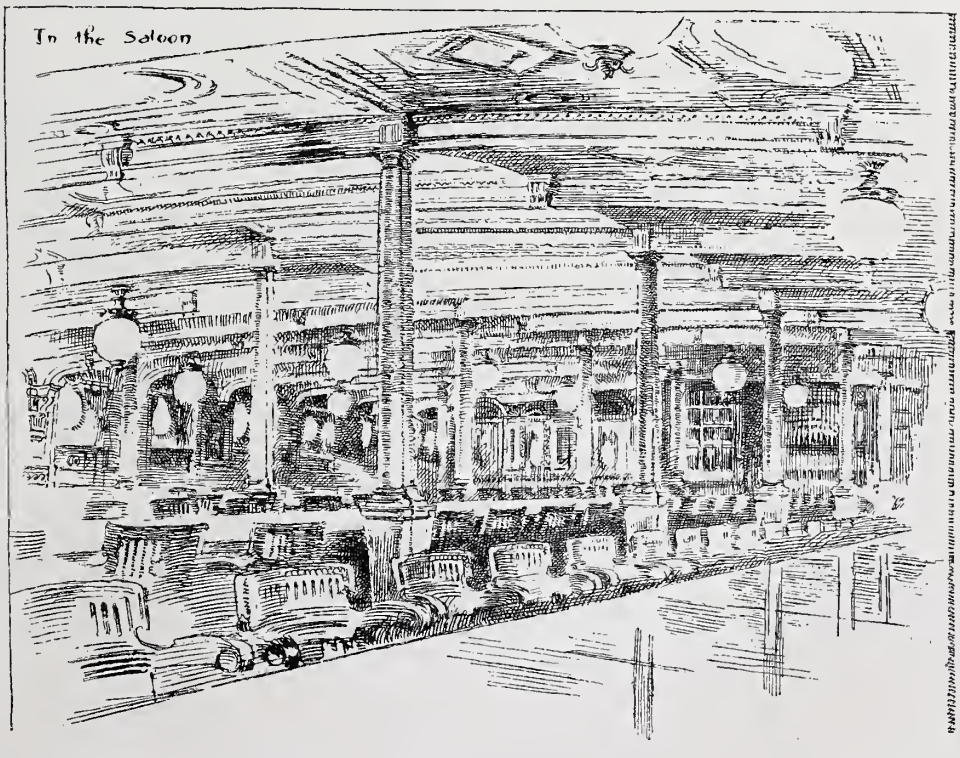
A well-to-do passenger desiring to retain the benefits whilst losing the inconvenience of social life, may secure one of these modest apartments for £100. Probably they are the most sumptuous state-rooms to be found in any passenger-ship.

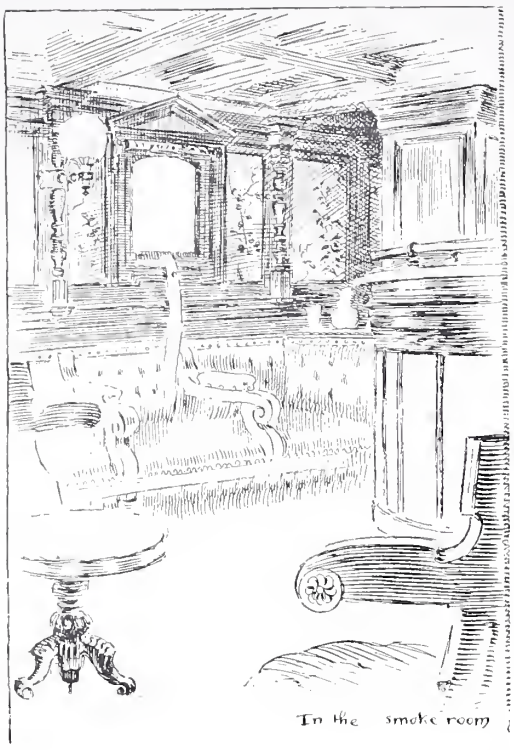
A great charm of the ladies' boudoir (see sketch and plan) is the main-mast of the ship. Not at first sight a happy addition to the furniture of a room, it has in this instance been made so, by fixing a settee around it. The boudoir is furnished in black and gold, the ceiling is gold and white, and the interspaces of the walls are filled with gold plush. Leaving the ladies and going aft we come to the reading-room. Here again the great comfort of this room is an admirable lounge fitted like the other to the mast. The windows have painted glass liberally enriched with portraits of illustrious men. Here, as in the smoking-room, the fittings are elaborate, even to luxury, and well suited to their purpose.



Our sketch gives a likeness of the Captain, a sailor of forty years' service. He commanded a vessel at twenty-four. He has crossed the Atlantic between three and four hundred times, and has from the first successfully navigated the *City of Rome*. Some familiars may recognise haply in a sketch of 'Verifying the Soundings,' the features of the first and fourth officers. We would leave our readers in good company. A fourth drawing accordingly introduces Nicholas Quinn, a seaman loved and trusted by his mates, and a perfect embodiment for us of "a jolly bo'sun."

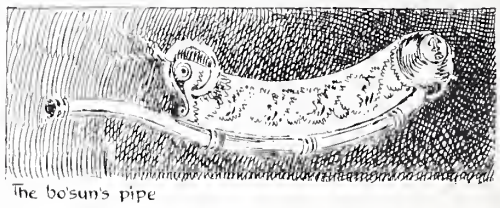
We might deduce the moral from this brief glimpse of the *City of Rome* that in most matters artistic it were well that there should be an association of all the practical knowledge and artistic culture which can be brought to bear on the





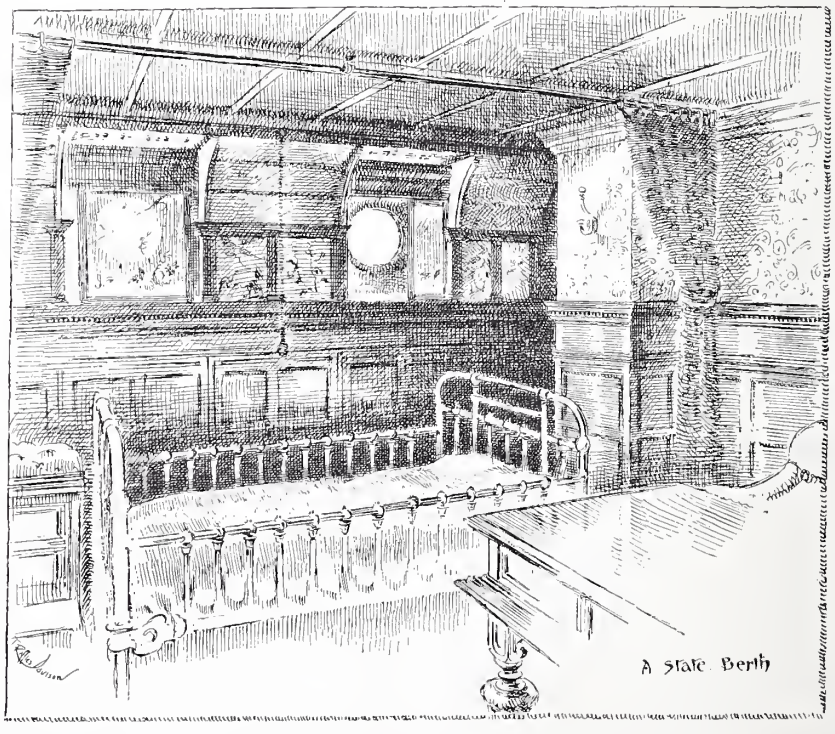
In the smoke room

subject. We should as little expect an architect to take up with ease the design of a ship's sections as we should ever have looked for any improvement in the decorative accessories of our passenger-ships from the builders of marine-engines, or even, for that matter, from naval architects themselves. It is only of very recent date that architects have been called in, to do for ships' interiors what it is their mission to do for houses, viz. to make them comfortable and ornate. It is well spent outlay, judging from results. The architect knows full well that in so far as he can secure some sense of that home comfort and luxury which passengers generally leave behind when they start *en voyage*, just in that measure will he help his clients, the shipowners, to secure the appreciation of the travelling public. In the luxuriously and tastefully appointed saloons, boudoirs, smoking and reading-rooms of the *City of Rome*, few passengers will find less of the ordinary comforts of life than they possess at home. It is only when we come to the berths that we find the drawbacks which it seems must ever prevail on board ship; even though the berths be tenfold as luxurious as formerly they were. Still in this the *City of Rome* very nearly comes up to the standard of household luxury in the state-rooms. One can but have a comfortable bed and a well-furnished and ventilated room, with bath-rooms convenient, and here it is, for those who choose to pay. When we consider how grudgingly the builder concedes his inches in the matter of height, length, and width for berths and saloons, it is evident that only by a most careful study of the design can such a luxurious result be arrived at as we find in our best passenger-ships. It has been the usual thing that, so far as "specification" was concerned, the requirements of a ship, however big, could be comfortably set forth in writing. Now fortunately we have largely changed the procedure, and we have results which could only be forthcoming from the carefully-detailed drawings of a man skilled in decorative art. The public are certainly the gainers. And the more the public get the more they will want. The time spent in an American voyage will not be grudgingly given when it is to pass in the enjoyment of comfortable surroundings, such as the landsman habitually



The bo'sun's pipe

sighs for; and though the jolly "bo'sun" may despise these things, and be very much the better for his belief, it is not to be expected that a land lubber, who devotes only a few weeks in the year to the sea, can suddenly become indifferent to his every-day surroundings of comfort or luxury. The great bar to further progress in design is the exceedingly small dimensions allowed for berths and the prohibition of greater height to the saloons. When the appearance of a comfortable bedroom has to be conjured up from a space of eight feet square, wherein two people are to rest, it is clear one must not be too expectant. However, our great passage companies have done great things for us, measured by the past, and we doubt not are already laying plans for further development and improvement in the future.



A state Berth

T. Raffles Davison.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

OPPORTUNITIES for the partial study of Sir Joshua Reynolds have been frequent enough, especially since the Academy went to Burlington House, but in the collection brought together by Sir Coutts Lindsay his art is represented as a whole for the first time in our generation. Its merits have been so often discussed, and the position in Art of the first of the P.R.A.'s is a matter on which most people have so entirely made up their minds, that we need not here enter into any argument as to his claim to be considered a great master; we may be content to repeat how thoroughly he was suited to his time, to point out the skill with which he has combined a truthful record of the externals with an insight into all that was best in the mind of the eighteenth century, and the catholic sympathies which helped him to do equal justice to leaders of men like Heathfield, Keppel, and Amherst, to young mothers like the two first Countesses Spencer, the Duchess of Devonshire, and a host of others; to babies in arms, to toddling children, even to pert, irresponsible queans like Mrs. Abington, Nellie O'Brien, and Kitty Fisher; and to ladies who, like Miss Jacobs, wore a demureness that was too good to be true. This breadth of a sympathy that refined whatever it touched is richly illustrated in the present collection. Taking the most notable pictures in their order, we come first upon five portraits of Sir Joshua himself; the best of the five, and one of the best of his works, being the three-quarter length on panel belonging to the Royal Academy. Next to it hangs 'Mrs. Abington, as Miss Prue, in *Love for Love*,' the famous picture which was at Burlington House a winter or two ago. Some wit of the time compared the saucy actress to "the miller's mare, for ever looking for a white stone to shy at;" and in this portrait the process of excogitating some new freak seems to be going on before our eyes. Above the 'Prue' hangs 'Mrs. Pelham feeding her Chickens,' a great work reduced to a wreck through careless cleaning; and beside it 'Mrs. Nesbitt (one of *ces dames*) as Circe;' she is believed to be the Mrs. Nesbitt whose relations with the third Earl of Bristol, the first husband of the notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, are familiar to all readers of Horace Walpole; but the point is not quite certain, for in 1781, when this picture was painted "for Lord Bristol" (see Reynolds's Pocket-book), the third earl had been dead two years. In the expression of the head, and in technical qualities, it is one of the finest of Sir Joshua's works; but in some respects the composition is unhappy, while the animals introduced are ludicrous. High upon the same wall there is a full-length of a boy, 'Master Lister,' afterwards Lord Ribblesdale, which is interesting as an example of a little-known phase of Sir Joshua's practice.

At the end of the room hang those two famous groups belonging to the Dilettanti Society which were last seen by the public when lent to the National Gallery some fifteen years ago. The heads are put in with extreme vigour and breadth, but, as in nearly all Sir Joshua's large groups, the composition is so poor as to be little more than a minus quantity. It was seldom indeed that he contrived to bring even three figures on to a single canvas in a quite satisfactory fashion. In spite of his feeling for beauty of a kind he had little sense of line; it would be difficult to point to more than one or two pictures by him in which a rhythmical "arabesque," as the French call it, can be traced. Here almost the only instance of success in that respect, and even there it is but a qualified success, is the portrait of the three Ladies Waldegrave, in other ways a careless and disappointing picture. Close by it hangs a full-length of Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess successively of Hamilton and Argyll, which is as unsatisfying as most portraits of famous beauties; a head of Sheridan, painted in 1789, and often engraved, and a replica of 'Muscipula,' perhaps the most fantastic of Sir Joshua's child-pictures. In his will Reynolds left the right to choose from his unsold works to several of his nearest friends, among others to Lord Upper-Ossory, who selected 'The Nymph,' one of the painter's few attempts at the nude. In colour it glows with the gold of Venice, but in other respects it falls far short of the 'Iphigenia' from Buckingham Palace, which is also here. Passing 'The Nymph,' we come to one of the charming sketches for the great Marlborough family pictures; to a lovely but anonymous 'Mother and Child,' lent by the Duke of Westminster; to the famous rather than fascinating 'Lady Powis,' the original of one of Valentine Green's most delightful mezzotints, and to the great 'Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' from Grosvenor House. This is one of those pictures which have lost their proper place in the world through changes in their substance. The painter must originally have trusted to the luminous quality of his paint to give brilliance to a composition in which little positive colour found a place, but with time his browns have become horny, heavy, and bituminous, and there is nothing to carry the light and charm that beam from the lovely face to the edge of the canvas. It is suggestive of the true artist spirit which breathed in Reynolds that in this, one of the two pictures on which he signed his full name, he should have so written it that it seems part of the embroidery on his muse's robe, and could hardly be read if we did not know beforehand what to expect. The 'Infant Academy,' another famous picture, pleases by its motive rather than by its workmanship. Unsold at the painter's death, it was selected for his legacy by the second Lord Palmerston; it now belongs to Lord Mount-Temple. Next to it hangs one of the finest of the many exquisite pictures Sir Joshua painted for the Spencer family. It is the portrait of the second Lady Spencer, with her son, Lord Althorp, now so well known through Mr. Cousins' engraving. The motive was a favourite one with Reynolds, who had used it years before, with a difference, in a portrait of the first Countess and her daughter, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, which hangs in the next gallery. As to the identity of this young lady, however, we are again forced into doubt, as the picture is said to have been painted in 1769, when the future beauty was already twelve years old, while this child is three or four at the most. To the portrait of the Duchess herself, with her child, painted in 1786, and lent by the Duke of Devonshire, a central position at the top of the room has been given. For *abandon* and daring of conception it is, perhaps, the most notable of Sir

Joshua's works, while its workmanship shows a care and research too seldom found in his happiest conceptions. Round this picture there is quite a cluster of famous canvases—a replica of 'The Strawberry Girl;' the portrait of Baretti painted for Thrale; 'Miss Harris,' the last, and ('Miss Bowles' notwithstanding) the best of Sir Joshua's children with dogs. The three daughters of the eighth Lord Cathcart, whose wife was a granddaughter of the sixth Duke of Hamilton, were painted respectively by Romney, Gainsborough, and Reynolds; 'Lady Mansfield,' by "the man in Cavendish Square," and 'Mrs. Graham,' by Gainsborough (the picture which was built up in the wall of Lord Lynedoch's house, and forgotten for half a century, but is now the gem of the Scottish National Gallery), are masterpieces, but Sir Joshua has been less happy in his portrait of the third sister and of Lady Cathcart herself. The picture is interesting, however, as an example of the style he brought back from his tour in Italy. A head of Bartolozzi, and another of 'Mrs., afterwards Lady, Morris,' in which we find a colour arrangement recalling Netscher and other Dutchmen; a 'Doctor Johnson,' said to have been given by Reynolds to Boswell, but now a ghastly ruin; a profile of Mrs. Robinson ("Poor Perdita"); and a half-length of Warren Hastings, in which little of the energy and iron will that distinguished his features in later years can be traced; a full-length of the magnificent Lord Errol, Lord High Constable of Scotland in 1760, who was six and a half feet high; a half-length of 'Cathcart of Fontenoy,' with his patch, a crescent of black sticking-plaster under the right eye; and the famous, but terribly slight, 'La Collina,' a portrait of Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, daughter of the second Earl of Upper-Ossory, now better known than ever through Mr. Cousins' recent mezzotint, complete the list of the more interesting portraits. Of the few subject pictures we have already spoken; there is also a single landscape, the view from Richmond Hill, as it appeared from the villa Sir Joshua bought there and seldom entered. Like so many of his backgrounds, this picture shows that he might, had he chosen, have held much the same position towards Gainsborough in landscape as he does in portrait.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

ART NOTES.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The election of an Associate to the Royal Academy, which took place on the 30th of January, was noticeable in many respects. The interest which it excited drew together an Assembly numbering sixty persons. At the first ballot Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. Colin Hunter, and Mr. Topham stood out from many other names with 12, 10, and 10 votes respectively. A second ballot between the two last named resulted in Mr. Hunter giving Mr. Topham the go-by. In the final ballot between Mr. Hunter and Mr. Hunt 34 votes were recorded for the former against 25 for the latter. The Academy now consists of its full complement of Academicians, namely forty-two, and of thirty-one Associates, there being one vacancy in the latter body, caused by the death of Mr. Francis Holl. Eight of these seventy-one are landscape painters. It must be some consolation to Mr. Hunt that he received the unanimous vote of this section. His non-success is stated to have been due to a feeling of resentment on the part of the Academy at the action of a considerable portion of the press, who, in their reviews of the Exhibition now being held of his work, loudly proclaimed him as the most deserving candidate. This may have accounted for certain abstentions, but we believe that a far greater number of the members were influenced by Mr. Hunt's peculiar method of placing his colours on the canvas; such singular qualities as delicacy, refinement, poetry, and an unrivalled power of rendering certain effects of English landscape availing nothing in their eyes against an unacademical method of painting. Many would include in his list of qualifications that he is one of the first water-colour painters of the day, forgetful that proficiency in that branch of the arts has not yet come to be recognised as of any value in testing an artist's claim to a place in the Royal Academy of Arts.

A CLUB, having for its object the holding of Art conversazioni, has been formed by the Royal Society of Water-Colour Painters. A considerable competition has taken place for membership, which is limited to two hundred.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—An Exhibition, under the management of the Bewick Club, was opened in January in the Galleries, 89, Pilgrim Street, the Earl of Ravensworth delivering the inaugural address. It displayed two features, viz. the power of Scottish artists, who have never previously been so well represented in the metropolis of the North, and of the local artists. Amongst these last named we may mention H. H. Emerson (the President of the Club) and Ralph Hedley for figures; John Surtees for landscape, and Robert Jobling for marine subjects. Portraiture found able exponents in J. Hodgson Campbell, George Walton, and Chas. W. Mitchell.

Mr. W. BEATTIE BROWN has been elected a full member of the Royal Scottish Academy.

ROYAL CAMBRIAN ACADEMY.—The annual meeting of this Society was held on the 4th ulto., when the following were elected Associates: A. de Breanski, L. J. Graham Clarke, J. Jackson Curnock, J. MacDougal, Claude Hayes, B. S. Marks, R. T. Minshull, Knighton Warren. Messrs. W. Collinson, W. Davies, J. M. Griffith, E. Hayes, and W. Holloway were raised to the rank of Academicians. We understand that an application has been made by this body for a charter of incorporation, but prior to such a privilege being granted some evidence should be forthcoming of their claim to such a privilege. The list of Academicians contains many names absolutely unknown in the world of Art, and the Rules under which the Society is governed appear to have been framed by some one entirely unversed in such matters. Their prospectus states that Wales has long wanted an Academy of its own, England, Scotland, and Ireland being provided for. If this be so, why are Welshmen in the minority in the list of members?

THE BOSTON (U.S.) MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS has invited British artists to form a representative exhibition of water colours and works in black and white, to be held in this city in the autumn.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Preparations are now on foot for an Exhibition to be held here, the object of which will be to illustrate the history of Russian *mobilier*, from the rough utensils of the early Slavonians down to the furniture of the present day, specimens of which as used by the different classes will be displayed.—Offerings of sacred vessels, church utensils, etc., for the votive church now in course of erection over the spot on which Alexander II. was assassinated, have been pouring in so abundantly as to prove an embarrassment; the more so that it has been determined that every article is to be in strict keeping with the architectural design of the edifice. The competition for designs for the covers of the ceremonial Gospel-book has been decided in favour of M. Komarof, and the work has been executed by the firm of Ovchinikof, the well-known ecclesiastical goldsmith. This almost barbarously sumptuous work is of silver gilt, the metal alone weighing sixty-two pounds, so that it will require two, if not three, deacons to carry it. The style is highly ornate Byzantine, the principal feature being medallions of the saints whose names occur in the Greek calendar on the day of the Emperor's assassination.

NEW BOOKS.

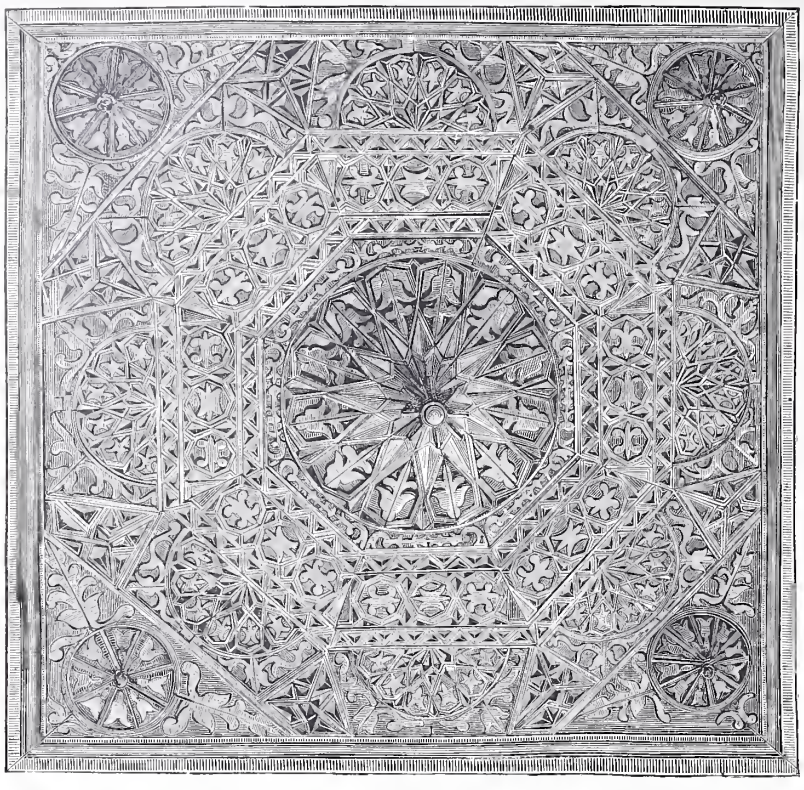
"LA CIVILISATION DES ARABES." By Dr. Gustave Le Bon (Paris: Firmin-Didot et Cie.).—This quarto volume of nearly 750 pages is the first instalment of a work which is intended, when finished, to form a complete history of human civilisation. It aims at giving a compendious and lucid account of the civilisation which was the first to rise upon the ruins of the antique idea, a civilisation which drew a zone of culture and material magnificence across the old world, from the Straits of Gibraltar in the West, to the Ganges in the East. That a work with such an aim should demand notice in a journal especially devoted to Art, is a sign of the times, and of the revolution in the methods of history which has taken place within the last thirty years. M. Le Bon, however, is of opinion that there is but one way to describe the plastic achievements of a people, and that is to represent them.—"Photographs of the Parthenon, of the Alhambra, of the Venus of Melos, are better worth having than a complete collection of all the books that have been written about them"—and so we are not surprised to find his own volume lavishly besprinkled with illustrations. The choice of these has been made with tact; artistically they are at peace one with another, while they cast as broad a light upon the main theme of the book as its author could wish. That theme is divided into six chief parts: 1, Le milieu et la race; 2, Les origines de la civilisation Arabe; 3, L'empire des Arabes; 4, Mœurs et institutions des Arabes; 5, La civilisation des Arabes; 6, La Décadence de la civilisation Arabe. There is no index, but the volume includes a copious bibliography, which leaves little to be desired from a French point of view. Dr. Le Bon shows all the skill so common with writers of his race in explaining the effect of material conditions and plastic instincts in modifying and guiding progress, but he is less happy in his treatment of such complicated problems as those connected with the internal decay of a great people; while in his allusions to economical and political questions like the method and effect of British rule in India, he displays that sublime ignorance of notorious facts of which only a Frenchman has the courage to be guilty. On the whole, however, and in spite of his exaggerated respect for the Arab, whom he puts on a higher pedestal, we fancy, than he (the Arab) would have chosen for himself even at his highest fortunes, he has treated his subject with a constructive skill and a breadth of view that almost persuade us to believe in the practicability of the gigantic task he has set himself.



A Turkish Lady. From "La Civilisation des Arabes."

"A HISTORY OF ROME AND OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE," by Victor Duruy; the translation edited by the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy. Vol. I. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.).—This important work is planned rather upon the lines of Niebuhr and the picturesque historians of a generation ago than upon the more scientific—perhaps too scientific—system

of Mommsen and other less famous writers of the present day. It begins by an exhaustive and thoroughly readable description of the natural conditions and aspects of the peninsula in which the greatest historical drama that has yet been played found a stage; it then goes on to an account of the foundation of Rome and of its early years, based partly upon tradition, partly upon induction from what we know as to the constitution of the state during historical times. The instalment now published brings us to the end of the Second Punic War. The chapters on the social condition and political arrangement of the ancient nations of Italy, such as the Etruscans, the Oscans, and the Sabellians, are perhaps the most valuable in the book, so far as it has gone. M. Duruy gives a clear and consistent account of a passage in ancient history which is to most of us as interesting as it is obscure. It is exceptionally well illustrated with maps and woodcuts, and chromolithographs.



Ceiling of an Old House at Cairo. From "La Civilisation des Arabes."

"English Children as Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds," by Frederic G. Stephens (Remington & Co.).—If Mr. Stephens had called his essay "English children and their fathers and mothers, as painted by Sir Joshua," he would have given a more accurate idea of its contents than by the comparatively modest title he has actually selected. The nine chapters into which his work is divided, give one of those half critical, half gossiping, accounts of the whole life's work of Reynolds that, in the hands of a competent writer, are so sure to be enjoyable. No society is better known to the English reader than that in which the first of the P.R.A.'s passed his life. Thanks to Boswell, Walpole, Fanny Burney, and a few more, we understand it better, and are hardly less at home in it, than in the society of our own day; so that the experienced critic who offers to take us for a walk through the pictures, in which nearly all the men and women, and not a few of their children, by whom the last half of the eighteenth century was adorned, are immortalized, would have to do his work very badly indeed to fail of enlisting our sympathies. And Mr. Stephens has done his work well. His style is discursive, and his book as a whole has little of that form on which a French critic would lay such stress; but he writes with animation, and with much of that personal *entrain* which, although it may now and then lead to an error of judgment, adds so much to the reader's pleasure, and to the force of praise or blame. At this time of day, we cannot, of course, expect that even a critic of Mr. Stephens' experience should tell us many things that are new upon such a well-worn subject as Reynolds and his Sitters; but he has put into compendious form a great deal of information that was before only to be got at by searching through Northcote, and the two thick volumes of the Leslie-Taylor "Life."

"Bygone Beauties" (Field and Tuer). Folio, 21s.—Mr. Tuer was fortunate enough to secure at a sale at Christie's last year a complete set of the "Select Series of Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion." These stippled engravings after Hoppner, were issued by Wilkin in 1797 and following years. The price, some sixty guineas, paid by the purchaser, was thought at the time to be extravagant, for the ten portraits can often be picked up singly for a few shillings apiece; but Mr. Tuer apparently knew what he was about. His intention—a wise one—was to reproduce the work, and therefore to him the presence of the original paper covers, which alone caused the work to fetch so high a price, were a consideration. The reproductions, which are apparently autotypes, are very good indeed. In close-up frames they would almost deceive a practised eye; and they certainly deserve to be framed not only as works of Art, but as types of rare English beauty. "Bygone Beauties" they have been aptly termed, and yet it is a remarkable fact that many of them lived amongst the present generation. For instance, Charlotte, Countess of Ashburnham, whose handsome face was painted in 1794, lived to 1862; Lady Charlotte Campbell, whose portrait was painted in 1796, and who inherited the beauty of her mother, Miss Gunning, died in 1861, and Viscountess Andover, painted in 1799, died in 1863.

Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." Illustrated by David Scott, R.S.A. With Notes by the Rev. Dr. Simpson (Nelson).—The strange weirdness of David Scott's Art is strongly shown in these illustrations to the "Ancient Mariner." His designs have much of that mysteriousness which characterizes the poem, and though his grace in draughtsmanship does not reach the standard of excellence in artistic power attained by the pure poetry of Coleridge's language, it is sufficiently alike to make the union of the two most acceptable. Dr. Simpson's notes bear evidence of care, and help to elucidate to the popular mind what may be obscure; but his life of the artist is somewhat brief.

THE CALCUTTA EXHIBITION.

PROPHETS prophesied well of the Great International Exhibition of Calcutta, 1883–84, and in spite of the croaking of divers birds of ill-omen, who continued their croak even to the day of a dreadfully dismal and somewhat disastrous inaugural ceremony, it seems that the prophets prophesied wisely.

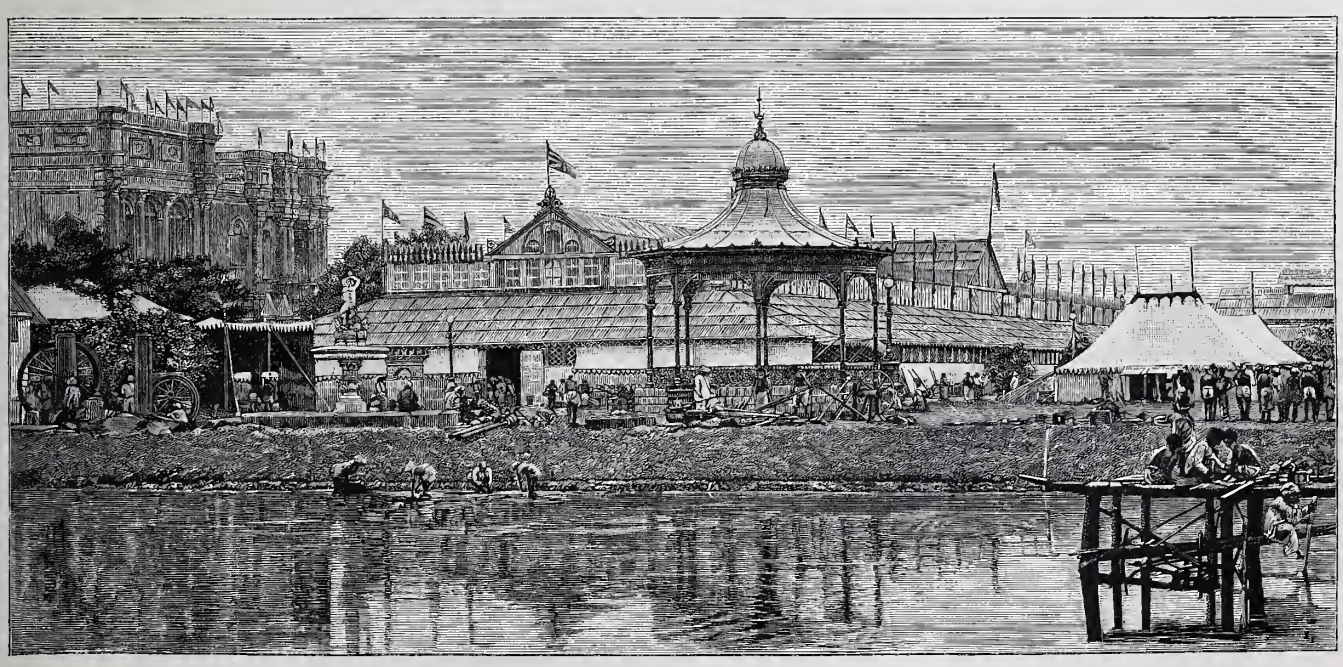
It is true that of the multitudes who daily tread the courts of the Exhibition, the mass are natives, or the large middle-class polychromatic population of Calcutta; the long-looked-for stream of up-country cousins and of dwellers in Assam and Cacharia has not yet flowed into our palatial city. But to fill a show with sightseers is but one issue of an exhibition: and there seems to be ground for confidence that this enterprise will fulfil its larger mission, namely, encourage trade and the industries, spread æsthetic taste, and that greed for the possession of things of beauty which is of all greeds the most pardonable. Already almost every saleable article that attracts the eye of the artist and Art lover is marked as sold.

The portion of the Exhibition which is the attraction of Art lovers is naturally that of the Indian courts. Here is a wide field of delight for the man who is learned in Indian Art lore, or the student who can find some Gamaliel at whose feet to sit and study the quaint designs, the strange *bizarre* effects, the barbaric splendour, and the gorgeous tonality of old Oriental Art.

Before, however, proceeding to notice the more remarkable and artistic exhibits, we will give a very skeleton sketch of the position of the Exhibition and its general features.

The main portion of the building is in two distinct pieces, the wide Chowringhee road running between them. On the one side, joined on to the old Calcutta Museum, there is a solid red brick building (seen on the left of Illustration No. 1), within which are contained the European, Australian, and Tasmanian courts; a building which is intended to be permanent, although, pictorially viewed, it is of no unique, architectural, or artistic merit; however, it is solid, substantial, and what is commonly called handsome. Many of the exhibits, we had almost written most of the exhibits, contained in it come under a like classification. There are rifles, guns of all sorts, carriages, tricycles, bicycles, and cycles, cast-iron gates, wire cots and cages, modern furniture, paper hangings, lamps, cloths, curtains, wines, soaps, candles, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The man of culture, let loose for an hour or two in these British and Colonial mazes, turns away his weary eyes from beholding pyramidal biscuit towers and mathematical mosaics of beer bottles, and with a feeling of inexpressible relief crosses a slender bridge which, suspended over the Chowringhee road, leads him to enchanted land. He may note, *en passant*, that the exterior of the Indian portion of the

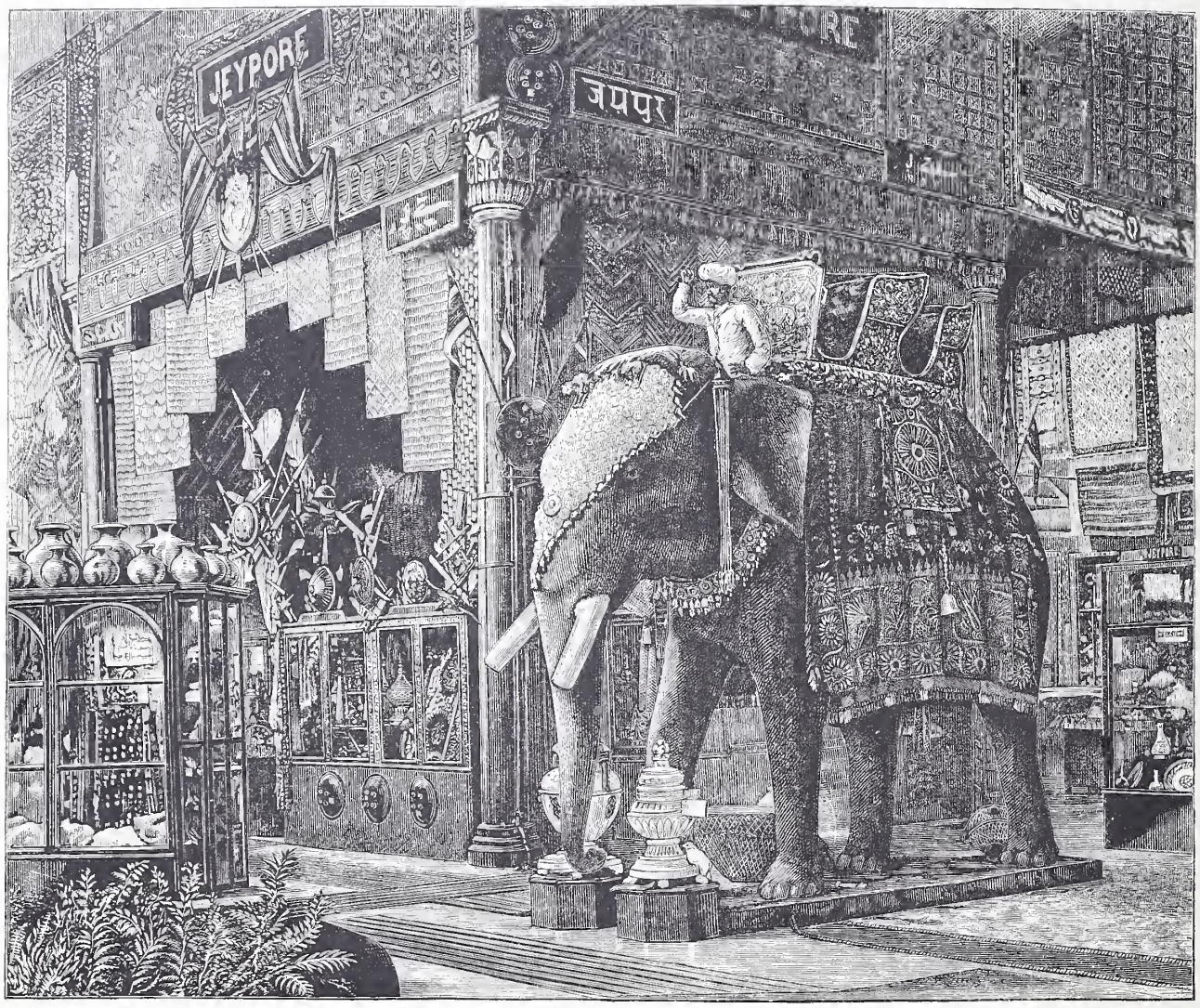


No. 1.—The Indian Annexe. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

Exhibition is nothing but a sort of iron shed (the centre building in Illustration No. 1), with roof of corrugated iron. Arrived at the farther side of the bridge he will at once find himself in the heart of the gorgeous East. On the threshold

his attention will be arrested by the Gwalior gateway which spans the entrance. This magnificent piece of stone carving is one of the finest things in the Exhibition. Passing to the left, leaving behind him one of the huge caparisoned elephants, ablaze with golden trappings (seen in Illustration No. 2), that stand like Titanic sentinels on either side the doorway, and noting *en passant* a body of juvenile culprits temporarily emancipated from jail, working at a carpet-frame like so many miniature automatons, the visitor will arrive at the Madras and Travancore court, and begin his inspection there.

First to note are the exhibits of metal work, the more interesting, as metal work is not only one of the master handicrafts of India, but a very ancient as well as modern branch of Oriental Art, and the one most intimately associated with Oriental life. For the ordinary drinking or water vessel, the *lota*, the censers, candlesticks, sacrificial spoons and images of the gods are made in brass and copper all over India, and of the same patterns as we find in figures of them on the oldest Bhuddist sculptures. Very many places in India are celebrated, justly and otherwise, for their work in brass and other metals, but that of Tanjore, in the Presidency of Madras, is thought to be superior to all in boldness of form and elaboration of ornamentation. It recalls the description



No. 2.—Jeypore Court. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

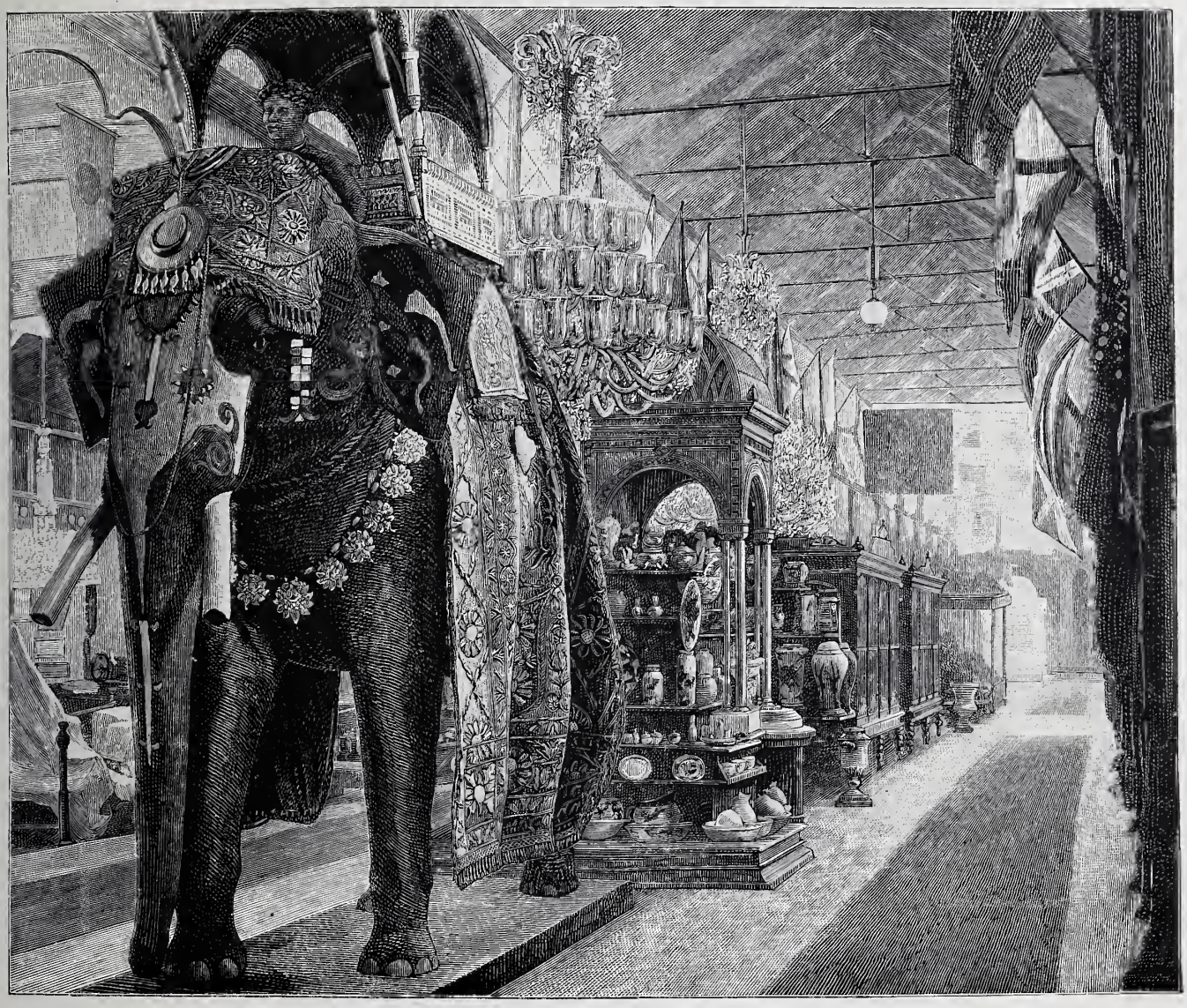
of Homer of "the work of the artists of Sidon in bowls of antique frame."

The first exhibit from the Tanjore district is that of copper-ware overlaid with silver. The encrusting or overlaying of copper-ware with silver figures is a modern version of the older art of covering brass with copper figures, the silver being attached to the copper much in the same way as the copper to the brass. The effect of this work is very striking, and increases rather than diminishes with age, as time deepens the hue of the copper and tones down the white gleam of the silver. The exhibit consists of *kodums*, or pots of various sizes very similar in shape, trays round and octagonal, *chembus*, and *lotas*. We specially noted one big *kodum*, of which the copper ground was broken up, the design not being so flat as in the others, and consequently the more effective; it was covered with a floral pattern in silver, and mythological figures of a fine finish. There is also a fine exhibit of specimens of brass encrusted with copper. The finest was in the shape of an octagonal brass tray, overlaid with silver and copper, the design being of mythological figures—Krishna playing on the flute in the centre. The fault, if fault it be, of all these designs is the mass of ornamentation. Some of the *lotas* and *kodums* are covered all over with *crustæ* of the leaf pattern, but the result is nearly always effective.

Next, we come to an exhibit of brass-ware overlaid with silver, and of copper-ware overlaid with silver, from Tirupati,

North Arcot district. This is a rude kind of Damascene work, but the effect is singularly fine. There is about it an antique grandeur, a barbaric splendour that the more modern and far more finished work seems to lack. We remarked a large copper tray overlaid with silver, having in its centre a Persian couplet in praise of wine; the effect as a whole was Saracenic in character, and most daring and effective. A trophy of this kind of work would look very well in some English dining-room furnished throughout with oak.

We turn from our inspection of the metal work to an exhibit of a very different kind—a large collection of nicknacks in what is known as Vizagapatam work, or sandal-wood, tortoiseshell, horn, etc., inlaid with ivory. Our first sensation on looking at this work is a regret for labour lost, skill wasted, industry misapplied. The work is said to be in much demand, and some specimens exhibited are triumphs of patience and care, but here artistic perception of the beauty of form seems to be altogether lacking to the skilled artisan; unique design there is none. The shapes of the jewel-cases, inkstands, work-boxes, etc., are all copied from the poorest European types, and sometimes fail even to come up to the low mark of their prototypes; the more the pity, for the work upon them



No. 3.—The Indian Court, looking North. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

is of the most delicate and finished sort. One jewel-case exhibited is said to be the finest specimen of its class ever made. The groundwork of the box is of tortoiseshell, and this is covered with an ivory fretwork, delicate as some cobweb of old lace; the ivory, instead of being etched as usual, is carved out to the tiniest detail with marvellous skill and fidelity, the fretwork being nearly covered with floral decoration and mythological figures. But the shape of the case itself is entirely wanting in any character of its own.

Now let us turn for awhile from the stalls to the walls, and look at the mats and palampores hanging therefrom. First, the palampores. These are the most remarkable of the cotton exhibits. The palampore, as its name implies, is used as a bed-cover, but it would be of still more service, artistically, as a wall decoration. Some specimens of the older palampores are very artistic, both as regards complex pattern and colouring. All the finer ones are prepared by stencilling and hand-painting; some of the more expensive Masulipatam-made palampores being virtually hand-painted pictures on cotton or cloth. The Kalahastri palampore contains mythological scenes, and descriptions of the same in the vernacular. One exhibited by the Zemindar of Kalahastri represents scenes in the Ramájanam; another scenes in the Bháratam. We noticed one especially suitable for wall

decoration, both in the matter of design and colouring. It was hand-painted, the pattern a sort of flowing foliage, the tones chiefly of dull deep reds and subdued greens.

While on the subject of textile fabrics, we cannot pass without remark the exhibit of work produced at the Hobart school for Muhammadan girls. There are some dress pieces of the fabric known as *pushmeena*, embroidered in real gold and silk, and of the workers of these it may truly be said that they did work the gold "in the blue and in the purple and in the scarlet, with cunning work." One reason why this "raiment of wrought gold" is so effective is owing, no doubt, to the deep-toned Indian stuff upon which it is worked—a lesson to European textile manufacturers with their glaring and harsh colours. Of what use is the most delicate embroidery upon a ground of magenta or toneless blue?

In this exhibit there are also two or three specimens of Conjeeveram silk, embroidered with the like elaboration; and a black net dress covered with gold and beetles' wings. They who only know this last-named work from the specimens of it occasionally offered for sale in England, would be surprised at the effect produced when the material is delicate and the embroidery finely done.

A pair of Phulkari curtains hang in front of the entrance to the Madras court, mocking many a Tantalus who passes by that way, for these curtains are not for sale. The stuff of which they are made is very soft to the touch, but not particularly fine in texture; the tint is of very intense blue, so dark as to seem almost black in shadow. This dark, deep, shadowy blue is heavily embroidered in yellow silk of the natural colour. The design is a good deal mixed, but the whole effect is singularly striking.

One word about the single specimen shown of Arni muslin. Our readers will have heard of the muslins of Arni, or at any rate of the muslins of Decca, the *abrawan*, or "running water;" *bafthowa*, "woven air;" *subhanam*, "evening dew." These poetic names convey a better idea of the fineness of these lovely white webs than pages of prose description. The muslin of Arni is like the muslin of Decca, and is "fine as the filmy web the spider weaves," as Homer describes the golden web of Hephæstus. One solitary specimen is exhibited, and this was obtained only after considerable difficulty. Owing to the lack of encouragement, the industry has become almost extinct; specimens are now only made to order. It is interesting to read particulars of the yarn used in weaving these wondrous webs, and the *modus operandi* of the whole work, but after perusing them we think few will feel much surprise that the labour is dying out in these later days.

Before quitting the subject of textile manufactures we must notice a pair of reed mats from Kimedi, Ganjam district. This work, we believe, is well known at home; it looks like a very fine kind of matting, of the sort known in India as *seetul patti*; when the colours are well chosen, and the design well executed, these mats are very effective. Moreover, they have the merit of extraordinary cheapness. The pair we remarked were priced at three rupees, and, needless to add, were sold. They were of a yellow tone, bordered by diamonds in deep brown. There were also two mats made of the leaves *Pandannus odoratissimus*, which were very pretty, and even lower yet in price.

CONSTANCE FLETCHER.

(*To be continued.*)

A TALE OF EDGEHILL.

ETCHED by V. Lhuillier, after the picture by Seymour Lucas.—Mr. Seymour Lucas is one of those artists who may be said to be on the brink of the Academy. It is probable that he would have been elected an Associate before now had he chosen another branch of Art than historical genre. This branch is so popular that it is crowded, and such a man as J. D. Linton (to mention no one else) is hard to pass. Each year, however, adds solidly to his reputation, for he is a thorough artist, and he will not have to wait long. Many of our readers will remember his 'Whip for Van Tromp' in the Academy last year, in which he showed us the Lords of the Admiralty of 1652 examining the last new thing in naval architecture; nor will the large picture of the preceding year, 'The Favourite, 1566,' be easily forgotten. Mr. Lucas is not one of those artists who scorn a subject. It is true that he cares much for costume and good models, but he is not content with a mere clever arrangement of upholstery, draperies, and dummies. He has always a story to tell, and he knows how to tell it in true pictorial fashion. Moreover, it is always an English story and connected with English history, and he has as great a regard for fidelity as for Art. You may trust his oak chests and flagons, his jack-boots and leathern jerkins, his broadswords and slashed doublets. They are no theatrical properties or Wardour Street forgeries, but the real things, introduced not only with artistic skill but chronological accuracy. In a word, he does his best to "restore the times" conscientiously. His capital picture of 1880, 'The Armada in Sight,' in which he showed us Drake finishing his famous game of bowls, was as admirable for its learning as for its spirit. But Mr. Lucas stops short at fidelity, he is never pedantic or didactic. His aim is to delight with picturesque comedy of the historical kind, and his pieces are always well acted. This 'Tale of Edgehill' is no exception to the rule, as the attitude and gesture of the Cavalier, who is holding the group spell-bound by his stirring narrative, is striking but not extravagant. He occupies the stage, but his expression is sincere and his pose unaffected. He has a fine face and powerful presence, and they are well set off by the picturesque costume, and well relieved against the dark fireplace, which acts almost as a frame, giving distinction to the figure. Nevertheless the prominence and isolation thus secured for the story-teller are not overdone; he is thoroughly balanced by his audience, who are studied with not less care than himself. Each is listening with all his might, but in his own characteristic fashion. M. Lhuillier in his etching (executed by permission of the owner of the picture) has well preserved the expression of the various faces, and it is unnecessary to point out the certainty and simplicity of his work, which hits the right tone and suggests the right texture without hesitation or effort.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.



A TALE OF EDGEHILL

ETCHED BY V. LHUILLIER AFTER SEYMOUR LUCAS

LONDON: J. & E. VIRTUE & Co LIMITED.

MONTE OLIVETO: AND THE FRESCOES OF SODONA.

THERE is perhaps no really great painter so little known in his entirety to the world at large as Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, surnamed Il Sodoma; for to know the works of Bazzi it is essential to visit Siena and to explore its environs, and more essential still to make that visit no flying one.

Where there is so much of interest, and when time is limited, it is natural that casual visitors do not care to leave Siena during their short stay, yet no one can fully understand the history of the ancient city who has not explored these *contorni*, and (to come to the purpose of this present paper) no one can have a thorough comprehension of the scope of Bazzi's genius who, in the first place, has only judged of him from his few really famous compositions, and who, more especially, has never seen the "St. Benedict" series in the suppressed and now State-guarded convent of Monte Oliveto Maggiore.

The road is, for part of the way, a very rough one, and the carriage journey is somewhat expensive; but it is worth



How St. Benedict, by prayer, caused the broken sieve to become whole again. Engraved by J. C. Griffiths.

while, even for those who would not care to do so for the sake of Bazzi or Signorelli, to take the trip for the sake of the drive, the many stirring associations by the way, the strange scenery, and the great fortress-like monastery itself, with its many contents of diverse interest.

Leaving Siena by the Porta Pispini, with its frowning architecture and the great semi-defaced fresco over the outer gate, Monterone and the junction of the Arbia and the Ombrone are soon passed; and immediately thereafter the small walled town of Buonconvento is reached by its picturesque northern gate, somewhat grey and ruinous with age, but gay with waving grasses in the ridges of its arch, and with clumps of long pale-yellow wallflowers clinging to isolated portions, or hanging downwards, and in all directions, from innumerable nooks and crannies.

An ascent is now gradually made through interesting

country, the green English-like hedges by the wayside bright with sweet-scented hawthorn, the long trailing clusters of the honeysuckle, and the beautiful blossoms of the wild quince. At last an upland level is reached that stretches for a short distance, and now the traveller sees before him the blue hill-ranges of the west, and towering above all the purplish heights of Monte Amiata and the aerial blue of Radicofani; ere long the ascent again begins, and leads into a desolate hill country, barren with that Italian barrenness which is more hopeless than that of any other country. The road winds upward, passing deep ravines caused long ago by winter torrents cutting through the sterile cretaceous soil; here nothing is seen to tell of the presence of man, for below and around are desolate steeps and gorges, recalling the waste tracts north of Asciano, or the dreary country between Pienza and San Quirico, beyond these again occasional mountain heights, and behind only the same sterile desolation, for now that Buonconvento is hidden from sight, the green Siennese country and the city itself are also lost to view. At last, beyond a precipitous ravine, or *balza*, clothed on its western side with cypresses and wind-twisted ilexes, the great monastery and its adjacent buildings are descried on the steep slope of the hill of Monte d'Accona, on which the overhanging village of Chiusure is just seen; beyond all, the mountainous background of the Western Apennines. Another mile and a picturesque ascending avenue lined by tall cypresses is entered, the interesting little outer chapel of Sta. Scholastica is passed, and the large courtyard skirting the red walls of the venerable monastery is reached.*

Of all the many existing treasures at Monte Oliveto the frescoes of the cloisters are by far the greatest—the magnificent series representing events in the life of St. Benedict, the spiritual patron of the Olivetan order. These large and splendid creations, several of which have been reproduced in colour by the Arundel Society, are chiefly the work of Bazzi, and are in part due to one of the worthiest of the Abbots-General of Monte Oliveto. Domenico Airoldi was elected to the dignity for the second time in 1497, and proceeded to carry out an intention long conceived, viz. to have the walls of the great cloisters covered with beautiful frescoes illustrating the life of St. Benedict; accordingly he applied to and obtained the help of the already celebrated painter of Cortona, Luca Signorelli. This famous artist executed eight frescoes (from 21 to 28 in the Benedictine sequence), and might have done more had not Fra Domenico's term of office come to a close; for though the latter was again elected to the Abbot-Generalship in 1505, the help of the Cortonese artist was not then obtainable. Fortunately for Monte Oliveto and for Art, the Abbate Domenico (on the recommendation, it is said, of Signorelli) now applied to the young and little-known painter Antonio Bazzi,† who, in course of time, executed in the cloisters many admirable and some especially notable productions.

There was for long some uncertainty as to the exact dates of the birth and death of Antonio Bazzi, and even his name was continuously wrongly spelt as *Razzi*; but it now seems certain that he was born towards the end of the year 1477. His father, Giacomo Bazzi, was a shoemaker at Vercelli, in Piedmont, who, despite his calling, was able to give his son some instruction other than the very small amount doled out to plebeian Italians of the period. There is also sufficient probability of truth in the assertion that young Giovan' Antonio spent two or three years at Rome previous to his settlement at Siena in 1501.

There is also some divergence of opinion as to the time Bazzi was employed at Rome in the Vatican and Farnesina Palaces; Bryan gives 1502 as the date of the commencement of the Olivetan frescoes by Sodona, which is certainly a mistake, as the chronicles at Monte Oliveto record his coming in 1505, and though Wornum is right in agreeing with the best authorities that Bazzi went up to Rome in the year 1502, he is wrong in stating that Agostino Chigi was led to invite the young painter to Rome on account of the reputation he had gained by his Monte Olivetan frescoes, for these, only begun in 1505, were of course not finished till a considerably later date. Crowe and Cavalcaselle record the fact that some time subsequent to Signorelli's completion of the eight frescoes of the St. Benedict series, the first of which was painted in 1497, an invitation to come to Rome reached the great painter and some of his compatriots then settled at Siena. This occurred in 1502, in the pontificate of Julius II., and the four artists who together left Siena were Luca Signorelli, Perugino, Pinturicchio, and Giovan' Antonio Bazzi. At the Vatican the last named is known to have been employed in the room which bears the name of Camera della Segnatura, though nothing now remains of his work there, the Pope having ordered the frescoes of each of the four painters to be defaced, in order to make way for the young Raphael, whose name was then in all men's mouths.* Under the patronage of Agostino Chigi, Bazzi also painted on the walls of some of the Camere of the Farnesina Palace, frescoes illustrating events in the life of Alexander of Macedon, portions of which remain undefaced to the present day, and the finest of which is the well-known 'Marriage with Roxana.' Probably about this time he painted his picture in oil entitled 'Death of Lucretia,' variously spoken of as commissioned or purchased by Pope Leo X. and Agostino Chigi,† which has been reckoned as amongst his chief works, and which, Kugler says, is now in the Public Gallery at Hanover. The same authority also refers to three compositions of later date, the fairly well-known and beautiful 'Sacrifice of Abraham,' in the choir of the Cathedral at Pisa, an 'Ascension,' now in the Public Gallery at Naples, and a 'Madonna, Child, and Baptist,' in the Cathedral of Asina Lunga. It was some time after the young artist's return to Siena that, on the suggestion of Luca Signorelli, the Abbot-General of Monte Oliveto invited the young painter to come to the monastery and see if he could carry on the St. Benedict series of frescoes, already executed in part by the famous Cortonese. Here accordingly, in 1505, Bazzi went, and here he mostly remained till the last of the twenty-six frescoes was finished, a lengthened period filled with noble accomplishment; and it is his life here that is best known to later generations,

* I must take this opportunity of recording my gratitude to the genial and courteous Abbate, Dom Cajetra Marie di Negro, whose kindly attention and proffered accommodation prevented in time what might have expanded to a dangerous fever, as I had suffered from a "touch of the sun" amongst the barren, sun-scorched declivities above Buonconvento. I am also greatly indebted to him for much verbal information, and for his considerate presentation to me of a small but exhaustive historical and artistic account of the order and the monastery, by Dom Grégoire Thomas, a Benedictine of the Olivetan congregation. The portions of this treatise dealing with the "St. Benedict" frescoes I have found of great value as memoranda.

† According to Vasari, it was Bazzi who long importuned the Abbot-General to give him the commission, but the former's well-known dislike to Sodona must be taken in account before crediting this and several other doubtful statements about that artist.

* It is said that Perugino's and some of Sodona's were preserved at the personal intercession of Raphael.—(*Wornum*).

† Leo X. (*Wornum*); Chigi (*Kugler*).

chiefly through the amusing and far from wholly unpleasant, if intentionally malicious, record of Vasari. There is little doubt that he was one of those artist-natures who, in the very nature of things, run a tilt on every opportunity at the ponderous obstruction of conventionalism—a man full of the delight of life, rejoicing in bright colours, brilliant ornaments, gold-braided and richly-worked garments, gaiety, the pageant of war, fair women, nature in her brightest aspects, and everything quaint and strange, whether in the animal world or in the sphere of the creative arts. In addition to this life-joy, never perhaps really common, and surely in these latter days rare indeed, he must have had his times of spiritual insight, as when he painted that exquisite picture in the Uffizzi which is the loveliest 'St. Sebastian' the world has ever seen; ascetic intervals wherein his intellect apprehended the greatness of divine mysteries, as when he executed the 'Deposition from the Cross' in the Accademia, and the 'Resurrection' in the Palazzo Publico of Siena; moments when his whole being vibrated with passionate sympathy and vicarious pain, as when he conceived those noble works that make



Come Florenzo manda male femmine al Monastero. Engraved by J. C. Griffiths.

the chapel of St. Catherine, in the church of San Domenico, a shrine of resort for hundreds of all nations, and that marvellous 'Christ tied to the Column,' divine in terrible suffering, with weary eyes looking forth for ever in pathos indescribable. There is nothing improbable in such a portraiture; it is easy for any sympathetic nature to imagine the Bazzi of fame, the Cavaliere Sodona of joyous Siena, "il Mattaccio" of Monte Oliveto; the true artist is invariably many sided, and the strange difference, so puzzling to many people, between a life and that life's work, is a feature of human nature older than history. It is on the authority of Vasari that the nickname of "Mattaccio" (the mad fellow) is sometimes applied to Bazzi, the famous biographer recording that the name was applied to the painter by the Olivetan monks, half amused and half scandalised by his strange ways, eccentric manners, outer-world vivacity, and extravagant costumes. No doubt the brilliant young Vercellian, with his strange love—strange at that time at any rate—of animals of all kinds, especially those that seemed fantastic to ignorant Italian eyes, must have been somewhat of a thorn in the flesh in that quiet

and well-ordered community. Vasari gives an intentionally ludicrous picture of "il Mattaccio" with his numerous animal protégés, badgers, squirrels, monkeys, horses, dwarf donkeys and ponies, ravens, jackdaws, beasts and fowl of every kind upon which he could lay possessive hands, but it is doubtful if more than one or two pet selections from these were ever with him at one time at the Sanctuary of Chiusure; probably he brought something new with him each time he returned, after a spell of rest at Siena, to his convent home. How the strange tricks he is said to have taught his uncouth favourites, and the witty, dubious sayings committed to the retentive memories of his jackdaws and ravens, must have amused the good monks, who looked on and listened with that half-apprehensive enjoyment of children when witnessing some fascinating episode which they half fear is a strictly forbidden entertainment, and at the same time doubtfully assure themselves is innocent enough! A few of these *bestiacce* are painted in the third fresco of the St. Benedict series, 'Come Benedetto risalda lo capistero che era rotto' (see the engraving on page 101); there are two badgers and a couple of ravens, of the latter only the outlines remaining, and these are represented running or hopping round the central figure, which is a portrait of the artist himself. Here Bazzi is represented as a young man in a grey garment variously ornamented, and with close-fitting yellow cap over the long dark hair, like a woman's in its length, thickness, and fine texture, which falls down on either side of a striking physiognomy; large lustrous eyes look out under strongly-marked eyebrows, the face itself is somewhat long, the nose large and irregular, but demonstrating strong force of inherent power, and a very marked individuality; the mouth, with shaven upper lip, is full and sensuous, but not sensual, and is beautifully moulded, and the chin is broader and stronger than the mobile mouth and sensitive eyes would lead one to expect.

Giovan' Antonio is said to have married in 1510 a woman of considerable beauty, and by this Beatrice he had two children, one of whom afterwards married the master Riccio, the same who painted the last St. Benedict fresco, the twentieth in the Olivetan numeration. Hereafter, in the maturity of his years and in the midst of and participating in the prevalent extravagance so characteristic of that brilliant epoch, he lived at Siena, doubtless happy in a reputation that grew greater year by year, and in the ardent discipleship of some young men who hailed him as a master worthy of all following, even as he himself had modelled his best work upon the example of Da Vinci. And not only had he reputation but tangible honours were paid to him; Leo X. made him a Cavaliere of the Order of Christ, and the Emperor Charles V. raised him to the rank of Count Palatine, a distinction which he shared with Titian. Up to and considerably later than his marriage he was known by no other name than his own, excepting the nickname "Mattaccio;" but at some period of his mature life he adopted a name that, having once in contemporary or subsequent chronicles been erroneously spelt, has gone down to posterity in a corrupted form and become the designation by which he is most widely known. Not improbably he adopted his new name when one or other of his new dignities had been accorded him, and if he is to be known in future Art-chronicles otherwise than as Bazzi it should be as *Sodona*, and not as *Sodoma*.* Despite the inference of Vasari and the conjecture of other writers based upon the record of that famous chronicler, the latter name is so very manifestly a corruption of the former that there should be no hesitation in adopting the true designation even at so late a date as this—even apart from having Bazzi's own signature as the best of all witnesses: for in the chapel of the Commune, in the Palazzo Publico of Siena, there is a picture bearing an inscription in his own hand (the authenticity of which there is no reasonable ground for questioning); "Ad honorem Virginis Mariæ Jo. Antonius . . . . . Sodona Eques et Comes Palatinus faciebat MDXXXVIII."

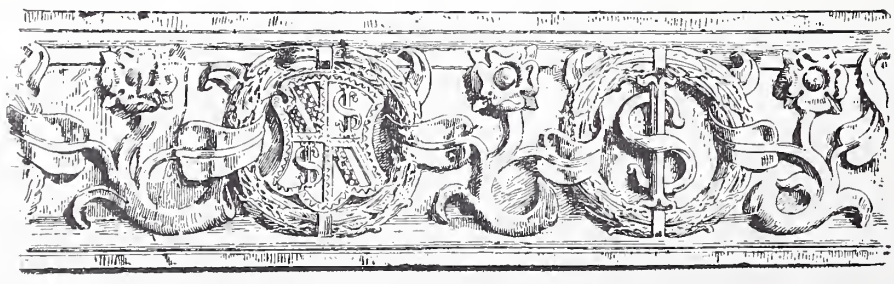
And so for many years, with considerable display and extravagance, but with great joy of life, the Cavaliere Sodona, Count Palatine, and an acknowledged *maestro*, lived with the incense of ever-growing fame and delighted admiration, making the seasons as they went past fragrant with enjoyment. With all his brilliant talents and sensitive temperament he yet had a natural indolence which prevented him from attaining those highest heights which were surely to him possible of attainment. Like many men similarly endowed, the hedonistic tendencies of his nature came too frequently and too forcibly into contest with his powers of prolonged application and continuous study; too frequently for his art, if not for his own pleasure, he must have spent weeks in festival with the gay Siennese nobles of his generation, perhaps long seasons of *villeggiatura* with the fair Beatrice and other companions, more heedful of the softly-toned autumnal hues, the drooping of overburdened vines, the delicious twilights made musical with song and delicately-attuned instruments, than of the stretched canvas or half-o'erfrescoed wall.

With his later days came sorrows and disappointments, though no loss of reputation, and the burden of his seventy years doubtless lay heavy upon him. The last record we have of him—impoverished if not actually in want—is that of his death in the hospital of Siena, on the 14th of February, 1549. Somewhere in the old burial-ground of the ancient Republic rest the unknown remains of Giovan' Antonio Bazzi, Sodona Eques et Comes Palatinus, and, let us add, Pictor Graciosus.

WILLIAM SHARP.

(*To be continued.*)

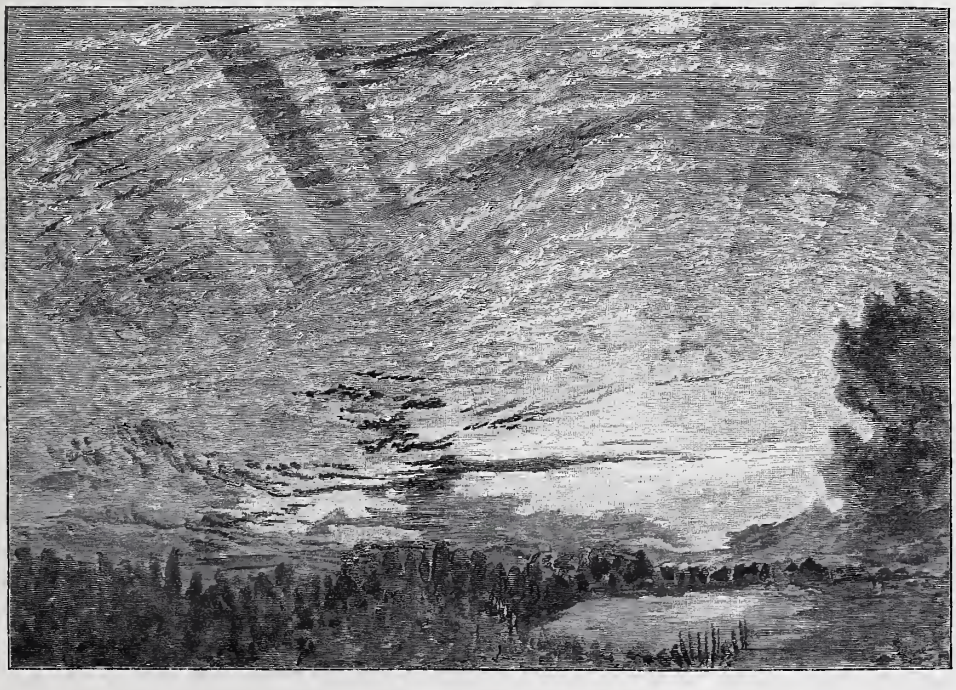
* Kügler says, "Razzi is sometimes seen under the misnomers of Cesare da Sesto and Gian Pedrini, as in the Turin Gallery."



MR. RUSKIN ON "THE STORM-CLOUD."

THE theatre of the London Institution was crowded on the afternoon of the 4th, and again on that of the 11th of February, by an audience curious to hear Mr. Ruskin lecture on "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century." It would be interesting to know if any one in the theatre had, in speculating on what the title of the lecture imported, arrived anywhere near what Mr. Ruskin meant by it. Most people who wondered at all about it thought probably that the lecturer intended to tell his hearers of one or other aspect of moral cloud or political storm, which, as Mr. Ruskin is often saying, may be said to darken the horizon of modern life. Evidently the lecturer felt that the expectation of his audience would be in this direction when, on coming to the table, he, without any words of extempore preface, at once proceeded to open his address by assuring his audience that by its title he had meant simply what he had said, and proposed to bring to their notice not an image but a fact—a series, namely, of cloud phenomena, which, "so far as I can weigh existing evidence, are peculiar to our own times, yet which have not hitherto received any special notice or description from meteorologists."

To those familiar with Mr. Ruskin's method of study it seemed natural that he should begin by asking what were the utterances of noble literature respecting the subject he had to discuss. To ask what has been beautifully said about his subject is (as he said in his 'Caution to Snakes' some two years ago) one of the first things he always does. What then has been said of this storm-cloud? Nothing. It is a modern invention, it is not yet out of its teens; there is no description of it by ancient observers; they did not and could not see it, for in their time it was not yet in sight. Homer and Virgil, Aristophanes and Horace, Chaucer and Dante, Milton and Thomson, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron, and even "that most observant and descriptive of scientific men," De Saussure, are all silent concerning it. And yet they looked at the heavens and watched the sunrise and the sunset, and have left behind them evidence respecting the cloud phenomena of their times.



No. 1.—An Old Fashioned Sunset. Herne Hill.

"All lovely clouds, remember," said Mr. Ruskin at the close of his last address at Oxford, "are quiet clouds, quiet actually; fixed for hours, it may be, in the same form and place; standing motionless and changeless"—as he had seen them do, for instance, above the Old Man of Coniston. Upon the publication of which statement (his audience was now told) "some blockheads wrote to the papers to say that clouds never were stationary," while a friend sent a reference to Homer's description of how "when the truce has been broken and the aggressor Trojans are rushing to the onset in a tumult of clamour and charge," the Greeks are said to have awaited their coming and there "stood like clouds, which the son of Kronos stations in calm upon the mountains, motionless, when the rage of the north and of the fiery winds is asleep."

With which bit of "noon-day from Homer," Mr. Ruskin proceeded to read to his audience a sunset and sunrise from Byron in order to express to them "the scope and sweep of all glorious literature from the orient of Greece herself to the death of the last Englishman who loved her," and gave them from "Sardanapalus," and in a manner which elicited at the close of each passage a burst of applause, first the prayer of the Chaldæan priest Beleses to the sunset,

> "Oh, thou true sun!
> "The burning oracle of all that live,
> As fountain of all life, and symbol of
> Him who bestows it, wherefore dost thou limit
> Thy lore unto calamity?"

and secondly—the tenderness of the womanhood contrasting with the severity of the priest—the address of the Greek slave, Myrrha, to the dawn of morning after the storm,

> "The day at last has broken. What a night
> Hath ushered it!"

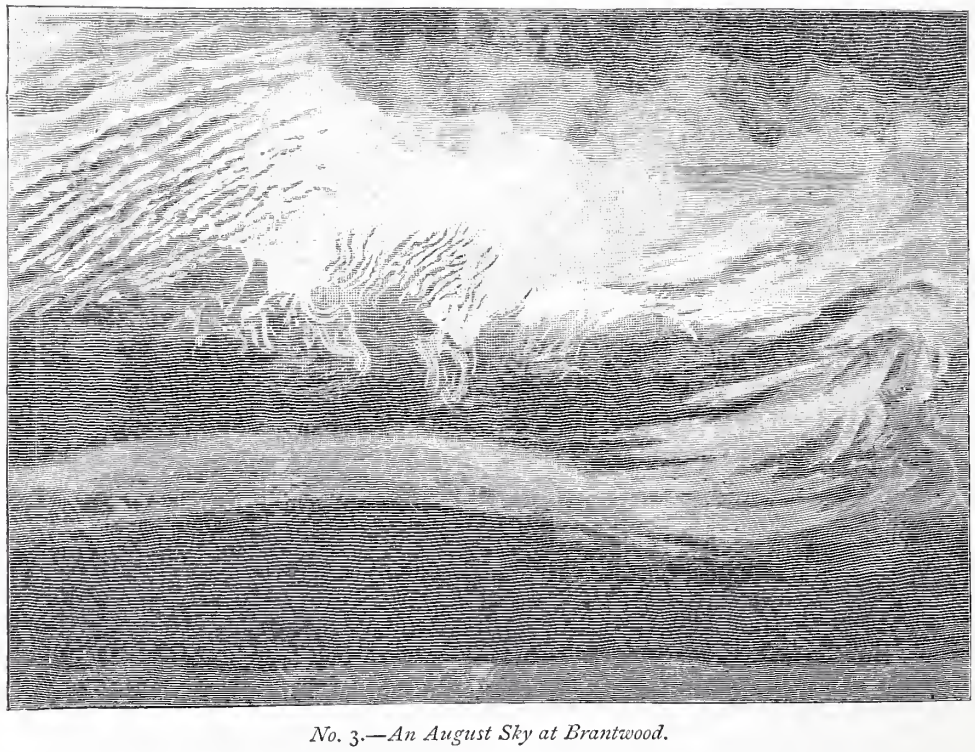
Passing thus from the evidence of literature to that of his own observation, Mr. Ruskin went on to define what every cloud is and must be, as "visible vapour of water floating at a certain height in the air," and to explain this definition. The vapour must be visible, and it must "float at a certain height in the air," which implies at once that there is such a thing as visible vapour which does not so float.

"You are all familiar with one extremely cognizable variety of that sort of vapour—London Particular; but that especial blessing of Metropolitan society is only a finely-developed and highly-seasoned condition of a form of watery vapour which exists just as generally and widely at the bottom of the air as the clouds do—on what, for convenience' sake, we may call the top of it—only as yet, thanks to the sagacity of scientific men, we have got no general name for the bottom cloud, though the whole question of cloud nature begins in this broad fact, that you have one kind of vapour that lies to a certain depth on the ground, and another that floats at a certain height in the sky. Perfectly definite in both cases—the surface level of the earthly vapour, and the roof level of the heavenly vapour—are each of them drawn within the depth of a fathom. Under *their* line, drawn for the day and for the hour, the clouds will not stop, and above theirs the mists will not rise. Each in their region, deep or high, may expatiate at their pleasure,—within that they climb or decline,—within that they congeal or melt away; but below their assigned horizon the surges of the cloud sea may not sink, and the floods of the mist lagoon may not be swollen."



No. 2.—Twilight between Verona and Brescia.

Next it must be visible. "Is it, you have to ask, with cloud vapour, as with most other things, that they are seen when they are there, and not seen when they are not there; or has cloud vapour so much of the ghost in it, that it can be visible or invisible as it likes, and may perhaps be all unpleasantly and malignantly there, just as much when we don't see it as when we do? To which I answer, comfortably and generally, that, on the whole, a cloud is where you see it, and isn't where you don't; that when there's an evident and honest thunder-cloud in the north-east, you needn't suppose there's a surreptitious and slinking one in the north-west—when there's a visible fog at Bermondsey, it doesn't follow there's a spiritual one, more than usual, at the West End; and when you get up to the clouds, and can walk into them or out of them, as you like, you find when you're in them they wet your whiskers, and when you're out of them they don't; and therefore you may with probability assume—not with certainty, observe, but with probability—that there's more water in the air where it wets your whiskers than where it doesn't. If it gets much denser than that, it will begin to rain; and then you may assert, certainly with safety, that there is a shower in one place, and not in another; and not allow the scientific people to tell you that the rain is everywhere, but palpable in Tooley Street, and impalpable in Grosvenor Square."



No. 3.—An August Sky at Brantwood.

But being visible, what is it that makes it so? Why is the compressed steam transparent, the loose steam white, the dissolved steam transparent again? And what is the difference between the clear blue vapour and the muddy; "the aqueous molecules that must sink or rise and those that must stay where they are; these that have form and stature, that are bellied like whales and backed like weasels, and those that have neither backs nor fronts, nor feet nor faces, but are a mist; and no more—over two or three thousand square miles?"

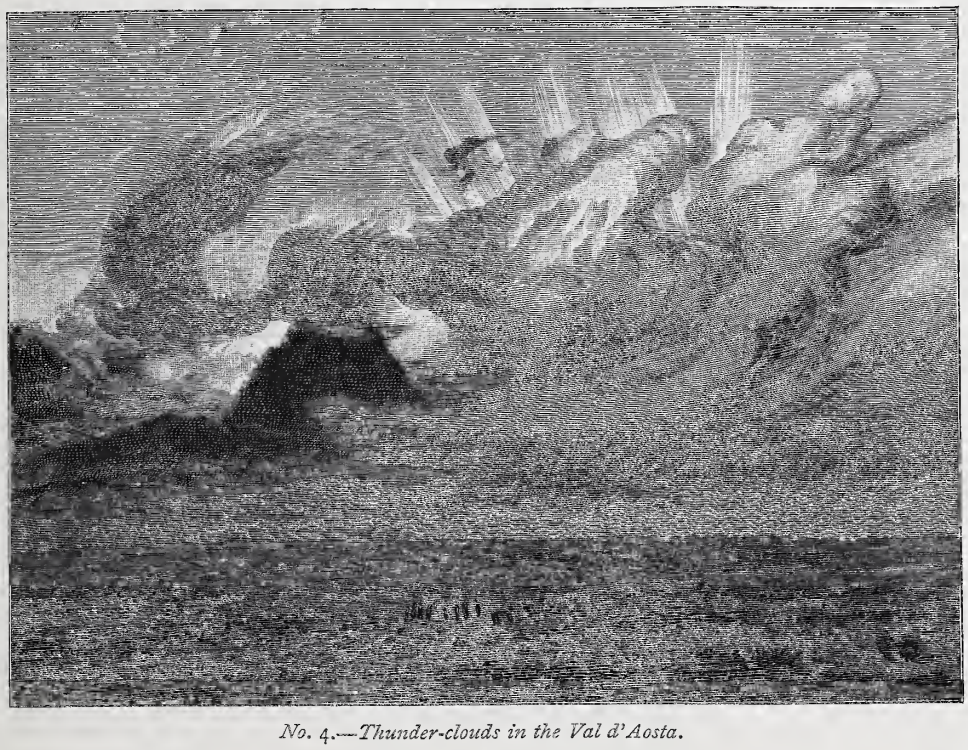
"I leave," said Mr. Ruskin with humour that charmed his audience—"I leave the question with you and pass on."

But the "scientific people" were not to be left alone or passed over, and a little word of general advice about them was here parenthetically given.

"Their first business is, of course, to tell you things that are so, and do happen—as that if you warm water, it will boil; if you cool it, it will freeze; and if you put a candle to a cask of gunpowder, it will blow you up. Their second, and far more important business, is to tell you what you had best do under the circumstances—put the kettle on in time for tea; powder your ice and salt, if you have a mind for ices; and obviate the chance of explosion by not making the gunpowder. But if, beyond this safe and beneficial business, they ever try to explain anything to you, you may be confident of one of two things—either that

they know nothing (to speak of) about it, or that they have only seen one side of it—and not only haven't seen, but usually have no mind to see, the other."

At this point Mr. Ruskin showed to his audience the five diagrams illustrating the lecture, all of them enlargements from drawings of his own. These have been engraved for *The Art Journal* to Mr. Ruskin's satisfaction, by Mr. J. D. Cooper. Of these the first was of a sky at Abbeville (Illustration No. 5), on October 1st, 1868, brilliant in colour, and representing "fair weather with thunder in the air." Then came one of a sky at Brantwood, in August, 1880 (Illustration No. 3), with the white clouds fanned into "threads and masses and tresses and tapestries, flying, failing, melting, reappearing, spinning and unspinning themselves; coiling and uncoiling, winding and unwinding faster than eye or thought could follow, and through all their dazzling maze of frosty filaments, a painted window in palpitation, its pulses of colour interwoven in motion, intermittent in fire, emerald and ruby, and pale purple and violet, melting into a blue that was not of the sky but of the sunbeam, purer than the crystal, softer than the rainbow, and brighter than the snow." This was followed by a twilight between Verona and Brescia (Illustration No. 2), painted in the year 1845; a smaller drawing, with "what artists call tone in it," of a storm coming up over the Italian plain. This diagram was to show natural thunder-cloud against calm evening sky. And then came the fourth and most striking of all the diagrams, an "example of a good old-fashioned, healthy storm: thunder-cloud of the year 1858, on the Alps of the Val d'Aosta (Illustration No. 4), beautifully drawn" (said Mr. Ruskin, and the applause of the audience indorsed his statement) "from my sketch by Mr. Arthur Severn—and showing about a mile's depth of cumulus cloud, every fold of it involved with thunder, but every form of it, every action, every colour, magnificent, doing its mighty work in its own hour and its own dominion, nor snatching from you for an instant or defiling with a strain the abiding blue of the transcendent sky, or the fretted silver of its passionless clouds."



No. 4.—Thunder-clouds in the Val d'Aosta.

The fifth and last diagram (Illustration No. 1) was a skilful enlargement, again from a drawing of Mr. Ruskin, made by Mr. Gershom Collingwood for the lecture. "A sunset in entirely pure weather above London smoke. I saw it and sketched it from my old post of observation, the top garret of my father's house at Herne Hill. There when the wind is south, we are outside of the smoke and above it, and this diagram shows you an old-fashioned sunset, the sort of thing Turner and I used to have to look at (nobody else ever would) constantly. And don't go away fancying there's any exaggeration in that. The prismatic colours, I told you, were simply impossible to paint; these, which are transmitted colours, can be suggested, but no more. The brightest colours we have would look dim beside the truth."

Of the modern "Storm Cloud" there was no diagram, a deficiency which was excused on the ground that there was plenty of it about to be seen, and whose place was supplied by the quotation of various passages from Mr. Ruskin's diaries. After telling the audience of the first occasion upon which he ever observed it, between Oxford and Abingdon, in the year 1873, he as briefly as possible defined its concomitant, the plague wind, as follows:

"1. It is a wind of darkness,—all the former conditions of tormenting winds, whether from the north or east, were more or less capable of co-existing with sunlight, and often with steady and bright sunlight; but whenever, and wherever the plague wind blows, be it but for ten minutes, the sky is darkened instantly.

"2. It is a malignant quality of wind, unconnected with any one quarter of the compass; it blows indifferently from all, attaching its own bitterness and malice to the worst characters of the proper winds of each quarter. It will blow with drenching rain from the south, with ruinous blasts from the west, with bitterest chills from the north, and with venomous blights from the east.

"3. It always blows tremulously, making the leaves of the trees shudder as if they were all aspens, but with a peculiar fitfulness which gives them—and I watch them this moment as I write—an expression of anger as well as of fear and distress. You may see the kind of quivering, and hear the ominous whimpering in the gusts that precede a great thunderstorm; but plague wind is more panic-struck, and feverish, and its sound is a hiss instead of a wail.

"4. It degrades while it intensifies ordinary storm."

The passages from Mr. Ruskin's diaries showed, at least, how constantly and closely observant he has been of every kind of weather, and if they were—as no doubt they were

—fair examples of daily records, Mr. Ruskin must have kept a meteorological journal, displaying the closest observation and analysis for many years past. To take a single instance:—

"*Brantwood, Thursday, 22nd Feb.* 1883.

"Yesterday a fearfully dark mist all afternoon, with steady south plague-wind of the bitterest, nastiest, poisonous blight, and fretful flutter. I could scarcely stay in the wood for the horror of it. To-day, really rather bright blue, and bright semi-cumuli, with the frantic Old Man blowing sheaves of lancets and chisels across the lake—not in strength enough, or whirl enough, to raise it in spray, but tracing every squall's outline in black on the silver grey waves, and whistling meanly, and as if on a flute made of a file."

It is and must always be well-nigh impossible to fairly reproduce a lecture of Mr. Ruskin, or to give any approach to its effect on his audience. No one is more dependent than he upon the delivery of a lecture written, not only to be read, but to be spoken, because no one has a greater power of at once establishing between himself and his hearers exactly the kind of sympathy he desires. They are, for the time being, completely under his control: fired by his eloquence, tickled by his humour, solemnized by his earnestness. The way in which Mr. Ruskin, after propounding his questions, left them with his audience and "passed on;" and his sudden outburst when he saw the pleasure and interest taken in his diagrams, "You see, I've got all my skies bottled like my father's sherries;" suggest, but incompletely, the way in which the charm of his lectures depends on his personality. Take, again, his description of the "old days, when, if the weather was fine, it was luxuriously fine; if it was bad, it was often abominably bad, but it had its fit of temper and was done with it; it didn't sulk for three months without letting you see the sun, nor send you one cyclone inside out every Saturday afternoon, and another outside in every Monday morning." Or, lastly, his attack on the "frightful inaccuracy of the scientific people's terms, which is the consequence of their always trying to write Latin-English, so losing the grace of the one, and the sense of the other."



No. 5.—Sunset at Abbeville.

Whatever be the subject of a lecture by Mr. Ruskin, and his topics have been many; whatever may be said of his lectures, either in admiration or dispraise, and in both much has been said, it is and must be at once admitted that he does not know what it is to be dull. The lecture, of which we have given an account, lasted long over the customary hour, but the interest of the audience had never for an instant flagged, when, after declaring that the plague-wind and the storm-cloud were everywhere, and the sun too often nowhere, Mr. Ruskin paused for a moment, and then, as it seemed, somewhat abruptly concluded his address.

"Blanched sun, blighted grass, blinded man! If now in conclusion you ask me for any conceivable cause or meaning of these things, I can tell you none according to your modern beliefs, but I can tell you what meaning they would have borne to the men of old time. Remember, for the last twenty years, England, and all foreign nations either tempting her or following her, have blasphemed the name of God deliberately and openly, and have done iniquity by proclamation, every man doing as much injustice to his brother as it is in his power to do. Of states in such moral gloom every seer of old predicted the physical gloom, saying, 'the light shall be darkened in the heavens thereof, and the stars shall withdraw their shining.' All Greek, all Christian, all Jewish prophecy insist on the same truth through a thousand myths; but of all, the chief to former thought, was the fable of the Jewish warrior and prophet for whom the sun hasted not to go down, with which I leave you to compare at leisure the physical result of your own wars and prophecies, as declared by your own elect journal not fourteen days ago, that the Empire of England, on which formerly the sun never set, has become one on which he never rises.

"What is best to be done, do you ask me? The answer is plain. Whether you can affect the signs of the sky or not, you can the signs of the times. Whether you can bring the sun back or not, you can assuredly bring back your own cheerfulness and your own honesty. You may not be able to say to the winds, Peace, be still; but you can cease from the insolence of your own lips and the troubling of your own passions. And all that it would be extremely well to do, even though the day were coming when the sun should be as darkness, and the moon as blood. But, the paths of rectitude and piety once regained, who shall say that the promise of old times would not be found to hold for us also? 'Bring ye all the tithes into my storehouse and prove me now herewith, said the Lord God, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.'"

ÉDOUARD MANET.

IT is possible that if Dante Rossetti and Édouard Manet had been asked but a little time ago what would seem to them the most improbable event that the future could have in store for them, they would have answered, the exhibition of their respective pictures in Burlington House and the Palais des Beaux-Arts. And yet within a few months—death having first removed both of them from that strife and noise of praise and blame, which during lifetime one had so earnestly shunned and the other so eagerly courted—this seeming marvel came to pass. Widely different in temperament, they nevertheless had this trait in common—both were dissatisfied with the existing traditions of Art, and sought for themselves some other way. Rossetti and his group of fellow-workers looked for inspiration to the earliest fathers of Gothic painting, and tried with an almost religious enthusiasm to reanimate a phase of Art that grew out of manners and feelings that have been dead for centuries. Manet, more single-handed perhaps, but also of a more masculine temperament, discarded at once all tradition, and turned to nature as his sole guide and mistress, and to the living world around him for his models.

The history of Manet's life is that old one that might be stereotyped—leaving blanks for the names and such-like unimportant variations—the history, in fact, of all reformers or originators in every age and in every land—misconception, derision, ill-tempered abuse, tardy recognition, then ill-considered admiration.



Édouard Manet. By Fantin-Latour.

Édouard Manet was born in 1832, in what was then called La Rue des Vieux-Augustins, but what is now known as La Rue Bonaparte. A cynical fate ordained that this event should happen in a house just opposite the schools of Les Beaux-Arts, against whose classic influence his whole life was a protest, and in whose galleries he to-day receives posthumous honours. At sixteen he went to sea, and visited Rio de Janeiro. This journey seems to have satisfied young Manet's marine enthusiasm, and he returned to Paris and inscribed himself as a pupil of Couture, one of the strictest sect of the Academy. Couture proceeded to reduce Manet to the prescribed academic measure, but with very little effect; the frank nature of the young man rendered it impossible for him to look through the spectacles of his master—if he was to make mistakes at least they should be his own—and though he seems to have spent nearly nine years at the schools, they appear to have left little or no mark upon him either of their virtues or their vices. From the details furnished by his biographer, Édouard Bazire,* somewhere about 1860 Manet set out to pay those visits to his artistic ancestors which all young painters feel incumbent upon them. He visited Germany first, and went through the galleries of Dresden, Vienna, and Munich. He then came back to Paris, and shortly after started for Italy, making Venice his longest resting-place. His biographer tells a story of how, charmed with a Tintoret in some gallery, he set to work at once to copy it while his friends strolled about; in an hour and a half they returned, and the work was finished. "It was a miracle of studied reproduction: the picture of Tintoret had become double." In this spirit not only does his biographer, but a section of the Art public of Paris, criticise Manet. After this Italian trip he returned to Paris.

Whistler, Legros, and Fantin-Latour became his friends about this period. Of his personal relations with Courbet, whose work seems to have affected him a good deal, we are left in doubt. In 1861 Manet's name appears for the first time in the Salon catalogue. His pictures were the portraits of his father and mother and a Spanish guitarist, which latter is a very good specimen of the best of his early work. About this time, Manet being thirty, he married; his wife was of Dutch origin, and the daughter of a musician. His biographer here takes occasion to dwell u on the advantages which misunderstood men gain by marrying wives who believe in them. But Manet does not seem even at this early period of his career to have lacked friends who believed in him, though, of course, the academic coteries looked upon his work as an accursed thing. Still, he had partisans, even amongst the elect; Eugène Delacroix seems to have recognised his power,

* Paris: A. Quantin & Co.

and amongst poets and men of letters generally, he seems to have numbered as his friends and well-wishers many of



The Water Drinker. Sketch by E. Manet.

the brightest and freshest spirits of the day. Émile Zola, who is in many ways Manet's literary counterpart, was also his friend, not to mention all the brilliant names that were to be found at the Café Guerbois. This "École des Batignolles" was the scene of a violent quarrel between Manet and Duranty, a journalist, who, in an article, for some unexplained reason, used very violent language against his friend. Manet struck him, and a duel ensued in the forest of St. Germain; friendly intercourse was restored by Manet scratching some of the right-hand ribs of his adversary.

The history of Manet's artistic career continued to be that of intermittent struggle with academic canons. Every now and again it was felt that his sins against the classics had reached a stage when vengeance could no longer be stayed, and so the bolts were shut against him, and his canvases were relegated to the *Salon des réfusés*. Then, when, in 1867, the world was invited to the great fair in the Champs de Mars, neither Manet nor Courbet was allowed to exhibit their wares under government authority, so they had to set up booths for themselves. Manet's stood where the Hippodrome now stands.

At last success came. In 1881 he received a second-class medal for his portrait of Pertuiset, one of his least successful efforts, and the same year, his friend M. Antonin Proust, Minister of Art during the brief reign of Gambetta, nominated him Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur. In 1882 he sent the 'Refreshment Bar at the Folies Bergère,' the farthest carried of all his works, and last spring, on the varnishing-day at the Salon, the news went round that Manet was dead.

Though the majority of Manet's works take us back to the Empire, and death has, as it were, placed the seal of classicism upon it all, yet we are still too near the man to judge him fairly. The voices of extravagant praise and blame sound in our ears, and it is hard to judge coldly amongst personal friends and adversaries and the passions they provoked. Probably when future generations look back at him it will be over the heads of men who owe him this vast debt, that he showed them the way. One has only to look at the Art of twenty years ago, at the insipid sickliness, the classical prettiness of the Empire, at the wood and wax which, as long as they were contained within well-drawn outlines, did duty for the flesh of men and women, and to consider how much the traditions of the schools and how little of nature had to do with the judgments then passed upon pictures, for one to realise how much we owe to a man whose vigorous personality enfranchised his mind and eye from all these things, so that he was at least able to see honestly, even if he did not always see correctly or delicately.

Manet's first impressions were singularly powerful and just, but subsequent work did not add anything to them. Albert Wolf tells of the powerful sketch that Manet did for his portrait which, after fifteen sittings, had to be abandoned. Herein is the secret of his strength and weakness: he was an impressionist partly from natural endowment, partly from force of circumstances. He saw honestly, but he did not see far, and his hand had little cunning. There is no subtlety in his work and rarely any delicacy. If the fortress could not be taken by storm the besieger knew not how to reduce it by stratagem. Yet there is delicious brightness and happiness in his work—it is a world of *sans souci*. He lets in air and light. Pictures like his later ones amongst the brown bitumen canvases of the average exhibition seem like patches of sunlight on a prison wall. It is hardly possible to overestimate the value of Manet's work upon outdoor painting. He had no receipt; he sat down before nature with the pleasure and simplicity of a child, and gave to us the light and air and joy of out-door life. But if we judge him by other tests, then Manet sinks below even an ordinary average. His taste is worse than questionable—it is often revolting. How seldom can we stand in front of even his best-painted canvases without asking, "But why was it painted at all?" In his earlier work he chose deliberately, so to speak—constructing his subject—and yet the most hardened studio-haunter might



A Head. Sketch by E. Manet.

shudder at some of his pictures of that date. In his later work there seems to be little or no choice, fragments of the

world around him, pictures that seem like portraits without the *raison d'être* of portraiture, and whose personality is often as unpleasant as its colour. What is known as ugliness so far from being repellent was to him positively attractive. All these things explain the fever of diverse criticism that Manet's artistic career produced. Had he been a greater or a lesser man his life would have been more calm; had he been a lesser man the world would not have troubled itself to get angry about him; had he been a greater one he would have compelled acquiescence and homage.

In spite of the prophecies of his friends and his own significant motto, "Manet et Manebit," it is hardly possible that posterity will accept him as a great painter. Perhaps Albert Wolf sums up better than anyone else when he says, "Manet disgusts me with the complicated painting of the schools without making me accept his own."

A sale of Manet's works took place in Paris on February 3rd, and the following prices were then obtained:—'Argenteuil,' £500; 'Olympia,' £400; 'Hamlet,' £340; 'The Monkey,' £320; 'Refreshment Bar at the Folies Bergère,' £234; 'At the House of Father Lathville,' £200: 'The Music Lesson,' £176; 'Nana,' £120; and 'The Balcony,' £120.

The portrait of Manet and the other illustrations are selected from a large number with which M. Bazire's biography of the artist is enriched.

N. GARSTEIN.

ART MANUFACTURES—SOME RECENT PRESENTATIONS.

TWO notable productions of artistic manufacture have recently been presented, one to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., and the other to Cluny Macpherson, the Chief of the Macphersons. We give engravings of the gift to the latter and of a portion of that presented to the Premier.

The dessert service of Derby china given to Mr. Gladstone, ostensibly by working men of that town, is, as a work of Art, highly creditable to the Derby Crown Porcelain Company, by whom it has been produced, and who have reason to feel proud of what has been achieved. The service consists of twenty-six pieces, viz. eighteen plates, and four high, and the same number of low comports. The whole are of the same general pattern, so far as regards borders, initials, floral tablets, etc., but each bears in its centre a different view of some well-known or picturesque locality in the county. The ground colour is the famous old Derby blue, or mazarine blue, which the present works, after much patient attention and well-directed experiments, have succeeded in producing in its fullest, purest, and richest tone, without even a shade of that blackish cast into which it has so often a tendency to merge. Upon this the borders, whether in relief or flat, are massively, but at the same time delicately, worked in gold, and produce an effect that is chaste and pleasing in the extreme. Between the outer and inner encircling borders are three oval medallions, upon the chocolate ground of which are painted groups of flowers in their natural colours; these were executed by the octogenarian hand of James Rowse, who was apprenticed to the old Derby China Works in Bloor's time, and has been connected with the manufacture in Derby from that day to this. These medallions alternate with three others, on which, respectively, are the three initial letters of Mr. Gladstone's name, W. E. and G., the medallions relieved with delicate enamel.



Derby China. View of the Village of Hartington. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

The views represented on the service, twenty-six in number, have all been painted by the principal landscape painter at the works, Count Holtzendorff, and are characterised by a dreamy softness, mellowness, and harmony of tone that is unusually grateful to the eye. The design for the service was made by Mr. Lunn, the Art director of the works, and the whole was produced under his personal direction and that of the managing directors, Mr. MacInnes and Mr. Litherland. The excellence of the "body," the careful potting and firing, the clearness of colours, and the artistic finish of the whole service, entitle it fully to maintain the high prestige which Derby has always enjoyed as a china-producing town; while as an Art gift it cannot have been otherwise than acceptable, and

looked upon as a treasure, by one who is so good a judge as Mr. Gladstone.

The presentation to Cluny Macpherson, here engraved, consists of a massive silver candelabrum or centre-piece, weighing 700 ozs.

A sturdy oak-tree, springing from heather and bracken, forms the stem, from which radiate nine branches, fitted either for crystals or candles, and in the midst a richly-cut dish for fruit or flowers. At the foot is placed a group, representing one of the most striking incidents in the history of the famous Cluny of the '45, for whose capture the Government of the day had offered a reward of 1,000 guineas and a company in one of the regiments of the line to any one who would bring him in, dead or alive. The Chief, on the occasion illustrated, had been on a visit to his family, who, after the burning of the castle, resided in a small cottage. Sir Hector Munro had received correct information, and suddenly surrounded the house with his troops, so that escape was scarcely possible. Cluny's presence of mind did not desert him. Stepping into the kitchen and changing clothes with one of his own men-servants, he walked outside to meet the officer, without hesitation or apparent concern, held the stirrup while he dismounted, and walked the horse about while the house was being searched.



Scottish Metal Work Cluny Macpherson and Sir Hector Munro. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

On Munro's return, Cluny again held the stirrup while he remounted, and being asked if he knew where Cluny was, replied, "I do not; and if I did, I would not tell you." "Indeed, I believe you would not," returned Sir Hector. "You're a good fellow, here's a shilling for you."

There being no authentic portrait of Cluny of the '45, the artist, Mr. Clark Stanton, A.R.S.A., has adopted the features of the present chief.

The base has been designed as far as possible in keeping with the Celtic sentiments of the occasion, and bears on one side the combined arms of Cluny Macpherson and Davidson, with the supporters, crest, and motto; and on the other, a shield, with the following inscription (in Gaelic and English)—"Presented, along with an Illuminated Address, to CLUNY MACPHERSON, C.B., and Lady CLUNY, on the occasion of their 'Golden Wedding,' by their Friends and Clansmen, 20th December, 1882."

This candelabrum is especially interesting to Art manufacturers as being a representative piece of Scottish artistic work of the time. It is designed by a well-known Edinburgh sculptor, the esteemed curator of the Royal Scottish Academy's Life School, and has been produced by Mr. James Aitchison, of Princes Street, in the same city.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'THE KNUCKLE-BONE PLAYER.' From the picture by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. Engraved by H. Bourne.—Games have a significance of their own, both in nations and in individuals, and the mood of gentle distraction of Sir Frederick Leighton's Greek girl is suited to the game of idle skill which occupies but does not engross her. The assumed sadness of her face is nothing more than the deceptive tragedy of that southern type which expresses so much more than it intends or undergoes—the sculpturesque lips and heroically-moulded cheek and chin having a gravity and meaning which are not always within. The maid plays a classic game of patience, and her thoughts may stray as they will, towards half-awakened love, or some dreamy pleasure in festival or dance. Her lovely presentment is to be reckoned among the President's earlier works, for it was exhibited about the year 1865, within the walls of the old Royal Academy, that overlooked "the Squirts of the Square" before the worthier Burlington House was built. The picture belongs to Sir David Salomons, Bart., through whose permission we engrave it.

THE etching of 'A Tale of Edgehill,' by Seymour Lucas, is described on page 100, and the engraving of 'Night,' by F. de Saint-Vidal, on page 124.



PAINTED BY SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

ENGRAVED BY H. BOURNE.

THE KNUCKLE-BONE PLAYER.

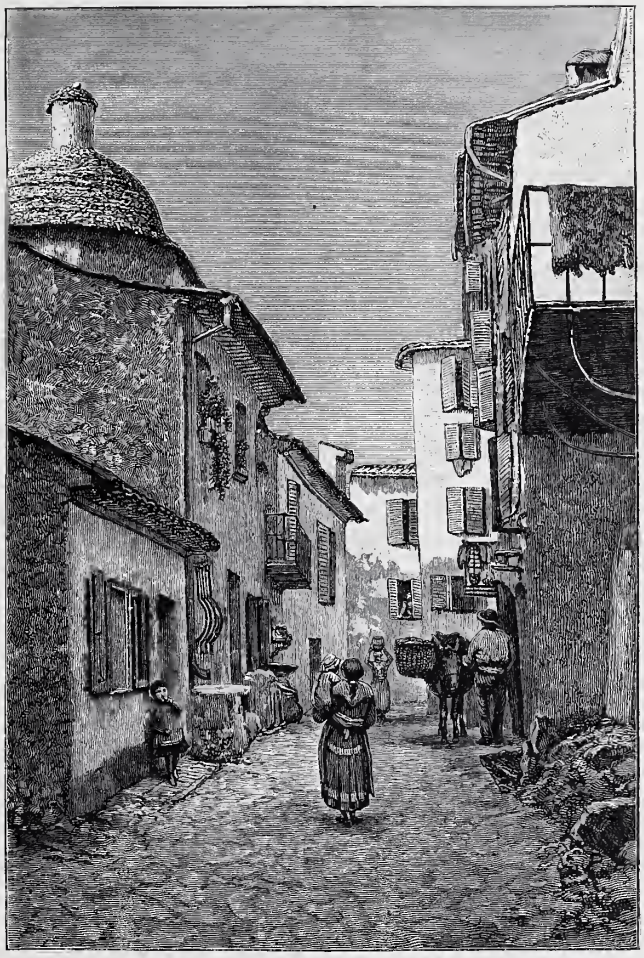
FROM THE PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR DAVID SALOMONS, BART.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Co LIMITED.

THE WESTERN RIVIERA.*

NICE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

PASSING eastwards from the interesting old town of Cagnes, described at the close of the last paper, and of which we now give an illustration (Fig. 15), we cross the Var, the old boundary between France and Italy, and come to Nice. If Cannes is the creation of Lord Brougham, Nice may be said to be the discovery of Smollett. When the author of "Humphrey Clinker" arrived, in November, 1763, at the sombre, uninviting collection of alleys clustered together at the foot of the château called the old town of Nice, he found there no English colony and no English comforts. There was no annual migration of invalids and convalescents from all parts of the world; and only a few foreigners were sufficiently adventurous and original in their taste to make it a place of residence. Smollett remained in Nice for a year and a half almost continuously, making it his head-quarters for excursions to various places in the neighbourhood. And he has written about it in his "Travels," with a fulness of information and a trenchant common sense, somewhat rare in such books. The old Nice, as it existed a century ago, rises before us from his pages, with its picturesque somnolence and its homely life varied by numerous festa-days, when the upper classes mingled in a free and easy way with the peasants, and were made happy by very trivial things. In recognition of the service which the great humorist has done to the town in bringing it into notice, the municipality has called one of the streets branching off from the left bank of the river, on the old-fashioned side, after his name. The "Rue Smolet," incorrectly spelt, as we should have expected from a people given to orthographical mistakes, commemorates what M. Emile Négrin, in his remarkable guide-book, calls "un écrivain Anglais, qui a publié sur Nice des lettres assez acerbes." But the acerbity has turned to sweetness in the experience of the Niçois, and for the sake of the good that has come out of the evil, they have thus monumentally forgiven their severe critic.

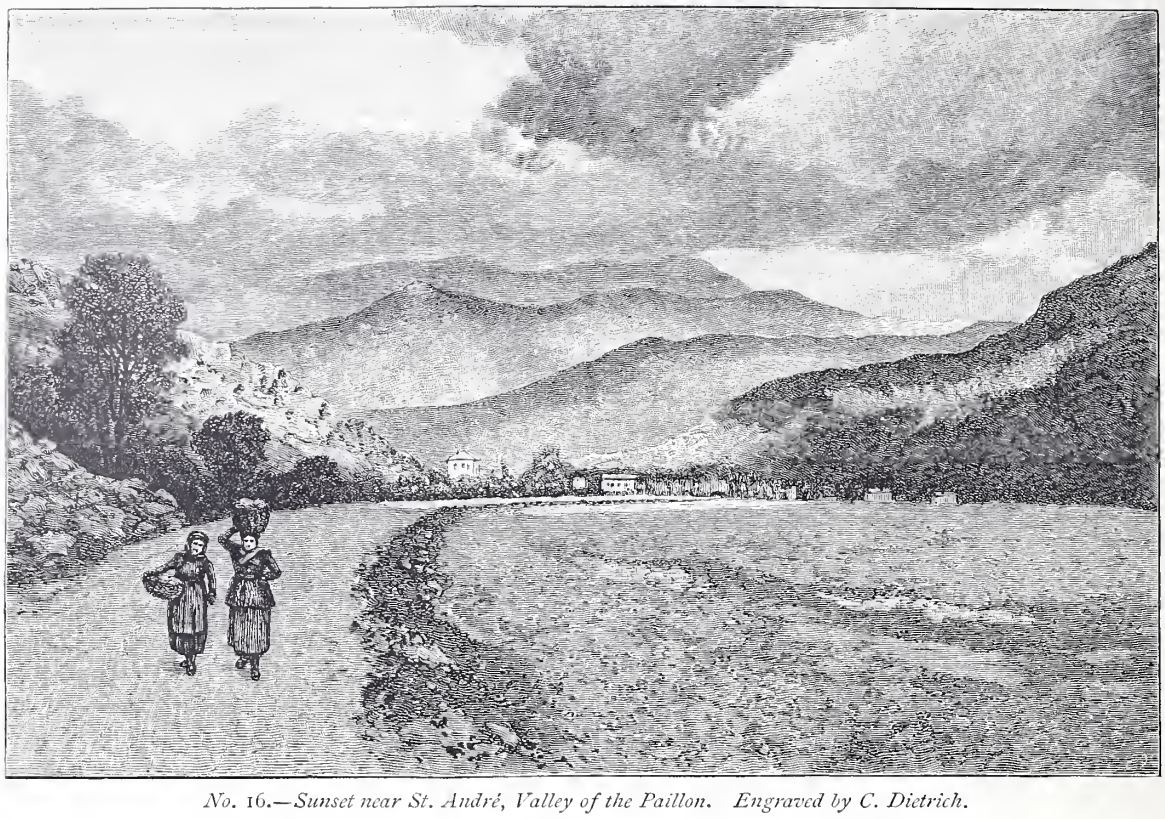


No. 15.—In the Village of Cagnes, with ancient Dome of St. Sébastien. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

Like Athens, which grew into an historic city from the primitive hill-fort on the Acropolis, Nice can trace its origin to the prehistoric settlement on the outstanding calcareous rock which is now called the Château. Ligurian shepherds and herdsmen raised their rude huts on the summit of this rock, which is a part of the long ridge of Cimiez, separated at one time by the action of the water of the Paglione, and fenced themselves in with a strong palisade. Commanding a magnificent outlook of the whole country round about, the Greek navigators became familiar with it as a landmark, and in course of time a small Ionic colony established itself at the foot of the rock, where the little cove, now called Ponchettes, deeper then than now, afforded a natural shelter. This position was not secured without a struggle with the native possessors of the soil, in which the Greeks were the conquerors; and in memory of their victory, obtained three hundred and fifty years before Christ, they called their infant city Nicæa, or Nike. The Ligurians were driven from their rocky fastness, and left to their Greek successors the platform on the top, to be to them, like the Acropolis of their beloved Athens, a citadel and a place of refuge. But however long they occupied it, they did not succeed in obliterating all traces of the former occupiers. Recently the ruins of tombs and of prehistoric buildings, along with stone implements and the massive vaulting of an underground edifice, have been discovered. Unmistakable relics also of the Greek occupation have been found on the spot; and it is supposed that the temple of Diana, which was invariably placed by the Phocians near the port in all their settlements, stood on the site of the present cathedral, whose substructures are of very ancient masonry, and exhibit the same orientation and rectangular shape peculiar to pagan temples. After a time the Romans conquered the place, but they allowed the Greek colony, which con-

* Continued from page 84.

sisted principally of sailors and of people engaged in trade, to inhabit their mean homes under the shadow of the castle hill, and to enjoy a kind of half independence in their seafaring pursuits, while they established themselves on the neighbouring inland height of Cimiez, from whence they governed the surrounding country. Hence the Roman remains at Nice are few and unimportant, consisting of three sarcophagi of the fifth century, the remains of a small temple on the summit of the rock, and a few buildings clustered round it. In the Middle Ages the Hill of the Château was strongly fortified. The castle, which crowned the highest point, was at various periods destroyed and rebuilt, and was finally razed to the ground by the Duke of Berwick, general of Louis XIV., in 1706; only one round tower, called the Tour Bellanda, remaining. Of late the hill has been converted into a public promenade, with beautiful winding walks and carriage roads, shaded with pines and cypresses and all manner of umbrageous trees. There is a romantic public cemetery near the top, in which Gambetta is buried along with his relations; and the panorama of Nice, and the extensive amphitheatre around it, covered with villas and gardens and olive-woods, ascending to the bare heights of Mont Chauve, bounded in the far distance by the snow-clad peaks of the Col de Tenda range, is one of the finest views in the south of Europe. This hill of Nice combines a wonderful variety of interests. To the geologist the dolomite, or coral-reef, of which it is composed, has yielded in its fissures and caverns the bones of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and several extinct quadrupeds, along with several marine shells and the remains of fresh-water turtle, presenting some puzzling problems. To the student of history the plateau on the top is a palimpsest of different eras and civilizations, the one superimposed upon, but not obliterating the other—the Ligurian oppidum, the Phœnician settlement, the Greek acropolis, the Roman castrum, and the fortress of the Middle Ages; and the vista that one obtains here into the history of the past is as extensive and far-reaching as the physical view which the situation commands. While to the lover of the picturesque in nature and Art, and even to the most delicate invalid, the shady walks and quiet contemplative nooks, and the splendid outlook of sea and town and Alpine range, afford a continual feast of enjoyment.

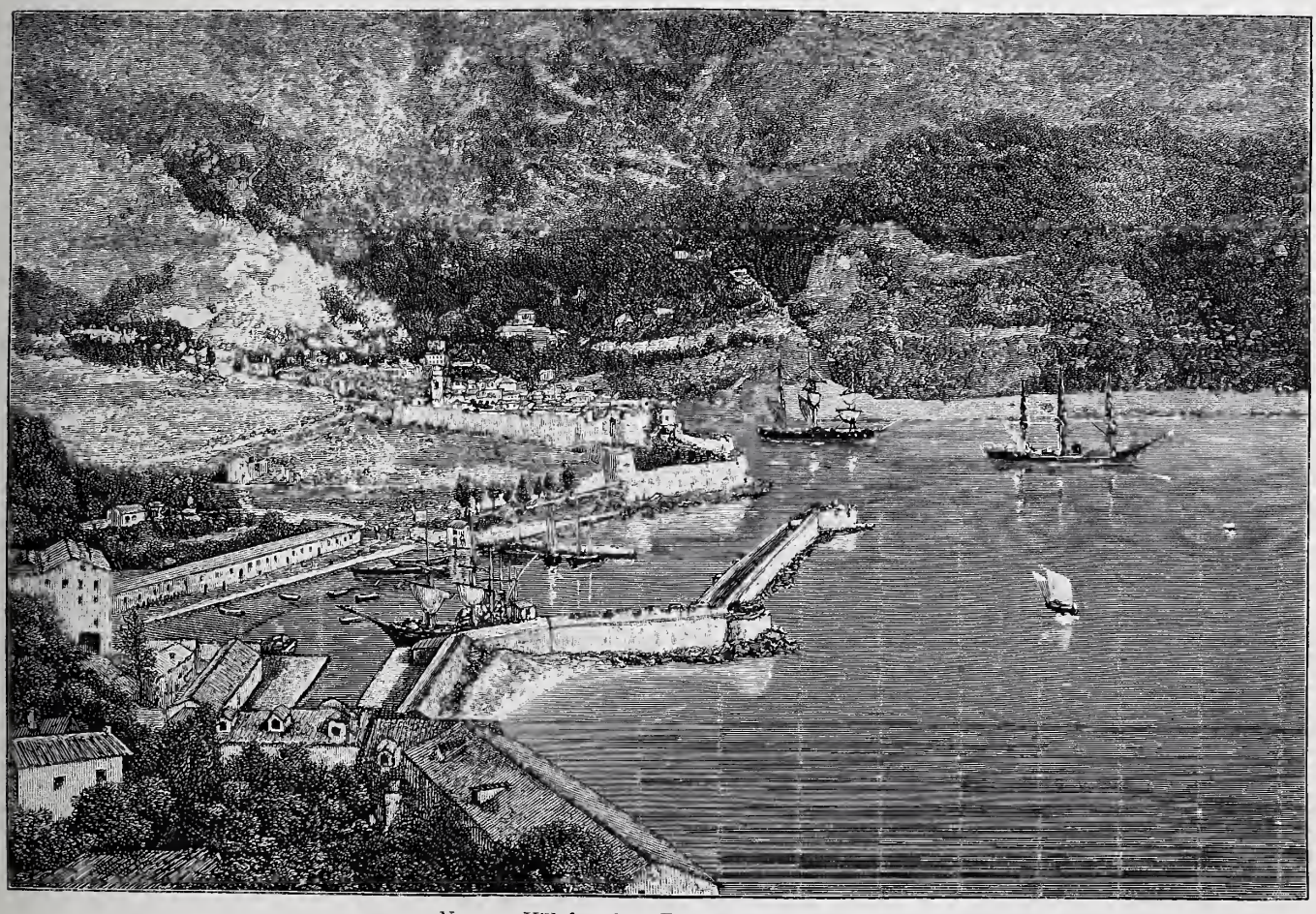


No. 16.—Sunset near St. André, Valley of the Paillon. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

About the middle of last century, when strangers and invalids came in large and increasing numbers from other countries to the place, the old town, with its narrow, ill-smelling streets creeping half-way up the castle-hill, and hemmed in by walls, proved a very unsuitable residence. The Duke of York spent a part of the winter of 1764, and his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, a few years later, passed a few months in a villa on the other side of the Paglione, in the quarter which derived its name of Croix de Marbre from a marble cross erected a hundred years previously to commemorate the visit of Pope Paul III. The presence of these royal dukes attracted a considerable number of English visitors, who began to build houses and villas in the neighbourhood, and made the place fashionable. Originally the ground was waste and marshy, and within the last twenty years large spaces were covered with pools of water filled with weeds and water-plants. After this a powerful impulse was given to the development of the town; another bridge was erected over the Paglione; new streets and large hotels sprung up as if by magic; the magnificent Promenade des Anglais, during a season of severe distress, was made at the expense of the English residents, who thus gave employment to the poor inhabitants; the Avenue de la Gare was formed as the principal street, with numerous handsome streets and boulevards branching off on either side, shaded by plane-trees, and having, many of them, plots in front adorned with palm and orange-trees,

acacias, and the splendid broad crinkled leaves and huge purple flowers of the Wigandia. Nice has now a population of 80,000, while its port is the third in commercial importance on the northern shores of the Mediterranean. It has all the attractions and resources of a luxurious capital, while its carnival is the finest in Europe. A large number of the shop-windows are filled with preserved fruits and candied sweets, with beautiful masses of flowers, and with a great variety of ornamental articles of olive-wood mosaic, with the favourite device of a swallow on the wing, and the motto "Je reviendrai" inscribed upon them—three of the principal commodities of Nice. Nearly all the streets command charming views of the surrounding hills; and the bare rugged head of Mont Chauve, with all the suggestiveness of wild nature, looks down upon the visitor when mingling with the gaily-dressed crowd, and regarding with a side glance the treasures of shop-windows as attractive as those of Paris. The Paglione, which is a characteristic mountain torrent descending from the snows of the Col de Tenda, cleaves the city in twain, and opens up along its course a splendid vista of the receding heights; while its wide stony bed, nearly always dry, utilised as a bleaching-ground for washerwomen, is overarched by several bridges, and in its lowest part is covered over by a glaring white casino and a pleasure-garden, in which is a statue of Massena, who, like Garibaldi, was born in Nice, and conferred his name upon some of the streets. The most fashionable lounge is the "Jardin Public" farther down near the mouth of the river, which, planted with magnolia, palm, acacia, and other beautiful evergreen trees, affords a pleasant shade in the hot noon, is rendered still more agreeable by the plash of a fountain and the strains of band music. The surrounding amphitheatre of bare calcareous hills reflects the heat, and the mirror of the Mediterranean the light of the sun; and thus the direct and reflected sunshine floods all the streets and houses with a glow of warmth and radiance which make a perpetual summer in the place.

The most attractive spot about Nice is undoubtedly Cimiez. This gently-sloping hill, about four hundred feet above the level of the sea, has been a favourite residence since the Roman Emperor Gallienus sent his delicate wife Salonina there to recover her health. The air is softer and more soothing at this elevation than on the sea-shore; and those who cannot sleep in the exciting atmosphere of Nice, may enjoy in the quietude and stillness here a grateful and refreshing repose. Beautiful villas, enclosed each in its own little Eden of semi-tropical vegetation, crowd the hill; and numberless paths lead into lovely dells, bright with wild flowers, and through extensive olive-woods, and up shaded heights, commanding between the openings the most charming views of the scenery about Nice. The white dusty high-road from the city is itself made lovely by the glimpses which it gives on either side of paradises of cultivated beauty, and by masses of the drooping yellow blossoms of the Budleya, and the red coral beads of the pepper-tree overhanging the walls. Cimiez



No. 17.—Villefranche. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

is a very ancient place. Pliny tells us that it was originally an oppidum or walled city, inhabited by an Alpine tribe called the Vediantii. On the arx, or highest point of the terrace, rising up precipitously from the dry bed of the Paglione, and

commanding a splendid outlook, may still be seen considerable remains of the walls of the prehistoric fortress, built of huge blocks of stone, after the manner of the Etruscan structures in Italy. The primitive Ligurians were displaced by the Romans, who built a Roman town called Cemenelium upon the site of the original oppidum, which became afterwards the capital of the whole region of the Maritime Alps, the seat of administration, and the military head-quarters. Of late years the excavations and researches of local antiquaries have brought to light the original foundations of the Roman city, the course of the two aqueducts which supplied it with water, as well as numerous Latin inscriptions recording the names of its governors and officers of the fortress, along with sepulchral stones, urns, lamps, statues, and mosaics, which enable us to form a pretty accurate idea of its importance in those early days. Above ground there are two characteristic relics of the Roman city, still remaining, which perpetuate the memory of its former greatness. The first is the Baths, which may be seen in the garden of the villa of Count Garin, where, at a considerable depth below the surface, were discovered by excavation in 1875, the different parts of the structure, the hypocaust which supplied the heat, the chambers in which the bathers rested and amused themselves, and the hot and cold and vapour baths, whose pavements and casings of coloured tiles still remain, and are encumbered with fragments of sculpture and bas-reliefs. All around are strewn the broken bases and shafts of splendid lofty pillars; and the stylobates of green marble, and the cymatia of red marble with finely-sculptured mouldings, show that these baths were not much inferior in point of architectural beauty and luxuriousness of furnishings to those of Rome itself. In the same ground is a square building, very much defaced and venerable-looking, which is supposed to be an ancient temple of Apollo. Within a short distance is the other great relic of Roman days—the Amphitheatre (Illustration No. 18), which is in a wonderfully good state of preservation, and used to be called by the peasants the Tino della Fade, or Bath of the Fairies. The high-road is carried through the middle of it, an act of profanation altogether gratuitous, which jars upon the sensibilities, and prevents one from realising fully the sentiment of the place. The large elliptical space is surrounded by huge masses of building, somewhat roughly put together without any attempt at ornamentation. The broken seats rise up one above another in tiers of half-ruinous masonry, on which the spectators arranged themselves to see the sports, from the magistrates and legionaries on the lowest, to the common people on the highest; while an awning was spread over the whole building to protect them from the hot sunshine. It was in this amphitheatre that the Prefect Claudius vainly endeavoured to save the life of St. Pons, by entreating him to offer sacrifice in the neighbouring temple of Apollo, already alluded to. Nature has spread a dusty carpet of green over the floor, which numberless slaves and captives, fighting with each other and with wild beasts, for the amusement of the brutal populace, had dyed with their blood; and on the walls which rang with the plaudits of the spectators, white and silent now in the glaring sunshine, tufts of gay wild flowers, and pale ferns, and clumps of grass, have laid their soft touch on the crumbling stones, and striven to bring the tragic ruin into harmony of peace and beauty with the gentle scenes around.



No. 18.—Remains of Roman Amphitheatre at Cimiez. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

In the neighbourhood of the amphitheatre, surrounded with the same old-world atmosphere, is the interesting Franciscan monastery of Cimiez, whose hoary time-stained walls acquire an additional sanctity from the shadows of a magnificent grove of ilex-trees, and the presence of a curious Gothic cross of white marble of the fifteenth century in the square in front. This cross represents in its rich sculpture a dream of St. Francis of Assisi; while on the portico of the building is painted a fresco recording a dream of Pope Innocent III., who beheld St. Francis supporting the fallen columns of the Lateran Church, and who therefore granted his request for the institution of the Franciscan order. The church occupies the site of a temple of Diana; and has an exquisite high-altar of inlaid marble, and three pictures, of which the best is a 'Descent from the Cross,' by Ludovico Brea, a contemporary of Raphael, and a painter of considerable merit, who was born in Nice. The collection of illuminated missals and MSS. of the Middle Ages contained in the sacristy is extremely interesting and valuable. The old-fashioned convent-garden, surrounded by the cloisters, is rich in flowers, especially white scented violets; and the adjoining cemetery is the favourite burying-ground of the higher classes of Nice; it is crowded with small marble chambers containing tombs, and with crosses and groups of sculpture of indifferent merit marking the graves in the open space. There is little that appeals to the higher and more tender sentiments in the decorations of the tombs; and the taste that has associated tawdry artificial flowers, and meretricious crowns and crosses of glass-beads with the solemn memorials of the dead, is savage almost in its rudeness. The only thing that redeems the spot from the desecration of human vanity is the magnificent view of the valley of the Paglione and the surrounding hills, which the lofty position of the cemetery commands. It is a well-known sketching-place of artists.

A favourite excursion in the neighbourhood of Nice is to the Grotte de St. André. The road to it, on the left bank of

the Paglione, is relieved of its dusty monotony by the interesting associations that gather round the Monastery of St. Pons, on the way—so called after the Roman senator, St. Pontius, who suffered martyrdom for the Christian faith, in the amphitheatre of Cimiez. It is a large white barrack-like edifice dating from the time of Charlemagne, who spent some days there on his way to Rome. Beside it the inhabitants of Nice signed the famous treaty, in 1308, by which their city and territory were annexed to the House of Savoy. Where the stream of St. Andre joins the Paglione, the scenery becomes more picturesque. A narrow richly-wooded glen opens up, with the little village of St. Andre higher up the stream, and a ruined castle and charming parish church, with a picturesque campanile, crowning the hill above. The rocks draw closer together and ascend to a greater height; while the sound of the torrent rushing over its rough bed waxes louder. A side path, shaded by cypresses, leads to the grotto—which is a natural tunnel, lined with beautiful stalactites and luxuriant masses of maidenhair fern—made by the stream, here gathering into a deep black pool, over which the visitor is paddled in a shallow boat. A petrifying well is near at hand, which takes the usual impressions of coins, birds'-nests, twigs, and cones. Beyond this the glen becomes wild and savage, like an Alpine gorge. The bare limestone cliffs, scarred and riven in the most extraordinary manner, approach so closely that there is barely room for the road and the stream; while they rise so high overhead as to shut out the sun and create a dim cold shade which invalids must guard against in passing through. This gorge was once the haunt of bandits; and an old, sinister-looking oil-mill, situated near an open cave in the precipitous limestone rocks, whose products discolour the waters of the stream, is associated with many a dark deed. A steep zig-zag road winds up the hill to the romantic village of Falicon, perched on the top of the rock overhanging the stream, commanding a most magnificent view; while the high-road passes on between cliffs still higher and wilder, with hardly a trace of vegetation on them, to the hill-town of Tourette and the ruins of Châteauneuf, a strange village on the top of a conical mountain nearly three thousand feet high, with all its houses ruined and deserted—like a modern Pompeii—on account of the scarcity of water. The shrubs and wild flowers along the path to Falicon are remarkably varied and beautiful; while the botanist will find a rich collection of rare mosses and lichens, favoured by the unusual shade and moisture, clothing the banks and old walls.

Returning to Nice by this route, a succession of views of the most varied and romantic beauty is presented at every turn of the road. The scenery to the west of Nice is broken up into a great number of bare or olive-covered ridges, and deep intricate gorges, called *vallons*, which in their farthest recesses are mere rifts between conglomerate strata, two or three hundred feet perpendicular, and almost shutting out the light of day. The Vallon Obscur, not far from the picturesque convent of St. Barthélémy and the cypress-shaded Villa Arson—where Talleyrand resided, and Bulwer-Lytton wrote one of his novels—is a good specimen of one of these vallons, which are usually dry for the most part of the year, but are transformed into torrent-beds during the rainy season, while their walls are lined with the most beautiful mosses, and the most luxuriant tufts of maidenhair fern. To the east of Nice there is a delightful walk over the hill by the old road to Villefranche (Illustration No. 17), commanding a very fine view of Nice and the surrounding mountains, including the bold romantic rock of St. Jeannet and the village at its base; and a charming drive by the new route, cut along the rocky face of Mont Boron, as it dips sheer down into the sea. Beyond Villefranche, there is the lovely village of Beaulieu, embosomed among orange and lemon and carauba groves, and famous for its magnificent old olive-trees. It enjoys an exceptional climate, owing to the lofty precipitous cliffs that rise behind it, and reflect the hot sunshine of Africa down upon its almost tropical vegetation and its hedges of geraniums and roses. From this point extends out into the sea for two miles the richly-wooded promontory of St. Hospice, with its quiet fishing village of St. Jean, its Saracenic tower, and its wild sea-facing cliffs and uncultivated downs, covered with dense bushes of yellow tree-euphorbia, myrtle, and cistus. The myrtle fruits here in great abundance, and the white and crimson rose-like blossoms of the cistus make a garden in the wilderness. From the look-out station on the highest point the view of the wonderful coast is splendid, extending eastward as far as Bordighera, and westward as far as the projecting spurs of the Esterels beyond Cannes, which bound the horizon in that direction.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.*

THE births for April include—2nd, Cornelis Huysman, baptized at Antwerp, 1648: 3rd, Felix E. H. Philippoteaux, at Paris, 1815: 4th, Grinling Gibbons, sculptor and wood-carver, at Rotterdam, in 1648, and Pierre Prud'hon, at Cluny (Saône-et-Loire), in 1758: 5th, J. Van Kessel, baptized at Antwerp, 1626: 6th, Raphael Santi, at Urbino, 1483 (following the inscription on his tomb in the Pantheon, by Cardinal Bembo, which says he died when exactly thirty-seven years of age—Good Friday, March 28th, was often given formerly), and Franz van Mieris, at Leyden, 1635 (Campo Weyermann says the 10th, and Houbraken, the 16th, at Delft): 7th, Gerrit Dou, at Leyden, 1613 (1528, formerly given), and Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., sculptor, at Norton, Derbyshire, 1782: 15th, Jan van Huijsum, painter of flowers, at Amsterdam, 1682 (the 5th also given): 16th, Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, at Venice, 1696: 17th, Vicat Cole, R.A., at Portsmouth, 1833: 19th, John Phillip, R.A., at Aberdeen, 1817, and E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., at Southampton, 1850: 21st, Ludovico Caracci, at Bologna, 1555: 22nd, G. I. Kerricx, sculptor, baptized in the Church of St. Walburge, Antwerp, 1682: 23rd, James Sant, R.A., at Croydon, 1820: J. M. W. Turner, R.A., at Covent Garden, London, 1775, and Henry Woods, A.R.A., at Warrington, 1846: 24th, Cornelis Dusart, at Haarlem, 1660, and J. W. E. Dietrich, at Dresden, 1774: 25th, Friedrich Preller,

* Continued from page 87.

at Eisenach, 1804: 26th, F. V. Eugène Delaroche, at Charenton St. Maurice, near Paris, 1798: 28th, Charles Blaas, at Nauders, in the Tyrol, 1815: 30th, William Mulready, R.A., at Ennis, Ireland, 1786, Frederick Tayler, water-colour painter, at Elstree, in Hertfordshire, 1804, and Richard Redgrave, R.A., at Pimlico, 1804.

Among the deaths are—1st, John Constable, R.A., at London, 1837: 3rd, Bartholomé Esteban Murillo, at Seville, 1682, buried in the parish church of Sta. Cruz, and Melchior de Hondekoeter, at Utrecht, 1695: 4th, Daniele Ricciarelli, called da Volterra, at Rome, 1566: 5th, David Teniers the younger, at Brussels, 1694 (following M. Alphonse Wauters, or the 15th, or 25th, at his château of Drij Toren, at Perck, 1690, according to others): 6th, Raphael Santi, at Rome, 1520, Albrecht Dürer, at Nuremberg, 1528, and Willem van de Velde, at Greenwich, 1707 (or 7th): 7th, Wilhelm von Kaulbach, in 1874: 8th, Giovanni Battista Salvi, called Sassoferrato, at Rome, 1685: 9th, John Opie, R.A., in 1807, buried in St. Paul's: 13th, Fillipino Lippi, at Florence, 1505: 14th, Balthasar Denner, 1747: 15th, Domenico Zampieri, called Domenichino, at Naples, 1641, supposed to have been poisoned: 15th, François Desportes, animal painter, in 1743; Rosalba Carriera, painter in pastel and miniature, at Venice, 1757, and Balthasar Beschey, at Antwerp, 1776, buried in the Abbey church of St. Michael: 16th, Henry Fuseli, R.A., at the residence of the Countess of Guildford, Putney Heath, 1825, and Dante Gabriele Rossetti, at Birchington-on-Sea, 1882: 18th, Gonzales Coques, at Antwerp, 1684: 20th, Paolo Caliari, called Veronese, at Venice, 1588 (the 19th also given): 22nd, John ("Old") Crome, at Norwich, 1821: 23rd, Joseph Nollekens, R.A., sculptor, at London, 1823, and Friedrich Preller, in 1878, and Owen Jones, in 1874: 27th, Adrian van Ostade, at Amsterdam, 1685, and Thomas Stothard, R.A., at London, 1834: 29th, Jacques Stella, at the Louvre, Paris, 1657: 30th, Eustache le Sueur, in 1655.

The present National Gallery building was opened to the public on the 9th, 1838; the first of Ghiberti's gates, with the twenty subjects from the New Testament, was put in its place, on the 19th, 1424; the present British Museum was opened on the 23rd, 1810. ALFRED BEAVER.

ENGLISH ART AS SEEN THROUGH FRENCH SPECTACLES.*

II.—THE FOUNDERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.



SPECIALLY in the products of the Norwich school M. de Conches recognises greater attention to the works of Dutch artists than to the study of nature; but in this he seems to be almost alone. The influence of Old Crome may have been slow in reaching the French capital, but there is abundant evidence that his paintings were there appreciated even more highly than by his own compatriots. "As a draughtsman more correct than Gainsborough, as a painter more luminous than even Callcott, in temperament more manly than Morland, Old Crome," says M. Chesneau, "at once commands the attention of the spectator. In some of his works, by the imposing majesty of the scene, by the infinite variety of the details, and by his knowledge and power of expression, he reaches the height of genius." But it is as the founder of a school, a higher and rarer distinction, that Old Crome attracts the notice of our foreign critics. To his influence and teaching are due the works of Cotman, Stark, Ibbetson, Nasmyth, and Creswick—not forgetting Bonington, whom the French claim as one of their own artists, and to whom, in 1824, the gold medal of the Salon was awarded, as was also another to Constable. To the influence of this school were to be traced, at a certain distance between them, two distinct revolts against the Academic teaching of the day. In France, where it was first felt, "les pasticheurs de paysages italiens" claimed the protection of the "classicists" in Art, but the struggle was of shorter duration than in the field of literature. Constable's ardour inspired all who sympathised with him; Paul Huet was the first and, for a moment, the only French painter who, breaking openly with the empty traditions of "le grand style," insisted upon seeing nature bright and fresh as she was, instead of through the smoke-coloured spectacles of the pedants who had so long blurred her beauties. But Huet's adhesion was speedily followed by that of his confrères; and M. Besnus, in his recent *conférences* at the Louvre (a method of Art instruction which might with advantage be adopted in our public galleries), showed that the English landscapists were the real precursors of Chintreuil, Descamps, and Fromentin, as well as of Rousseau, Corot, and, in a sense, of Courbet also. Compared with Gainsborough, M. Chesneau finds Constable wanting in the tender melancholy and soft peacefulness which are the keystone of the former. His bright, intense, sometimes harsh tones, his driving rain-charged clouds reveal the boldness of a powerful temperament and the storms of a troubled mind. He recognises Constable as a poet whom "the drama of the elements moves to the depths of his soul; he knows also the secrets of beauty in repose, but it is life in action which attracts him before aught else."

In England the teaching of the Norwich school, according to M. Chesneau, was destined to produce very different results. Its minute attention to details, which seldom narrow the beauty of the *ensemble*, was destined, after an interval of thirty years, to re-appear in the form of pre-Raphaelitism, and however much its adepts might pretend to draw their inspiration from the works of Perugino or his predecessors, the French critic sees in it little more than a revival of the principles applied by Ladbroke, Cotman, and Vincent.

The transition from the older to the modern school was marked by the artist whose triumphs will be claimed by both.

The position and importance of Turner are fully recognised by M. Chesneau, who regards him as inspired by one dominating ambition in Art—"il veut fixer la lumière." With

* Continued from page 52.

this aim he studied, analyzed, and decomposed it. He copied Claude and the two Poussins, and with such skill that his work was pronounced perfect. This was the starting-point of all his original works. He reproduced every phenomenon of the atmosphere to be met with in the cold, grey, foggy skies of the north, and then "avec la nostalgie des clartés incandescentes," sought in more sunny climates the realisation of his dreams. The magic subtleties and blazing splendour of the Italian sun-glow he attempted, and in most instances achieved. And his triumph was so conclusive as to call from a French critic the exclamation that although Turner's genius was too often incomplete, it was oftener sublime. M. Vitet, a competent authority, defines "la grande peinture," in words which seem especially applicable to our fellow-countryman—"un certain mélange indéfinissable, un certain accord harmonieux de l'idéal et de la vie qui constitue des créations que l'esprit humain enfante si rarement et qu'il est permis d'appeler des chefs-d'œuvre."

M. Chesneau accords to Turner an absolute originality of style and method, and holds that whatever influence Claude might have for a moment exercised on him, was speedily put aside. His other characteristic is that he was always striving up to his death to attain an ideal which day by day he placed higher. In this struggle for the unattainable, his genius supported him; his failures arose from his occasionally choosing the wrong path. He did not look enough at nature, paradoxical as it may sound, but carried away by his lofty imagination, he saw the sun of his dreams and aspirations, rather than that which was shining in the heavens.

We will not, however, dwell longer on the "ancients," for with them—a third of a century having passed since his death—we must be content to class Turner. He was, and still is, but little known in France, for it was not until 1855 that an opportunity occurred of revealing to foreigners the resources of English Art—when at the Paris Exhibition the schools of all countries were able to show in what various ways painting was national and particularised, and how far it reflected general ideas or universal caprice. So far as the English school was concerned the movement was passing through a critical stage of its development. Pre-Raphaelitism, which in the beginning of the century had struck root in foreign countries, championed by a writer so brilliant and so paradoxical as Mr. Ruskin, had found exponents among the ablest and most promising artists of the day. Bartolini in Italy, Ingres in France, Overbeck and Rumohr in Germany, had urged the superiority of the "quatro-centisti" against the masters of every subsequent period; but it was rather towards Van Eyck and the early Dutch artists that they turned for counsel and help, whereas the English pre-Raphaelitism, true in its starting-point, although at times almost childish in its mode of expression, led Rossetti, Millais, and others to study nature with the patience and humility which the earlier Italians had displayed. M. Philippe Burty, writing at a distance of fifteen years from the first display of English pictures in Paris, is able to do full justice to the aims of these artists, who at the time attracted more ridicule than appreciation. "Les pré-Raphaélites Anglais," he writes in 1870, "ne se sont pas bornés à l'accentuation des profils, à la curiosité des angles sortants et rentrants. Ce n'était là que le petit côté. Ils ont cherché le sentiment dans le mystère de la couleur. Ils ont pris surtout aux Venitiens cette poussière d'or qui mire les sens, ces horizons bleus qui font ressembler les montagnes aux vagues de l'océan. Ces figures de seconde place passent dans la campagne comme des ombres appellées vers des buts inconnus. Il y a eu là pour l'École Anglaise l'occasion d'un renouveau que le réalisme était loin de donner à la nôtre. Il y a eu des excentricités, puis des lassitudes."

M. Edmund About, however, writing in 1855, could see nothing in the younger men of the English school but a tendency towards "la peinture réactionnaire." He could not understand why artists should revert to Perugino, and hold to the idea that painting had made no progress in the hands of Raphael, Titian, and Michael Angelo, whose genius would have only served to corrupt our taste. Millais, he was prepared to admit, draws divinely and paints with erudition, and he acknowledged that his minute attention to details in no degree marred the general effect; but he protested against the uniformity of such works as the 'Order of Release,' in which the artist threw an equal feeling into the man's face as into his gaiters, and as much passion into the woman's pose as into the sleeve of her dress. His 'Ophelia' touched the French critic more, and he recognised the grace and naïveté of the girl who unwittingly is sinking to her rest, and he drew the venturesome conclusion that Millais must have great talents when, discarding every method which modern Art has discovered, he can still so charm and move us. He likened him, moreover, to a professional runner who, with lead in his shoes, carried off the prize of the race, and he prophesied that if only Mr. Millais would throw away the weight with which he encumbered himself, he would far outpace all his competitors.

Speaking of the same work, M. Charles Blanc says, "Le peintre avait enterpris de lutter corps à corps avec la nature, de pousser le rendre jusqu'aux bornes de l'impossible, et de fouler aux pieds cette loi écrite par les maîtres et proclamée par le bon sens que des myriades de détails ne font pas un ensemble." Twelve years later, when at the Exposition of 1867 Millais was represented by his 'Eve of St. Agnes,' Charles Blanc showed that his feelings had undergone but little change, describing the work as marking the last stage of these deplorable aberrations, and likening the fate of the pre-Raphaelites to that of Turner, "qui énivré par la nature, espérant surpasser Claude Lorrain, égaler la lumière, imiter le soleil, fut pris de délire et se noya dans l'atmosphère."

To return, however, to M. About for a moment, we find him grouping with Millais two men so apparently dissimilar as Dyce and Collins. The former he looks upon as a dry imitator of Perugino, who gives Chinese faces to both the Madonna and Child; but in Collins he sees an artist of high and austere aim, simple in the conception of his work, skilful in its execution, and at all times on guard against himself and the excesses of an archaism to which he felt a leaning. Of Holman Hunt's 'Light of the World' and 'Lost Sheep,' he says that they are proofs of the aberrations of taste of which a clever painter is capable, and holds that a separate place should be assigned for "cette peinture savamment hideuse." M. Chesneau, however, whilst regarding the motive of the 'Light of the World' as singular, and a bold innovation, in no sense shocking, holds that it bears about it the rare stamp of true religious emotion and of profound melancholy, and that as such it was the most faithful application of pre-Raphaelite method and doctrine, and only to be compared with another work of the same brotherhood, Mr. Fisk's 'Last Evening at Nazareth.' Similarly in Arthur Hughes M. Chesneau finds not a little grace, and an exquisitely poetic intention. In his picture, 'After the Day's Work,' the contrast

of the rosy-cheeked, curly-headed child with the coarse dress of the miner is given with force and without effort; and throughout the picture the same marvellous refinement of details, combined with the same absence of life, are to be found in the pictures of Holman Hunt and Fisk.

Reverting for a moment to Millais, we find in M. R. Ménard's clever analysis of our artist's later work, 'The Knight Errant,' how essentially different is the conception of Art by the two nations. The subject of the picture, as most of our readers remember, is a young girl, stripped of her clothes and tied to a tree; the knight is hurrying to release her, and meanwhile the brigands take flight. A French artist would not have failed, says M. Ménard, to have made the nude figure of the girl the pivot of his composition, and would have regarded everything else as accessory. The English artist, on the contrary, has only one thought in view, the moral act of the knight. The girl is of an ordinary type, and wholly insignificant, whilst on the knight's countenance, expressive of mingled passion and respect, the painter has bestowed all his care and force. "Millais a été un des apôtres de la doctrine pré-Raphaélite, et bien que pour les procédés d'exécution il ait passé dans le camp ennemi, il n'en reste pas moins fidèle quant à l'invention à un ensemble d'idées, dont il a été le plus ardent promoteur."

Some years later, M. Dubosc de Pesquidoux, writing after the third display of English Art at the Paris Exposition of 1878, describes Millais as the most striking figure and the most complete personification of our national Art. He unfolds to ourselves our tastes and aims, and is the faithful interpreter of the forms and doctrines of English æsthetics. "Il est enfin le modèle parfait de la méthode connue qui s'applique à particulariser au lieu de généraliser, à détailler au lieu de simplifier." Although M. Dubosc is ready to recognise Millais's claim to eminence in the various styles in which he has displayed his talents, yet he holds that it is most strangely brought out in his landscapes; and in support of this theory he selects two of his best known works, 'Chill October' and 'Over the Hills.' In both M. Dubosc discovers similar results obtained by identical methods. The artist attains the same extraordinary truthfulness of *ensemble* by the same attention to detail. Each picture is, therefore, less a landscape than a patch of nature cut out and fixed upon the canvas—a segment of the country seen through a window, and with all its movement and incidents fixed by some mechanical process in a frame. "Ses ouvrages sont le triomphe du réalisme; la fidelité d'un artiste ne peut aller plus loin; mais l'accent supérieur, la vision et la révélation d'un monde épuré et suprasensible, font absolument défaut. Le copiste précis, systématique, opiniâtre, donne une image précise, comme le produit d'une machine, et rien de plus." In criticising his figure pictures, such as the 'Yeoman of the Guard' and 'Dummy Whist,' M. Dubosc finds that Millais carefully avoids everything which approaches invention. "C'est un fanatique de la nature, qui se garde respectueusement de toute licence envers son idole. Il la prend et l'étale telle qu'elle lui apparaît; sa religieuse vénération ravit ses compatriotes, peu friands du style ou peu familiarisés avec ses effets; mais laissant le spectateur terre à terre, ne découvrant aucun horizon devant la pensée ou l'imagination, elle plaît médiocrement à ceux qui cherchent un élément intellectuel dans l'œuvre de l'art."

With all these reservations, the general verdict of French critics is that the triad of Millais, Watts, and Leighton will in future be looked up to as the chiefs of the modern school of English painting. That French artists have not been blind to their excellences, or impatient of their influence, the works of Bellanger, Regamey, and Bracquemond bear witness; and not a few of their countrymen admit that French Art has once more, under foreign influence, found courage to break with the narrow rules of classical tradition.

Sir Frederick Leighton's art only draws from M. Dubosc that in the 'Music Lesson,' which he regards as a typical work, that drawing, modelling, and colouring are alike truthful and charming. Leighton, on the other hand, says M. Philippe Burty, possesses an equally high ideal as Watts, but tender by nature, and eclectic in thought, he can detach himself with greater ease from the strict lines of classical tradition. "C'est un artiste aux intentions les plus délicates, et aux volontés les plus droites, mais il les astreint à une esthétique puisée dans de longues études." Struck by the permanence of certain laws, which in every school of painting can be traced in the highest works, Leighton has devoted himself to the discovery of these general laws. Having in view an ideal of beauty, of which he has found the scattered elements in France, he seeks to realise it on canvas, as Raphael composed his Venuses of traits chosen from amongst his most beautiful models. His influence, M. Burty thinks, writing in 1869, already great, must increase year by year. It cannot fail to be useful in a country where artists have a tendency to study rather the outside of things, than to propose to themselves those difficult problems, of which the realisation, however incompletely achieved, vivifies their work and increases tenfold its value. M. Charles Blanc refused, however, to be convinced that any good could come out of such work as the 'Bridge of Sighs,' exhibited by Leighton at Paris, and expressed the fervent hope that English artists would in future refrain from all religious and mythological subjects, for their Sicilian priestesses were "West-end misses, their Pagan deities English gentlemen, whilst their sacred characters had the appearance of Members of Parliament."

As might be anticipated, Mr. Watts' work is the cause of divergent opinion. M. Chesneau recognises him as scarcely more than a distinguished portrait painter, who has made several more or less successful attempts to paint the nude. At times he sees in his works, in 'Love and Death' for instance, and in 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' a strong poetic bent, but too much sombreness in his palette robs his painting of much of its charm, and militates against its refined sentiment. But in M. Burty's eyes the part played by Watts in the development of English Art is more important, for he maintains that what Millais aims at representing in a naturalistic sense, Watts realises in a decorative sense. Watts he looks upon as far less English, and shows the influence of his long sojourn in Italy, and of his deep admiration for Pheidias—in a word he regards him as a sculptor who uses canvas to convey his thoughts. His 'Orpheus and Eurydice' displays all those decorative qualities on which his talent rests. "Un peu parent de Delacroix, troublé comme lui dans l'expression de la pensée, moins nerveux et plus musculeux. Il comprend la forme et le mouvement, comme on les lit dans les grandes œuvres anciennes et modernes; et dans la nature agissante, là où la passion seule leur imprime une signification et où la lumière leur donne la vie, M. Watts est un des plus grands artistes qu'il y ait aujourd'hui en Europe."

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

LANDSCAPES IN LONDON;

OR SKETCHING-GROUNDS WITHIN THE CAB RADIUS.

Introduction.—The Tower.

LAST century London was esteemed a beautiful town, with its gardens, its fresh air, and its parks, all surrounded by pleasant "environs." It did not cover a quarter of its present area, and while there were leafy lanes about the Kensington gravel-pits, Islington was an agreeable country resort for the City people. There were fogs of course, and London would not be recognised without these faithful friends, but there was not nearly so much smoke. Houses were not built in the desperate hurry of the present day, and were not endued with the terrible ugliness now only too familiar to its inhabitants. But artists then did not care to sketch from nature, and the fortunate time went by.

The average Londoner is too busy to go out of his daily route, and lest he should rejoice in the trees of the parks from the top of his omnibus, he reads a newspaper, or stares at the shops and passers-by, or perhaps he goes underground to his business. Not many would credit the fact that there are still good sketching-grounds within four miles of Charing Cross. A few artists and a few lovers of quaint old nooks know of these favoured spots, but they seldom take either the time or the trouble to visit them, and generally forget to mention them to their friends. Nearly every one "in search of the picturesque" goes out of London to find it.

Londoners are proud of London, its size, its wealth, its importance, but they take even the sights on trust, and let country visitors and foreigners enjoy them instead. English artists have rushed abroad to paint other towns, and, with rare exceptions, have left London, their own town, to be painted by De Nittis and Tissot. Foreign artists often make remarks upon the picturesqueness of our streets, and are greatly surprised at our blindness to the artistic charms of our own metropolis.

The object of these papers is to show where an artist or amateur can find good subjects for pictures without much difficulty, and without being too much disturbed by onlookers during the process of sketching. The drawbacks to comfort while sketching in streets are usually well-nigh overwhelming. There is an immense surplus population all over London, which seems to have nothing to do, or to be bent on doing nothing. Lads, men, women and children, form into a crowd at the slightest opportunity, and with the speed of the nineteenth century itself. Some of our streets afford delightful "glimpses," but if an artist should try to make a sketch on the spot, the idlers at once crowd round him and spoil his equanimity by depriving him of fresh air, until even a determined worker's sketch is ruined. We shall, therefore, select by preference some places where the idlers have not penetrated.

The Tower of London is full of good subjects, and the entrance fee four days in the week, and the care of the warders, are causes that make its visitors clean and orderly. It is free on Saturdays and Mondays, and it is advisable not to sketch on those days. The Metropolitan Railway has now been extended to the Tower, and there is, therefore, no difficulty in reaching the place from the West End.

Permission to sketch is obtained by writing a request to the Lieutenant of the Tower. This permission admits the artist to many places where the public are not allowed to go, such as the ramparts, the leads, and the garden. The interior is full of "bits," and there are the groupings and varieties in the architecture we might expect to find in a castle that took two hundred years to build.

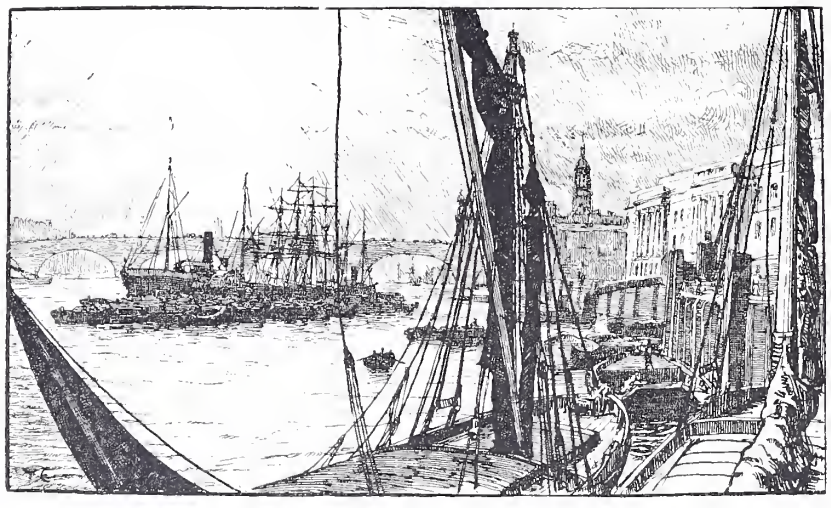


Sketch 1.—*The Byward Tower.*

The view, as we look backwards after passing through the Byward Tower, is especially delightful, and the numerous additions and alterations on this side are a little history in themselves. The Governor's house is on the right, and on the ground close to it there is an old field-gun with a sentry-box in front. Over the parapet on our left we catch a glimpse of the Thames, framed in sycamore and elm trees, covered with noble shipping, and closed in by London Bridge in the distance. A warder is sitting in the shade, ready to notice any one who comes in. Another warder is walking under the archway, beyond whom we can see along the bridge to the middle tower which protects its farther end. The moat under this bridge has been filled in, and forms a level exercise-ground for the troops, to which we shall have occasion to refer on another page. Here we have all the suggestiveness of solid old-world strength in the massive outlines, and also the

contrast of the numerous chimneys and square windows which tell of times of peace long enjoyed. The light under the arch, with the gloomy shadows above, give a centre of interest to the eye and mind. The animated picture of the "world's great highway" gives the final touch of completeness. We have not only every requisite for a charming sketch, but we have also the hint of historical associations, which are far better known to the average Englishman than the outward appearance of the site connected with them.

And now for hints to the amateur. To most people this subject will appear to lack colour, though it has a good distribution of light and shade. There is too much grey. As much as possible will have to be made of the trees on the Tower wharf—seen over the parapet to the left—and of the red brick chimneys, and of the parts where the masonry has been raised by warm-coloured brickwork. The sentry who generally stands just on this side of the gateway is very useful with his red coat to relieve the monotony; and of course gay-coloured costumes can be put upon the visitors who may be entering to see the sights. The sky is rarely blue here; it has a large admixture of yellow ochre and rose madder in it, and towards the horizon there is no blue at all. A very good grey for London horizons may be made in water-colours with cobalt, rose madder, and yellow ochre, and in oils the place of the rose madder may be taken by vermilion. The masonry is of a very dingy colour indeed, especially when the sky is overcast, and a warm sepia with French blue, varied somewhat in places, will be as bright colours as we can venture to use. The same colours, washed over with a little yellow ochre, must be employed in the high lights.



SKETCH 2.—*London Bridge from the Tower.*

How completely the Tower has been interwoven with the life of London history need hardly be remarked. It is not much more than two hundred years since royalty gave up resorting there for safety. Originally designed by William the Conqueror as the "key" of London, whoever held it became master of the situation for the time being. Mr. Loftie's recent book on the "History of London" gives a most interesting picture of the civic struggles with successive sovereigns, and the fact that part of the Tower stood within the City boundaries becomes a matter of value when we are able to comprehend the full importance of the lord mayor of London. More than one has been a martyr to his place. He always had "a right to have the sword borne before him until a certain point was passed" within the Tower precincts.

Too many prisoners, royal, illustrious, innocent and guilty, have gazed hopelessly on these walls. The interest attaching to the twelve towers is as gloomy in its way as the fierce legends belonging to foreign and Eastern strongholds. When a thousand prisoners were there at once, what an army of misfortune's recruiting it must have held! Tower Hill was in those days counted a salubrious place, and the air was fresh when any prisoners were allowed to face it. The Thames running freely by, gay with old-fashioned boats, must have mocked at them with its liberty.

Our second illustration is a sketch of the Thames near the Tower wharf. There is a delightful view of the river from the wharf itself, but this is not a good place to take up one's stand to sketch from, owing to the probability of too many unasked critics and admirers gathering round the hapless artist. Fortunately we can obtain almost the same view from a small private pier that laps round the Tower wharf, erected by the contractor for the Metropolitan Railway extension. Any artist having made friends with the man in charge will be able to work with comfort there. All manner of shipping can be studied from this point, and there is a very good view of London Bridge. The imposing building to the right, with classic columns, is the Custom House. The new fishmarket of Billingsgate is to be distinguished by its tower, which is somewhat like a small minaret. London Bridge forms the extreme background of this sketch, for though it is not far off—about the third of a mile—the mistiness of the air in this part of London makes the tone correspond to what is right for the distance in a picture. This sketch was taken at three o'clock on an August afternoon, and the sun shines hazily upon the water to the left, grouping the light and shade pleasantly enough. The best state of the tide for this point of view is either tolerably high or extremely low; for unless the tide is pretty high, the foreground boats are seen in too violent perspective to be agreeable; but when it is at its lowest, only the masts come into the sketch, and form an original and interesting foreground. The steamer, with the boats alongside, serve to throw the bridge still farther back, besides adding life to the scene. The colour of the Thames about here is a dirty, very dirty brown, except at high or low water spring tides. At those times some of the salt water of the estuary, or the fresh water from the upper Thames, floods the river, and makes it so clear that the light shines green through the waves turned up by the passing steamers. This happens so seldom, however, that one cannot well count upon it. The state of the weather is more important, and our fickle climate still more seldom gives us the chance of weather and tide being both at once in the best condition. When the sun is facing the spectator, the actual colour of the water is not of so much importance, as the colour seen depends greatly on reflection from the sky, and from the objects in or on the river. These reflections, of course, give endless and beautiful greys, blues, and bright yellows.

We have strayed from the Tower to look on the free life beyond it, and must now return and use our privileges in

strolling along the garden outside the filled-up moat. Our third view of the outer wall has an air of utter peace and seclusion, in spite of the small group of little figures below, who are some of the garrison of the Tower going through their drill. The moat bridge is on the right, hiding the Thames, but three high masts assert the dignity of commerce, and tell of the water at hand. The Byward Tower, just beyond, presents its most forbidding exterior, yet the modern chimneys crown it in a way little adapted for ancient warfare, and give the impression of quiet times even more forcibly than in Sketch 1, taken from the interior of the Outer Bail. The Bell Tower (Sketch 3), capped with a turret-house, is within the walls: it holds the alarum-bell, and hence its name. It is now the Governor's house. Very old houses join it with the Beauchamp Tower (at the extreme left of the sketch), where Raleigh was imprisoned for many years. It used to be said he was kept in the White Tower, and much false historical sympathy has been bestowed on the dreary windowless hole assigned to him by tradition. Fortunately he had other and better quarters in which to live and write his "History of the World."



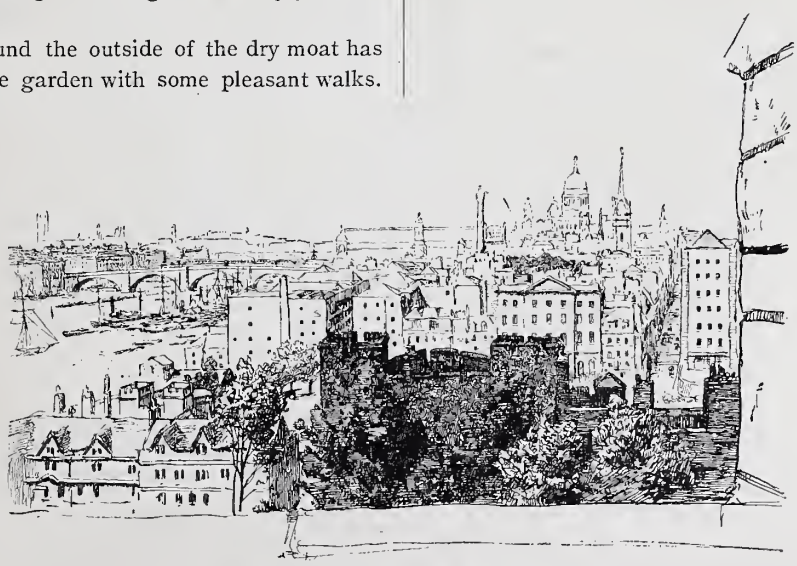
SKETCH 3.—*The Moat.*

The view is seen as if through a grand window made by the overarching trees, and the foreground figures are of a kind somehow inevitably connected with soldiers parading, namely, nurses and children rejoicing in the sight, with a joy devoid of care.

The strip of ground round the outside of the dry moat has been laid out as a private garden with some pleasant walks. This view is from the path just above the wall of the ditch, on the east side of the old walls; and with the red brick, red-tiled houses beyond, it reminds one of a foreign town. For the artist alone it is a pity that this ditch has ever been filled up, as a piece of still water reflecting the ancient bastions and buildings would have added very much to the effect. It is some compensation that, since that was done in 1854, the sanitary condition of the barracks in the Tower has been changed from the most unhealthy to some of the healthiest in London. The afternoon is the most favourable time for making a sketch here, as the sun lights up the red roofs and the top of the ramparts, while the deep shadows of the moat and foreground help to throw them back and greatly aid the composition.

Near the north-east angle of the moat the garden widens, and a small raised plot of grass is laid out. Here there are several summer-houses and a semicircular seat. This latter would form a very good subject for a sketch with figures placed on it, and the Tower seen in the background, again framed by the trees. There are many other glimpses of the Tower from these gardens, with trees for the foreground. Over page (Sketch 5) is one with a figure reading under an acacia-tree. The moat appears to be deep in this view, for we cannot see the shallow bottom, and the upright walls of the north bastion look as if they might go down to any depth. The tops of the four turrets of the White Tower are visible above. As this is the north front of the Tower, it is nearly always in shade, and the atmosphere naturally belonging to the East-end of London gives it a blue shade of colour, and a far-off look that greatly enhances the effect of a sketch.

Our other illustration (Sketch 4) is taken from the top of the White Tower, which stands nearly in the middle of the enclosure, and was the nucleus of the whole castle. It was built by William the Conqueror, and was said to have been called the White Tower because it was originally white-washed. The leads are massive sheets, thick and well placed, and in former days prisoners were allowed to walk there. It must have been almost a country view they could see, for the London warehouses had not then advanced so far east. At present the noise of the shrill steam-tugs, and the whistling of the ships about to start, is almost incessant; and the distant roar of the immense city traffic, as well as the usual hum of a large town, help to swell the sound. The height of the White Tower is over ninety feet, and the view is extensive, though not equally interesting on all sides. There are turrets at the four corners, and this view is taken from the embrasure close to the one at the north-west angle. The top of the



SKETCH 4.—*View from the White Tower.*

Beauchamp Tower and some sycamore-trees form a sort of foreground, and next them are the old red houses already shown in Sketch 3. The two square embattled towers beyond form the top of the Middle Tower. In the middle distance above it we have the Thames and London Bridge; then just above the Beauchamp Tower the Inland Revenue Office faces us, and the narrow road in abrupt perspective is Great Tower Street. Some of the most interesting features in this sketch form the extreme distance, and being outlined against the sky, give an ornamental effect to the prosaic buildings below. St. Paul's is very conspicuous, and next to it the Monument, looking perhaps for the first time really picturesque, especially as it helps to relieve the long straight line of the roof of Cannon Street Station. A glimpse of London and its bridges above London Bridge is completed by the towers of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. On very fine days, one of those that occur perhaps once during the year, it is possible to see some faint outline of the distant country. This is so phenomenal that it would be uncharacteristic to introduce it into an ordinary sketch; and besides, with such unusual clearness of atmosphere, the griminess of the houses is too unpleasantly marked in the middle distance, which, even on commonly clear days, is masked and softened by a delicate haze. The sketch is like an epitome of London. At one glance we see its finest churches, its chief seat of government, the best bend of the river, one of its large railway stations, and the walls of its ancient fortress. It requires a day of fleeting shadows and flickering lights to bring out the parts of this view, and make each stand out from the other. The morning is the best time of day, and it is as well to choose calm weather, for when there is but a slight and pleasant breeze below on the road, the wind comes with violent gusts through the embrasures of the parapet of the White Tower. One turret contains the Tower clock, and great flocks of pigeons have found shelter in the other three. These have been favourite birds with Londoners for centuries past; so many being burnt at the time of the Great Fire, that their cries and vain efforts to fly away have found a place in history.



Sketch 5.—*From the Moat Garden.*

Tristram J. Ellis.

(To be continued.)

NIGHT.

Engraved by E. Stodart from the Group by Francis de Saint-Vidal.

THE Paris Salon of 1883 was remarkable for the collection of fine pieces of sculpture it contained, and the group of 'La Nuit,' which we engrave, is one that attracted considerable attention for its graceful forms and elegant composition.

M. Francis de Saint-Vidal was born at Milan. He now resides in Paris, his parents being French, though he is descended from an English family. As a pupil of the sculptor Carpeaux he has been trained in the style his master was taught by Rude, the famous designer of one of the Arc de Triomphe groups. The best-known work by Carpeaux is the Fountain of the Luxembourg Observatory, where the Four Quarters of the World support the Globe. He was one of the first to leave traditional treatment, and introduce realism into sculpture. His pupil, M. de Saint-Vidal, has returned—more especially in the work before us—to idealism, but it is modified by that perception of the reality which more nearly approaches perfection than extreme adherence either to pure realism or pure idealism.

M. de Saint-Vidal, as well as being an artist is also a poet, and he accompanies his group by the following lines:—

Blanche vierge des nuits, flambeau divin des cieux,
Toi que l'amour réclame,
Viens encore une fois, viens enchanter mes yeux
D'un dernier rayon de ta flamme,
Quand à la fin du jour,
Le crépuscule étend son voile sur la terre,
Aurore des nuits à ton tour,
De tes pâles rayons tu répands le mystère
Sur le sommeil et sur l'amour.

These words give succinctly the sculptor's aim in producing the group.



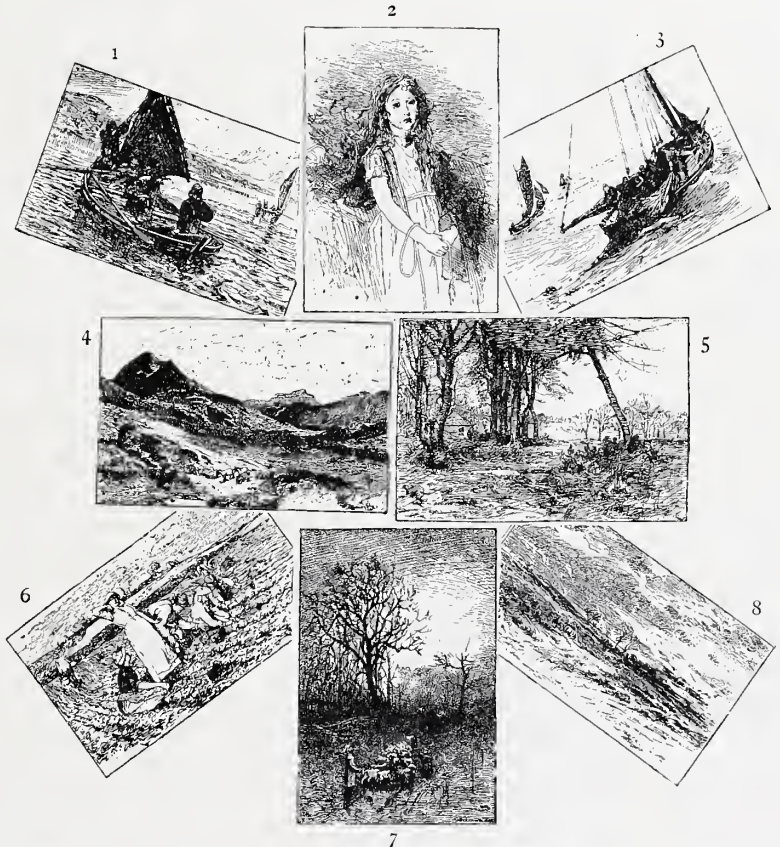
NIGHT

ENGRAVED BY E STODART FROM THE GROUP BY FRANCIS DE SAINT-VIDAL

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Co. LIMITED.

SCOTTISH EXHIBITIONS.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY EXHIBITION. — The story of Scottish Art, as it is exemplified in the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, almost invariably divides itself into two or three well-defined branches. The Academy has been the mother of artists as well as the home of Art, and while some of her children stay at home keeping the lamp burning on the domestic altar, others who have gone out into a wider sphere remember their *alma mater*, and strive, more or less earnestly, to repay what they owe to her by decorating the parent shrine with votive offerings. Others, again, are adopted sons, and show some gratitude therefore by contributions which may make the garland of Art more worthy of its wearer. But interesting as it is to examine those various branches in the annual collection on the Academy walls, it is always more valuable to watch the progress of those who are still in their novitiate, and who must at some early date either remain to shed lustre on the resident school, or seek to add to that remarkable band of men who have so emphatically made their mark on the larger arena of British Art. It is the characteristic of the present year's Exhibition, acknowledged by all, that its most notable feature lies in the works of the younger men standing in the last-named category. From these there is a flush of promise which augurs well for the repute of the Scottish school in future years.



1. 'The Fill of Two Boats.' W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A.
2. 'A Moorland Lass.' R. Herdman, R.S.A.
3. 'Herring Fishers at Sea.' R. Anderson, A.R.S.A.
4. 'Glen Dochart.' J. Smart, R.S.A.
5. 'Yon Burnside.' G. W. Johnstone, A.R.S.A.
6. 'The Strawberry Harvest.' T. Austen Brown.
7. 'A Flood of Light.' Geo. Aikman, A.R.S.A.
8. 'Ancrum Common.' W. D. Mackay, R.S.A.

From the Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition, 1884.

As usual, a selection of works previously exhibited in London is seen in the galleries. Conspicuous amongst them, and surpassing in power any work on the walls, is Mr. Millais' portrait of J. C. Hook, R.A., the merits of which do not now require to be dwelt upon. Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Archibald Forbes and his powerful water-colour portrait of Mr. Ruskin are also shown. Mr. Oakes, who was recently elected an honorary member of the R.S.A., shows his large and luscious landscape, 'Llyn-yr-Adur.' Amongst Scotsmen holding honorary rank, Mr. Calder Marshall contributes the only large piece of sculpture in the collection, his life-size Sabrina group; and Mr. Thomas Graham shows two paintings, 'Eyes to the Blind,' and 'Counsel's Opinion,' the bright daylight effect and admirable drawing of the latter giving them marked individuality. Mr. Archer is represented by his 'Peter the Hermit.'

The President, Sir W. Fettes Douglas, shows two very interesting pictures, not recent examples of his art, but never before exhibited. In 'The Antiquary and Lovel,' we see the interior of the library at Monkbarns, with the detail in wood-carving, books, curios, and antique furniture expressed in that clear definite touch and well-sustained balance of relation which have ever given a charm to Sir William's work. In 'Hudibras and Ralph visiting the Astrologer,' the delightful glimpse of landscape through door and window makes an excellent foil to the den of the astrologer, and subdues the strong touches of red which are sometimes over-emphasized in the President's pictures. In figure painting, Mr. Herdman again takes a leading place, his works including 'A Moorland Lass,' and 'His Old Flag,' an ideal figure of a worn-out old soldier regarding with moist eyes the colours under which, presumably, he lost the missing arm. Mr. Gibb presents a battle-piece of some power, entitled 'Schoolmates,' where we find two Highland officers in the heat of battle, one falling wounded into the arms of the other. The colour here is a little harsh, though it may mellow with time, and the grouping rather lacks in spontaneity. Mr. Hay's picture of three Jacobites drinking the King's health 'Over the Water,' is distinguished by a cool tone and crisp handling which make it one of the Secretary's most successful efforts. From Mr. Reid we get seven portraits, including one strong in character and full of nature, 'Sir John Anderson, LL.D.' Mr. MacTaggart's sea-shores with children charm and tantalise. The sky and the sparkle of the dancing waves in 'A Message from the Sea,' delight beyond measure, but the figures on the shore, though fine in colour are merely rudimentary, and in 'May Morning,' the four children are dressed in a costume utterly

unfit for May. Mr. Lockhart's efforts, except in the case of a very excellent head of Mrs. Aitken (Carlyle's sister), are exclusively in water colour; one of these, a baptism in San Giovanni, Siena, being a work of great force and excellent detail. Mr. Cameron contributes several genre pictures in familiar style, less perfect, we think, in atmosphere than formerly. In landscape, the Academicians are strongly *en evidence*, Mr. Smart's Highland scenes being notable. From the new Academician, Mr. Beattie Brown, have been sent a number of works, the largest, 'Gathering Clouds, Stratherrick,' being of a higher grade than many of this artist's former pictures. Mr. Mackay's 'Ancrum Common,' a spring scene, excels in its fine out-of-door feeling and that tender poetic touch which give this artist's pastorals their idyllic charm.

Amongst the Associates, Mr. Hole appears to be still searching for his *metier*, having a variety of styles and subjects without attaining striking success in any. In 'The Fill of two Boats,' we have a fine open sea-loch, with a boat full of fish. In 'Herring Fishers at Sea,' Mr. R. Anderson gives a large water-colour drawing, vigorously drawn and full of light and sparkle. This artist essays in 'The Harbour Bar' a work in oil in the same branch in which he has been so conspicuously successful in water. But no one seeing both will hesitate to turn to the picture first named. Mr. Aikman exhibits his fine 'Flood of Light,' and Mr. G. W. Johnstone 'Yon Burnside.' Mr. R. Macgregor essays in 'The Blind Pedlar,' a large work, with two figures, into which he has infused a large amount of character and expression.

The rising school is, as indicated, unusually strong this season. Mr. Martin Hardie's 'Gleaners,' with Ancrum village in the distance, contains some delightfully grouped child figures, set in a brilliant atmosphere. Mr. G. O. Reid, in 'Our County Business' and 'A Puzzler,' shows a great advance both in conception and in drawing, and his costumes and characters of two generations ago are well represented. Mr. James Hamilton exhibits a large picture, crowded with figures in the snow, entitled 'Refugees, Glencoe, 1692.' Three works hung together attract much attention, namely, 'The Cider Orchard,' by Mr. R. Noble; 'The Strawberry Harvest,' by Mr. T. A. Brown; and 'Though cruel fate should bid us part,' by Mr. J. M. Brown. Each of these has high qualities: the first, a rich landscape with fine effects in apple-bloom; the second with groups of figures set in a clear yet summer-sultry air; and the third two rustic lovers. Amongst original works by outside artists are—'A Private Performance,' by Mr. H. Chalmers; 'News from Abroad,' by Mr. J. F. Taylor; 'The Charge of the Highland Brigade at Tel-El-Kebir,' by Mr. R. G. Hutchison; and some water-colour drawings of exceptional merit by Mr. J. Douglas, Mr. T. Scott, Mr. R. W. Allan, and others. The cattle pictures of Mr. J. Denovan Adam and Mr. D. G. Steell, and some brilliantly-lit views from Toledo by Mr. Pollok S. Nisbet, also deserve mention. In the sculpture, a small group, 'Bringing Home the Deer,' by Mr. W. G. Stevenson; 'The Murmur of the Shell,' by Mr. MacBride; a somewhat dramatic statuette group, 'Fair Helen of Kirkconnell,' by Mr. George Webster; and a marble bust of Miss Macleod of Macleod, full of life, by Miss Marion Ferguson, attract attention.

Our miniature illustrations are reduced from sketches by the artists, for Mr. Guyot's illustrated catalogue.

Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts.—The twenty-third exhibition includes 994 works in oil, water-colour, and sculpture. It is not merely an exhibition of Scottish or local Art. Scottish painters are well represented, it is true, but side by side with their works are contributions from London, Paris, the Hague, and other important Art centres. Among the chief loan pictures are works by Millais (Browning's 'Peppa,' never before exhibited), Cecil Lawson, Jules Breton, Richter, H. Cameron, Troyon, Pettie, MacTaggart, Gérôme, C. Hunter, and Munkacsy. The contributions of the local painters show that in the west of Scotland Art is making steady progress. The influence of study of French methods of treatment has borne varied fruits—good in so far as it has encouraged increased attention to drawing and technique; bad in so far as it has misled many clever young Scotch artists into mere imitation of some of the passing phases of French Art, and those not the healthiest. Joseph Henderson's 'Travelling Cobbler' is a strong, healthy picture, evidently the result of study on the spot. Tom Hunt's 'Horse Fair' is a satisfactory picture. The composition is effective, and the old white horse and several of the figures are well drawn. David Murray shows his fine feeling for colour in 'Tillietudlem,' and one or two smaller canvases. Byron Lyle, a young Glasgow artist who has lately been studying in Munich, deserves hearty praise. Duncan Mackellar, Alex. Davidson, David Fulton, J. MacEwan, and Wm. Pratt exhibit figure subjects. Among Glasgow landscape painters A. K. Brown, Wm. Young, J. D. Taylor, R. M. Coventry, and W. Y. Macgregor, merit particular mention.

ART NOTES.

London Exhibitions.—If the tendency of English painting for the last forty years could be summed up in a phrase, we might say that it had been one of "induction from the general to the particular." Nowhere is this tendency seen more strongly than in our leading marine painters. At the present moment we can boast of five who are at least on a level with the best men the continent can show, and each and all of the five—they are Hook, Brett, Henry Moore, Colin Hunter, and W. L. Wyllie—devote their powers to realising some one of the many characteristic aspects of the sea, rather than to that giving of a more or less conventional epitome of its appearance as a whole, which was the aim of such men as Stanfield and Callcott. The seventy-four drawings by Mr. Wyllie, which are now on view in the rooms of The Fine Art Society, have for their subject what we may call the reciprocity between the sea-surface and the sky. Mr. Wyllie does not trouble himself with the shapes of the sea, with the forms of the waves, and the suggestions they convey as to the ocean volume and power. He paints the sparkling face from which they reflect the hues of the sky, of summer vapour, and of the wonderful *mélange* of cloud, smoke, and steam which makes up the normal atmosphere of the Thames between London Bridge and Tilbury Fort. In doing this he shows a skill in the management of his materials which has

not often been excelled. To extreme decision and delicacy as a draughtsman, he unites a rare faculty for composition, and an eye for value that here and there results in absolute illusion. As a whole the quiet drawings are finer than those into which he has introduced the stronger hues of his pallette. Taking them in their order, we may name 'The Shivering Sand,' 'Leigh Flats,' 'Queenborough,' 'The Lower Hope,' 'Gravesend Reach,' and 'Fiddler's Reach' as the best. But if Art is to be measured by the difficulties overcome we should include the *S.S. Tongariro*; a huge Australian liner at her moorings in the river, accompanied by a little fleet of smaller craft.

Messrs. J. & W. Vokins have commemorated the centenary of Peter de Wint's birth by bringing together a good and representative show of his works at their gallery in Great Portland Street. The catalogue contains one hundred and fifty numbers, most of them referring to finished drawings, but a few are rough sketches and one or two frames of sepia studies. The right of De Wint to be considered one of our greatest masters of the art which he practised has been in some jeopardy of late, but this exhibition will do much to restore it. Time and sunlight have been harder on his drawings than on those of any other water-colour painter, with the single exception of Copley Fielding. But neither sun nor time can affect De Wint's masterly composition, and for generations to come he will be remembered as one of those born artists in whose hands a coherent picture sprang up as naturally as grass on a hill-side.

The National Gallery.—Mr. William Graham, of Grosvenor Place, has been appointed a Trustee of the National Gallery. His thorough knowledge of the early Italian school, and of the modern one founded thereon, renders his accession a valuable one.

The Royal Academy.—The hanging committee of the forthcoming exhibition will be Mr. Thomas Faed, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. J. C. Horsley, and Mr. George Richmond.

Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.—Mr. James D. Linton has been elected President, and Mr. J. H. Mole Vice-President; the title of Honorary President has been conferred upon Mr. Louis Haghe, the late President, as a mark of esteem for his long and valued services.

The International Health Exhibition.—A series of illustrated articles on this exhibition will appear in this Journal, in May and succeeding months. The proprietors will be glad to receive particulars of artistic exhibits with a view to their notice and illustration.

Liverpool.—The Corporation are making strong efforts to render their next Autumn Exhibition both attractive and unique. As an inauguration of their extensions to the Walker Art Gallery, the leading London Art societies have accepted invitations to become contributors. We find, from a sketch of the building which has been sent to us, that the capacity of the Walker Art Gallery is doubled, enabling the Corporation to place a separate gallery at the disposal of the Grosvenor Gallery, the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, the Society of Painter-Etchers, the Institute of Painters in Oil, the Society of British Artists, the Royal Hibernian Academy, and the Royal Cambrian Academy, reserving three large apartments for the contributions of the general body of artists.—A long discussion took place at the last meeting of the Town Council respecting the opening of the Library, Museum, and Art Gallery on Sundays; the proposal collapsed, there being a strong feeling against it on the part of a majority of the Council.

The New South Wales National Gallery.—During the past year the Sydney Art Gallery was open 278 week days and 48 Sundays. The week-day visitors amounted to 158,612, being an average of 570 per diem; while the Sunday attendance totalled 106,572, or an average of 2,220. The grand total of visitors for the year was 265,184, being an increase of 55,716 on the previous year. Mr. E. L. Montefiore has recently visited London, Paris, and Brussels on behalf of the Gallery, and has made the following purchases:—'Arundel Castle,' by Vicat Cole, R.A.; 'Herring Fishing,' by W. L. Wyllie; 'A Study,' by J. Sant, R.A.; 'La Toilette de Noce,' by H. Mosler; 'Le Catéchisme dans un Mosque de Caire,' by Ralli; 'Le Bords du Loins,' by L. G. Pelouse; 'View on the Lesse,' by Quinaux, a Belgian painter; 'La Place de la Constitution, Jaen, Spain,' by Bossuet; 'Esther,' by J. F. Portaels; and a landscape by Carl Heffner.

An Atlantic Liner.—We are asked to state that the decorations of the steamship, *The City of Rome*, illustrated at page 88, were designed and carried out by Messrs. Wallace and Flockhart, 27, Old Bond Street.

OBITUARY.

By the deaths of Mr. W. L. Leitch and Mrs. Angell, the Water Colour Societies have lost two members whose works had an individuality which distinguished them from their surroundings. At the sale which has recently been held of works of the veteran Vice-President of the Institute, an insight was afforded as to the source whence he derived the rich and harmonious colouring which was a feature of his drawings. Few would attribute it to De Wint, yet the group of drawings which appeared from that hand undoubtedly proved it. As they hung on his walls they had visibly affected his work, and more than tinged what was already influenced by G. Barret; add to this his early training as a scene painter, from which he was rescued in a very honourable manner by the late Mr. Anderdon, his subsequent visits to Italy, undertaken at the expense of that gentleman, and his life-long occupation as a master of drawing (amongst others he so acted to Her Majesty the Queen and the royal family), and we grasp at once the constituents of his education. Cruel death has snatched from us Helen Cordelia Angell, whilst in the prime of life and in the midst of work of an exceptionally delightful character. In many respects she may be said to have borne away the palm even from William Hunt; she certainly invented that crisp and masculine style of work which stamped out the effeminate and delicate method which until lately was in vogue in every school and drawing-room in the land. Those who were privileged to know her personally, were always surprised at the contrast between her quiet, tender address and her vigorous handling of the brush. As Miss Coleman she first exhibited at the Dudley in 1866. She was shortly afterwards elected to the Institute, whence she seceded in 1879 on her election as an Associate Exhibitor of the Old Society. She died on the 8th ult. at the age of thirty-seven.

We also note the deaths of Mr. Saml. Lawrence, a portrait painter of some celebrity, who died on the 28th Feb, aged seventy-three; William Huggins, animal painter, who died last month, aged sixty-four; and Mr. Leonard Valpy, a well-known amateur and collector of Art.

REVIEWS.

"EARLY ITALIAN ENGRAVINGS." Works of the Italian Engravers of the Fifteenth Century reproduced in fac-simile, with an Introduction by G. W. Reid, F.S.A., late Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum. First Series. (B. Quaritch.)—Among the numerous reproductions of the masterpieces of the early engravers which have appeared in our own country and on the Continent, few will have possessed greater charms for the artist and connoisseur than the present series. It is unnecessary to refer to the high position each of the sets of illustrations holds in the history of engraving. Such, however, is their rarity that their acquisition on any terms is next to an impossibility. Indeed, the Triumphs of Petrarch, in the state in which they are here fac-similed, exist, we believe, only in the unique copy of the British Museum. The six plates of the Triumphs are those whose discovery, rather more than a year since, excited so much interest in artistic circles. It will be remembered they were bound up in a folio edition of Petrarch's Triumphs, which formed one of the lots of the Sunderland sale; the book itself, issued from the press of Venice in 1488, having its own woodcut illustrations, the line engravings being a distinct and separate series. Their artistic value consists in their being impressions before the plates were retouched. A comparison with the set which had previously been acquired by the Print Room shows the superior delicacy of the recent purchase, and the palpable deterioration of the design resulting from the after-work on the plates. The retouching, it may be observed, was a necessity arising from the softness of the metal engraved upon. Although not possessing the special interest of being fac-similes of probably unique impressions, the two remaining sets of engravings are of such rarity as to make the acquisition of faithful reproductions a desirable object to the majority of collectors. These being book illustrations, and belonging to books highly prized by bibliophiles, the connoisseur has, in this instance, to contend with potent rivals when copies of the "Divina Commedia" of 1481, or "Il libro del Monte Sancto di Jio" appears in the market. Moreover, copies of the former work are scarcely ever found containing the whole nineteen engravings, sometimes there are only two, and seldom more than half-a-dozen. Thus it will be seen Mr. G. W. Reid has chosen a most judicious selection for the inauguration of a series which cannot fail to secure a large and increasing circle of appreciating admirers. Mr. Reid's notes supply the necessary information respecting the production of the engravings and their designers. But doubtless the majority of the purchasers, being well acquainted with the originals, will also be conversant with their history and derivation. For this reason there is little need that we enlarge on the merits of works of such deserved celebrity.

"A HISTORY OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE," by Lucy A. Mitchell; with numerous illustrations (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.).—This is a comprehensive history of sculpture, from the dawn of Art in the Nile valley to the decline of the Roman Empire. Several of its sections were published in the first instance in the *Century Magazine*, and the favourable impression they left caused us to open the completed book with pleasant anticipations. On the whole, we have not been disappointed. Mrs. Mitchell writes with care: her work is not free from inaccuracies, she speaks, for instance, of the famous limestone Istar of the British Museum as a basalt statue, but on every page we find evidence that she at least spared no pains to avoid them. Her chief defect as an author lies in a certain want of lightness in her style, which makes some of her longer chapters rather heavy reading. The system followed by Mrs. Mitchell is the geographical one. She begins with the statues of the ancient Egyptian Empire, and follows the gradual development of Art in its course round coasts of the Levant until it arrived at its mature perfection in the Athens of Pericles. The familiar periods are preserved, but instead of calling them by those vague time-honoured designations which commit a writer to little or nothing, Mrs. Mitchell has chosen to name them after the five great Art sculptors of Greece, a proceeding which has the effect of drawing rather too sharp a line of demarcation between one epoch and another. Mrs. Mitchell's powers, both as writer and critic, are seen at their best in her chapter upon Pheidias.

THE LIBER STUDIORUM OF J. W. M. TURNER. (The Autotype Co.).—The second of the three volumes which are to contain autotypes of the seventy-one plates issued by Turner, under the above title, is before us; we are happy to renew our commendation of it, as a desirable possession: first to the possessors of the valuable originals, who will be glad to have the critical notes of so learned an authority as the Rev. Stopford Brooke; and next, in a greater degree, to those students of Turner who can afford twelve guineas (the cost of this work), but cannot aspire to pay a couple of hundred pounds for an ordinary set of the originals.* We note that the Editor is seldom quite satisfied with the re-productions of his valuable proofs. They certainly vary in an unexpectedly marked degree. If they all came up to the level of 'The Flint Castle,' they would leave but little to be desired.

"COLLECTORS' MARKS" (Field and Tuer).—Collectors of old engravings and drawings certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Louis Fagan, of the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, for his exhaustive catalogue of collectors' marks. After many years of research he has succeeded in recognising 668 of the devices with which collectors perpetuate their possession of specimens of these branches of Art, often to the serious detriment thereof. The brochure is issued in a limited edition and at considerable expense, fac-similes of each mark being given.

* An indifferent set sold at Phillips', Old Bond Street, on the 29th February last, for £199 10s.—much above its value.



No. 1.—Study of Foliage, by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. Engraved by W. G. Hooper.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

ART that is at once happy and grave, touched with a certain solemnity and bearing none but a joyous message, assuredly fulfils the mind of those who are weary of trivialities in painting, or dislike tragedies, or have small esteem for the not infrequent combination of the two. Sir Frederick Leighton's latest picture, under the above title, which forms the principal feature of this year's Royal Academy Exhibition, is also one of his most serious—not only in the sense of the artistic responsibility that attends the execution of a ripely representative work, but in the sense of importance and deliberateness of intention. The painter has, indeed, brought to his subject a somewhat loftier feeling than perhaps he found in it; but he has not forced the scene in any way out of its first meaning, which is simply and merely beautiful—he has rather turned that mere quality of beauty to high issues. 'Cymon and Iphigenia' may be supposed to continue, more explicitly and more sympathetically, the thought of the 'Phryne,' which was a grave thought, though scarcely understood to be so by the general public; for in both the serious message of beauty is dwelt on by the painter. Phryne appeared in the character of priestess to the powerful gods of beauty; the Cyprian lady comes on a less directly religious mission, nevertheless her unconscious work is the awakening and refining of a rude and ignorant human being, insensible until then to all the tenderness and gentleness of life. The name of Cyprus seems to have been in all times a name touched with the magic of vague associations. To Greeks and to Italians alike it seemed to shine in seas nearer to the sun than theirs, and nearer also to the ancient East. The Crusaders added the new Romance to the memories of antiquity, and Cyprus, under the keel of their ships, did not cease to be mysterious—a place for the setting of legends too innocent, too strange, too elementary for the rivers of France or the folds of Italian hills. When Boccaccio, therefore, has the story Cymon and Iphigenia to tell, he places the scene in that eastward island. There a noble youth, who found the literary education difficult, might be set by his father to do a hind's work about the fields, and a lovely lady might sleep under the breath of a May night clad only in her "subtle" vesture, and with no guards except two sleeping attendants and a little child. The poets have generally needed a scene—more real than fairyland and less familiar than home—for their beautiful improbabilities, and Boccaccio placed in such a home of the fancy the incidents of the most pure and ardent of his tales. With all the early Italians he had a kind of conventional love for the spring, or a love that seems conventional to us who find it inevitable in their romances, but who are apt to forget the meaning which spring bears in a land of dried and dusty summers. Boccaccio, therefore, begins his story in May, and in the "boschetto" so dear to the Italian of all times. His sward must be green, his waters cold, his foliage fresh. Such things are taken for granted in Italian romance, but the thought of them is probably more realised and enjoyed than the English reader believes. And to this place of ripples and leaves Boccaccio, and Cymon's fortunes, bring the untaught youth on his way from field to field, or vineyard to vineyard, of the land on which he labours. And there in his path,

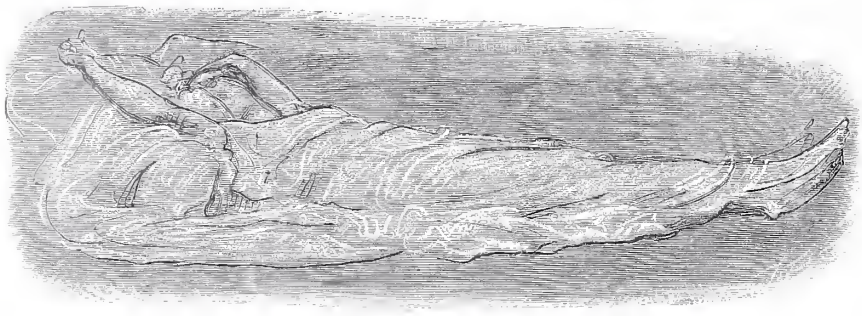


No. 2.—Clay Model of Cymon, by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

sleeping robed in white, lies Iphigenia, the revelation of whose beauty touches the dark intellect and hidden heart of the man to the first sensibility of his short life. "From a labourer Cymon became at once a judge of beauty," says quaint Boccaccio, "and desired above all things to see her eyes." Which reminds the reader of the first aspiration of Tennyson's prince when he kneels and kisses the sleeper of a hundred years :—

"Love, if those tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be!"

To prince and peasant alike occur the poet's thought, the wish for a glimpse through the windows of the soul.



No. 3.—Chalk Study for Iphigenia, by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

Sir Frederick Leighton has spent on his subject all the learning and study in beauty which have increased during his career as a painter of the ideal in human form and colour. The whole design has been combined and composed with such exquisite collocation of forms as would make a mere tracing of the outlines interesting and lovely to the eye. In the colour the artist has intended to unite splendour with significance, and has chosen those deep and rich harmonies which suggest slumber and repose, the lighter tints being full, and full of golden effect—such roses and primroses as light the clouds of a declining day. And the illumination of the picture is the full after-glow, shining from behind the spectator, who faces directly on the eastern sky, cool and aërial over a sombre sea, with the upper rim of the full moon beginning to rise in the midst of its horizon, and sending before her

"A splendour as of morn."

In order to fulfil the idea of quiet, Sir Frederick Leighton has abandoned Boccaccio's inevitable spring, and has laid Iphigenia in the hot air of waning summer; the great oak-trees which stand sentinels over her sleep and show us the foliage of their lower growths are touched with russet and ruddy colour, and the fresh fountain that bubbles through the Italian's verdure is somewhat stilled by the English painter, who makes it flow swiftly but gently by the slumberers, the white draperies spread for the lady's couch being gently stirred by the cool wave into which their borders droop. And deep sleep is expressed in the action of the figures. Iphigenia's is a monumental slumber, the whole form under its folds upon folds of glowing white being spread all its length, as a kind of demonstration of repose, the arms raised over the head, the face turned directly upwards to the night air. Her attendants sleep with less distinction and with a more familiar rest. Their heads droop with a deep consent to repose. Beyond a broad tree trunk sleeps a man, and in the foreground to the left lies a female figure, with gracefully composed limbs, against whose breast a little girl with soft pale hair is curled in a very happily caught attitude of childish sleep. We recognise a child whose pallid and pure colouring, light eyelashes and delicate forms, the painter has frequently studied. And beyond, standing on a lower level, is the one erect and waking figure with face turned to the radiant face of the maiden. The Cymon of Boccaccio has been somewhat refined upon in the picture, for there is something more than merely potentially gentle and tender in his type and look. In beauty he is a fit companion for the woman—a lady of "gold and snow," like Petrarch's Laura—who sleeps before him; but his dark hair shades a sensitive dusky face, with thoughtful features on which no rough passion has ever rested. He has, indeed, a great simplicity, like that of a man who has grown to his manhood alone with nature, and such a dignity as the painter has given him with an evident intention of saving his subject from the hint of anything but pure feeling. As it is, the two faces which dominate the picture are companions—the innocent waking of the one answering to the other innocence, "the innocent sleep."

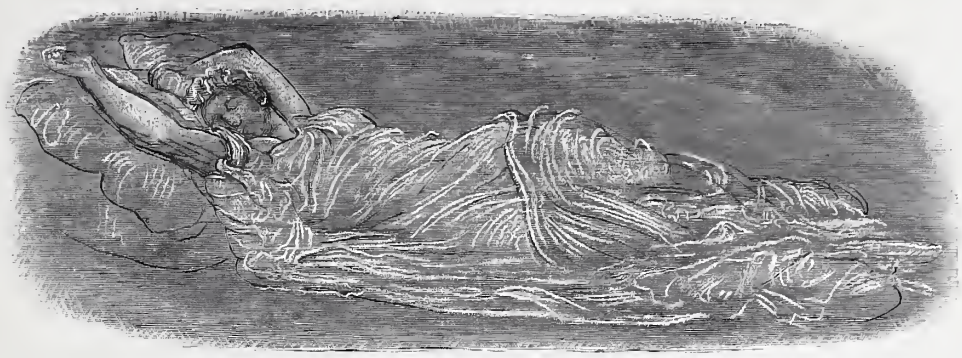


No. 4.—Clay Model for Figure of Attendant, by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.

Something has already been said as to the means by which the richness and dreaminess of the southern night have been expressed in colour. But there are colours as well as colour, and a word may be added as to the several tints that combine in the chord. The white draperies have, as has already been said, the value, in colour, of pale and rosy gold, and they are spread over the middle of the composition; beneath Iphigenia's blonde head the pillows are of rose and red. The red is repeated in Cymon's robe and in the ruddier leaves, while the rose reappears in the lights of the female attendant's garment and in the light draperies of the child. Warm too, but without any touch of hot tone, is the fine brass of a great jar, with the yellow of the stuff that falls upon it. The sleeping man, whose place is in the more shadowy plane of the picture, is clad in cooler and bluer tints. In the distance the white buildings of a seacity burn in the lovely light between sunset and moonrise,

and the eye passes over this to the dark sea and to the edge of the Oriental moon. Among the darkest accents of the picture is the colour of the alert black dog, who runs before Cymon on his labouring pilgrimage, and whose admirably rendered animal vivacity redeems the group from languor without marring its rest.

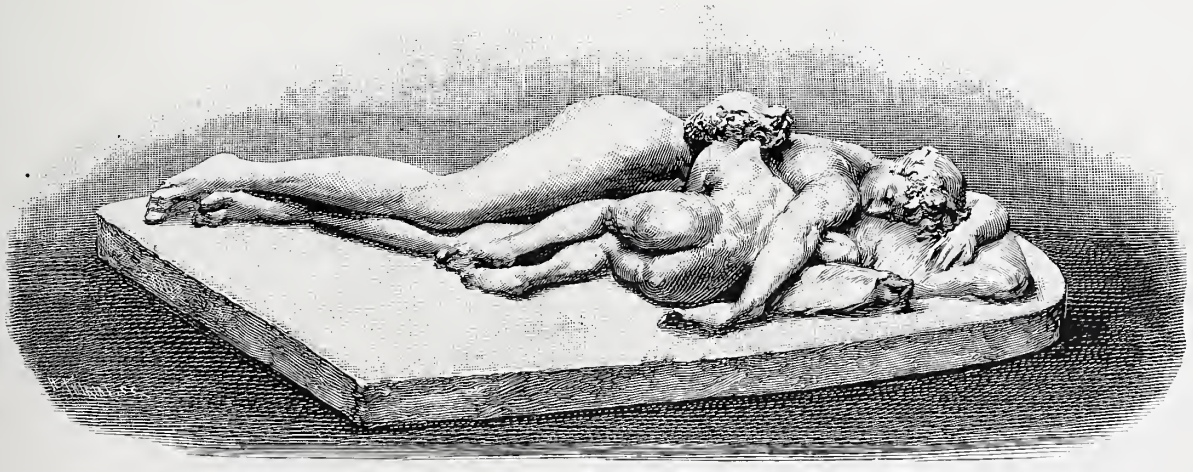
A picture so serious in the beauty of its subject has been no less seriously thought out in its technique. Sir Frederick Leighton's method involves such solid construction that his painting asks some of the fundamental care which is generally practised by the sculptor. All is built up, nothing is left to the effect of surface impression; yet there is nothing done which does not belong to the method and material of oil painting. He is too true an artist to confuse the arts, and the desirable distinction may be found, for instance, between the attitudes in which he places a figure for linear and for plastic treatment. Nevertheless a good draughtsman builds up his composition in such a way that the spectator has the satisfactory conviction that the groups are stable, and are not prevented from falling off merely by the unfair advantage of the conditions of canvas and paint. For the attainment of this quality of construction, and for the perfection of adjustment, Sir Frederick Leighton finishes his picture, as far as regards form, in the cartoon—a sepia drawing of the final size—on brown paper. All the arrangement is made for this cartoon, whence the design is afterwards traced on the canvas.



No. 5.—Chalk Study for Iphigenia, by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

For it the action of each model is carefully considered, studies being often made of alternative positions; and such variations and reconsiderations of the pose of the sleeping figures will be evident in the accompanying studies. It is not enough to pose, the necessity of *com*posing makes exquisite adjustments necessary; and in explaining such difficulties the President dwells upon the wonderful perfection with which Raphael combined and collocated, so that there were no gaps and no abruptnesses between form and form. It is for the cartoon, too, that—the action having once been fixed from the living models—small clay figures (Illustrations Nos. 2, 4, and 6) are made as an exercise in the nude, and are afterwards clad with real drapery, wetted to increase the effect of its fineness. These exquisite models are made for the sake of but ten minutes' work, for the serious study of drapery is of course done from the living model or the lay-figure; but they have a special utility in facilitating the necessary shifting before the final disposition of a group is decided upon. As soon as the outline-design is ready for tracing off, the little clay models are done with.

An artist's preparatory experiments are clearly not confined to the making of mental pictures. His work is for the eye, and must be tested in the course of evolution by the experience of the eye. Thus the processes of modern science and literature have always been the true processes of Art. Our full-page plate shows such experiments in the pose of that figure which gives the leading interest to the picture and



No. 6.—Clay Model of Figure of Attendant and Child, by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.

dominates the figures about it from its couch of repose. The turn of the long and graceful limbs was apparently a matter of little variation, but the position of the head has been subject to doubt—whether it should be placed in profile to the spectator, so that Cymon's eyes might rest on it in full, or so turned forwards that more of its beauty might make a centre to the picture. In choosing the latter, Sir Frederick has undoubtedly satisfied a requirement of Art, for the face which makes the motive of the story should be understood in all its perfection by those who stand and read. And his power in the creation of beauty finds a better opportunity in the fuller view of the low brow and delicate features which he has re-

vealed to us. As to the placing of the arms also, there has been some experiment, both of the attitudes considered being



No. 7.—Study of Foliage, by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. Engraved by W. G. Hooper.

eloquent of the depth and sweetness of "young weariness." But the pose finally chosen, with two arms raised, is the most beautiful in its combination with the lines of the drapery.

As to this drapery, the painter has intended to make it eloquent too. In the picture itself it plays an important part; its exquisitely studied lines being invested with the highest and most brilliant colour of the whole composition—sunset-lighted white. No living English artist has given so much attention as the President has done to the treatment of this accessory of figure-painting—an accessory which is so intimately connected with the form of which it expresses the lines and the construction, that it takes a place somewhere between mere "still life" and organized or living things. Greek drapery was more sympathetic with the figure; mediæval drapery had more a will of its own. The painter of "Cymon" has studied the draperies of this picture, in harmony with the character of his subject, in the Greek school.

But Sir Frederick Leighton's care is not confined to the figures in his picture. His love of landscape has always been explicit and distinct, and in the largest and most heroic of his passages of sky, sea, or land, he has kept the individuality of natural forms. Heroic and typical, but not generalised, has been the character of the simple white clouds upon a lucid sky, of the curving blue seas, and of the delicate southern trees and buildings of his accessory landscapes. There has always been a suggestion of the natural distinctions and characteristics, and sometimes this suggestion is elaborated with a care, in the study of leaf and flower form, that would serve the purpose of a flower painter. To this class of work belongs the treatment of the foliage in the present picture. Leaves with their light sprays have there been painted after a series of delicate outline portraits such as those which we reproduce (Illustrations Nos. 1, 7, 8, and 9).

The public was made familiar last winter with another 'Cymon and Iphigenia'—the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds included in the Grosvenor Gallery collection. The artist in this case has certainly not refined upon Boccaccio, and it cannot be objected that his Cymon is too thoughtful in expression. The picture is little more than a nude study, very beautiful in the brilliance of the flesh, while the face of the sleeper is lacking in distinction. Rubens, too, in the Munich picture ignores the draperies of both Boccaccio and Dryden; but the newest illustrator of the subject restores something more than the original seriousness and purity to a subject long dear to painter and poet.



No. 8.—Study of Foliage, by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.

Our engravings are by permission of Sir F. Leighton and The Fine Art Society, the owners of the picture and its copyright.

ALICE MEYNELL.



No. 9.—Study of Foliage, by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. Engraved by W. G. Hooper.



CRAYON STUDIES FOR "IPHIGENIA" BY SIR F. LEIGHTON P.R.A.

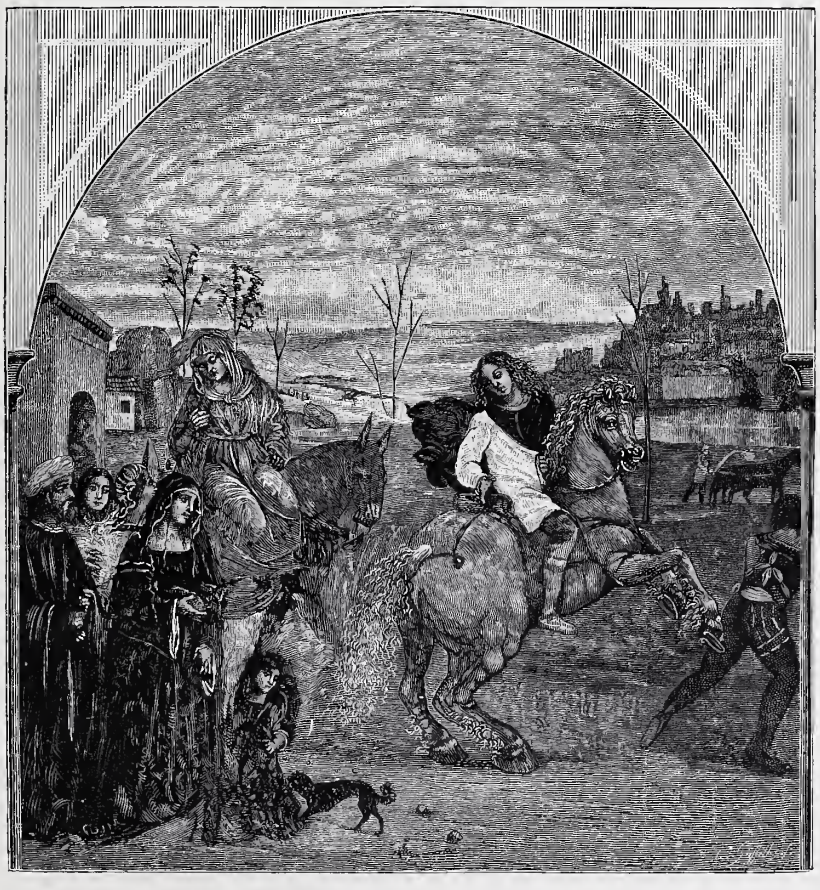
LONDON, J.S.VIRTUE & Co LIMITED

MONTE OLIVETO: AND THE FRESCOES OF SODONA.*

BEFORE entering the great cloister of the monastery of Monte Oliveto, and as we approach the arch which gives access thereto from the chapter, the attention is attracted by the delicate arabesque ornamentation on the walls and by two frescoes, all by Sodona. The first of these latter represents 'Christ tied to the Column,' and is either a replica or the original of the famous composition in the Siennese Accademia (sometimes called 'Christ before the Scourging'); the second exhibits 'Jesus carrying the Cross,' and is an example of Sodona's exceptionally fine faculty of expression—the beautifully-modelled head and pathetic suffering face, crowned with wounding thorns, being worthy of the highest admiration. Staggering along his weary path, overburdened by the heavy weight of the great cross, He is represented yet further suffering under the blows of a hatchet-handle wielded by the relentless hand of an evil-looking man who, as chief executioner, is charged with urging on the "King of the Jews" towards the ominous Mount of Calvary. Spite of its great simplicity of draughtsmanship and its perhaps almost too florid colouring, this fresco is yet one that deserves wider recognition than it has hitherto met with.

We now find ourselves at the eastern side of the cloister, and in front of the first of the long series of frescoes by the hands of the two great masters, Luca Signorelli and Antonio Bazzi. Many of them are much defaced by damp and time, want of care, and, in more than one instance, reckless indifference and actual Vandalism; some are said to have been retouched, though the majority remain in their pristine condition, save for the more or less serious ravages referred to. It is necessary to bear in mind that the completed series was not in reality painted chronologically: of the thirty-five frescoes devoted to the youth, miracles, conventual life, and old age of St. Benedict, Nos. 21 to 28 inclusive (those by the hand of Signorelli) were painted first, No. 20 (by Riccio) last; and of the remaining twenty-six by Sodona, the first chronologically was certainly not the first painted, and probably each was executed just as the mood of the artist dictated, irrespective of literal sequence during the period of composition. According to the Olivetan writer to whom I am so much indebted, these representations of events in the life of St. Benedict, of which some are deeply permeated with the sentiment of the ascetic ideal, are founded on the life of the saint written by St. Gregory the Great. Vasari would have us believe that Bazzi received but a few ducats apiece for the frescoes he painted; but the books of the Olivetan archives record that he received in all the sum of 1,540 livres. This fact the abbot communicated to me, and I afterwards perceived a footnote corroborating it in Dom Gregorio's essay.

The series commences with Benedict's departure for Rome. In this fresco there is nothing to betray a too hasty carrying out of first conceptions; the composition is as skilful as in any other of the series, the colouring is soft and beautiful, the landscape Peruginesque in its exquisite detail, and the expressions of the personages represented full of life and individuality. On the right there is the youthful saint's native hill-town with its thickly clustered houses, standing out in bold relief in morning shadow; beyond, a river winds through sandy shallows and wide pasture lands, bounded on the west by a range of blue Apennines. In the central foreground Benedict is on horseback, regarding his mother, who is clad in black, and who is evidently in great affliction as she urges upon him her last advices and repeated farewells—the youth responding with an expressive gesture of assurance. Behind him, mounted on a mule, is his nurse or temporary guardian, Cyrilla; and clasping her mother's hand, and seemingly wholly preoccupied with a little dog that bites her dress, is the young Scholastica, ignorant or



St. Benedict's Departure for Rome. Engraved by J. C. Griffiths.

* Continued from page 104.

heedless of her brother's departure. This fresco is engraved herewith.

A considerable interval elapses between the date of this and the succeeding fresco, Benedict having been supposed to have settled down in Rome, and duly attended the schools of philosophy. This fresco is of great interest to the student who admires Sodona's power of endowing the personages he introduces with expressive features, each face differing from the others, and distinct with a marked individuality. It seems as if the scholastic lecture were being given within the colonnades of one of the ancient temples in Rome, or in its neighbourhood, as between the pillared arches glimpses are caught of green trees and rising ground; but probably the building is as apocryphal as the landscape glimpses are unlike the gardens or environs of Rome. In the centre of the composition, on a high dais or throne, the upper part of which is ornamented with a huge artificial scallop-shell, is seated the figure of the maestro, dignified, severe, ascetic, suggestive more of some eastern prophet or stern Jewish high-priest than of a philosophical lecturer. On either side of him are ranged his pupils, men of all ages and of all characters, while on the extreme left Benedict is seen rapidly hurrying away from what he evidently considers the heretical wisdom to which he has been listening. The figure is finely modelled, the drapery painted and drawn with skill and grace, and the face one of great beauty. Both the "Benedict" and the young "noble" in this fresco are special examples of the influence of Leonardo upon Sodona; we could imagine the former to have been by Raphael, or an earnest and capable disciple of the "Urbinate," but the latter could only have been by Da Vinci, or by some ardent admirer of that great master's peculiar and exquisite style.

The third fresco, 'How St. Benedict caused the broken vessel to become whole again,' has a peculiar interest apart from its great pictorial beauty, as there is here preserved one of the two authentic portraits of Bazzi. In the room of the house in which the scene takes place, and where all the details are represented with a pre-Raphaelite realism, even to the stray chicken which jerks about, seeking food in the aimless fashion of its kind, Cyrilla stands with clasped hands, and with large tears falling from her eyes as she looks at the broken sieve, while St. Benedict kneels in earnest prayer, with eyes raised to heaven in earnest supplication Near the doorway on the right is a group of the utmost interest. The central figure is that of Sodona himself, as already described; beside him is his wife,* a dignified and beautiful woman, whose portrait he probably painted from memory or from studies, as of course the presence of a woman would not have been tolerated in conventual precincts; a face that evidently appealed to the artist as well as to the lover, for in Sodona's compositions we come across replications of it more than once. The little girl at the side of the painter's wife is their daughter, the same that in the course of time became the wife of the painter Riccio.

The succeeding frescoes deal with the subjects, 'How the monk Romano gave Benedict the hermit's garment;' 'How the Evil One hurries through the air to break the bell;' 'How a priest inspired by God took food to St. Benedict on Easter-day;' 'How St. Benedict instructed in the holy doctrines the peasants who came to visit him;' 'How Benedict wrestled with carnal thoughts and overcame all temptations;' and 'How Benedict, on the earnest supplication of certain hermits, consents to become their head and abbot.'

The tenth fresco represents an event in St. Benedict's conventual life which must have caused the ingenuous saint as great spiritual, as his quondam bed of thorns caused material pain. Either jealous of his great sanctity, or desirous to prove that he has really the miraculous powers ascribed to him, the monks have agreed among themselves to give him at his first meal a glass of poisoned wine; the foremost of them has just offered this treacherous draught to the new abbot, but on the latter's piously making the sign of the cross prior to partaking of it, the glass miraculously breaks and the poisoned wine escapes. The saint is represented in very natural astonishment, while the guilty monks exhibit various phases of contrition, from the hypocritical surprise of the foremost to the pained remorse of the youngest.

The last of the frescoes on the eastern wall of the Olivetan cloister, and which faces the northern corridor of the quadrangle, afforded an opportunity for architectural perspective which was probably not lost upon Bazzi, and which at any rate he did not neglect. St. Benedict, as monk-architect, is here represented with a more practical as well as a maturer physiognomy than in any of the antecedent frescoes. The scene is a busy one, the architectural perspective is finely drawn, and the monastic portraitures are evidently taken from Bazzi's contemporaries at Monte Oliveto.

The next composition, 'How St. Benedict makes welcome the two Roman youths, Mauro and Placido,' is one of the finest in the series, and shows, in common with the 'Temptation of St. Benedict' and the 'Sack of Monte Cassino,' Bazzi's general powers to very great advantage. In the enthusiastic words of Dom Gregorio, we have here a *chef-d'œuvre* worthy of Raphael, harmonious and beautiful throughout. The event of the reception of Mauro and Placido having taken place at a considerably later date than that of the last fresco-subject, Benedict is now represented as a much older man, his patriarchal head standing out in striking contrast to the beautiful faces and graceful figures of Mauro and Placido; the latter especially, with hands clasped in earnest supplication, has a quite angelic loveliness; and, throughout, the colouring, the grouping, the attitudes, and the delicate grace of presentment are in the highest style of Art. The boyish figure holding a falcon on his left hand strikingly brings to mind the portrait figure of the youthful Raphael in Pinturicchio's fresco in the Sala Libreria of the Cathedral at Siena.

Various miracles effected by the saint now succeed, namely, 'How St. Benedict casts a devil out of a monk by beating him;' 'How St. Benedict, implored by the monks, produces water from the neighbouring hill;' 'How St. Benedict made the head of an axe, which had fallen into the lake, return to its handle.'

This last is noteworthy in all its details. In the foreground is an upper reach of the lake, round which are three figures, St. Benedict, on his knees, thrusting the haft into the water for the axe-head to join it; on his right a monk with left hand upraised in astonishment, and with simple wonder on his face; and on his left a young brother, also kneeling, and with an expression almost of adoration. In the right background is a representation of the two *frate*

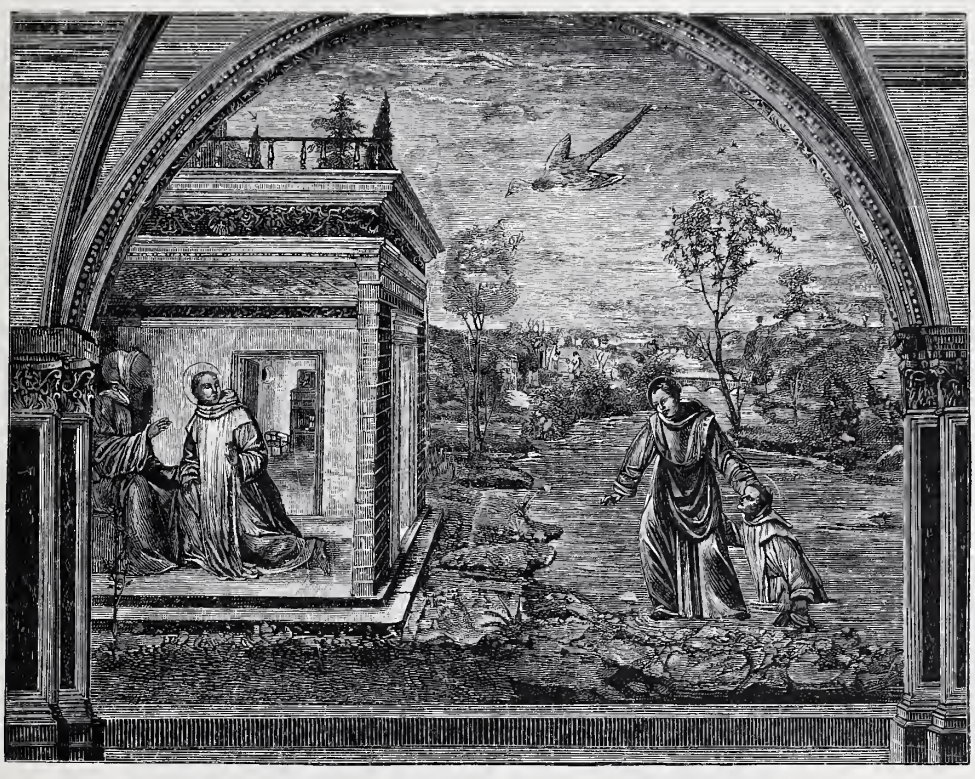
* As this fresco was certainly painted between 1505 and 1507, and as Sodona is said to have been married in 1510, the latter record is probably incorrect. Most likely he married Beatrice on his return from Rome to Siena about 1504, though possibly the actual ceremony did not take place till 1510.

praying their abbot to work the miracle in question; in the central foreground is a village, or perhaps only conventual buildings, in front of which a great palm-tree is limned against the blue sky; and to the right is a charming landscape, lake, islands, promontories, a bridge, bathers, and other pleasant details, giving a delightful animation to the scene.

The following fresco (engraved below), 'How Mauro, sent to save Placido, walks on the water,' contains but few figures, but is wonderfully expressive. To the right is a stone verandah; here St. Benedict sits, and before him, on one knee, bends St. Mauro, looking anxiously towards his engulfed friend, even while reverentially attending to his superior's commands: to the left he is seen walking on the surface of the water, and with one hand helping out Placido, who is still half-submerged and still holds in his left hand the pitcher which was the indirect cause of his falling into the water. A bird of large size, probably meant to represent a kite, swoops overhead. Perhaps the most noticeable artistic fault lies in the very marked difference in the physiognomies of the two representations of St. Mauro, the one being that of a man at least ten years older than the other.

The next fresco has no inscription, because of the door by which it is divided. The scene is evidently the immediate exterior of a monastery. On the right of the composition St. Benedict, with monkish figures behind him in the convent entrance, gives a large wicker-covered flagon to a young kneeling peasant with a face of great beauty: to the left, this peasant is seen by a pool-side, with hand raised in a suggestive attitude of terror at seeing a serpent issue from the bottle.

The eighteenth fresco tells 'How Florenzo attempted to poison St. Benedict.' Florenzo is the typical evil character of the Olivetan series. Sodona shows him here as an attempted poisoner, in the succeeding fresco as an attempted



Mauro, sent to save Placido, walks on the water. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

seducer of conventual morality, and the first of those by Signorelli is devoted to his punishment by God.

This masterly composition shows Sodona at his best as a decorative artist. The tall open colonnades are finely drawn, and at the bases of the two marble pillars facing the spectator are two admirably painted *amorini*, representing carved work in relief. On the one hand Florenzo is seen offering Benedict the poisoned bread, and on the other the abbot is seen at his frugal table, with monks around him. Bazzi has introduced three of his favourite animals here: at the feet of the central kneeling monk is a large raven pecking at the poisoned loaf, a little farther on is a sleek cat, and perched in one of the open lunettes above the columns is the graceful figure of a slim peacock.

The nineteenth fresco, 'How Florenzo introduced evil women into the monastery,' ranks first in point of beauty in the whole series, whether of Bazzi or Signorelli. It is indeed one of the great triumphs of Sodona's brush, and if excelled in composition by one or two on the same cloister-walls, and especially by the great 'Descent from the Cross' in the Accademia at Siena, it ranks in pure loveliness with the same painter's 'Christ before the Scourging,' or the exquisite 'St. Sebastian' of the Uffizii. There is nothing impure either in look or attitude amongst the women who have come at the instigation of the jealous and evil-minded Florenzo to tempt St. Benedict and the monks under his guardianship. The two foremost figures, detached from the main group, wear golden bands, and as they appear to be engaged in no seductive exercise either of music or song or dance, it is quite probable there may be truth in the story that, in the first instance, these temptresses were painted by Bazzi as nude figures, and that they were only "clothed" at the express command of the then Abbot-General, who feared that the representation of such fleshly beauty would do away

with all the good the painting was designed to inculcate. Four dancers, holding each other's hands, follow these two, and the foremost figure, with her light draperies of pale blue and the exquisite undulations of her lithe body, instantly recalls to mind the graceful beauty of the portrait of 'Beatrice' in the third fresco. The group of monks and the stern aspect of St. Benedict are admirably rendered, *malgré* (in the worthy Dom Gregorio's estimation) the somewhat maliciously painted eagerness to be tempted displayed by some of the monks. This fresco, of which an engraving appeared at page 103, has been admirably reproduced by the Arundel Society.

The twentieth fresco, posterior to the others, occupies the site of a door which gave access to the great refectory. It was painted by the Riccio who, as has already been mentioned, married a daughter of Bazzi. It deals with the sending forth of Sts. Mauro and Placido on a mission to France and Sicily, is more in the style of Signorelli than Sodona, but is greatly inferior to the work of both these artists.

The eight succeeding frescoes are those admirable and powerful compositions by the great Cortonese which have been so much admired by all who have seen them. As, however, the scope of this paper is confined to the work of Sodona, I must not now speak of these.

The seven remaining were those which Bazzi first painted after his arrival at Monte Oliveto; in the Benedictine sequence, however, the first is distinguished by the number twenty-nine.

At first sight the composition of this design seems involved, but ere long it will be perceived that it is one of the painter's triumphs. The monastery of Monte-Cassino has been taken and sacked by barbarian foes, and while the background is chiefly occupied by the burning buildings, the foreground is a mêlée of turbulent warriors and fiery-spirited horses, recalling the method of Leonardo. It has suffered from the ravages of time and exposure, like many others of the series.

The titular event in No. 30, 'How St. Benedict obtains flour in abundance, and gives it to the monks,' is represented in a small portion of this fresco, which mainly consists of the convent refectory, with the monks seated at table, while in the pulpit above them a brother reads Scriptural selections while they eat, conversation not being allowed. At the end of the refectory a glimpse of landscape is caught through the open doorway, and above the latter there is the representation of a frescoed 'Crucifixion.' The perspective of this composition is quite exceptionally good.

No. 31 tells 'How St. Benedict appeared to two monks far away, and designed for them the construction of a monastery;' and No. 32, 'How St. Benedict excommunicated two individuals, and absolved them as soon as they were dead.'

This latter composition is noticeable for its fine grouping. The scene, though more resembling an open temple, may be said to be the interior of a church—at any rate there is an altar, and beside it are priestly benches. Near the altar and officiating priests, is the choir, composed of six or seven members, and in the foreground are women in the various costumes of the time, and other figures, including two baby children that play about a dignified lady who faces the altar, and whose features are thus hidden from the spectator. There is great sweetness in the feeling throughout.

The last three frescoes are, No. 33, 'How St. Benedict brought Christ's body and put it over the corpse of a monk whom the earth would not cover;' No. 34, 'How St. Benedict pardoned a monk who, wishing to fly from the monastery, found a serpent in the way;' and No. 35, 'How St. Benedict liberates, by simply looking at him, a poor peasant unjustly bound.'

In this last named Sodona has painted in St. Benedict one of the noblest patriarchal figures in Art. Behind his majestic seated figure are one or two monks, and by his side kneels the unfortunate peasant, held captive by a ferocious ruffian. More to the right are armoured knights on foot, and a graceful page of great beauty standing near the large white horse of his lord; while in the rocky background a full-armoured knight on horseback, with uplifted sword, is seen attacking some foe.

Here the extant series of events in the life of St. Benedict comes to an end. We may regret that the representations of the last scenes in his life, painted, or certainly prepared in the Chapter, no longer exist; but we must be content, as we may well be, with the splendid legacy to Art left at the monastery of Monte Oliveto Maggiore by the genius of Luca Signorelli, and still more especially of Antonio Bazzi, *il Cavaliere Sodona.**

WILLIAM SHARP.

HENRY III. OF FRANCE AND THE DUTCH ENVOYS.

AFTER the assassination of William, Prince of Orange, a powerful party in the Netherlands advocated a junction of the governments of France and the United Provinces, and an embassy of seventeen deputies went to Paris to offer the ruling power to Henry III. But Henry, the last of the Valois, was one of those unfortunate personages who seem as if born to make the idea of royalty ridiculous. On February 13th, 1585, the envoys were received in the Louvre. The "Most Christian King" was as usual elaborately attired, with a little basket filled with puppies suspended from his neck; and these he seemed to regard as of more consequence than the offer of a nation's highest honours. Henry was stiff and formal, although it is said his face smiled a good-humoured welcome to the envoys, but he neither moved foot, hand, nor head, as they came forward. What wonder, therefore, that this scene of elaborate trifling ended in nothing practical. The offer of the government of the then most enterprising nation in Europe was rejected by the French King almost with contempt. It was only an early chapter of the French Revolution.

The picture has been engraved by Mr. T. Sherratt from a replica in water colours of the original, painted by Mr. Charles J. Staniland, to whose courtesy we are indebted for permission to publish it. The large picture is now the property of Mr. C. Keeling, Blundell Sands, near Liverpool.

* According to Dom Gregorio, all the frescoes by Sodona were copied in miniature by the latter's son-in-law, Riccio, to ornament a choir-book, and this book is now said to be in the Civic Library of Genoa.

THE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS RUDE.

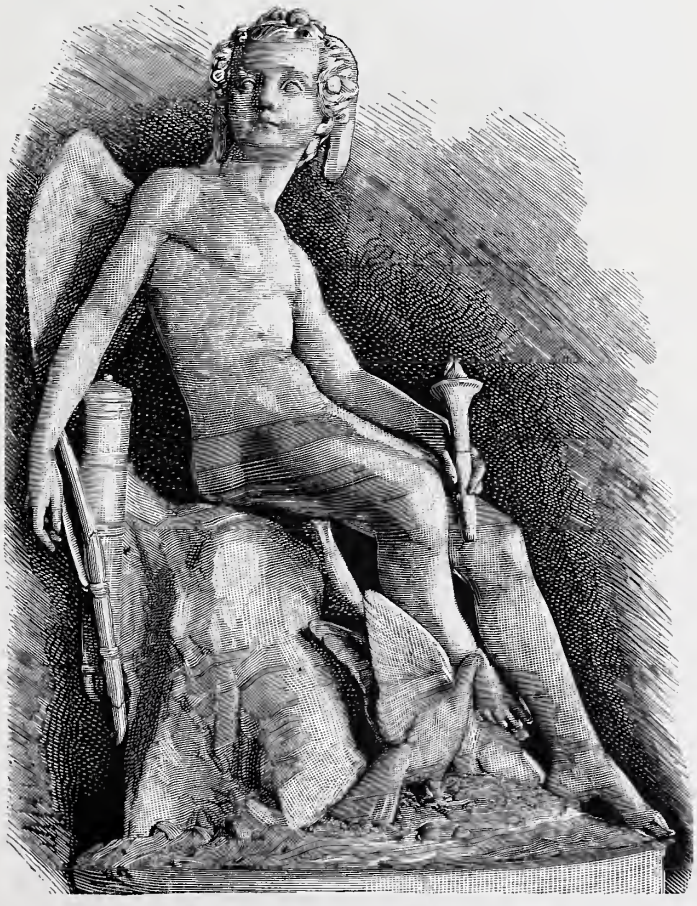
SCATTERED in various parts of Paris, the works of the sculptor Rude can only be fully known to those of its inhabitants specially interested in the plastic art. Englishmen who feel a pleasure in contemplating beautiful ideas expressed in pure and noble forms, may be glad to know what these works are, where they are to be found, and by what manner of man they were wrought.

The authorities at the Louvre have called one of the halls devoted to modern sculpture the "Salle de Rude." It contains three of his finest works; otherwise the collection is very limited. To obtain a general idea of Rude's genius it is necessary to search out his works on public places and buildings, and in certain churches and cemeteries in Paris.

François Rude was born at Dijon, January 4, 1784, so that he was between five and six years of age when the great Revolution commenced. His father made Prussian stoves, a trade he had learnt in Germany.

Nothing occurred to indicate that the boy had any special aptitude until he was about sixteen years old, when one day, having cut his hand in a way that prevented his working as usual at his father's trade, he wandered into the School of Fine Arts, at the very time the prizes were being distributed. The sight aroused his ambition, and he asked his father to let him attend the drawing class. The worthy fabricator of Prussian stoves was willing, provided the boy would not think of becoming an artist.

Directly, however, the new student found himself among the models his enthusiasm became irrepressible. The director, Devosge, seeing that he was a promising pupil, gave him more than ordinary attention. At the end of the first year he carried off the gold medal for ornament, the silver medal for a drawing from life, and received honourable mention for a figure modelled after nature. Yet all the time he was working at the stoves, the time allowed him at the Academy being only two hours a day. The director gave him the use of his library, but he had only Sunday for reading. When the holiday came round, he shut himself up, and neither fine weather nor pleasure-parties could tempt him to lose time.



Love dominating the World (*in the Musée at Dijon*).

For several years his father resisted every entreaty that François should give himself wholly to Art. At last the old man yielded, but a stroke of paralysis made the project appear more hopeless than ever. His son finding himself unable to carry on the business alone, became a house-painter.

However, the excellent Devosge did not desert his pupil, for not only did he obtain for him some commissions, but he interested in his behalf a powerful friend at Dijon, the controller of the indirect taxes. M. Frémiet perceiving the talent and character of the young sculptor, was large-minded enough to determine upon no half-measures, but under pretext of facilitating the execution of a bust, gave him a room in his house, and when Rude was taken by the conscription, he paid for a substitute.

In 1809 Rude set out for Paris, furnished with letters to Denon, who then directed the Beaux-Arts. He took with him a little model in plaster, 'Theseus drawing on the Cæstus,' which Denon at first mistook for an antique. Work was immediately found for the young sculptor in the ateliers of Gaules, then engaged on the Colonne Vendôme, and Rude worked on the bas-reliefs of the pedestal. At the same time he became a pupil of Cartelier, the sculptor. The first year he was in Paris he obtained the second prize at the Beaux-Arts, and in 1812 the Prix de Rome. Denon advised him, however, not to go to Italy until he had made money enough to see it at his leisure, and to this end he gave him some Government commissions.

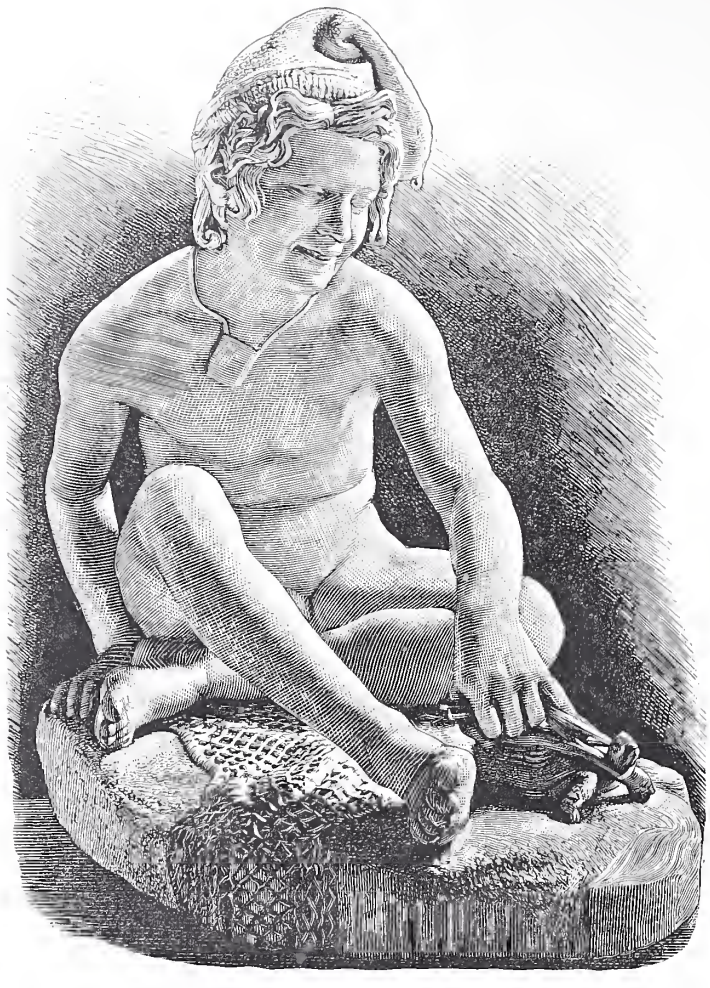
But the fall of the Empire in 1814 determined Rude at once to set out for Italy. Before doing so, however, he went to Dijon, to bid farewell to his friends. Here he played, quite unexpectedly, a political part, and with a few friends was instrumental in inducing Marshal Ney's division to declare for Bonaparte, on the sudden reappearance in France of the latter, after the exile to Elba.

However, Waterloo closed the Hundred Days, and his

friend, the controller at Dijon, was so compromised in the Bonapartist uprising as to be obliged to fly to Brussels. On this occasion Rude undertook to see all the female members of the Frémiet family safely across the frontier, and when, having accomplished the task, his old patron pressed him at once to take the long-delayed journey to Italy, the young sculptor refused, believing it his duty to stay in Brussels, and be the support of the family which had so generously befriended him.

His first experiences were anything but joyous. He preserved a six-franc piece as a souvenir of these times, the first coin paid him for work done in Belgium. He used to say that they were often reduced to this piece, but just as they were about to sacrifice it some small sum came in, and the lucky coin was saved.

A fellow-refugee, the painter David, became his friend, and obtained for him a commission to execute two caryatides for the royal box at the Grand Theatre. This led to his being engaged on the sculptures of the palace at Tervueren, which the architect Vanderstraten was building for the Prince of Orange. He was often summoned to Tervueren, and to save time started very early, chatting cheerfully all the way with a pupil, or singing joyous French songs when his poverty was more than usually oppressive; and then returning to his atelier after walking about for hours in the mud and snow, he would say, "Now let us have a pipe, and we shall do something yet before dusk."



The Neapolitan Fisher-boy (in the Louvre).

A disciple of nature and a man of original ideas, Rude effected a reform in the Art studies of Brussels, a reform he afterwards carried out in Paris. Instead of sheets of paper and a porte-crayon he made his students use black canvas stretched on large frames, and sticks pointed with a small piece of chalk. All their studies were made the size of life, from models changed every week. Nothing he thought so bad as the custom then existing of always drawing from the same model, and, what was worse still, not copying it as a whole. He refused all fees, even voluntary offerings; and yet he took more than ordinary interest in his pupils, spending some time with them every day after dinner. From six to eight o'clock they drew after a model, from eight to ten from the lay figure. Each pupil in turn draped the lay figure in his presence. During these two hours one of the students read aloud, the book being generally history or poetry, but always instructive. To be well informed, Rude held, was essential to a good artist. He advised the constant reading of the ancient authors, especially the study of Grecian history, manners, and customs. Each week he gave a subject, generally taken from one of the books that his students had just been reading. His favourite authority in his own art was "Recherches sur la Statuaire, par Emeric David," a rare book now. The "Méthode Naturelle" of Professor Jacotot had great influence over him at this time, and quite altered his ideas.

He married while in Belgium the eldest daughter of his friend, M. Frémiet. She was a woman of character, and the greatest possible help to her husband. Her courage and devotion sustained him through all his struggles. At a crisis in his career when he was engaged on the work which really brought him into fame, rather than he should give it up she offered to eat dry bread or sell anything they had. Madame Rude had been a pupil of David, and was herself a painter of talent. Her portrait of her husband will, it is believed, eventually find a place in the Louvre. Her sister was an excellent musician, and these two benevolent women did their part in the education of Rude's pupils. By their aid and advice the students added music to their curriculum, holding little concerts after ten o'clock. Thus Rude not only roused his pupils to efforts in Art, but created in them a sort of thirst to learn everything. One of his friends gave them instructions in geometry, arithmetic and algebra, and they also followed the public lectures on anatomy and physics. The master even rose higher, and his pupils testify that his conversations were full of moral lessons. His counsels, however, always took the form of generalities, and were so mixed with a constant play of humour, and with such amiability and disinterestedness, that his pupils were not only enamoured with Art and learning, but even with goodness and virtue.

Rude worked indefatigably, but unequally. When he was meditating a subject he did little for a month together; but when the time came to realise his ideas he set about work in earnest, often arriving at his atelier in summer-time with the sun, and, except to go to his meals, never leaving off until it was dusk.

Besides the works at Tervueren, Rude modelled the pedi-

ment of the Mint at Brussels, and some figures for the palace of the States-General. But when these various works approached termination there seemed nothing to follow. By the advice of the sculptor Roman, he accordingly quitted Brussels, and in 1827 came back to Paris.

Once again in the metropolis of his own country, Rude soon found employment and fame. His first work was a figure of the Immaculate Virgin for the church of St. Gervais. But it was not by his contributions to iconological Art that Rude was to shine. His sympathies were entirely with nature and the antique. Thus the first work which brought him renown was a model in plaster of 'Mercury fastening on his Talaria,' exhibited in the Salon of 1828, and engraved on the next page. It was afterwards cast in bronze, and is now in the Salle de Rude, at the Louvre.

The messenger of the gods is represented at the moment he is about to start on his errand to kill Argus. The ends of the chlamys fluttering in the wind, and the left hand stretched upwards, suggests a figure already in flight, while the stooping action of the body and head, compelled by the effort to fasten on the right talaria, produces a contrast in movement which happily suggests the impatience of the god at being delayed in his purpose by such a trifle. Every line and motion are full of grace, suppleness, and animation; there is nothing open to criticism except the point of rock on which the lifted foot rests, which is rather awkwardly managed. This statue was modelled in six weeks, but Rude was not usually so rapid in his work.

Rude subsequently made a statuette from this figure for the late M. Thiers, in which, while retaining the general pose, he spread the chlamys in the form of a wing. The sculptor preferred this statuette to the statue at the Louvre; he was, in fact, so well satisfied with the design that he kept the mould, a proceeding which proved happy, as M. Thiers's bronze perished when the Tuileries was burnt.

His next works were busts of his old friend the director, Devosge, for the Musée at Dijon, and of Louis David and La Pérouse, the navigator, for the Louvre. Then he sculptured a part of the frieze of the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile, representing the French army returning from Egypt.

He was now forty-nine years of age, and in the prime of his powers. Of the block of marble which had been given him for the bust of La Pérouse, a morsel remained in the form of a triangular prism. Of it Rude made his *chef-d'œuvre*, 'The Neapolitan Fisher-boy playing with a Tortoise' (engraved opposite). This charming work it is impossible to praise too highly. It has all the purity and restraint of an antique, with the freedom and animation of a figure modelled direct from nature. Placed in a good light at the Louvre, it can be seen to advantage. The delight of the boy at having reined his tortoise contrasts amusingly with the lugubrious expression of the poor reptile, unable to retreat under its shell. The work was bought by the Government, and the sculptor decorated; but at the moment of his triumph Rude lost his only son, and his health began to fail.

However, the years which follow were full of work. The 'Neapolitan Fisher-boy' had attracted the attention of Thiers, then first minister to Louis Philippe, who, as historian of the Revolution and the Empire, was ardently desirous to complete the Triumphal Arch which is so obtrusive an object in Paris. He determined to confide all the sculpture to Rude, but the minister was made to feel that other French sculptors claimed a share in a work so distinctly national. So, after Rude had made sixty sketches, the order was withdrawn, and he only executed one group, that on the pier to the right in approaching the arch from Paris.



Jeanne Darc (in the Louvre).

The 'Departure' would perhaps have been more interesting to the general public had the sculptor represented the soldiers of the Napoleonic wars in the military costume of the time. But in order to give the poetry of the action the grand and simple intensity necessary for a public monument intended to last for ages, nothing could be better than to typify French warriors under the forms of Roman Gauls. The patriotism which the revolutionary wars fanned to a frenzy of enthusiasm could not be more powerfully depicted. This group was finished at the close of the year 1836, and towards the same time Rude uncovered his bas-relief on the left wing of the Chamber of Deputies, 'Prometheus animating the Arts.'

In 1842 he moulded the statue of Louis XIII. for the Duc de Luynes, a descendant of the favourite and first minister of that king. This exquisite work exhibits Rude in a new light. Aristocratic insolence was never given under a guise more piquant or more refined. Melancholy has not yet seized upon the dull young Bourbon. Although but a boy of thirteen, he is King of France, and determined the world shall know it. The finish of the work is perfect. This statue is at the Château de Dampierre, in the Vale of Chevreuse, not far from Versailles.

When M. de Luynes gave him the commission, he offered the sculptor 6,000 francs, but Rude refused any payment until the work was done. The duke's surveyor, a man of intelligence, called one day, and seeing the work just finished, went back and said to his employer, "You have a real work of genius there; the statue of Louis XIII. is magnificent."

M. de Luynes immediately came down, asked to see the work, and pressed Rude to take 10,000 francs. The owner refused to let it go to the Salon, had it cast in silver at an expense of 12,000 francs, without taking into account the cost of the material, and made a clause in his will by which no other copy was to be made. However, a cast in bronze was exhibited in the International Exposition of 1878.

The year preceding Rude had sculptured the group at the Madeleine, called 'The Baptism of Christ.' It is a colossal work, but in so bad a position that it cannot be properly seen. This, however, is not much loss to the artist's reputation. The whole conception is conventional. Rude, it is evident, took no real interest in Christian Art, but treated its subjects just as he would those of Pagan mythology. He accepted the traditional idea of Catholic Art received from the Renaissance: posing saints and self-conscious theatrical Christs; and even in his hands the results are uninteresting and even absurd. Thus in the present case the Christ is so tall that John the Baptist has to kneel on a rock and stretch his arm as high as possible in order to drop some water upon the head of Christ, while still further to magnify the principal figure a very short angel is stepping up behind, her head only reaching its elbow. The original model of this group may be seen at the church of Ville d'Avray, outside Paris. The head of the Baptist is modelled from that of the sculptor's pupil, M. Cabet, who afterwards married his niece and adopted daughter. Madame Cabet, then a child, stood for the angel. It was from her face that Rude modelled his Jeanne Darc, and singularly enough her bust stands just behind that noble work in the Salle de Rude.



Mercury fastening on his Talaria. From the Statuette.

Rude had gained the Prix de Rome in 1812, but he did not see Italy until the spring of 1843. "Let us only stop at the chief points," he often said; it was his favourite expression, "Let us admire above all that fine light and those horizons Poussin and Claude loved so well."

Michael Angelo was his chief study. He thought his work very great from a decorative point of view, but preferred him as a painter rather than as a sculptor. Rude's standard of perfection was Pheidias. He was nevertheless filled with admiration at Michael Angelo's 'Moses,' and when he saw the tombs of the Medici at Florence, he declared that Art had there reached its limit.

After his return to France, he was invited by the pupils of David d'Angers, who had just closed his atelier, to become their professor. He consented, on condition that pupils and master should respect each other's independence. He desired no servile copyists within the atelier, no panegyrists without.

Towards the end of Louis Philippe's career he was chiefly occupied with two monuments, one to Napoleon I., and the other to the eminent republican, Godefroi Cavaignac.

The first was made at the expense of an old officer of the Empire, M. Noisot, and is at Fixin, in the Côte d'Or. It represents the 'Awakening of Napoleon to Immortal Life.' It is said to be a powerful and original work. The Monument to Cavaignac is near the entrance of the Cemetery of Montmartre. One of Rude's *chefs-d'œuvre*, it is a fine example of the way an artist of pure taste may get over the difficulty of representing a dead man lying on his grave in the open air. The effect is very natural and impressive.

We must not forget the spirited statue of Marshal Ney, erected on the spot where that gallant soldier paid the forfeit of his treason to the Bourbons. Rude's best design, however, was not chosen.

Want of space prevents justice being done here to Rude's private and public character. It can be easily seen, however, that dilettantism was not his idea of life. Reared in the atmosphere of the Revolution, he shared in that manly enthusiasm for all that was elevated and true which marked the few elect souls who kept their garments unspotted through the terrifying vicissitudes of those stormy times.

Thus when 1848 arrived, Rude was in full sympathy with its best aspirations. Dijon proposed to elect him as a representative to the National Assembly, and he was appointed to sculpture a colossal bust of the Republic. He was not, however, elected, and his figure of the Republic was shattered by the cannon during the sad days of June.

Far from being disheartened with life, he went on working with ardour in his own calling. The 'Calvary' at St. Vincent de Paul; the statues of General Bertrand and of Marshal Ney; the sculptures 'Hebe and the Eagle of Jupiter' and 'Love dominating the World' (here engraved), belong to the closing period of his life. The two groups last named are associated with the story which, in whatever light looked at, gives a fine idea of the character of the sculptor. Thirty thousand francs had been devoted by some munificent individual to the obtaining a work by Rude for the town of Dijon. But he refused to take so large a sum for any one work, and executed in its discharge both the 'Hebe' and 'Love dominating the World.'

But the work which will immortalise Rude was executed in 1852, three years before his death. The statue of Jeanne Darc (which is also engraved here) is the only conception worthy that noblest of all daughters of France. Rude has risen here above the traditions of his art, and far above all the commonplace conceptions of the heroic maid, which, like the conventional statues of Christ, require but a glance to make one turn away in disgust. The figure is a perfect type of the finer souls among the French peasantry; eagle-faced and simple, and truthful in expression. The high narrow forehead, fine arched eyebrow, ascetic cheeks, and most touching mouth, proclaim the mystic dreamer, while the hand raised to the ear show her in the very act of listening for the voices. It was a fine thought thus to make the secret of her unique power the subject of representation, rather than the worn-out idea of the female warrior.

The sculptor has left no point unheeded in this touching work: the strong hands, with their long fingers, tell of labour but also of refinement of soul; the dress of rough material, but with its fine general sweep, proclaims the prophetess.

Rude had never sought his own glory, but now it came. The whole Art world joined to praise him; and at this moment he was withdrawn, his work was done. A slight illness of two days' duration carried him off, November 3, 1855.

Rarely has there been an artistic life less wasted. He had great opportunities, he had seized them as they came and had made the best use of them. He had in life fulfilled his own fine maxim, "Look at things as a whole and never lose yourself in detail."

R. Heath.

THE STAGE CONSIDERED AS A SCHOOL OF ART.

It is necessary to go back in imagination to the birth of the English drama—when the stage was a mere scaffold, the theatre an inn-yard, when scenery there was none, and the dresses and trappings of the players were the veriest trumpery—to realise the change which has come over all that constitutes the *entourage* of the actor's art; which has, in fact, given us for the rude platform hung round with arras, such a spectacle as, for instance, the cathedral scene in a recent revival of *Much Ado about Nothing*, or the artistic accessories which are more than half the charm of *Claudian*.

When Shakespeare, in the noblest prologue ever penned—conscious of the inadequacy of his theatre and all its belongings—cried out for "Princes to act and monarchs to behold the swelling *scene*," he used the word to denote a phase in the development of the dramatic story. Scenery, as we understand it, was then unknown. The chorus in *Henry V.* bids the spectators *imagine* that they behold, now the tented field, and now the kingly chamber; and that the "four or five most vile and ragged foils, right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous," are indeed the hosts that did affright the air at Agincourt.

Stage scenery proper came in with those great patrons of the drama, the Stuart kings. In the first year of James I. the actors, when performing at Oxford in the royal presence, used a "false wall" at the back of the stage "painted and adorned with stately pillars;" and it was a matter of wonderment to the spectators that the players contrived, by the use of painted cloths, to vary the stage three times in the acting of one tragedy.

It is probable that this variation consisted in the simple substitution of one set of painted hangings for another; it is certain that the plan adopted, whatever it may have been, had little or nothing in common with the modern arrangement of wings, flies, etc.

It was not, however, until the year 1636 that scenery in the modern sense was brought into use; and this step in advance was due to the ingenuity of an architect who was not only an engineer or mechanician as well as an architect, but who was, in common with the great architects of the Italian

Renaissance, an artist, *i.e.* a painter also. At a masque at Denmark House "that admirable artist, Mr. Inigo Jones, gave lustre to *almost* every act by changing the scene." Encouraged by success, he shortly after contrived "such exquisite and uncommon scenery" for the production of Cartwright's play of the *Royal Slave* as to astonish and delight the town.

The introduction of this aid to the dramatic art was not, however, followed by general adoption. The "rare devices" of Mr. Inigo Jones were advertised as novelties a quarter of a century after they had first been used, and one of the attractions attending the production of *The Cruelty of the Spaniards* was that it was to be "partly expressed by the art of perspective in scenes."

The new invention, in short, met the common fate: it was coldly received by the critics, who saw, or affected to see, therein a decline in more important matters; and by the managers, who saw in it quite clearly a source of new and heavy expenditure. In the days when £20 was a "full house," and £10 as much as could be hoped for, it may easily be conceived that the salaries and other expenses left but a narrow margin for novel and complicated stage effects. Accordingly there were many who were ready to

> "Allow the coarseness of the plain old stage,
> And think rich *scenes* and *vests* are only fit
> Disguises for the want of art and wit."

The "plain old stage" was strewn with rushes, enclosed on three sides with painted hangings of the most grotesque, and sometimes worse, character; it was lighted, when lighted at all, by flaring tallow candles suspended on wooden frames at each end of the proscenium, and it was crowded by saucy gallants sitting on joint-stools, smoking clay pipes, ogling the audience, and frequently interrupting the players.

The "art and wit," so jealously guarded, could tolerate the grossest maltreatment of Shakespeare's text, permit licensed fools to mar with ribald jests his noblest passages, suffer with equanimity the degradation of Shylock to the level of a buffoon, and relegate the "weird sisters" and their awful rites to the delicate handling of the first low comedian and his fellows—a tradition of the palmy days of the drama which has even yet not wholly departed.

One may be pardoned, in view of such facts as these, for discounting the pretensions of our ancestors to much artistic discrimination in dramatic affairs; and our misgivings are strengthened by the strange verdict of Mr. Samuel Pepys, most persistent of playgoers, who, returning from his favourite diversion, calmly writes Shakespeare down an ass; that "the *Tempest* hath no great wit;" and that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is "an insipid and ridiculous play."

In the matter of stage costume the most unaccountable freaks have obtained, even down to our own day. Old records are full of the complainings of the more intelligent actors at the unsuitable nature of the dresses dealt out to them—the cast-off finery of some beau of the period, which it was then the custom to bestow upon the players. The absurdities deliberately perpetrated by actors of real genius almost exceed belief. Macbeth in ruffles and a cocked-hat! Cato in a flowered dressing-gown and peruke! If Garrick dressed Richard III. with some little approach to historical accuracy, he was entirely careless about the rest of the company, who "played their fantastic tricks before high heaven" in any costume which they happened to think showed them off to the best advantage. Woodward dressed Mercutio in the garb of a modern state coachman, and took snuff while delivering the Queen Mab speech; and Mrs. Yates actually played Cleopatra (!) in *hoops*.

We have reformed this indifferent well, and the remotest country theatre would now be ashamed to repeat the follies of the great London houses of the last century.

Garrick, Macready, Phelps, all helped to reduce stage management and stage accessories to something like a rational system: but the long-delayed reform received its strongest impulse from Charles Kean. He was not only a scholar and a gentleman, but he had, moreover, the instincts of an artist in the widest sense of the word. He had the prudence to lay under contribution the knowledge and assistance of specialists in every branch of Art and archæology. Under his management there was, for the first time, some "consonancy," as Malvolio would say, between the matter of a play and its manner. *Lear* and *Macbeth* were set before an audience in an artistically realistic light: architecture, arms, dress, and the minutest accessories according with the assumed date and locale of the play.

In *Richard II.*, *Henry V.*, and *Richard III.*, full advantage was taken of the more copious stores of information available for dramatic purposes, and a succession of stage pictures of marvellous truth and beauty brought home to every Englishman the very look and bearing of his ancestors —"in their habit as they lived"—as they stormed the breach at Harfleur, or fought on Bosworth field.

With this remarkable series of "revivals," as they were somewhat inaccurately called, the name of Planché must ever be honorably associated; nor should that of Mr. George Godwin be omitted, for to him the mimic architecture of the stage was intrusted. His design was to give consecutive accurate illustrations of English mediæval architecture, and it is to be regretted that some permanent record of his work has not been preserved, for it had a value for the architectural student as well as a charm for the playgoer.

After an interval given up to stage realism, somewhat after the manner of the immortal Crummles, the movement so happily inaugurated by Kean has reasserted itself, and some recent "revivals" have in splendour and completeness rivalled all that Kean accomplished. Modern enterprise has summoned to its aid the greatest painters of the day, and the colour-grouping, the movement of the crowds which throng the stage, and the whole *mise en scène* are arranged on principles which govern the masterpieces of contemporary pictorial art. And accomplished archæologists, such as the late Mr. Burges and Mr. G. W. Godwin, have freed the stage in a measure from the solecisms which formerly disgraced it.

In this connection the drama assumes a new position, uniting, in fact, several arts. It may be reasonably doubted whether one person in a thousand ever realised the special characteristics of a Greek temple until Mr. Irving produced *The Cup;* nor, perhaps, was the mediæval architecture of Venice or Verona put before us by Turner or Roberts as vividly as in some recently enacted plays. The best of pictures are but arrested motion; they can only *suggest* the bustle, movement, the common speech and passion which are given on the stage in fact and deed. The manners, costumes, landscape, architecture, and household arts of remote times and countries are brought before us so vividly and so accurately that the old reproach levelled at home-keeping youth has almost lost its force. The mountain has come to Mahomet.

A "life school" of a specially instructive nature is thus brought within the reach of the Art student; nowhere but on the stage can he now see the human figure in action attired in the graceful costumes of ancient Greece or Rome, or in the brilliant colouring of mediæval Italy. Colour has disappeared from our streets and almost forsaken our every-day life. The Grecian sculptor sought his inspiration at the public games, and learnt there more of the human form divine in motion and under excitement than is possible for our sculptors, who have only the rigid pose and constrained action of the professional model. This, and an occasional visit to a football club or a public bath, is all that they are likely to have; but their fellow-students, the painters, have in the last development of the actor's art a useful field of study.

There are, however, vicissitudes in theatrical management, and the issue is too important to be left dependent upon individual effort or individual enterprise. And here, it is suggested, the State might fitly step in, in the interest of Art at large. The existing censorship would imply some reciprocal advantage to the players. At present they receive none. A mere trifle compared to the annual grant of South Kensington and its myriad offshoots would secure to every Londoner, at least, the opportunity of turning for recreation to one of the works of the great dramatists, where the highest histrionic ability should go hand in hand with the best available skill in all the subsidiary arts; where the integrity of the *ensemble* should be duly cared for, and the uninstructed playgoer should run no risk of being fobbed off with a farago of incongruities and anachronisms.

Our ideal theatre should be the home of *all* the arts. Its structure and decoration should be in conformity with the best architectural knowledge, and should no longer be the only remaining stronghold of the rococo frivolities of a now discredited epoch. Our ears should be charmed and our imaginations quickened by the noblest verse our language affords, and our eyes should be regaled with dispositions of form and colour by the greatest painters of the age.

No more rational recreation for overworked humanity could be conceived than such a theatre would furnish, and the national drama would take a foremost place amongst the humanising influences of the time.

E. INGRESS BELL.

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.*

THE births which have occurred during the month of May include—1st, Michael Janse Mierevelt, at Delft, 1567: 3rd, Philip Hermogenes Calderon, R.A., at Poitiers, 1833: 4th, Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., at Bristol, 1769: 6th, Franck Francken the younger, baptized at Antwerp, 1581: 7th, Robert Graves, A.R.A., the engraver, 1798, and Richard Norman Shaw, R.A., the architect, at Edinburgh, 1831: 9th, Samuel Cousins, R.A., the engraver in mezzotint, at Exeter, 1801: 11th, Richard Ansdell, R.A., at Liverpool, 1815, and Jean Léon Gérôme, at Vesoul (Haute-Saône), 1824: 14th, Frederick Edwin Church, the American landscape painter, at Hartford (Connecticut), 1826, and Jean Baptiste Carpeaux, the sculptor, at Valenciennes, 1827: 15th, Carlo Maratti, at Camerano, 1625 (the 13th sometimes given); Carlo Cignani, at Bologna, 1628, and Jean Victor Schnetz, at Versailles, 1787: 17th, Stefano della Bella, the engraver, at Florence, 1610: 18th, Auguste Thomas Marie Blanchard, the engraver, at Paris, 1819: 19th, Jakob Jordaens, at Antwerp, 1593 (the 20th also given): 20th, Edward Armitage, R.A., at London, 1817: 21st, Albrecht Dürer, at Nuremberg, 1471 (the 20th also given), and Léon Gaucherel, at Paris, 1816: 24th, Philip Wouvermans, baptized at Haarlem, 1619, and John Henry Foley, R.A., the sculptor, at Dublin, 1818: 25th, Carlo Dolci, at Florence, 1616: 26th, Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., at Waal (Bavaria), 1849: 27th, Friedrich Eduard Eichens, the engraver, at Berlin, 1804: 28th, Alexandre Calame, the Swiss landscape painter, at Vevay, 1810, and Frederick Walker, A.R.A., at Marylebone, 1840: 29th, Pierre, Baron de Clodt-Jorgensburg, the Russian sculptor, in 1805, and Ernest Slingeneyer, at Loochristi, near Ghent, 1823. Other births in this month are—Gaspar Dughet, better known as Poussin, the landscape painter, at Rome, 1613: and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in 1828.

Among the deaths are—on the 2nd, Leonardo da Vinci, at Cloux, near Amboise, 1519, but not in the arms of Francis I., according to the old tradition: 3rd, Eglon Hendrik van der Neer, at Düsseldorf, 1703: 4th, Pietro Berretini, known as Da Cortona, at Rome, 1669, buried in the church of SS. Martino e Luca (the 16th also given): 5th, Charles Robert Leslie, R.A., at St. John's Wood, London, 1859: 6th, Otho van Veen, master of Rubens, at Brussels, 1629 (not 1634, as Foppeno gave it), and Franck Francken the younger, 1642, buried in the church of St. Andrew, Antwerp: 8th, Sebastian Bourdon, at Paris, 1671: 9th, Cornelis de Vos, Antwerp, 1651, buried in the Cathedral: 10th, Willem Geefs, in 1860: 11th, Richard Wilson, R.A., at Llanverris, in 1782, buried at Mold, (Denbighshire), and Baron Henri de Triqueti, the sculptor, at Paris, 1874: 13th, Pierre Mignard, at Paris, 1695, and Sebastiano Ricci, at Venice, 1734: 14th, Jakob van Ruisdael, at Haarlem, 1682: 15th, Francesco Primaticcio, at Paris, 1570: 17th, Alessandro Botticelli, at Florence, 1510 (buried in the church of Ognisanti): 18th, William Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., at Hampstead, 1867: 19th, Philip Wouvermans, buried in the Nieuw Kerk, Haarlem, 1668: 21st, Jean Baptiste Greuze, at the Louvre, Paris, 1805: 25th, Gaspar Dughet (Poussin), at Rome, 1675: 30th, Peter Paul Rubens, at Antwerp, 1640, buried in the church of St. Jacques, and François Boucher, at Paris, 1770: 31st, Jacopo Robusti, better known as Tintoretto, at Venice, 1594.

On the 10th of May, 1824, the British National Gallery, now at Trafalgar Square, was opened at the house of Mr. Angerstein, Pall Mall: on the 12th, 1760, the first exhibition of works by British Artists was held at the Society of Arts, Adelphi.

ALFRED BEAVER.

* Continued from page 118.

A BOON TO THE WATER-COLOUR PAINTER.

ONE of the greatest practical difficulties that the water-colour painter has to face is the getting of high lights that shall be at once pure, small, and definite in shape. It is impossible to leave them as the work progresses, and the use of Chinese white, or body colour, is to be deprecated on many grounds besides its liability to change with time. Hitherto the only resource of those who decline to make use of a servant that is apt to develope into the hardest of masters, has been to take out sharp lights with the knife, and to rub out those of lesser value with india-rubber, rag, or wash-leather. This, however, is a laborious process at the best, and can only be used under special circumstances. It is obvious that lights taken out with the knife cannot be very definite in shape; those, for instance, on the osiers of a wicker-basket could not be rendered by such a process with any delicacy or crispness. In the painting of foregrounds, the fine drawing and consequent solidity that are so easy with the oil medium, when light is naturally placed upon dark, are so difficult that, speaking generally, they are rarely attempted by water-colour men who keep clear of Chinese white. In order to remedy this, and to enable the water-colour painter to *draw* with his highest tones without injuring the transparency of his work as a whole, nothing more was required than the invention of some fluid which, when applied with a brush, pen, or any other tool, should, on the one hand, absolutely protect the surface of the paper against water and the pigment it holds in solution, and, on the other, should be easily removed. This latter condition is, of course, of the last importance, as without it the artist would be debarred from changing his mind as to the place or shape of any light once laid down. After years of experiment, a fluid that fulfils all these conditions has been perfected, and is given to the public by Mr. Nicholas Chevalier, the well-known painter. By its use, lights of any required shape, their delicacy of form being limited by nothing but the fineness of the tool used or the skill of the hand that uses it, may be obtained at will. Light, fleecy cloudlets in a blue sky, the reeds and grasses of a marshy foreground, the osiers of a basket, the details of Gothic architecture, the meandering lines of lace or embroidery, can all be rendered with perfect ease, and on the same principle as in oil painting, the definition being given, as it ought to be, by the bright lights and not by dark lines. By colouring the fluid with a little yellow pastel, it can be made clearly visible on the paper, and can then be used to block out a drawing in the first instance; any alteration that may afterwards seem necessary being made by simply removing the medium with a piece of soft india-rubber, in the same way as we should remove lead pencil.

On the whole, Mr. Chevalier's invention is one which is destined to do much to save the time of professional artists, and to relieve amateurs of one of their most hopeless difficulties.

A COLLEGE WALK.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY FREDERICK SLOCOMBE.

JUST beyond the most beautiful of the many beautiful buildings which have been reared in this world for the benefit of student youth, that is, in the shadow, literally, of Magdalen Tower at Oxford, there is a triangular meadow washed on three sides by the Cherwell, the fairest but, except to punting and canoeing Oxonians, one of the least known of the Thames feeders. This meadow is a patch of vivid green, shut out from the world on all sides by a double avenue of trees and the narrow path across which they cast their shadows. The path is reached by a picturesque little bridge from the College gardens, and is known as "The Magdalen Walks," one reach of it, that which lies along the main stream of the Cherwell, being further distinguished as "Addison's Walk." Hither, says tradition, the great essayist used to fly, even in his early days at Oxford, from the stony waste of his own college, to catch a glimpse of nature and to build unmolested those airy castles in which the young days of every great writer are passed. The absolute seclusion which is now their chief feature was absent, but instead of it there was a glimpse of the towers of Oxford, of the rich water meadows that lie between Magdalen Bridge and the Isis, and of the picturesque rise of Cowley. To the artist, the second state of the place is better than the first. When the promise of time is all that the trees yet show, when the sunlight still finds many joints in the armour of the grove, and the young rooks are still practising in the upper branches, then is the hour for the artist to betake himself to these walks. Here a tower or gable closing a vista, there an arch of Magdalen Bridge enframed in heavy masses of foliage and repeated in the still water below, or a long tunnel of limes with the black trunk of a half-fallen elm hanging slantwise across the blue patch of sky at the end—these are some of the natural pictures upon which we come in a walk of a hundred yards.

The "reach," that Mr. Slocombe has chosen for his etching, is that which runs close to the wall of the deer-park, separated from it only by a narrow strip of flowing water. Through the trees we catch a glimpse of the famous tower, to the top of which the college choir mount for a six-o'clock service every May-day morning. Few creations of the architect are so happy as the Magdalen Tower. Its height is not great; its design could hardly be simpler; but the beauty of its lines and the exceeding aptness of its "location" make a first sight of it one of those things that impress themselves on a sensitive mind at once and for ever.



A COLLEGE WALK

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY FREDERICK SLOCOMBE

LANDSCAPES IN LONDON

OR SKETCHING-GROUNDS WITHIN THE CAB RADIUS.*

No. 2.—Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens.

WE have chosen Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens for the subjects of the present article, on account of this month of May being especially adapted for sketching there. It is drier and more healthy than those places near or on the river which we will consider later in the summer. The leafage on the trees in the parks is always a fortnight in advance of that in the country, and the masses of colour of the rhododendrons help to give variety to the accentuated green of the spring. The white and pink hawthorn-trees are also in full bloom, and are convenient for adding interest to the foreground.

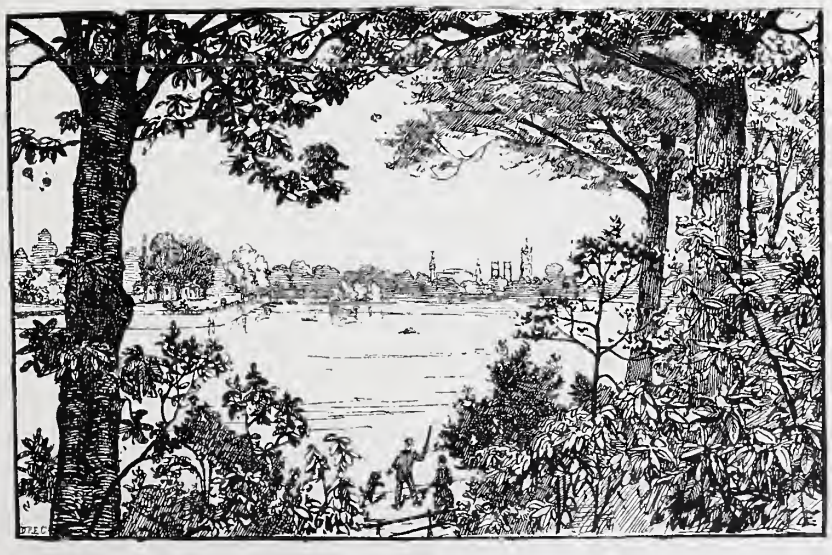
Hyde Park appears always to have been open land. It was used for centuries as a royal deer-forest or hunting-ground, and while lying in the parish of Westminster, it also formed part of the very ancient manor of Eia. A narrow brook, called the Westbourne, flowed through it, or formed stagnant pools in it, according to the season.

Under Cromwell Hyde Park was sold, but it reverted to the Crown on the Restoration, and was used for reviews by Charles II. The Serpentine was not formed till much later, and for a long time was as stagnant as the pools it replaced; but now the brook has been turned in another direction, and the water is supplied by water companies, who keep it pure and in good condition. Thousands of bathers go there on summer mornings before six, or in the evenings after eight. When the ice will bear, the skaters are equally numerous. On the north shore duels took place last century, and the "Ring," as it was called two hundred years ago, was on the hill behind.

There are many good subjects for sketching in Hyde Park, but with the disadvantage that it is generally too populous a place for an artist to draw in with comfort. The time when there are the fewest people is out of the season, and between eight and twelve in the morning. It is necessary to obtain permission from the Office of Works to sketch or photograph there, and if leave to draw within the enclosures is also requested in the written application, that can easily be obtained too, and the artist can then work in freedom from the public at any time.

The sub-tropical part near the beginning of the Row and drive is very pretty, and makes a good background for figure-subjects; but its beauty depends too much on details for it to form a good sketching-ground. The enclosed garden, where the public are not admitted, at the east end of the Serpentine, is much better for the purpose, and a very good point of view may be obtained by sitting within the railings nearly under the two tall sycamore-trees, and looking towards the artificial cromlech. The water keeps the plants and shrubs well nourished, and a delightful study of water and vegetation can also be made within the enclosure where the small cascade falls. On the south side of the Serpentine we can get occasional studies of trees without attracting many people, and the farther west we go the more free shall we be, until in Kensington Gardens there is very little trouble at all from this cause. Luckily the best subjects are to be found there.

A novel and interesting sketch may be made from the south-east wing-wall of the abutment of the bridge over the Serpentine. By going just below the parapet, and as nearly on the top of the slope as possible, we get a glimpse between the chestnut and elm trees of the whole length of the Serpentine, with Apsley House and the spires of the Houses of Parliament forming the extreme distance. One great advantage in choosing this spot is that the artist is entirely hidden, and another advantage is that he can work in the shade of the parapet of the wing-wall if he chooses the afternoon for making the sketch (see Sketch 6).



Sketch 6.—*The Tower of Westminster from Hyde Park.*

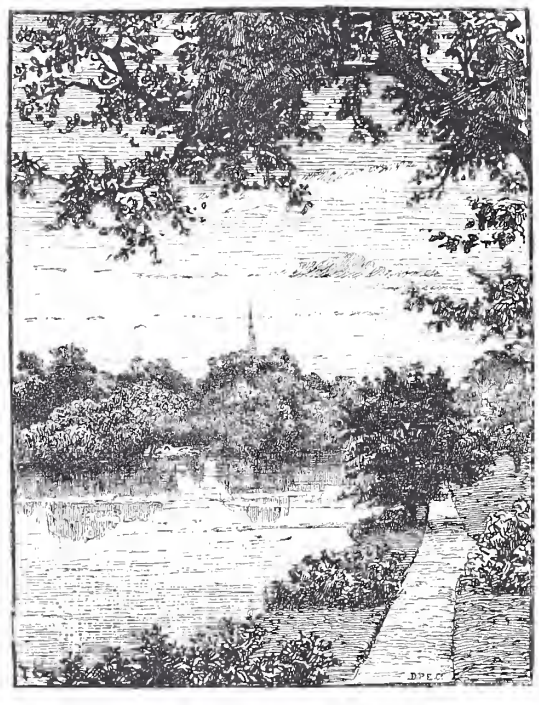
Here in the late summer on a clear afternoon, when the sun is shining and there is no wind, the delicate and brilliant colour of the distance is well brought out by the dark shadowed foliage in front. The extreme horizon is of a delicate pink-grey, against which the spires of the Houses of Parliament look white in the sun, though of course at that distance their value or tone varies but slightly from that of the sky. The green of the trees in the Park is of a strong colour comparatively, though warm greys enter largely into it, and the middle distance shadows are mostly purple. The gravel

* Continued from page 124.

path round the Serpentine comes out as a bright orange-yellow streak, and the water faithfully reflects the sky above, where the grey is melting into the pale-green blue, and before it reaches the true blue near the zenith.

The pathway near the north railings is admirably shaded by overhanging trees, and a particularly good point for a sketch is near the west end, about two or three hundred yards from Kensington Gardens. The morning is the best time for this, when there are not too many idlers about.

Another sketch (Sketch 7), which seems more to belong to Kensington Gardens, must be mentioned under the head of Hyde Park, because it can be taken from the bridge itself, and the whole width of the bridge is open to the public up to midnight, long after Kensington Gardens, which are closed at sunset. We therefore have the opportunity of taking the sketch when the complete absence of people gives an impressive feeling of solitude to this view of the Long Water, which looks beautiful in the afterglow, the still water reflecting the masses of trees on the southern bank and the spire of the church at Lancaster Gate. The small tree to the right completely hides the masonry and the fountains, giving a still more sequestered effect to the scene.



Sketch 7.—*The Long Water from the Bridge.*

Having arrived at the edge of Kensington Gardens, we will enter in search of further subjects. It is very rich in "bits," and one of the first is reached by the path leading round the "ha-ha," or sunk fence, and consists of a vista cut in the trees, with Kensington Palace as a finish. The Long Water forms the middle distance. But there is no good foreground, a thing we miss generally in park scenes. The ground is too well kept or too well trodden to be interesting, and no branches of trees are left sweeping downwards to interfere with people walking about and to frame the glimpses for the artist. We must make a foreground by figures or trees when required, and in this particular vista some figures will have to be introduced.

By turning to the left we shall now reach one of the most charming subjects in the whole of Kensington Gardens. We give it in our illustration (Sketch 8). It is from the north bank of the Long Water, with Rennie's bridge nearly in the centre of the middle distance. The big elms make a splendid foreground, and tree-tops and flying birds fill in the background. The black iron fence along the pathway mars the view, but we can easily leave it out, as we have done here, with good effect. When the masses of rhododendrons are in full bloom by the water's edge, a beautiful point of colour is given to the whole, which is an immense advantage. But even in winter the reflections on the water, and the open spaces of sunlight contrasted with the bare blackened stems and boughs, form a pleasing subject. Ducks and swans go paddling about, making long streaks in the water; sometimes a boat or a canoe invades this quiet part; nurses with children in bright dresses go lounging along the opposite bank, and are seen at intervals where the path is open to the water. Not so many people come over to this side as one would expect, considering its pleasant paths, for it is perhaps somewhat beyond the distance of a mere lazy turn in Kensington Gardens, and other parts are equally full of delightful walks and seats.

The fountains are to our right, and if we go a little farther on we get a pretty view of them. Falling water is always difficult to paint, especially when combined with architecture, and in spite of their beauty few will be inclined to undertake the subjects we shall find here, which will be found to be best on the east and west sides near the water, and on the east side amongst the trees. The old-fashioned courtly figures in Fortuny's pictures would go well with these fountains, and one feels the want of them all the more from the contrast of the rabble of small fry that generally come daily from the slums near Paddington to play and quarrel here. The flowing water unfortunately never suggests home ablutions to them, and the noisy restless crowds of boys and girls are a great drawback to the comfort of quiet people or artists, so that we do not greatly recommend this part as a sketching-ground.

Leaving the fountains, we will now walk along the southern side of the water. The grouping of the trees and bushes is excellent, and the path widens down to the water's edge at one or two places, giving delightful views of the northern side where the banks of rhododendrons are placed. We continually come across capital "bits" of tree scenery, till at last we arrive at a beautiful lawn in front of the gardener's ivy-covered cottage, backed by fine elms, and skirted on one side by magnificent chestnut-trees. Here for some years a gay crowd used to be seen on Sunday afternoons, promenading in front of the elms till the grass was almost worn away. The small semicircular garden belonging to the cottage then was one blaze of colour. Each year the devices and the flowers varied, till suddenly the fashion changed, and no one came to promenade, and the flowers ceased to make a show. The hideous piles of green wooden and iron chairs that disfigured this lovely spot on week-days are happily gone, and that is more than compensation for the sober garden tints remaining. Fashion, if not rank, now airs itself on Sunday in the Row and the drive near the Achilles statue, while the holiday people go to hear the band near the drive farther on. Although the deserted lawn is beautiful, it scarcely lends itself to mere sketching, but, like many other beautiful scenes, it makes a better background than a subject complete in itself.

On leaving the lawn and turning towards the Round Pond, we find several subjects that include Kensington Palace as the principal feature, either as closing in the vista or nearer at hand. A sketch might be made from the edge of the Round Pond on a calm, still afternoon, when the warm tints of the palace are reflected in the water before us, but the

best point of view is from under the elm-trees at the southern end of the Broad Walk. By standing under the trees we obtain a fine foreground to the palace, while the palace in turn makes a strong background, and the level grass, crossed by paths, forms a middle distance somewhat below us, as the ground sinks from the level of the walk.



SKETCH 8.—*A Retired Spot, Kensington Gardens.*

Kensington Palace was formerly called Nottingham House. The original building was built by the Earl of Nottingham in the seventeenth century, and sold by his successor to William III. The first house having been destroyed by fire not long afterwards, the present palace was erected on the same site, and greatly enlarged under the Georges, who also extended the gardens. Permission to walk in the gardens was given to the public, but no "beggars" nor "footmen in livery" were allowed to enter. Probably the guardians were more numerous then, and certainly the gates were fewer than at the present time, and the laws were consequently better carried out. Since the sudden death of George II. in Kensington Palace it has not been used for the residence of reigning sovereigns. Queen Victoria was born here, and took her daily exercise in the gardens like other children, except perhaps being more favoured in being permitted to ride there on a donkey. She spent her youth in Kensington, as her father, the Duke of Kent, had had apartments assigned him in the palace, which were continued to his widow and daughter.

For those who care for information of this nature, we would refer them to Mr. Loftie's book on London. The Orangery was built by Wren, probably as a banqueting-house, and is worthy of more than a mere glance, and may be counted as a subject if we desire an architectural sketch. There are also some few good tree subjects in the avenue of the Broad Walk near it.

Another good subject on a sunny afternoon may be found under the trees to the east of the Broad Walk, and near the opening for the Round Pond (Sketch 9). It shows the avenue of the Broad Walk, but its monotony is broken by the treeless space in front of the palace. Some good sketches are also to be found in the same avenue higher up and beyond the Round Pond.

The little spring near the south end of the Broad Walk appears at first sight to be picturesque, but it is scarcely suitable for a sketch by itself, though it may serve as the background for a figure subject. Its waters are chalybeate, and in the summer a woman takes up her place beside it with a shelf of glass tumblers. Whether people drink for thirst or medicine, or from the belief that it is a wishing-well, does not seem certain, but they form the necessary foreground to the picture.

Before the gale in October, 1881, many more good subjects could have been found. About forty trees, the finest as well as the oldest, were then thrown down or broken off and uprooted by the fierce wind. Besides this loss, the thick well-wooded part on Bayswater hill has suffered much from large clearances. The trees suddenly began to die down from lack of nourishment, on account of the dead leaves having been regularly carted away for many years, and also on account of their roots having penetrated to the stiff clay below the soil in which they grew. The same thing, from the same causes, is now happening in the lower part of the gardens, between the Round Pond and the flower garden. As we stand by the Round Pond we perceive how much barer the scene is than it was four or five years ago.

This flower garden is thronged from morning till late afternoon, except during some weeks when the London world is out of town, and even then there are a few people remaining who enjoy this pretty pathway. We can hardly advise any one to sketch there. The views of the Albert Memorial and other well-known parts of the Gardens and Park have been done elsewhere by the writer, and are therefore omitted among the illustrations to this paper. The best time for drawing the Memorial is sunset, and the best place from which to draw it is a quarter of a mile west of it in the park.

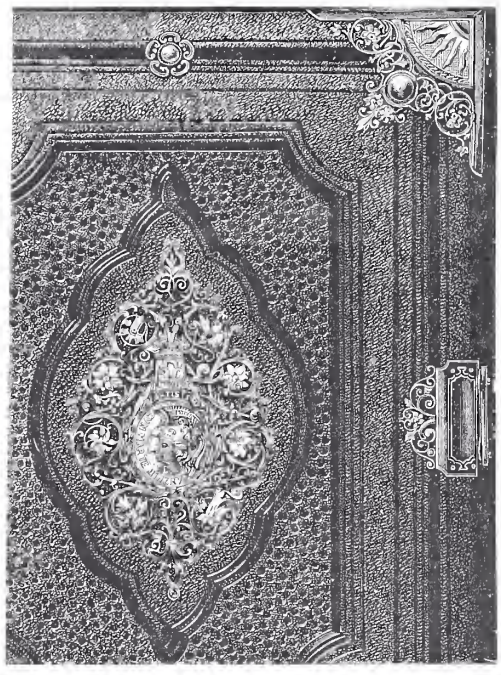


SKETCH 9.—*Near the Round Pond.*

TRISTRAM ELLIS.

PRESENTATION TO SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

ON the 26th of January Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., was presented with a testimonial on his retirement from the post of Colonel of the Volunteers. This testimonial consists of a handsomely bound book and a large silver bowl. On a raised panel in the centre of the dark blue morocco bound cover of the book is the regimental badge in silver, surrounded by a delicate and richly chased border, designed by Mr. Albert H. Warren, after a plate of Faenza ware from the Soulages collection, which was lent to the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester. The corners, bosses, and clasps of the book are also of silver work of similar character. Inside the book the coat of arms of the President fills the first page. After this comes an illuminated address as follows:—"To Colonel Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. We, the undersigned, present and past members of the Artists' Rifle Volunteers, who have served under your command, desire to express on the occasion of your retirement our deep sense of the services you have rendered to the regiment. During the fifteen years of your command we have risen from a comparatively small corps to be an efficient battalion of eight companies. We feel that this success is mainly due to the zeal and tact with which you have discharged your duties, and to the unfailing courtesy and kindness you have shown to those who have had the honour of being associated with you. We desire to offer you our congratulations on your appointment as Honorary Colonel, and we trust that this connection between us may long continue. Your old comrades in arms hope that this address and the accompanying testimonial may serve to remind you of the respect, admiration, and affection with which you have been regarded by all members of the 'Artists.'" Among the names of members who have signed the address appear R. W. Edis (Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the regiment), Major Val Prinsep, A.R.A., and Messrs. Philip H. Calderon, R.A., J. E. Millais, R.A., W. F. Yeames, R.A., W. W. Ouless, R.A., Vicat Cole, R.A., Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A., Thomas Brock, A.R.A., John B. Burgess, A.R.A., Edgar Varley, A., B. Wyon, Walter Severn, H. Weigall, Carl Haag, C. E. Perugini, William Hughes, and Sims Reeves. The silver mountings are the work of Messrs. Barkentin and Krall.



Portion of Book presented to Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

NOTES ON ROSSETTI AND HIS WORKS.

THE two Exhibitions which were held in 1883, first at the Royal Academy, and shortly afterwards at the Burlington Club, introduced the general public to the works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti as a painter and designer. In this character he had hitherto been unknown save to a comparative few: to many more he was known as a poet, and the inter-relation of his powers and performances in the two arts formed, no doubt, one of the principal elements of interest and reflection for a large proportion of the visitors to the galleries. On subjects of this kind, and also with regard to a critical estimate of the excellences and the blemishes of Rossetti's work as a painter and designer, much has already been said, and something there might still remain to say. With such considerations I shall meddle here little, or not at all; but some details of fact, corrections of errors, personal reminiscences, and the like, bearing upon the works thus exhibited, may be worth recording, and to the brother of the artist it may feelingly fall to record them. This is the task which I set before myself in the present articles. I shall take the works, as nearly as practicable, in the order of their dates, and shall thus have to mix up the examples contributed to the Royal Academy with those which figured at the Burlington Club. Not unfrequently it will happen that something is noted concerning minor specimens, and nothing concerning salient ones—not because I am insensible of the relative values of the works, but because I have something relevant to my present purpose to say about a production of the former class, and nothing (as it chances) about one of the latter. For clearness of reference I shall give the dates of the successive years as headings, and shall cite the catalogue numbers of the two exhibitions, adding the initials A. for Royal Academy, and B. for Burlington Club.

1846—47.

Dante Rossetti, born on May 12th, 1828, completed his eighteenth year in the spring of 1846, being at that time,

and perhaps for a year or two before, a student in the antique-school of the Royal Academy. He never entered the life-school nor the painting-school, and discontinued towards the opening of 1849 anything like continuous attendance in the antique class. The only exhibited work of so early a date as 1846 was a pencil portrait of myself (B. 112). Though he and I were inseparably together in childhood, boyhood, and early manhood, and very frequently afterwards (diminishing somewhat from 1870), this is the only portrait, of a tolerably accurate and detailed kind, that I remember his ever taking of me: we were then living with our parents in 50, Charlotte Street, Portland Place. There are, however, one or two slight sketches besides, and I not unfrequently sat to him in youth for some head or other in his pictures: this I can particularly recollect with regard to the Dante in his 'Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death' (A. 362).

To 1846 belongs also 'The Medallion Portrait of Rossetti, by John Hancock' (B. 126). There is considerable truth in this profile, though I think it makes my brother look more harsh and haggard of contour than he ever was: the thinness of his face and person at that time conduces to this result, aided by the profusion of wild elf-locks in which he then indulged. These reappear in the Portrait-study of the Artist himself (B. 107), and must therefore have endured up to March, 1847, the date of that pencil-head. I doubt whether they outlasted 1848. Hancock's medallion gives a correct idea of the *fierté* of Rossetti's youthful face, ardent, enterprising, and unsubmissive: in this respect I find it more characteristic than the pencil-head, but the latter is to be somewhat preferred as an actual likeness.

1848.

To this year belong three pen-and-ink drawings, which exhibit with much completeness the quality of Rossetti's invention and design at that period, and the measure of his executive attainment. They must have been done just before or just after, the "Præraphaelite Brotherhood" began to take definite form. The drawings are B. 27 (May), 101 (July), and 99 (August), named respectively, 'The sun may shine and we be cold,' 'Gretchen in the Chapel,' and 'Genevieve.' Rossetti was at this time one of a knot of young artists terming themselves "The Cyclographic Society"—a name far too grandiloquent to have been invented by himself; each of the members in rotation produced a design, and sent it round to colleagues in a portfolio, to be inspected and criticised. I have still by me the papers of criticism relating to the 'Gretchen' and the 'Genevieve,' also to an earlier design (March 1848) from Keat's "Belle Dame sans Merci." The critics of the 'Gretchen' were Millais, Holman Hunt, Hancock, William Dennis, N. E. Green, J. T. Clifton, Walter H. Deverell, J. B. Keene, and T. Watkins. Some of these names will not be recognised by the present generation of readers. Two other names, James Collinson and Richard Burchett, appear on the paper for the "Belle Dame sans Merci."

The reader may like to see what Mr. Millais and Mr. Hunt found to say about Rossetti as a designer, just before or about the time when they began co-operating with him in the establishment of the Præraphaelite Brotherhood, or P.R.B., and these pre-eminent artists will, I dare say, pardon me for reproducing their juvenile comments without formal leave asking. Mr. Millais expressed himself thus:

"A very clever and original design, beautifully executed. The figures which deserve the greatest attention are the four figures praying to the left. The young girl's face is very pretty, but the head is too large; the other three are full of piety. The devil is in my opinion a mistake: his head wants drawing, and the horns through the cowl are commonplace, and therefore objectionable. The right arm of Margaret should have been shown, for, by hiding the devil's right hand (which is not sufficiently prominent), you are impressed with the idea that he is tearing her to pieces for a meal. The drawing and composition of Margaret are original, and expressive of utter prostration. The greatest objection is the figure with his back towards you, who is unaccountably short; the pleasing group of lovers should have occupied his place. The girl and child in the foreground are exquisite in feeling, the flaming sword well introduced and highly emblematic of the subject, which is well chosen, and, with a few alterations in its treatment, should be painted. Chairs out of perspective." After Mr. Millais follows Mr. Hunt, thus

"This design is in such perfect feeling as to give me a far higher idea of Göthe than I have before obtained either from a translation or the artificial illustrations of Retzsch. The Margaret here is wonderful; Margaret enduring the tauntings of the evil spirit, who is pressing her weight of sin into her crouching and repenting self. The children are beautifully introduced, without in the slightest degree interfering with the principal figures, and the holy heads around are beautifully devotional. Through Mr. Rossetti's never having seen the Evil One, he has not got him sufficiently grand, nor near so good as the other parts, excepting the elevated hand, which most appropriately accords with the utter prostration of Margaret." This pen-and-ink drawing was lent to the Burlington Club by Mr. J. A. R. Munro, a son of the deceased sculptor, Alexander Munro, to whom Rossetti presented it as well as the 'Belle Dame sans Merci,' shortly after the date of its execution. The sculptor was an intimate and very affectionate friend of the young painter, and a hearty believer in his genius and his future.

For the design of Coleridge's 'Genevieve,' presented by the artist to the poet Coventry Patmore, another friend of whom he then saw a good deal, I will do the same as for the 'Gretchen,' and quote the critical observations of Mr. Millais and Mr. Hunt. "There is," wrote Mr. Millais, "a degree of calm and melancholy pervading this beautiful outline which is very striking, and reflects high credit on its able author. The love of Genevieve growing simultaneously with the strains of the minstrel's touch is well expressed: but the latter is apparently too deeply absorbed in his occupation, and thus seems heedless of her sympathy. The figure of the armed knight is solemn and highly characteristic."

Mr. Hunt wrote briefly as follows: "This is a very beautiful and original treatment of as beautiful a subject: the position of Genevieve excessively graceful—so is also the lover. Indeed, the whole design is full of the most appropriate feeling, which is carried out wonderfully to the smallest object." This drawing was done on the night of 28th August—"from eleven to six in the morning."

The pen-and-ink design, 'Taurello's First Sight of Fortune,' from Browning's "Sordello" (B. 21), has much more of artistic freedom and acquired style than the preceding three: it should not, I think, have been dated in the catalogue "*c.* 1848,' but rather "1850-51." A similar remark applies to the 'Study of two Girls Dancing' (B. 124), which, as the catalogue notes, was a study for two figures introduced into

a very early oil-colour landscape painted from nature. This landscape belongs not to 1848, but to the autumn of 1850. It was done at Seven Oaks at a time when Mr. Hunt also was painting near the same spot; and it remained in the painter's hands untouched for many years, but was finally completed in 1872 with some figures of girls dancing, and was entitled 'The Bower Meadow,' and sold to the picture dealers Messrs. Pilgeram and Lefèvre. Another error of date (for which I am myself responsible) appears with regard to the 'Portrait of Professor Gabriele Rossetti, the Father of the Artist' (B. 11). This in the catalogue is dated 1847. The true date is the latter half of 1848. I find amid my father's correspondence two letters bearing on this portrait, written by Mr. Charles Lyell, of Kinnordy, in Forfarshire. Mr. Lyell (father of the celebrated geologist, Sir Charles Lyell) was an enthusiastic Dante student, and an earnest promoter of my father's studies of the great poet: he was the godfather of my brother, who received from him the second of his three baptismal names, Gabriel Charles Dante. On 27th July, 1848, Mr. Lyell wrote to my father:—"In my library hangs a valued portrait of my friend, Sir William J. Hooker, to whose active correspondence and friendship I owe several of the happiest early years of my life. The man whom I am next most indebted to in the same way is Gabriele Rossetti, and whose portrait I covet (in oil), and should value as highly. Let me beg of you to use your influence with your son, Mr. G. C. D. Rossetti to be the artist who is to gratify my wish; as I feel sure that no other would make it equally a labour of love, and be so likely to put forth a perfect resemblance of you." Again on 30th October, 1848:—"I rejoice that your son has finished his work. Enclosed I send him an order on Drummonds for £15, which, together with the £10 sent in July last, makes the sum I destined for him when he undertook the task; it being the largest sum I have read of earned by an English artist for a first portrait in oil. It should have been his reward for the attempt if his success had been ever so short of our wishes: but it delights me to hear that your friend, il Conte Pepoli, is not only satisfied with the resemblance but pronounces the picture to be a masterly work of art."

This was the first picture (whether in oil or water-colour) that my brother finished: before he had completed it he must I think already have begun on the canvas his 'Girlhood of Mary Virgin' (A. 286). The portrait was not, however, the first oil picture that he had commenced. I can recollect that the first was a symbolical subject of a youthful lady reading a book of devotion as she walks forward under the guidance of an aged ecclesiastic, and leaving behind her the devil (all the figures were in mediæval costume,) who, with his tail draggling, slinks baffled and abashed. This work was to be named 'Retro me, Sathana,' or the like. The treatment, though perhaps odd, was dignified, and showed an unusual direction of mind in so young an artist: my brother, in his youth, was always much attracted by anything relating to devils or spectres. This picture was begun on a fair-sized canvas—I suppose late in 1847: it was shown to Sir Charles Eastlake, with whom our father was acquainted, but the nature of the subject was so little to that painter's taste that the scheme was reluctantly abandoned. I recollect the composition perfectly, but am not aware that any trace of it now remains. Rossetti's published sonnet entitled "Retro me, Sathana," was written about the same time, and no doubt had a conscious application to his projected picture.

1849.

In this year was completed Rossetti's first exhibited oil picture (A. 286), 'The Girlhood of Mary Virgin;' regarding which, most of the apposite details were given in the Academy catalogue. This picture was painted in a studio in Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, close to Howland Street, which Rossetti shared with Holman Hunt: he had made a study for the colour of it as far back as August, 1848. The head of the child-angel was originally done from a young half-sister of Mr. Woolner, the sculptor (now R.A.), but it was, I think, entirely repainted towards 1863. The head of St. Joachim was from an elderly man, named Williams, who used to black boots for our house: at an earlier date he had been a police-constable in Wales. His head re-appears somewhat modified in the aged dignitary who looks on at Dante drawing a figure of an angel (water colour of year 1853—A. 362). In the hair of the Virgin there is still some gilding: this was much more profuse when the picture was first painted, and exhibited at the Free Exhibition, Hyde Park Corner. This work, now the property of Lady Louisa Feilding, was originally bought by her ladyship's mother, the Marchioness Dowager of Bath. I find in Mr. Lyell's letter to my father some details as to the price at which the picture was sold in September, 1849. "I am exceedingly anxious," writes Mr. Lyell, "to hear that Mr. Gabriel Rossetti did not lose the munificent offer of Lady Bath, of 60 guineas, by neglecting to accept at once; instead of reminding her by letter that the price he had put upon it was 80 guineas. I fear she may have thought this presumption, and that her patronage may have been lost by it." In a later letter Mr. Lyell was "completely relieved of an apprehension that your son, G.C.D.R., had exposed his modesty to be called in question by demurring to accept at once the munificent offer for his picture by the Marchioness of Bath. Her conduct was certainly very noble in sending him the full sum which he himself had determined to ask for his picture; and without a word having passed to show that 60 guineas was below the estimate of G.C.D.R. This first success is most encouraging to the artist, and gives me great confidence in his future prosperous career."

The style of this picture is tentative, not matured: still it is nearer to maturity than that of the pen-and-ink design which Mr. Millais contributed to the Burlington Club (B. 96), 'The First Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice—Dante disturbed by visitors while painting the head of an angel.' This, I observe in a diary which I then kept, was finished on 15th May, 1849: the composition (as visitors to the two galleries will recollect) was wholly different from that of the water colour of the same subject, lately referred to in my article.

1850.

The principal work of this year was the oil-painting of the Annunciation, 'Ecce Ancilla Domini' (A. 288). Rossetti had a deal of difficulty in getting the head of the Angel to correspond pretty well to his feeling and intention: I sat to him several times for this head, but the face as it now appears is, I think, wholly from a different sitter. The head of the Virgin is partly, not entirely, from our sister Christina. One point in the symbolism of this picture, as related to the earlier 'Girlhood of Mary Virgin,' is left unnoticed in the Academy catalogue. In the Girlhood subject, the Virgin is represented embroidering a lily, which, as the appended sonnet notes, symbolizes innocence or purity, and it is added that the Virgin "soon shall have achieved her perfect purity," and shall be privileged to give birth to the Son of God. In the Annuncia-

tion subject this same idea recurs in the fact that the embroidering of the emblematic lily is now completed, and the fully embroidered cloth is introduced as a somewhat prominent accessory. The earliest sketch for this picture was begun on 25th November, 1849. From the first, Rossetti intended the painting to be almost entirely white: and it was to have had a companion work of the same hue, 'The Death of the Virgin:' but the latter was never even begun. The 'Annunciation,' exhibited in 1850, remained unsold until January, 1853; when it was purchased, at the artist's original price of £52 10s., by Mr. MacCracken, of Belfast; who, I think, had never set eyes on it at that time, but had, from one circumstance or another, conceived a very high notion of Rossetti's powers. He died not many years afterwards. About the time when my brother sold this picture, he dropped its Latin title, 'Ecce Ancilla Domini,' and altered some mottoes inscribed on the frame from Latin to English, in order "to guard" (as my diary of that date expresses it) "against the imputation of Popery,"—for that imputation was rife in those early days of Præraphaelitism, equally rife and unfounded, and was of some practical detriment to the painters' interests. The water colour belonging to Mr. Madox Brown (B. 9), catalogued as 'Small upright Female Figure in Red, Venetian Costume,' is properly entitled 'Rossovestita' (Red-robed). This title—the epithet being adapted from a famous one of Dante's, 'Biancovestita'—was invented by me when I had to put the water colour, soon after its execution, into the catalogue of a small exhibition got up at a drawing-school for working men, with which Mr. Madox Brown, along with Mr. Thomas Seddon, was particularly connected: my brother liked the title, and always appropriated it to this work.

1851.

There was a water colour in the Burlington Club (B. 6) very inaccurately catalogued. It was called 'Dante's Meeting with Beatrice,' and was dated 1849, a few meagre particulars of description being appended. This title is highly unmeaning, for Dante had several meetings with Beatrice. If perchance the first meeting was in the mind of the cataloguer, that is a total mistake, for at their first meeting Dante and Beatrice were nine years old, whereas in this design they are adults. The correct title is, 'Beatrice, meeting Dante at a marriage-feast, denies him her salutation.' Such is the title which the water colour bore when exhibited, in December 1851, in an Exhibition of Sketches and Drawings at 121, Pall Mall, for this is one of the extremely few works by Rossetti which, towards the opening of his career, he sent to a public gallery. The incident is among the most dramatic ones told in the "Vita Nova," and the pictorial treatment corresponds. Beatrice and other ladies had, according to the poet's narration, assembled at the first meal served in a bride and bridegroom's house, and Dante was taken round there by a friend. His emotion on descrying Beatrice as he leaned against a frescoed wall, "transfigured" him to such an extent that the ladies, with Beatrice among them, jeered at him, and he left the apartment almost at his last gasp. When the subject is thus rightly understood, the various minor features of the picture come out with their proper force. This was one of the first paintings, or perhaps the first, in which Rossetti tried a combination of colour of which he was extremely fond, and which some persons censured as strange and discordant—bright light green bordering upon bright light blue. Ruskin afterwards, taking his cue perhaps from one of Rossetti's pictures, preached up this combination as a natural harmony (as seen constantly in foliage against the sky), and people then began to see the thing. The date of 1849 assigned to this drawing is certainly wrong; it may have been 1851, or, if not, then 1852.

1852.

A. 351 stands catalogued as 'Bonifazio's (or Fazio's) Mistress:' "subject probably taken from a passage in the love song addressed by Fazio degli Uberti to his mistress, Angiola of Verona." I do not think my brother ever used the name Bonifazio for this painting, but only Fazio, nor that he in any way associated it with Fazio degli Uberti's poem. Its direct subject matter, as correctly defined in the catalogue, is this—"The lady, whose lover has been painting her portrait, has fallen back in a deathly swoon." It was, I think, a subject of pure invention; Fazio being an imaginary painter, by no means to be associated with the Venetian master, Bonifazio—as some persons have of late assumed.

'Giotto painting the portrait of Dante' (A. 365) was exhibited in 1852 along with the 'Beatrice meeting Dante at a marriage feast' (as previously referred to). No subject picture of Rossetti's is fuller, to my judgment, of thought and of suggestion than this small water colour: its significance is more amply brought out in the note which I gave to it in the catalogue of the Rossetti sale at Christie's, May, 1883, than in the Royal Academy catalogue. The water colour had been preceded by a pen-and-ink design of the same subject, in the winter of 1849. Soon after the water-colour had been painted, it was bought by a friend, Mr. John Seddon, at a price commensurate with the artist's then reputation in the world of art—either £20 or £12, I think: when resold at Christie's, on behalf of the original purchaser, it fetched £430 10s.

1853.

The oil picture named 'Found' (A. 287) is rightly said in the Academy catalogue to have been begun in 1853: the conception of the subject, and the first drawings which embodied it, may date a year or so earlier. Having invented this subject, representative of one of the most tragic conditions and episodes of modern life, Rossetti felt its full value in the art of our time and in relation to his own position as an artist; and the fate which befell the picture, in being never conclusively given up, and yet remaining uncompleted when the artist died in 1882, is certainly a curious one. Numerous performances and projects withdrew Rossetti from 'Found' from time to time; but, if I remember right, one of the first considerations which induced him to lay it definitely aside for a while was the appearance of Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of 'The Awakened Conscience;' which, dealing as it does with a theme somewhat cognate to his own (though in direct incident, etc., totally dissimilar), and riveting much public attention at the time, may have seemed to render the early completion and display of Rossetti's picture inexpedient. There was also some disappointment as to a purchaser—a gentleman having made an offer, which afterwards lapsed. The principal dates when the canvas of 'Found' was painted upon may have been 1853-4, 1862-3, and 1880-1; the background objects, and the calf and cart, being the portions first executed. The elaborately-painted brick wall (which the artist felt to be hardly so much like a regular London city-wall as a suburban one) was done near Hogarth's house in Chiswick, and the calf and its adjuncts at Finchley; for the

former purpose Rossetti stayed with an old family friend, Mr. Keightley, the author of the "Fairy Mythology," etc., and for the latter purpose (in the autumn of 1854), with his never-failing friend, Mr. Madox Brown. The study for this picture (B. 1), belonging to Colonel Gillum, is the completest, not the earliest, extant version of the composition. The one disposed of in the sale at Christie's, also a pen-and-ink drawing, less steady and graceful in handling, must have been earlier.

The playfully treated pen-and-ink sketch (B. 97) of 'Rossetti sitting for his portrait to Miss Siddall,' the lady who in 1860 became his wife, indicates that she was capable of taking a portrait—as in fact she was. Inspirited by Rossetti, and not a little encouraged by Mr. Ruskin as well, Miss Siddall produced a considerable number of drawings of sacred, mediæval, and other subjects. Some of these are water-colours; most of them are in pen and ink or in pencil, executed with great simplicity and often with much naïveté of thought and method, but also with exceptional refinement, and frequently with poetical and genuinely inventive feeling. The style is that of Rossetti, in a much more rudimentary stage; the thinking out of the subject and of its details also resembles his, but comes, nevertheless, from Miss Siddall's own sentiment and fancy.

The sketches of the artist's mother and father (B. 105 and 110) being both dated "April 28, 1853," must have been finished at Frome Selwood, Somerset, where our parents lived for about a year. The former is a rather rough and homely but telling pen-and-ink sketch; the latter is a very careful light pencil drawing, faithfully representative of our father's look and habit in his old age, and certainly, on the whole, a more thorough likeness than the oil portrait previously named. The details of the room given in the pencil-drawing appertain, not to the house at Frome Selwood, but to the one in London which our family had previously occupied, and in which the portrait was begun, 38, Arlington Street, Mornington Crescent.

'Michael Scott's Wooing' is the subject of two designs. One of these, dated 1853, was in the Burlington Club, a pen-and-ink drawing; the other, a chalk drawing, undated, was in the Academy (B. 37 & A. 336): the latter may date several years later, say 1861. The treatment of the subject was different in the two examples; and the only explanation which came to hand was worded as follows in the Academy catalogue: "The subject is probably an invention of the painter's. The idea is that the wizard, Michael Scott, to please and fascinate a lady whom he was wooing, gets up a magical pageant of Love, Death, and various other figures." In one of my brother's MS. books I find another pen-and-ink sketch of this subject, again considerably different, and the subjoined notes for the details of treatment: "Michael Scott's mistress standing by the girl with a cup of magic wine, and looking at her with pity. Deerhound with his head up, howling at the spell: women trying to stop him—or perhaps old woman frowning and railing at him from corner. Michael lying along the front of the picture at the girl's feet. Death's-head moth fluttering round the burning lock of hair. Perhaps two openings above the side-seats, with a number of girls watching—Michael Scott's harem. Raven picking up scraps in old woman's lap, while she cuts a silver cross from the girl's girdle. Michael Scott might be seated upright, with his head against the wall, watching the burning of the hair, and perhaps slipping a magic ring on the girl's finger." This was one of the numerous subjects which Rossetti projected executing as an oil picture on a large scale, but which he never carried out.

1854.

Four subjects exhibited at the Burlington Club belonged to this year. The only point of personal interest I find relating to them pertains to the two designs of Miss Siddall (B. 111 and 119.) These are marked "Hastings, June 1854." I remember that immediately after the funeral of our father, which may have been on the 1st or 2nd of May, 1854, my brother was called away by the news that Miss Siddall was seriously ill. He left town in much disquietude, and joined her at Hastings: and these drawings must have been made during her illness or convalescence. His personal acquaintance with Mr. Ruskin began about the same time.

1855

brings us to (B. 26), 'The Chapel before the Lists (Mort d'Arthur),' which is a strongly invented and somewhat extreme instance of the specially chivalric or mediæval phase of Rossetti's work, exemplified chiefly in water colours in a very high gamut of colour. 'The Chapel before the Lists' can hardly have been the very earliest of the works of this kind; but it is the first representative of the class displayed in either of the 1883 exhibitions. These productions were, at the date of their appearance, a conspicuous novelty in British Art, and formed the chief link of spiritual affinity between Rossetti and a small band of still younger Oxford men—Burne Jones, Morris, and Swinburne, and some of their associates. The first of these to know my brother was Mr. Jones, who made his acquaintance (I should suppose) towards the end of 1856. The three young Oxonians were all in large measure inspirited by Rossetti's influence, which, working onward through the medium and with the abundant resources of their own genius, soon ramified potently in English pictorial, decorative, and poetic art. Mr. Madox Brown also had a considerable initiative in the movement.

'Hamlet and Ophelia' (B. 31), the pen-and-ink design, which is wholly different from the water colour of 1866 (A. 354) exhibited at the Royal Academy, is the only work by Rossetti which I can remember to have been engraved otherwise than as an illustration to some book. Of this design a spirited etching on copper was made, towards 1880, by Mr. J. S. B. Haydon, an early acquaintance who at that time saw a great deal of my brother. Though animated, and closely resembling the original, it was comparatively rough and heavy-handed, and Rossetti preferred that it should not be printed off for publication.

W. M. Rossetti.

(*To be continued.*)

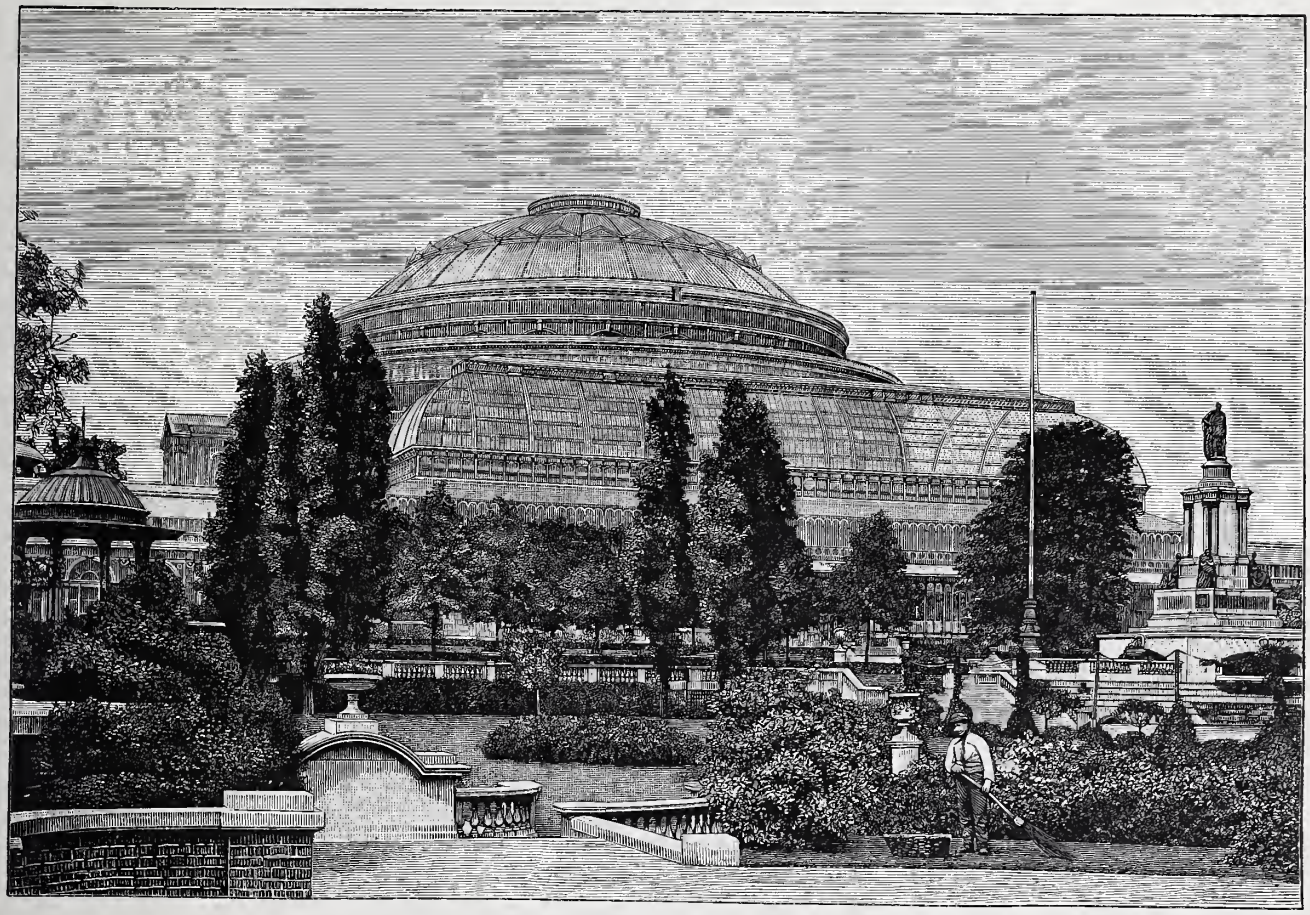
THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.

THE series of Exhibitions which His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has decided upon holding, of which the International Health Exhibition is the second, shows that he has a remarkable appreciation of what should be the character which the nation should endeavour to impress upon an Industrial Exhibition when it decides to hold one.

The Great Exhibition of 1851, the parent of subsequent exhibitions, naturally stamped its character upon those which have followed it. That Exhibition was a tentative step which entirely depended for its success upon the manufacturers themselves. They exhibited their wares each according to his own ideas of what would best set forth their merits, and without reference to what others might be doing in similar lines of business.

The Prince Consort, with his wide sympathies and enlarged views, perceived that the time had come when it was important for England to take stock of the producing power of its future rivals, and by timely warning to rouse the energies of the manufacturing industries of the country, so as to prepare to meet and overcome foreign competition. It was an ideal exhibition, unique and *per se*. Those who saw it recollect it as a fairy-land. The green elm-trees of the Park which were enclosed in it gave it verdure. The grace of the structure of iron and glass gave it an airy lightness. The size was not too great to prevent persons of ordinary strength from seeing it thoroughly.

With the exhibitions which have followed it in different parts of the world, not only has the area they covered become enormous, but they have derogated from that high ideal, and have gradually more and more approximated to the character of great shops.



The Albert Hall, from the Gardens. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

It was time that an effort should be made to redeem them from this character.

There is also another consideration. The enormous increase in the industrial capacity of the world makes an universal exhibition such a vast aggregation of objects to be seen and studied, that the space which must be occupied, if the exhibition is to be fully complete, becomes enormous. The mere distances to be traversed become an impediment in the way of seeing it. At the Philadelphia Exhibition the public were conveyed from one part to another by means of railways, and even with this assistance it required many more days than most people could afford, to view in a satisfactory manner the enormous variety of objects. It was here for the first time evident that if exhibitions were to be of real use, their scope would require to be altered, and their objects somewhat concentrated.

Since the great Paris Exposition of 1878, the exhibitions

held in various parts of the world have more and more partaken of a special character. They have been gradually brought into the position of being vehicles of education.

When the present series was decided upon, it was felt that the time had arrived when it was desirable that we should again take stock of our position; not so much of the condition of our manufactures as of the position of the nation in respect of some of its principal industries, as well as of its intellectual and physical progress. The authorities of South Kensington, with their able head, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, have now had a long course of training in the art of exhibitions, and they recommended that, in order to avoid being overwhelmed with variety, the series should be so arranged that each should have its own special subjects. The first embraced the Fishing Industries of England and of the World. The present exhibition embraces the Preservation of Health and the Progress of Education.

These two subjects are allied, and the Exhibition, whose motto might well be "Mens sana in corpore sano," will illustrate as vividly, and in as practical a manner as possible, food, dress, the dwelling, the school, and the workshop, as affecting the conditions of healthful life; and also bring into public notice the most recent appliances for elementary school teaching, and instruction in applied science, Art, and handicrafts.

At the present moment there are no two subjects of greater importance to the nation than these. Nor are there any two which more deserve the consideration of the statesman or the politician.

In regard to health, the population of England has increased to such an extent that each occupant by his proceedings may influence harmfully the health of his neighbours. The maintenance of the health of the nation requires that each individual should conform to regulations. Every class is concerned with the question. The houses even of the rich are hotbeds of disease, from the neglect of the most elementary sanitary laws. We have had grievous instances of this among the highest persons in the land. London houses teem with defects, and the newest are often more dangerous than the old. This is simply due to the obstinacy and ignorance of those to whose care their building is committed. Upon the satisfactory solution of the problem of the housing of the poor may depend the prosperity or the fall of England. A badly housed population is a discontented population, and legitimately so.

We boast of living in an age of progress, but when we look at the manner in which a large portion of our population is housed, we cannot but feel how backward in civilisation we are when we compel the poorer classes to inhabit such miserable dwellings.

To labour from morning till night without means of enjoyment is not what should be looked on as the destiny of any class. Such continuous work can only degrade.

In order to elevate the mind it is essential that there should be a capacity to admire what is beautiful, and in order to obtain and develop that capacity, opportunity is as much required as it is to develop any other quality of the mind or body. But how can persons who occupy miserable hovels or unwholesome tenements rise above their surroundings? How can they cultivate what may be termed the graces of life?

There are many of the poorer classes who are forced to take bad houses who thoroughly appreciate what a decent house is. In the present state of things these often cannot be obtained, either in our large towns or in the agricultural districts.

Many a tenement house, many a cottage, is as it were laid out and arranged to produce fever and sickness in its occupants. This is a national crime. The poor man is protected in obtaining food. Bad meat or fish is not allowed to be exposed for sale. Adulterations in milk or bread or other things are punishable. Why should a bad house be allowed to be let? Nay, more. Why should a defectively arranged house be allowed to be built?

Insanitary houses are not only an evil in themselves, but they produce a carelessness on the part of the occupiers as to the keeping of their health. They also render the workman careless of his surroundings during his hours of work.

The sanitary condition of the workshop is as important to the health of the community as the condition of the house. The workman spends many consecutive hours in it. The following is not an uncommon case:—A working man, after being busily engaged in his daily labour, which has possibly been carried on in dark, smoky, and badly-ventilated workshops, inhaling at each respiration the sundry accumulations flying off in the shape of dust, as in steel-grinding, or fluff in woollen and cotton mills, goes to a place he calls his home, which for dark, damp, and uncomfortable appearance is a counterpart of the factory he leaves. Thus his health is sapped and his life is shortened; he becomes careless of the beauties and amenities of life.

The labour is necessary if our teeming population is to have food. But the conditions which promote ill-health are unnecessary, and by care and watchfulness on the part of the community these conditions might be removed. The hard-working bees in our busy hives of industry should be assisted to enjoy as far as possible what pleasure they are able to find under the present high-pressure system of labour.

The period selected for this Health Exhibition is thus eminently opportune; for whilst much that is insanitary prevails in the high-class houses, it is from the insanitary state of low-class houses that the most wide-spread misery and the greatest sources of danger to the community prevail.

No doubt a great advance has been made in recent years in the science of the preservation of health, as contradistinguished from the art of healing, but we still suffer from epidemics of various forms of disease from which a city of Hygeia, such as Dr. Richardson so vividly described, would be free.

His "City of Health" is no phantasy. We should soon attain to it if owners of house property were honest, and only let houses in good sanitary condition; if occupiers would compete to maintain such houses clean and in good order; if local boards would honestly and energetically work to remove refuse, supply pure water, and carry off foul matter in such a manner as to insure that sewer gas should not come back to the houses.

The air and the water which God gives us are pure. It is we who, by our neglect, contaminate them. And why? Simply from the apathy of the community; an apathy which results from an ignorance of the cause of these evils, and of the means of remedying them. The remedy for insanitary conditions would be comparatively easy if each member of the community were induced to perform his part in their prevention or removal. In order to attain this end every member of the community should be taught the principles of sanitary knowledge.

When this has been done, and when the co-operation of

every individual in a community has been enlisted to aid in enforcing attention to sanitary details, we may hope for practical progress in the diminution of preventible disease, and for a general improvement in the health, and therefore in the happiness, as well as in the wealth-producing power, of the community.

This means the education of the whole community in sanitary science. It is to this end H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has designed this Exhibition. It is not only an Exhibition of what is in existence to-day. It shows what advances have been made in sanitary science in recent times, as well as demonstrates practically the influence of modern sanitary knowledge and intellectual progress upon the welfare of the people of all classes and all nations, and displays the most valuable and recent advances which have been attained in these important subjects.

With the object of giving some idea of the progress which we have made, the Exhibition includes some contrasts.

For instance, it exhibits the condition of London houses before the Great Plague, by a reproduction of part of old Cheapside, with its shops and its tradesmen at work. This affords a contrast to insanitary and sanitary houses of to-day, which are shown by means of models of dwellings of various classes: on the one hand, as far as can be done on the limited scale which is admissible, those with good sanitary arrangements; while, on the other, defects are exemplified without exaggerating ordinary conditions, but only reproducing accurately a state of things unfortunately but too common in almost every house.



In the Conservatory. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

The healthiness of a house is dependent upon the materials of which it is constructed, and upon their capacity for heat, dryness, permeability, and other characteristics. The fittings and furnishing of a house are all matters upon which healthiness depends. The Exhibition, therefore, includes specimens of insanitary decoration, such as arsenical wall papers, hangings, etc., so that the public may be taught what to avoid; and since equally good effects may be obtained by the use of harmless materials, there are shown side by side, for the purposes of comparison, papers, fabrics, etc., treated with poisonous matters, and also with colouring matters of a harmless character.

Health is an attribute of the mind as much as of the body; therefore, the Exhibition also includes many things which contribute to the amenities of life.

The important matter of warming and ventilating a house is exemplified: (1) by open and closed grates and stoves; (2) by water, air, steam, and gas apparatus designed to *heat only*; (3) by similar appliances, but combining provision for ventilation and the heating of more than one apartment; (4) by similar appliances for domestic use, specially designed for the economical consumption of fuel, and intended to minimise the production of smoke or other noxious products of combustion.

Appliances for ventilation include means for cooling the air supplied to rooms; means for improving the condition of the air in rooms; methods for testing air; the results of experimental researches into the state of air vitiated by combustion or by respiration; results of experiments on ventilation.

Electric lighting is limited to illustrations of its application to domestic lighting. Its use on a large scale is practically illustrated by the arrangements made for lighting the Exhibition itself. In the same way, the commercial manufacture of gas is not included, though its production on a small scale for private use is. The Exhibition shows the progress of domestic lighting, and affords a means of comparison between old and new systems. Photometric and other tests for illuminating materials are exhibited, and methods of gas lighting, which either assist, or do not interfere with the ventilation, are shown.

The place of production of all articles used by man may be called the workshop; and health in the workshop is illustrated in as practical a manner as possible, in order to exemplify the relation of industrial conditions and processes to health. The illustrations include alike the conditions of injury to health and the means proposed for improvement. Besides apparatus used, or proposed for use, with a view to minimise danger to

life and health, the exhibits comprise models, drawings, specimens both of harmful products and improved products, etc., and collections of specimens, models, diagrams, photographs, etc., showing existing evils or noxious conditions which have been modified by recent improvements. For instance, there are shown ventilation of the workshop, both by simple discharge of internal air, or by destroying offensive or injurious quality of discharged air; the removal of effluvium nuisances, either by condensing and utilising vapours, or by consuming vapours, or by other means, as in gas works; the removal of dust nuisances, as, for instance, in needle grinding, mother-of-pearl working, in weaving sheds; the danger from mineral poisons, as arise in arsenic works, whitelead works, playing-card making, card bronzing, phosphorus and match manufacture, and the methods of prevention; the danger from animal poisons, as in wool-sorting and rag-picking; the prevention of accidents in the workshop, such as protection against heat, injury to eyes, or against explosions in the mines and elsewhere.

Interesting, however, as all these exhibits are, none surpass in interest the Food and Dress Departments.

The raw materials of food are, when possible, exhibited, and when this cannot be done, they are represented by models. The exhibition, for instance, of uncooked meat would be neither desirable nor practicable, but exhibits give information as to the various animals used for the food of man, their nature, habits, characteristics, etc.

In the case of cereals and other food stuffs, the raw grain and the products from it are exhibited. Fruits and vegetables are for the most part to be represented by models, but there will be periodical shows at which the articles themselves can be exhibited and sold. The natural forms of the different fruits imported in a dried or preserved state into this country are illustrated by models.

Every sort of drink, including milk, is exhibited, as well as the production of tea, coffee, and other new or little-known beverages, such as maté or Paraguay tea, coca, koumiss, etc. The Dairy Companies of London exemplify all their proceedings, from the production of the milk from the cow to the making of butter and cheese, and general dairy operations. The stables of the Companies are a most attractive feature of the Exhibition. The production of koumiss is shown by exhibiting mares with their attendants from the Steppes of Russia.

There are also illustrated methods of cold storage and transport of fresh meat, ice-making, the preservation of food, making bread, biscuits, &c., the manufacture of confectionery, of condiments, of cocoa and chocolate, and the production and bottling of aerated waters.

A special object of the Exhibition is the diffusion of information as to the economical cooking of food, and the best way of utilising the various kinds of food available to this country. Cheap cooking, both at home and by means of public kitchens, is amply illustrated. For the purpose of comparison, there are illustrations of every class of foreign cookery, not only of the luxurious sort, but of that practised in the homes of the well-to-do, of the middle class, and of the poorer classes, in foreign countries. As a matter of interest, and with the object of diffusing information on the manner of life of nations differing yet further from ourselves, the practice of Eastern cooks, Chinese, Japanese, Indian (Mohammedan and Hindoo), etc., is shown.

It may be mentioned that special arrangements have been made to show the most approved and clean methods of baking bread.

An important object is to diffuse popular information as to the nature, constituents, uses, and adulterations of food, as well as parasites or other organisms injurious in any way to food or its sources. The Exhibition includes specimens of the animal and vegetable substances used as food, beverages, stimulants, etc., by savages or native races of low civlisation, both in the raw and prepared condition, together with appliances and utensils of all kinds used in their manufacture or consumption. As, for instance, sago, and its native manufacture, by Malays, natives of New Guinea, etc.; cassava, and its manufacture in British Guinea; taro, the Polynesian food, and the manufacture of roi from it; kaava and kaava bowls of Fiji and elsewhere. This ethnological portion of the Exhibition presents points of peculiar interest, and its novelty will be one of its greatest attractions.

The Exhibition of Dress is not intended to be merely an exhibition of what has been termed hygienic dress. Its object is to show the various materials for dress in use throughout the world by the several races of mankind, and the forms in which that material is arranged. It shows the comparative value of different dress fabrics, with reference to their "warmth," their hygroscopic properties, the influence of the colour of materials in modifying the effects of sun-heat and the like.

There are also exhibited models and drawings illustrative of the effects of poisonous dyes (in clothing) upon the skin. Materials dyed with poisonous and non-poisonous dyes are placed together for the purposes of comparison. And it is intended to demonstrate the scientific basis of healthy clothing. The subject of underclothing is of such great importance that a special display of materials and garments, etc., worn next to the skin, is shown in a special annexe. As one special feature in this part of the Exhibition a series of models display the first clothing of infants as adopted in the various countries of the world.

The dress of female operatives engaged among machinery, as well as special dresses recommended or in use in factories, and occupations of special character are shown, *e.g.*, dresses for lead and other factories; dresses of nurses and sick attendants; of soldiers and sailors; life-saving dresses: firemen's dresses: dress injurious to health; casts of feet deformed by boots, etc.; spinal and thoracic deformities ascribed to tight-lacing, with models to show the position of the viscera displaced by such practices and the like.

The machinery illustrates the making of articles of dress, such as machine *versus* hand weaving; glove making by machinery; lace making, illustrated by operatives from Honiton, Nottingham, Brussels, etc.; the making of hats; the making of boots and shoes, and of lasts for the same; the dressing of furs and certain skins; sewing and knitting machines; the manufacture of waterproof crape and some special fabrics; the application of jute to dress fabrics. A special feature of the Dress Exhibition is groups of figures dressed in the costumes of the upper and lower classes at every change of fashion, from the time of William the Conqueror to the present day.

DOUGLAS GALTON.

(*To be continued.*)



PAINTED BY CHARLES J. STANILAND.

ENGRAVED BY T. SHERRATT

HENRY III. OF FRANCE AND THE DUTCH ENVOYS

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Co LIMITED

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN PAINTERS IN PASTEL.

IF any proofs were needed of the abundant energy, cleverness, and versatility possessed by American young painters, none more brilliantly conclusive could have been given than the fifty or sixty pastels of which this exhibition consisted. Originality, brightness, dash, coupled with a certain audacity in style and treatment, were among the chief characteristics of this collection, which at first surprised, and ended by delighting, both the public and the critics. Something of this interest was due, undoubtedly, to the novelty of the pigment. The artists themselves were visibly stirred to fresh enthusiasms and endeavour by the attraction of testing their skill in a little-used material.

What made this little exhibition remarkable was the skill, the freedom of handling, and the finish the exhibitors displayed. The skill, indeed, was so admirable that some surprising results were achieved, chiefly in the direction of revealing certain qualities not hitherto supposed possible in pastel drawings. In the beautifully finished pastels of the eighteenth century, in the enamel softness of the 'Chocolate Girl,' and in the later sketches of Rousseau, Millet, and Turner, the limited range of this medium was believed to have been conclusively proved. Its peculiar qualities were a velvety softness and delicacy of tint—qualities limiting the scope of pastel drawings to sketchy subjects and portraits. But these American young painters obtained results which made their work a revelation of what could be done with this pigment. They subjected it to the most serious of tests, that of producing striking effects by means of "broad" treatment. So admirable were some of these effects as to raise the question among artists whether either in oil or water colour they could have been equalled.

The other notable contributors were Messrs. Edwin Blashfield, Blum, Batton, Carrol, Beckwith, W. L. Palmer, Ulrick Frances Jones, and Miss Graetorix.

Mr. Chase sent an unusually large and interesting number of contributions. Mr. Chase's work has the pre-eminent distinction of being always interesting. In this direction of pastel drawing it appears as if he had been engaged in proving to himself the range of his versatility and his cleverness. Here are out-of-door scenes, drawn with bold vigorous touch, full of movement and life; there is a bit of canvas that the palm of the hand would cover, as delicately finished as a miniature. Above is a portrait of the gentleman himself, so clever in pose and strong in handling as to have satisfied most artists with that one effort. And yet again there are three large frames filled with portraits or an original composition in still-life, that makes one despair of finding any one best or typical example of this versatile painter's talent.

Among the genre, the 'Interior' by Mr. Francis Jones was an amazing little piece of workmanship. So soft was its finish, so delicate yet strong was it in tone, so brilliantly luminous the white high lights, that it seemed as if the brush alone could have made such effects possible. Perhaps of all the pictures sent this should be rated as the finest exhibition of a complete mastery over the pigment. In any other material, in oil or water colour, the work would have been equally remarkable. As a specimen of pastel, its perfection was a revelation of what could be accomplished by a high order of talent and originality.

Altogether it was an exhibition which, had it been held in London or Paris instead of New York, it is safe to say would have created a stir as one of the marked expositions of the year. It being considered remarkable in New York, as the original work of American painters, makes it no less extraordinary, however, but rather the more so.

ART NOTES.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY has recently acquired by purchase the following important works:—1. Two Sienese pictures, an 'Annunciation' and 'Christ giving Sight to the Blind,' part of an altar-piece by Duccio di Buoninsegno, date about 1310. 2. A portion of a fresco from the church of St. Francesco, Siena, by Ambrogio Lorenzetti. 3. 'Madonna and Saints,' by Sodona, an artist whose works we have lately been noticing. 4. 'The Legend of the Gift to St. Thomas of the Holy Girdle,' by Matteo di Giovanni di Bartolo, from the village of Monasterio, near Siena, a late fifteenth-century work. 5. A 'Procession to Calvary,' painted by Ridolfo Ghirlandaio in 1504, when he was in his nineteenth year. This picture, from the Antinori Palace, is mentioned by Vasari as having been executed for the church of San Gallo, at Florence. 6. A 'Virgin and Child,' on panel, painted by Marco d'Oggione, from the Manfrini Gallery. 7. 'St. John in the Desert,' by Martino Piazza, on panel, signed M. P. P. 8. 'The Deposition from the Cross,' on panel, an Italian picture of German early sixteenth-century design. 9. A 'Crucifixion,' on panel, by Andrea del Castagno. Also the following bequests:—A conversation piece, by Hogarth; and a 'Girl with a Lamb,' by Greuze.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—At the annual election of The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, more than sixty candidates presented themselves for the honour of associateships; this unusual number being, it was understood, due to rumours which had been about to the effect that a large selection would be made. Considerable dissatisfaction was expressed when, in the result, two only were elected, one of these being Mr. Albert Moore, who has never regularly practised the art of water-colour painting, though he has produced a few lovely replicas of his paintings in this medium. The Society, by pur-

suing such tactics as these, is certainly doing its best to assist the Institute in its efforts to become the leading representative of water-colour art. The landscapes of Miss Mary Forster (the other successful candidate) have often been noticed in our columns on account of their delicacy, brightness, and purity of sentiment.

THE LADY ARTISTS.—The exhibitions of this Society would be a great deal better if those who contributed to them would be content to walk before they can run. On the present occasion nearly eight hundred pictures and drawings have found a place on the walls and screens, and among them there are not twenty of those patient, painstaking studies that should form the staple of every exhibition that depends, in any important degree, upon the support of beginners in Art. More than one of our well-known painters have spoilt their chances of permanent fame by over-eagerness to win the prizes that await the successful artist, and, on a humbler scale, many members of the Ladies' Society are committing the same fault; they are trying to make pictures before they can draw a single thing, living or dead, with any approach to accuracy. The declaration of Ingres, "Le dessin, c'est la probité de l'Art," would hardly be out of place in any English studio, but it certainly should be written up in letters a foot high in the gallery in Great Marlborough Street. From these strictures a few contributions should, however, be excepted. Among them we must especially mention those of Miss Mary Sharp, Miss F. Clow, Miss Jane Morgan, Miss Mary Forster, Miss J. Savill, Miss Nichols, and Miss Marian Croft, whose 'No Partner' is perhaps the most satisfactory work in the exhibition.

THE ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—We have much pleasure in reminding our readers that the annual dinner of this admirable institution will take place on the 24th inst., at Willis's Rooms. Its continued prosperity depends on the success of this social gathering. Last year the sum of £2,579 was collected thereat by the sixteen stewards, Mr. T. H. Woods, of Christie, Manson, and Woods, as usual heading the list with £478, followed by Mr. W. C. Quilter with £254, and Mr. E. H. Fahey with £249. The names of gentlemen wishing to act as stewards either this or next year will be received by Mr. J. E. Millais, R.A. The annual report shows that £3,961 was distributed during the year (at a cost of £400) amongst 169 applicants. Mr. J. Jones has left the society £1,000.

MRS. BUTLER'S 'Quatre Bras' has been purchased for the Museum of Melbourne for the sum of £1,500. This removes another of the five pictures upon which her fame rests from the market, 'The Roll Call' being in the possession of her Majesty. We notice that two of the others, 'The Return from Inkermann' and 'The Remnants of an Army,' are to be sold at Christie's on the 15th inst.

THE prices of the best modern pictures do not appear to have been disturbed by the prevailing dulness in trade. Sir Frederick Leighton has, we understand, received between four and five thousand pounds from The Fine Art Society for his work of 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' noticed elsewhere, whilst Mr. Millais has sold his 'Incident of the '45' for £5,000, and three other pictures of children, to Mr. Wertheimer for £8,000.

BIRMINGHAM ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.—The Spring Exhibition had a successful opening day on April 3rd. Very considerable changes have been made since last year. The President, Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., is represented by his 'Youngest Daughter,' a portrait possessing all the rare technical qualities of tone and finish which distinguish this master. Amongst contributions by Members of the Society may be mentioned 'Meditation' and 'The Maid of the Hostel,' by W. J. Wainwright, which, though small, possess in a marked degree the vigorous drawing, rich colour, and subtilty of tone which characterize this artist's works; Walter Langley's 'In Memoriam,' pathetic in subject, and showing considerable mastery of the, to him, unaccustomed medium of oil; some excellent landscapes and studies of old buildings by S. H. and Oliver Baker; a life-like portrait, and landscapes by E. R. Taylor, remarkable for their realistic force; a characteristic portrait of a local magnate, a child laden with apples at an orchard gate, and a landscape, by H. T. Munns; two portraits, a head of a Breton child, and two cottage interiors, by J. Pratt; landscape and coast scenes by C. W. Radcliffe. The Associates are very well represented. Bernard Evans has two of his powerful landscapes; W. B. Fortescue some bright glimpses from Venice; John Fullwood a fine water-colour drawing, 'On the Marne;' W. H. Hall some clever transcripts of English scenery; E. S. Harper a thoughtful study entitled 'Lost Awhile;' J. V. Jelley some excellent landscapes and flower studies; Claude Pratt two studies of monastic life; and C. H. Whitworth a single picture, 'On the Margin of the Woods.'

CAMBRIDGE.—The new galleries for sculpture, in connection with the Fitzwilliam Museum, will be opened with a public ceremony on May 6th.

HALIFAX.—The Halifax Art Society have opened their sixth annual exhibition with seventy works by the sixteen members. The catalogue (6d.) is illustrated, and reveals the enterprising spirit of the Society.

WALES.—The committee of the Welsh National Eistedfodd, meeting at Liverpool in September next, offer a prize of £50 and a gold medal for the best oil painting of a Scripture subject, and similar prizes for a picture in oil illustrating some incident in Welsh history. The pictures to be adjudicated upon by the hanging committee of the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.—At the tercentenary celebration on 17th April, the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon a large number of distinguished men. Amongst those connected with Art were Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.; Sir William Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A.; and Mr. R. Rowand Anderson, architect of the New University Buildings.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCOTLAND.—Mr. J. M. Gray has now entered upon duty as curator of the Gallery, and is at present engaged in organizing an exhibition of Portraits, to be open in Edinburgh during the continuance of the International Forestry Exhibition.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.—The exhibition holds its own as against former years, though there are not many very striking pictures. Several members of the Royal Academy have lent works, amongst them J. E. Millais, Alma-Tadema, W. F. Yeames, and P. R. Morris. Sir T. Jones, P.R.H.A., exhibits several portraits, the most attractive being the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. C. B. Watkins, R.H.A.,

as usual has some fine landscapes. Alfred Grey, R.H.A., is also strong in landscapes and animals, and his brother, J. Grey, R.H.A., has three paintings worthy of attention; while another brother, Gregor Grey, exhibits one of the most attractive pictures in the exhibition, entitled 'Routing the Enemy.' Amongst others the works of W. Osborne, R.H.A., W. F. Osborne, A.R.H.A., C. Smith, R.H.A., C. Russell, and Miss P. A. Williams, may be mentioned. So far the exhibition has been well attended, but the sales have not been numerous. The Council have resolved on opening the galleries at a moderate charge on Sundays. At the Art Union drawing, over £400 worth of pictures, varying from £50 to £10 each, were distributed in prizes.

PARIS.—An attempt is being made to couple with the Salon a gigantic lottery similar to those which have been so much in vogue in France lately. It is hardly probable that it will be sanctioned, in view of the evidence produced before the commission now sitting to inquire into the depression existing amongst the working classes of Paris; this went to prove that one of the prime factors therein was the spirit of gambling induced by these dubious means of raising charitable funds.

THE PARIS SALON.—The voting for the jury of painting for the Salon, which opens this month, resulted in M. Henner being at the head of the list with 1,313 votes; M. Harpignies came next with 1,251, M. Bonnat with 1,230, and M. Français with 1,210. The following received more than a thousand votes:—Vollon, 1,199; J. P. Laurens, 1,168; Tony Robert-Fleury, 1,154; Puvis de Chavannes, 1,129; Lefebvre, 1,122; Bouguereau, 1,108; Cabanel, 1,069; Pille, 1,057; Busson, 1,055; Duez, 1,040; Ribot, 1,006; Lalanne, 1,005; Humbert, 1,001. The following over 800:—Le Roux, 957; De Vuillefroy, 948; Bernier, 939; Guillemet, 926; Carolus Duran, 920; Roll, 884; Rapin, 870; Barrias, 862; Maignan, 844; Yon, 821; Detaille, 812. And the following over 600:—Lansyer, 797; Feyen-Perrin, 787; Hanoteau, 775; Baudry, 757; Benjamin Constant, 756; Boulanger, 748; Gervex, 709; De Neuville, 693; Luminais, 609; Guillaumet, 606. The last being M. J. Breton, 596; and M. Cormon, 568.

BARBIZON.—A monument has been erected to Theodore Rousseau and Millet. It is very simple, consisting merely of a mass of rock, on which is fixed a bronze plate bearing the effigies designed by Chapu of the painters.

ITALY.—Visitors to Milan will learn with pleasure that the Cathedral authorities have consented to allow the exceptionally fine works of Art which they possess to be exhibited to the public.—The Castellani sale, or at least that portion of it which has taken place at Rome, has realised £50,000. Objects amounting to £12,000 were claimed by the Italian Government. Very considerable purchases were made for the South Kensington Museum; and, to the disappointment of the French Art Journals, very few for the Louvre.—The Italians are increasing their efforts to prevent works of Art leaving the country: the Government having now decided that the amount paid shall be no criterion as to value when the article is assessed for export duty.

REVIEWS: NEW BOOKS.

"FIVE GREAT PAINTERS." By Lady Eastlake. Two volumes (Longmans, Green, & Co.).—In her modest preface to these essays, originally contributed to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, the author disclaims any study or thought on her own part, but relies solely on the "advantages enjoyed by her for long years at the side of the late Sir Charles Eastlake." And in effect her work is the well-digested result rather of the thought—and perhaps the somewhat conventional thought—of several generations of *dilettanti*, than of any personal research or independent summing-up as to the histories of her subjects—Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, and Albert Dürer. Lady Eastlake is not free from views, but her views are never unexpected, even when she expresses a mild dissent from some credited traditions in the case of Leonardo da Vinci's imaginative powers, or the value of his landscape accessories. Biographically the several histories are well cast and complete in essential or significant things, while on many points they either disregard or confute some of the anecdotal *banalités* of Vasari and his echoes. In treating of the life and works of Albert Dürer, the writer has of course less to do in this matter of rejection, and seems to breathe a somewhat fresher air, than in dealing with the great Italians.

"ANATOMY FOR ARTISTS." By John Marshall, F.R.S., F.R.C.S. Illustrated by two hundred original drawings by J. S. Cuthbert. Second Edition (Smith, Elder, & Co.).—Professor Marshall dedicates to his past, present, and future pupils in Art anatomy a work which contains many thoughts on the science which have become public property through his Royal Academy lectures. But the book is more concerned with facts than with thoughts, and being illustrated by thoroughly careful plates, is one of the clearest guides possessed by the English student of the foundations and causes of form. The author has no intention of leading his pupils to that insistence upon sub-cutaneous constructions which makes of some of the works of the Munich school, for instance, a display of surgical rather than of artistic knowledge. He seems to recognise the fact that an artist's anatomical science is rather to be possessed than shown, and that if the eye could be perfectly trusted, the eye would suffice for the intelligent appreciation of surface forms. But since the Greek days the eye has evidently not merited this full trust, and its observation must be guided by a knowledge of that which lies and acts below the sphere of its observation.

"THE RAVEN." By Edgar Allen Poe. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. With a Comment on the Poem by Edmund Clarence Stedman (Sampson Low).—The artist whose name is associated with Poe's in this luxurious volume is spoken of in England, by a kind of convention, as a genius who was defrauded (whether by the purism and pedantry of his compatriots, or by some other accident of the ill-fortune of genius) of the due measure of estimation and applause. But if either the fame he had, or the fame he was supposed to be entitled to, had rested upon such figure-subjects as the illustrations to "The

Raven," there would have been matter for wonder, not at the ill-luck of genius, but at the obstinate and invincible good fortune of its imitations. Gustave Doré's figure drawing had at times a weakness of conception and of action, which in his pictures is as it were drowned in the noise of the oil paint, or is lost in the beautiful surroundings of the sky and landscape work in black and white, but is displayed in full in designs where figures play the principal part. "The Raven" drawings show little imagination, but a spurred and forced fancy, which many readers, who have revised their earlier judgments of the poem, will be inclined to think is not ill-matched with the spirit of the lines illustrated. Once indeed the Doré who took England by storm with his Milton and Dante reappears, and this is in the lovely drawing of the angels flying in winding line above a setting sun, with the soul of Lenore; but the same angels seen nearer, among the articles of furniture in the lover's room, are deplorable indeed. Poe's little insincerities as to the lamp-light are carefully "dodged" by Doré, by the way, in the only possible manner. He makes the lover's moderator lamp go out by degrees, and thus allows a secondary lamp, placed over the bust of Pallas, to throw the famous "shadow on the floor."

"Modern Art at the Munich International Exhibition, 1883." By Frederick Pecht (F. Bruckmann, Munich).—In this volume the veteran Art critic of Munich shows the same thorough knowledge of the Art of the day, in its various branches, which has marked his former criticisms. His general remarks on the modern schools and their tendencies are admirable, but there is little critical discrimination between the various works on the ground of artistic quality. It is comparatively easy to criticise statues and pictures from the point of view of their subjects, but extremely difficult to give a clear idea in words of the varying methods of technical treatment, on which so much of the value of a modern work depends. This latter task is scarcely attempted, and the author groups together under his different headings, without distinction, works of the most varied artistic value. His appreciative remarks on British Art will be read with interest. He praises it for its complete originality, its healthy tone and freshness of feeling, its charming sense of nature, its inner, and not merely outward, purity, and its humour.

"Erzeugnisse der Silber-Schmiede-Kunst aus dem Sechzehnten bis Achtzehnten Jahrhundert" (Silversmith's Work of the Sixteenth Century to the Eighteenth). From the Collection of J. & C. Jeidels). Frankfort-on-the-Main: Moritz Abendroth, successor to Carl Jügel.—This publication consists of two volumes of illustrations, admirably produced by photographic process, with only such descriptive letterpress (in German and French) as would accompany the exhibition of the objects in a museum. There is a great deal of German work, with its peculiar character in design. Two sixteenth-century silver-gilt statuettes, for instance, on which the sign or signature of the master has become illegible, might be taken as perfectly representative of the German homeliness, directness, and inelegance in the rendering of ecclesiastical saintship. The expressions are almost grotesquely sincere; and in the fine reproduction the manner of the work—the treatment of the draperies, hair, and beard—is to be distinctly studied. The contrast with the flutter and flourish of Italian execution of the same period, so familiar in the gold and silver work of the richer Roman churches, is very marked. The illustrations make two thick tomes, and comprise some curious and elaborate designs.

"Harness." By John Philipson (Newcastle-on-Tyne; Andrew Reid).—The author's primary idea in this work is certainly commendable, it being to show that by a simpler method of harnessing the horse will do his work better and more easily than at present he is able to do. A book on harness, however, even though most carefully compiled, as this work is, is a volume scarcely likely to be attractive to Art lovers for its literature alone. The chief attraction of the book to our readers, will be some elegant and little-known cuts by John Bewick which are introduced as tail-pieces to the chapters.

"Norfolk Broads and Rivers." By G. C. Davies (Blackwood and Sons).—We were induced in the autumn of 1882,* by the interest of the subject, to travel out of the beaten track of Art articles, and insert one on an "East Anglian Decoy," by the author of the work before us. We were, we believe, justified in so doing by its having directed the steps of several artists to a district of England offering many novelties to the craft, and as yet but little known by them. These, and the much larger company of tourists seeking after novelty and enjoyment, will read with interest this book of Mr. Davies, treating as it does, under every aspect, a playground, easy of access, and cheaply to be enjoyed. The work is illustrated by a new process of plate engraving by Messrs. T. and R. Annan, which looks as if it may develop into a useful addition to methods now in vogue.

"A Practical Guide to Art Illustration." By J. S. Hodson (Sampson Low).—We heartily welcome this addition to the meagre stores of knowledge which even the most erudite possess on a subject which just now is making a complete revolution in "The Graphic Arts." It is true that under this last-named title Mr. Hamerton has compiled a volume; but its price places it beyond the reach of all but the wealthy, and in the short time which has elapsed since its publication, considerable additions have been made to the list of processes. Mr. Hodson now deals exhaustively in the first place with the older systems of plate and wood engraving, lithography, and chromo printing—and then with the recent chemical and mechanical processes which, by means of photography, have come into vogue. As the preface states, the artist may here acquire technical information calculated to be of service in suggesting appropriate methods of illustrating his work; and all, whether artist or engraver, will find the work a useful handbook on the subject. It is illustrated with twenty-four examples of engraving, including several specimens of automatic engraving, and is published at fifteen shillings.

* *Art Journal*, 1882, page 257.

INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.*

THE portion of the Exhibition which will appeal most strongly to lovers of Art is that devoted to the representation of London before the Plague and the Great Fire.

The typical reproduction of some of the most characteristic features of old London had its origin in the proposal to build a specimen of a modern London house, and side by side with it a house of similar general form, but one embodying sanitary requirements.

It was felt that to make the Exhibition complete, it would be desirable to show what historically had been the gradations of improvement in the sanitary features of house construction in England; and, indeed, among the many subjects bearing upon and connected with the one special subject of Health which this Exhibition is designed to illustrate, no one could be more appropriate than the representation of the manner in which our forefathers were housed, and the sanitary conditions under which they lived: and this could not be done unless a faithful representation and reproduction of the actual dwellings of the citizens brought these conditions and illustrated these manners in a realistic and truthful way before our eyes.

Mr. Shaw, the Chairman of the City Commissioners of Sewers, used his influence with the Corporation and the Guilds to induce them to devote their munificent contribution to the funds of the Exhibition to reproduce an actual old London street.

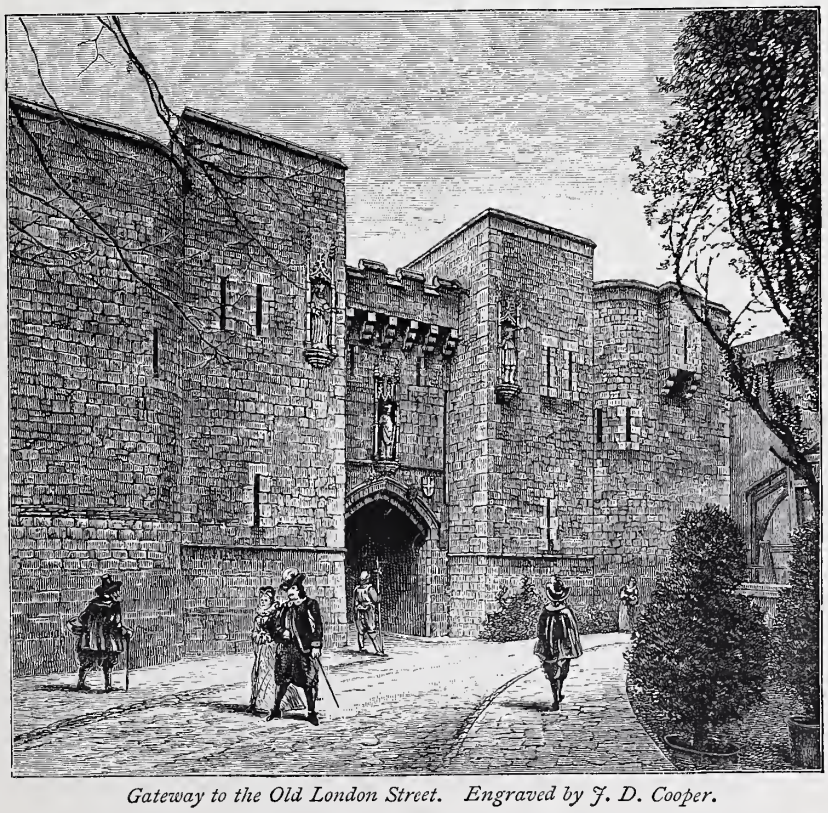
The very complete archæological knowledge possessed by Mr. G. A. Birch enabled him to provide at once the necessary characteristic drawings, and, in the course of little more than six weeks from its commencement he has been able to reproduce a real street of full-sized houses, with the lights and shadows, and all the characteristic features of the old city.

Moreover, this reproduction is realistic. Realistic in that these houses are no pasteboard and painted canvas delusions, but honest structures. Truthful, in that they represent no fanciful restorations from written records, but are faithful delineations from actual drawings derived from authentic sources.

The street is composed of various houses grouped together to form a quaint and picturesque thoroughfare of the normal width of an old London street, the dates of the various buildings being as diversified as are their size and appearance, and the object that has been held steadily in view is to show the City as it existed before that fiery glow and swift furnace of flame of 1666 swept it for ever from off the face of the earth.

But whilst we have here represented what is very picturesque, let us consider for a moment the sanitary characteristics of this representation.

The street commences immediately in front of the pavilion of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The entrance to it is through one of the City gates—Bishopsgate—reduced in proportion and flanked by the City wall. This gate was not one of the original gates, of which there were but four, but it was a gate subsequently broken through the ancient walls, and the peculiar Roman manner of building the walls with courses of tiles is shown on the lower part.

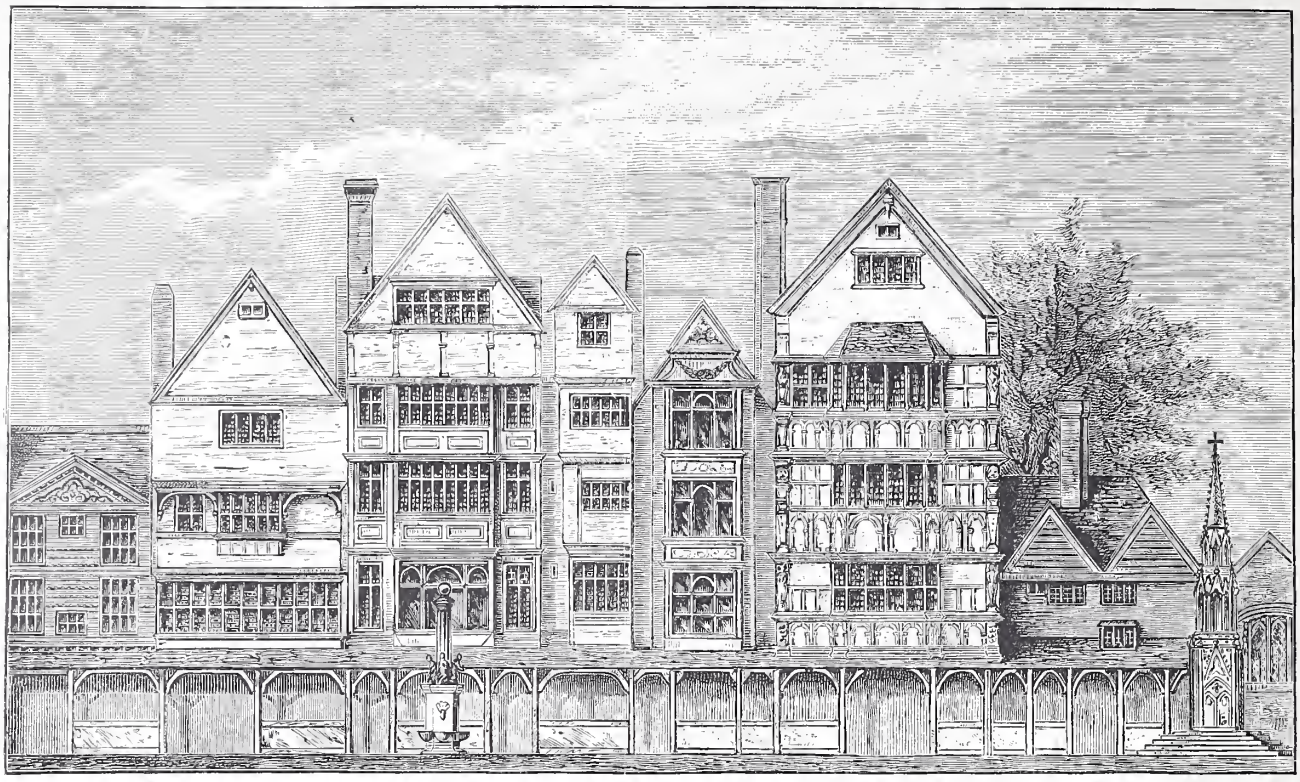


Gateway to the Old London Street. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

These walls might have been built during the four hundred years of Roman occupation, but more probably after their withdrawal and before the tradition of the Roman manner of building had died out. Above the arch of the gateway on each side are the arms of the City of London and the arms of the Bishopric, and immediately over the gate, in a niche, stands the statue of one of the bishops, William the Norman, to whom the City was particularly indebted. It was by his good offices that all those rights and privileges and immunities which the City had inherited from Roman times and which had been confirmed and strengthened under the Saxon kings, were reconfirmed by the Conqueror. "William

* Continued from page 156.

the King, greets William the Bishop and Godfrey the Portreve," a document of singular brevity but of singular moment and importance in the history of the City. Once a year the City fathers went in solemn procession to William



Rose Inn, Fenchurch. *Cock Tavern, Leadenhall Street.* *The Three Squirrels, Fleet Street.* *Isaac Walton's, Fleet Street.* *Shop in Bishopsgate Street.*

the Conqueror's tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral, and testified by this act their grateful recognition. Above, on the towers which flank the gateway, are the statues of Alfred, who wrested the City from the Danes, and of his son-in-law, Ældred, Earl of Mercia, to whom he committed the government thereof.

Passing through the gate, the corresponding statue to William the Norman represents St. Erkenwald, the fourth Bishop of London, A.D. 675. After the reconstitution of the see and the re-establishment of Christianity by St. Augustine, this Erkenwald was a great favourite with the Londoners, and after his canonization his shrine at St. Paul's, one of the richest in the kingdom, was for many centuries an object of great veneration.

On the ground floor of the entrance gateway, on the right, is a debtor's prison, and, on the left, an ordinary lock-up, and beyond are the staircases leading to the first floor.

We need not go back very far in history to know what a change has taken place in the matter of imprisonment. Howard, the reformer of our prisons, visited them no farther back than 1750, that is at least one hundred and eighty years to two hundred years after the period which this picture of old London represents. Even in that day he found prisoners chained to the ground; the straw on the stone floor worn to dust; the food boiled bread; gaol fever prevalent almost everywhere, caused by dirt, overcrowding, and absence of fresh air. We read of the Black Assize, when all present in court, the Lord Chief Justice, the Sheriffs, and three hundred more, all died within forty hours.

At Plymouth, Howard mentions a cell seventeen feet long by eight feet wide, and five and a half feet high, into which no light could struggle and no air could penetrate, except through an opening five inches by seven. Three people had been shut up in it for two months, and when Howard visited it the door had not been opened for five weeks, and when opened the stench from the filth was intolerable. At Flint he found cells too small to allow of a person lying down. These are horrors which have all vanished, and at the present day the prisoner is treated with a leniency which is compatible only with the idea that crime is a form of insanity.

After passing through the gateway, the first house on the South is the "Rose Inn," Fenchurch Street, curious as having its front covered with small cut slates, instead of the ordinary lath and plaster and timber construction usual in London.

The next house shown in the engraving stood in Leadenhall Street, and was known as the "Cock Tavern." The representations of this house, of which there are many, exhibit it after the gable had been removed, and a flat coping substituted, but in this instance its pristine condition has been reverted to.

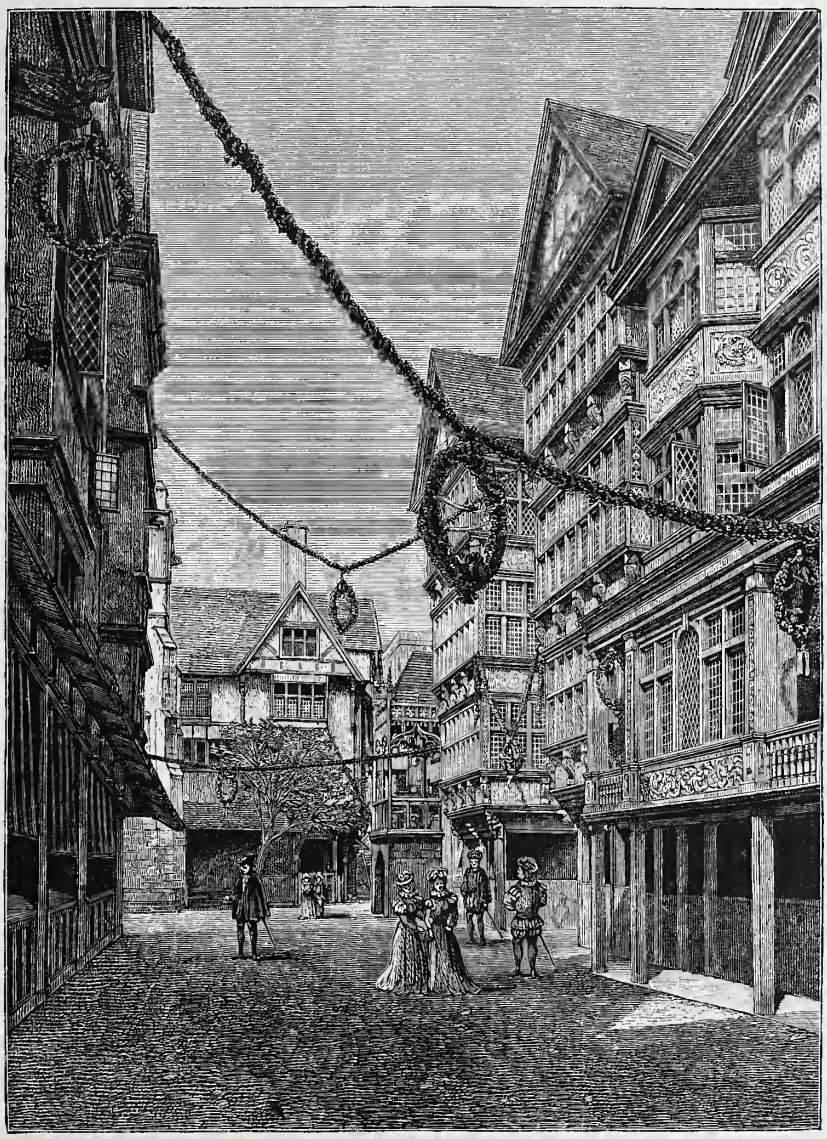
Following in order is a block of three houses, formerly existing in Fleet Street, towards Temple Bar, on the south side, and known by the name of the "Three Squirrels," now Messrs. Gosling's bank. This system of the houses being known by certain signs, irrespective of the avocations or change of owners, was universal. The "Marygold," at Temple Bar, Messrs. Child's bank; the "Grasshopper," in Lombard Street, Messrs Martin & Co.'s bank; and the "Golden Bottle," Fleet Street, Messrs. Hoare's, are all instances of a survival of a custom, the origin of which had been so entirely at variance with the avocations of the subsequent owners.

The next house is the one which stood at the corner of Fleet Street and Chancery Lane, and was traditionally known as the "Isaac Walton's house, Vir et Piscator optimus," but

there is a doubt that tradition in this case was tradition only, as the actual house was two doors farther to the west; but apart from this, the house itself was a magnificent specimen of an ordinary citizen's house in Elizabeth's reign, and was for many years a conspicuous ornament to Fleet Street, and in close contiguity to those well-known haunts of the wits of this period, the "Apollo" and the "Devil" Taverns.

Setting back a little from the main line of the street in order to give prominence to Walton's house, and to give it the appearance of a corner house, are two unpretending wooden structures, which formerly stood hard by the ancient church of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate Street, which ends our second illustration, and were the ordinary type of hundreds of others in the old city, a shop below, and a solar or chamber above.

Standing prominently in advance of these is the old tower of a church, which although not strictly modelled from that of All Hallows, Staining—differing only in having a larger traceried window—resembles in its general form and outline many others in which our forefathers were wont to worship. Most of these churches were small, for the parishes attached to them were equally diminutive, and this tower type, with bold octagonal staircase turret on one side, was almost universal. There were exceptions in which the towers had lofty pinnacles at each corner, like the present tower of St. Sepulchre's, Holborn, or the more modern rebuildings by Wren of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and St. Mary's, Aldermary, and the curious arched superstructure, with its five lanterns, of St. Mary-le-Bow, or "de Arcubus," and the very fine spire of St. Laurence Pountney; but the generality of the churches possessed a tower similar in character to the one depicted here.



The Old London Street. From a Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Next to the church, and fronting down the street, is a portion of the Middle Row, which stood in the Strand just outside of Temple Bar, and was known as Butcher's Row; these houses well represent the overhanging of the stories so prevalent in London, where the ground-floor space was very limited, additional room above being obtained by these means at the expense of light and air. Butcher's Row itself and its quaint structures were swept away when Alderman Prickett, with a public spirit far in advance of his times, made one of the first public improvements by widening this portion of the Strand, leaving the Church of St. Clements' Danes isolated in the midst of a large oval. These houses are historically interesting, as in one of them the Gunpowder Plot conspirators met. We next come to Elbow Lane. The site at this point considerably narrows from seventy to thirty feet, and the houses are not placed parallel, in order to break a perspective which would have been too long for a picturesque effect, and also in order to obtain that sinuosity so characteristic of London streets.

The pavement of the old street was of cobble stone laid to a central open gutter, down which a sluggish stream of mud and water trickled. This has not been reproduced, but on a wet day the visitor will thoroughly appreciate the discomfort of the rain dripping from the roofs, eaves, and gurgoyles on to the passers by, which is a characteristic feature of a mediæval town.

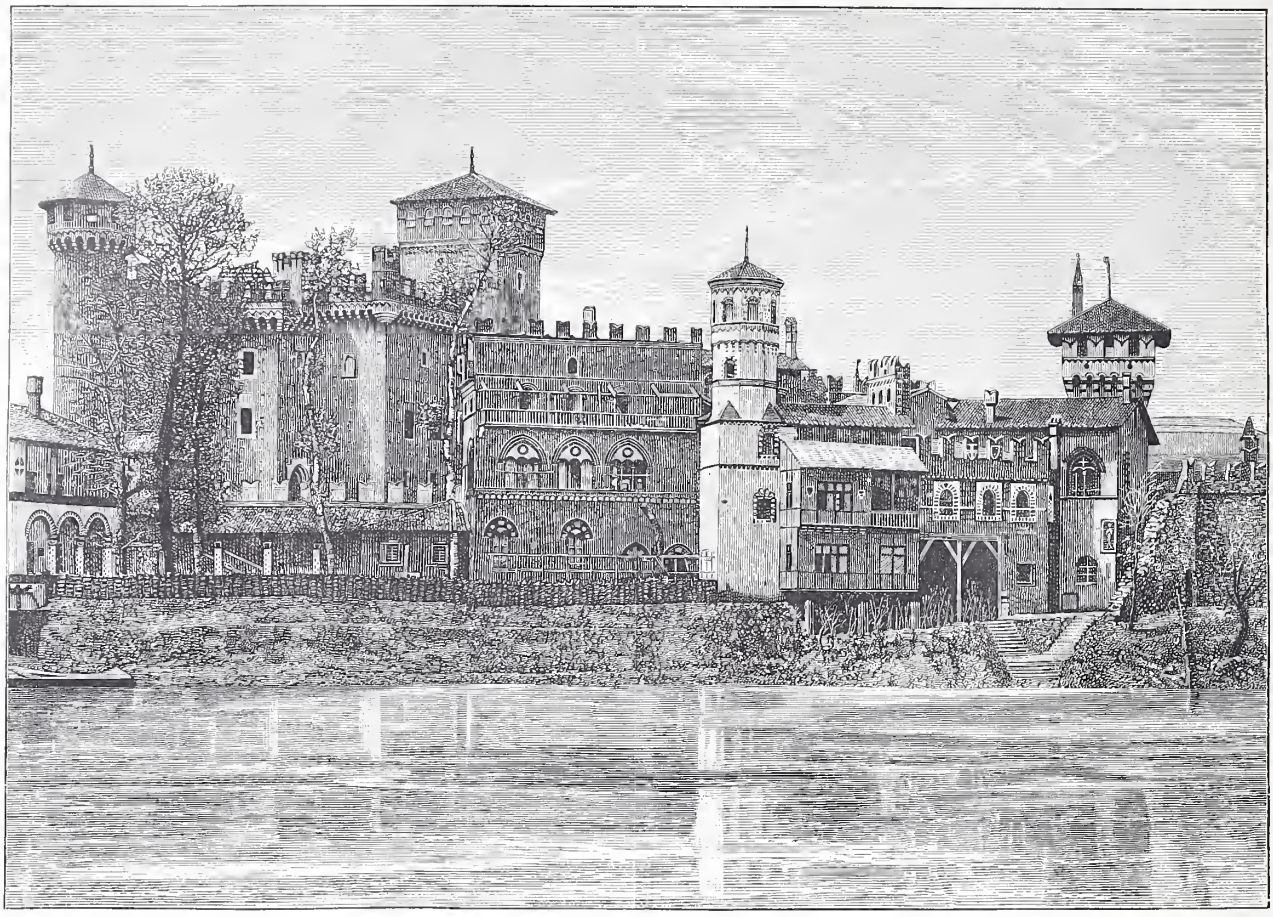
The first portion of the street is fairly wide, but in the continuation of the street at Elbow Lane we have a specimen of the overhanging upper stories which excluded light from the houses, and which most effectually prevented the circulation of air.

It will easily be seen how these impediments to the circulation of air, combined with the cobble pavements of the streets, which not only assisted in retaining the refuse, but which it would have been very difficult effectually to clean had it ever been desired to do so, must have retained an impure atmosphere all round the houses.

Nor were the insides of the houses calculated to promote health. From the inferiority in the manufacture of glass, the windows were necessarily constructed of small panes let into lead and were fixtures between the mullions, only small portions being capable of being opened.

It was in buildings such as these that the severest attacks of sickness prevailed. The plague, the sweating sickness, and the black death appeared at different times in old London. They carried off thousands. These diseases all appear to have had some connection with the conditions in which the people lived.

Whilst, however, we have in this reproduction of the old houses a representation of many of the constructional sanitary



Model of the Castle of Fenis, Val d'Aosta, at the Turin Exhibition. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

defects of old London, such, for instance, as the damp foundation, the absence of circulation of air through or round the houses, the almost impossibility of street scavenging, we have not before us other conditions which may have contributed to the various epidemic diseases from which the inhabitants suffered.

In the time of Henry VIII. the sweating sickness appeared more than once. It is stated that in 1516 it carried off twelve thousand persons in ten or twelve days; and that those struck with the disease were carried off in the course of a few hours. No remedies were effectual, and the most opposite treatments were equally unsuccessful.

Its violence abated with cold weather. It continued with more or less violence for two or three years. In 1518 it was accompanied by measles and small-pox.

The only preventive was moving into fresh pure air, and separating the households.

Erasmus, in writing of the disease to Cardinal Wolsey's physician, enunciated views which modern sanitarians would have fully endorsed. He says—"First of all Englishmen never consider the aspect of the doors and windows; their chambers are built in such a way as to admit of no ventilation. A great part of the walls of the houses is occupied by glass casements, which admit light but exclude air; yet they let in the draught through holes and corners, in which pestilential filth often stagnates. The floors are in general laid with white clay, and are covered with rushes, but so imperfectly that the bottom layer is left undisturbed sometimes for twenty years, harbouring expectorations, vomiting, the leakage of dogs and men, all droppings, scraps of fish and other abominations not fit to be mentioned. When the weather changes a vapour is exhaled from the floors thus covered, which is very detrimental to health."

It is a curious fact that the idea of representing in our Exhibition of Health and Education the mode of life of our ancestors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries should have also occurred to the Italians in their exhibition just opened at Turin. The Commission of that Exhibition who had charge of the section devoted to ancient Art, have reproduced a mediæval castle according to the design of Commandatore d'Andrade. The model upon which the design is principally based, is the Castle of Fenis in the Val d'Aosta, in the neighbourhood of Chatillon, whilst some of the internal decorations follow those in the Castle of Isogne. In front of the castle, which is engraved above, is a village of the same period, in which are found at work labourers in iron, in pottery, and in agriculture, according to the fifteenth-century methods of working, and in the costume of the period.

DOUGLAS GALTON.

(*To be continued.*)



From Title Page to Commentaries of Bartolus of Saxoferrato. (Lyonŝ, 1523).

NOTES ON ROSSETTI AND HIS WORKS.*

By His Brother.

IN the first of these articles were noticed various works produced by Rossetti from 1846 to 1854. I had also made a beginning with, but had not completed, the year

1855.†

'Dante's Dream at the time of the Death of Beatrice' (B. 32)—the water colour of 1855 lent by Miss Heaton, of Leeds—possesses peculiar interest for the students of Rossetti's art, as being his first embodiment of the subject which he carried out in 1870 in his largest oil picture (A. 318): greatly as it differs from this later composition, it contains nevertheless the same general disposal and treatment of the elements of the theme. The catalogue title is not correct; for the dream was not "at the time" of Beatrice's death, but a prevision dating some substantial while before. I believe my brother himself is primarily responsible for this mis-statement—which must, on his part, have been a voluntary one. The head of Beatrice in the water colour was studied, if I remember rightly, from the first wife (Margaret Thompson) of one of my brother's early intimates, James Hannay, the author of some brilliant sea-novels and sketches, who died as British Consul in Barcelona. This lady was a very sweet and beautiful woman, for whom Rossetti entertained a profound regard.

The 'Sketch of Alfred Tennyson reading Maud' (B. 120) is catalogued as "taken during the reading of the poem at the house of Mr. Robert Browning." I was present on that memorable and well-remembered occasion; and can recollect that the reading of 'Maud' by Tennyson was succeeded by a not inferior intellectual treat—the reading of 'Fra Lippo Lippi' by Browning. The locality was not (as I understand it) Mr. Browning's own house; but was that of Mr. Kenyon, temporarily occupied by Mr. Browning and his family. It was in Devonshire Place, Marylebone Road.

The unfinished water colour in the Royal Academy, named 'The Passover in the Holy Family,' may have been last touched upon, I suppose, as late as 1855. My diary of 1849 reminds me that the first idea of this subject belonged to a very early period. I find under the date of 28th August, 1849: "Gabriel thinks of taking as the incidents for the two side-pieces in his picture [which picture was never painted] the Virgin planting a lily and a rose, and the Virgin in St. John's house after the crucifixion, as illustrating the periods of her life before the birth and after the death of Christ. For the middle compartment, to represent her during his life, he has not yet settled an incident." Then, on the following day, 29th August: "Gabriel thought of taking for the principal compartment of his commission-picture the eating of the Passover by the Holy Family, in which he proposes to make Zachariah and Elizabeth joining, as it is said that, if a household were too small for the purpose, those of a neighbouring household were to be called in. He made a preliminary sketch of this."

1857

(with 1864 as the date of a retouching) is the date assigned in the catalogue to 'The Gate of Memory' (A. 357), a water colour illustrative of some pathetic lines in Mr. William Bell Scott's ballad of female shame named "Mary Anne," or originally "Rosabel." This design takes me back to an earlier 'gate of memory,' the reminiscence of how my brother first made the acquaintance of Mr. Scott, one of the solid and persistent friendships of his life. It may have been in 1847 or 1846 that Rossetti first saw in a magazine this ballad of "Rosabel," reprinted from some earlier form of publication. He was greatly impressed by it, and wrote (as he every now and then did under circumstances of like kind at this early period of his life) to the author, then otherwise totally unknown to him, expressing admiration and sympathy. Mr. Scott, who was for the time settled in Newcastle-on-Tyne as master of the School of Design, responded; and I can still recollect the first evening when he shortly afterwards called in our small family sitting-room at 50, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, and the grave, earnest, measured tone of his discourse. Mr. Scott and Dante Rossetti were naturally, and almost necessarily, drawn together by a specially strong link of common endeavour and aspiration—being both of them poets

* Continued from page 152.

† For clearness of reference I give the dates of the succeeding years as headings, adding the initials A. for Royal Academy, and B. for Burlington Club.

in the form of verse, as well as professional painters of a poetical or inventive aim—Mr. Scott the senior by some sixteen years. While the oil picture entitled 'Found' was with others on exhibition at the Royal Academy, a notion somehow got abroad that that picture was an illustration, more or less direct, of some incident or passage in Mr. Scott's "Mary Anne." I stated in print at the time that such was not the case, and Mr. Scott also gave some relevant particulars. Possibly the fact that Rossetti did really paint from "Mary Anne" this water colour of the 'Gate of Memory,' contributed to the erroneous impression that 'Found' pertained to the same memorable poem.

With regard to the 'Wedding of St. George' (A. 360), one of the most conspicuous and characteristic water colours of the chivalric type, I may correct a small and manifest error in the Academy catalogue. The phrase, "in the background are men playing on bells," should run, "in the background are *angels* playing on bells"—*i.e.* ringing the wedding-chimes for the Saint and his princess.

1858.

As I have always regarded the water colour of 'Mary in the House of John' (A. 369) as one of my brother's most grave and complete inventions, and one of his best-painted works likewise, I wish to indicate an important point in the subject which remains unnoticed in the Academy catalogue. St. John has been engaged in writing his Gospel: and he strikes a light while Mary pours oil into the lamp, in order that he may continue his occupation now that evening has set in: the net which he has used, or which probably he still uses, in his vocation as a fisherman, is hanging up in the room. Of course, the title (P. 29), as given in the catalogue of the Burlington Club, 'Mary Virgin in the House of John *on the Night of the Crucifixion*,' is wholly erroneous: the date supposed by the artist being some months or years—possibly several years—after the crucifixion.

1859.

'The Head of Christ' (B. 24), forming a study for the drawing or picture of 'Mary Magdalene at the door of Simon the Pharisee,' was painted from the head of Mr. Burne Jones—freely modified and adapted for the artist's purpose. This very important and crowded design, projected at least as far back as the summer of 1854, was begun by Rossetti, towards 1859, as an oil picture on a canvas of suitably large dimensions, and for some while he looked forward to it as his leading work. The head and arms of the Magdalene, the head of her female companion, the head and back of the female child in front, and the figure of the fawn nibbling at vine-leaves, were painted on the canvas, and perhaps some other portions of the composition. The work was interrupted by various other projects or commissions, one of the earliest being the triptych for Llandaff Cathedral, and it was ultimately set aside and abandoned. The canvas may have been re-laid and painted over with a different subject: at any rate I have no knowledge that any of these beginnings of the Magdalene oil picture are now extant.

1860.

It is a great mistake to describe the central compartment of the 'Altarpiece of Llandaff Cathedral' (A. 296) as 'The Adoration of the Magi:' no different or further description appears in the Academy catalogue. Rossetti does not represent "the Magi," but only a single Magus, or, in more reasonable parlance, king; nor would he ever have thought of treating, on so large a scale and for so important an occasion, such a threadbare and essentially meagre theme as the 'Adoration of the Magi'—a stock-piece for every self-displaying church-painter of the last four hundred years. What Rossetti has painted is something other than this, and is his own invention. His subject is the adoration of the Saviour, revealed in the flesh, by a king and a shepherd, both of whom are led forward by one and the same angel, holding a hand of each of them. The real subject of the picture, therefore, is the equality, in the eye of God, of all sorts and conditions of men, from the monarch to the peasant; their equality both in the act of faith which they perform and in the measure of divine grace by which it is sanctioned and accepted. This conception is emphasized, and made still more salient to eye and mind, in the two side compartments; for here we find at the left hand David in early youth as a shepherd, and at the right hand the same David in mature manhood as a king; and of course the painter has hereby intended us to reflect that not only are the king and the shepherd spiritually equal before God, but that the two functions may be, and before now have been, combined in one man's personality. The same human soul that comes forward against the mighty, a youthful champion with crook and sling, may, crowned and throned, touch the harp to the praises of God. The subject of the 'Sketch' (A. 363) for the central compartment of the triptych is again identically the same, the shepherd and king led before the infant Christ by an angel, although the details differ largely throughout. The triptych was begun towards the autumn of 1859.

'The Portrait of Miss Siddall,' afterwards Mrs. Dante Gabriel Rossetti (A. 338), belonging to myself, a head lying back in languor or convalescence on a pillow, must I think have been drawn after rather than before marriage: it belongs to the year 1860 or thereabouts, and the wedding took place in the late spring of that year.

'Dr. Johnson and the Methodist Ladies at the Mitre' formed the subject of two works (A. 341 and 349), a pen-and-ink drawing and a water colour. As it may well be that many of the persons who saw these designs had not an accurate knowledge of the incident depicted, I here extract the brief account of it given by the Rev. Dr. William Maxwell, assistant preacher in the Temple.

"Two young women from Staffordshire," he says, "visited Dr. Johnson when I was present, to consult him on the subject of Methodism, to which they were inclined. 'Come,' said he, 'you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at the Mitre, and we will talk over that subject;' which they did, and after dinner he took one of them upon his knee and fondled her for half an hour together."

This reminiscence of Maxwell's was inserted by Boswell in his "Life of Johnson;" and, as the Academy catalogue remarks, Rossetti has in his design substituted Boswell for Maxwell—not through any defect of memory, but advisedly, to give Johnson in his drawing that companionship which is so inseparably linked with his name.

1861.

The catalogue of the Burlington Club contained a comical mistake (I rather think some one has already corrected it in some review) regarding the water colour of 'Leah and Rachel' (B. 19). According to the catalogue, there is a figure of "Jacob walking in landscape background." Now the so-called Jacob is in fact Dante, and the whole subject of the water colour is alien from any historical or traditional incidents

in the career of Jacob, Leah, and Rachel. The theme is from a passage in Dante's "Purgatorio," where Leah is brought forward in a vision as a symbol of the active or practical life, and Rachel as a symbol of the contemplative or devout life.

1863.

B. 69 was a finished crayon study for the oil picture 'Venus Verticordia.' In the Academy exhibition were a water colour and a small oil picture bearing the same title, and dated respectively 1864 and 1868 (A. 312 and 305). It should not be supposed, however, that either of these minor works was the 'Venus Verticordia' for which the crayon study had been made. That picture, which for some reason or other did not appear in either gallery, was, at the time when Rossetti painted it, say 1863-64, nearly the largest and most elaborate oil picture that he had ever undertaken, and it would still, no doubt, rank among his principal productions. I can recollect that my brother, being on the look out for some person to serve as a model for the head and shoulders of his Venus, noticed in the street a handsome and striking woman, not very much less perhaps than six feet high (almost all the ladies from whom he painted with predilection were of more than average stature). He spoke to this person, who turned out to be a cook serving in some family in Portland Place, and from her he at first painted his large 'Venus Verticordia.' That was the only picture, I think, for which the handsome *dame de cuisine* sat to him.

I may take this opportunity of observing that the current notion, too industriously fostered by some critics, that Rossetti constantly and almost invariably painted one and the same female head, is far from being accurate. It is of course true that there is one particular head, with nocturnal-looking hair and a mould of feature at once spiritually intense and mystically impassive, which he very frequently painted from his middle to his latest period. But because there is one face it by no means follows that there is not more than one. Omitting most minor works and some casual models, I think it worth while to point out here that (1) his sister Christina figures in the 'Girlhood of Mary Virgin' and 'Ecce Ancilla Domini;' (2) his wife in the second compartment of 'Salutatio Beatricis,' 'Paolo and Francesca,' 'Beata Beatrix,' 'Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death,' and 'Hamlet and Ophelia;' (3) a different lady, with a face strongly and yet suavely modelled, in 'Sibylla Palmifera,' 'Veronica Veronese,' 'La Ghirlandata,' 'Monna Vanna,' 'La Bella Mano,' 'The Blessed Damozel,' 'Lady Lilith,' and 'The Sea-spell;' (4) another, of rounded and ample contours, in 'Found,' 'The Loving-cup,' 'Aurelia,' 'The Blue Bower,' 'Bocca Baciata,' and 'La Bionda del Balcone;' (5) another, of all-refined grace and dignity, in the 'Vision of Fiammetta,' and 'The Roman Widow.' The principal head in 'The Beloved' is one which appears scarcely or not at all elsewhere in Rossetti's pictures, and the same may be said of the two heads which come next in importance in that composition; so again of 'Monna Pomona,' 'Burd-alane,' 'Mary Magdalene at the door of Simon the Pharisee,' 'Fleurs de Marie,' and 'Joan of Arc,'—in each a different face. I have thus enumerated thirteen (or, with the 'Venus Verticordia,' fourteen) separate heads—and very distinct heads, the one from the other, they really are to a discriminating eye, whatever community of artistic interpretation may accrue to them from the painter's hand. For that other countenance which some "one-eyed monarchs in the land of the blind" regard as the sole Rossettian type we must go to a different series of pictures: the first compartment of 'Salutatio Beatricis,' the central subject of the Altarpiece of Llandaff Cathedral, 'Mariana,' 'Proserpina,' 'Mnemosyne,' 'The Day-dream,' 'Dante's Dream,' 'La Pia,' 'Pandora,' 'La Donna della Finestra,' 'Astarte Syriaca,' and 'The Salutation of Beatrice.'

'Lucrezia Borgia' (A. 345) is not described in the Academy catalogue with such fulness as to bring out the dramatic intention. Lucrezia is "washing her hands in a basin" because she has been fingering a mortal poison. This poison forms an ingredient in the "decanter of wine" behind her. The "two figures approaching" are not strictly "in the distance behind," but are really in front of Lucrezia, and are reflected into a mirror which hangs behind her. These figures are her father the Pope, and the guest whom his Holiness is ushering into the lady's presence in order that he may drink the poisoned wine, and so bid the world good-night.

The photographic group of portraits (B. 104), Dante Rossetti, with his mother, brother, and sister Christina, was done, it may be permissible to say, by an amateur photographer of very superior skill, the "Lewis Carroll" known to the English-speaking world as the author of "Alice in Wonderland."

1864.

The water colour named 'The Rose-garden (A. 353) represents, as stated in the Academy catalogue, "a youth kneeling in front of a lady who is bending over and kissing him." The inscription, "Roman de la Rose," upon a rose in a corner of the composition, obviously refers the design to that celebrated mediæval poem. This, however, was not the first destination of the design. It was really intended to serve as an illustrated title-page to the volume of poetic translations, "The Early Italian Poets," published by Rossetti in 1861. A pen-and-ink drawing showing this title is extant (and was lately published as a woodcut): it was to have been engraved in the volume of translations either on wood or as an etching—nor do I well know why the intention was dropped. It may here be observed that Rossetti never at any date produced an etching (although he attempted one, which did not at all satisfy him, in 1850); and generally that he showed little of that versatile aptitude of hand which would have prompted him to experiment in fresh forms of plastic art, or in new methods of technique. In very early youth, perhaps 1846, he did a lithograph or two.

1865.

The oil portrait of Rossetti by Mr. G. F. Watts, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy, is dated in the catalogue "about 1865." This picture had not I think received all the final touches intended for it by its pre-eminent painter, and, when I saw it in the Academy, after an interval of several years, it came almost new to me. It then impressed me, as a likeness, much more favourably than it used to do. Both the complexion and the hair may be somewhat too ruddy, and the face has a more pliant and abstracted air than I think wholly characteristic of my brother, whose countenance bore on the whole a resolute, largely comprehensive, and rather dominant look: but long and often did I linger over this picture when I rebeheld it in 1882-3, and I found in it a full measure of solid though not unmixed satisfaction. The work now belongs to Mr. Leyland, who, if not *facile princeps* among the owners of my brother's paintings, is assuredly *nulli secundus*.

1867

is the date signed to the reduced replica, in water colour (B. 55), of 'Lady Lilith:' the full sized oil picture (B. 47) bears the date of 1864. The Burlington Club catalogue rightly notes that there is a "different face" in the water colour. The fact is that the face in the water colour is the same which appeared originally in the oil picture (the model who sat for 'Bocca Baciata,' 'The Blue Bower,' &c.); and in my opinion it was a great mistake on my brother's part to take that head out of the oil picture, and substitute another which, if perhaps somewhat more elevated in contour and expression, is far from being equally at one with the general quality of the painting. With the original head, indeed, the picture was one of the most homogeneous and simply satisfactory that my brother ever produced; whereas with the present head it seems to me to have lost both unity and definiteness of impression. He had an uneasy hankering after his old work; constantly unwilling that it should remain just as it stood, and convinced that some change or other would better it, and bring it into conformity not only with his more advanced ideas of style and practice as his years increased, but also even with his own original conception of what the thing ought to be. In this the more judicious of his friends very generally dissented from him. A large proportion of his finished and purchased pictures were retouched by him after the lapse of some years —seldom I think with advantage, never with a prudent estimate of what past work ought to stand for, both in theory and in practice; not unfrequently with bad results, and conspicuously so in this case of the 'Lady Lilith.' Purchasers "fought shy" of his solicitations, but in many instances submitted— I am sure with no cheerful foreboding. I may observe that my brother inherited this tendency from our father; who, in relation to his poetical or other literary work, was rarely content to leave it alone, but recurred to it again and again, adding, revising, and remoulding.

On the pencil 'Portrait of Ford Madox Brown' (B. 114) there is an inscription to which a word of explanation may be spared—"D.G.R. to E.C.C., January, 1867." E.C.C. was Mrs. Cooper, late Miss Elizabeth Bromley, a niece of Mr. Madox Brown by marriage: this portrait was Rossetti's wedding present to Mrs. Cooper, then a bride going out with her husband to India. This lady, a great favourite in some Indian circles, cordial in temper and lively in talk, died suddenly in London in 1875. The head of Mr. Brown resembles him in feature; but it may be regarded as one of the instances in which Rossetti rendered a male head of strong character without fully eliciting its more thoughtful and masculine qualities.

'Sir Tristram and Yseult drinking the Love-drink' (A. 355) is of course not accurately described in the Academy catalogue by the phrase "pledging themselves to love and constancy." The story is, not that the knight and the princess consciously pledged themselves to love and constancy; but that they drank together of a potion which, without their at the moment knowing it, was in fact a love potion, and hence they at once fell desperately and irretrievably in love—leading to their passionate amours, and closing in their retributive fate. About the time that this water colour was executed, Rossetti rated it highest among all his works in that medium.

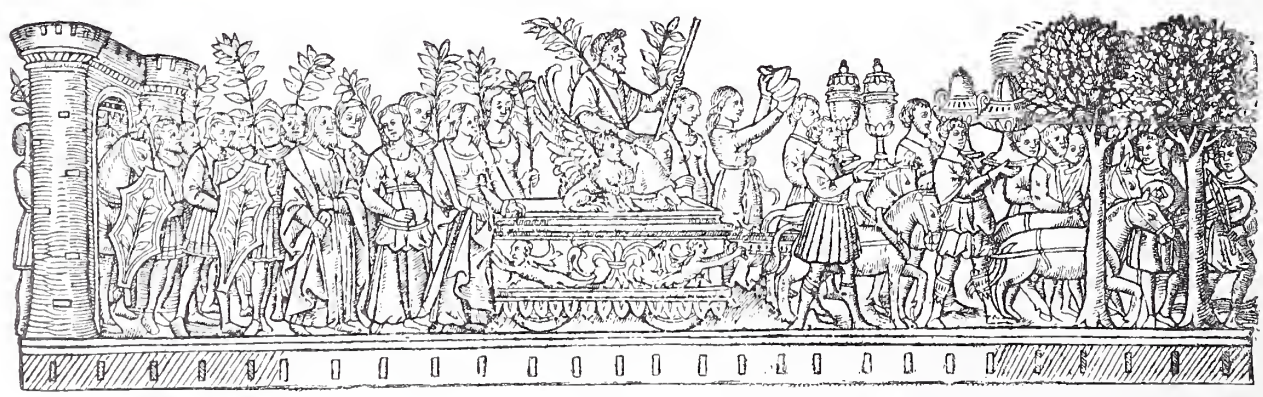
1868.

Mr. L. R. Valpy exhibited at the Academy and the Burlington Club two crayon drawings (A. 331 and B. 67), each of them catalogued as 'La Pia.' These were entirely different *inter se*, and different also from the oil picture bearing the same name (A. 319). It may be hardly requisite to remind my readers that 'La Pia' is a Sienese lady whom Dante meets in purgatory, and who speaks three lines of imperishable verse in which her wedding-ring is specially referred to; she was slowly done to death by her husband, by being kept in a fortress in the fever-stricken district of the Maremma. Of the crayon drawing at the Academy I need say nothing here; but, with regard to the one at the Burlington Club, I must point out that it was most certainly never meant for 'La Pia.' The lady is not even a married woman, for she wears no wedding-ring, nor is there anything in the sentiment of the head nor in the accessories of scenery to point to 'La Pia' and her desolate environments. This crayon drawing was one of those which remained in my brother's possession at the time of his death, and, so far as I know, he never gave any definite name to it. After it had been returned from the Burlington Club, it was included in the sale at Christie's, and, with a view to that sale, I bestowed on it a name of my own choice, 'Aurea Catena,' one of the salient objects being the chain which encircles the lady's neck. To the ornament in question, and to the "golden chain" of the lady's personal attractions, my title was intended equally to apply.

While these pages are passing through the press, I regret to hear of the death of Mr. Valpy, a worthy gentleman who took an earnest interest in the Art work of my brother, especially in its more spiritual side.

W. M. Rossetti.

(*To be continued.*)



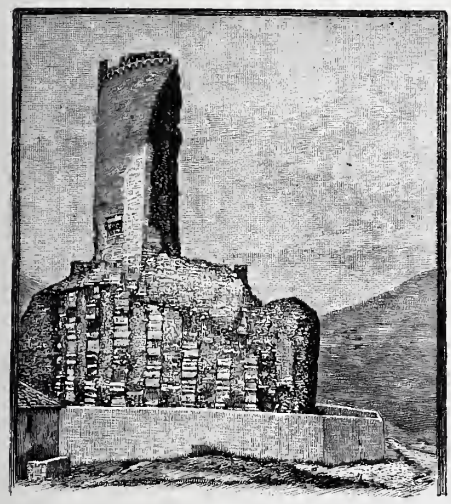
From Title Page to Liber Sextus Decretalium. (Lyons, 1543).



No. 19.—Eza, from Corniche Road (looking back).

THE WESTERN RIVIERA.*

EZA, TURBIA, MONACO, MONTE CARLO.

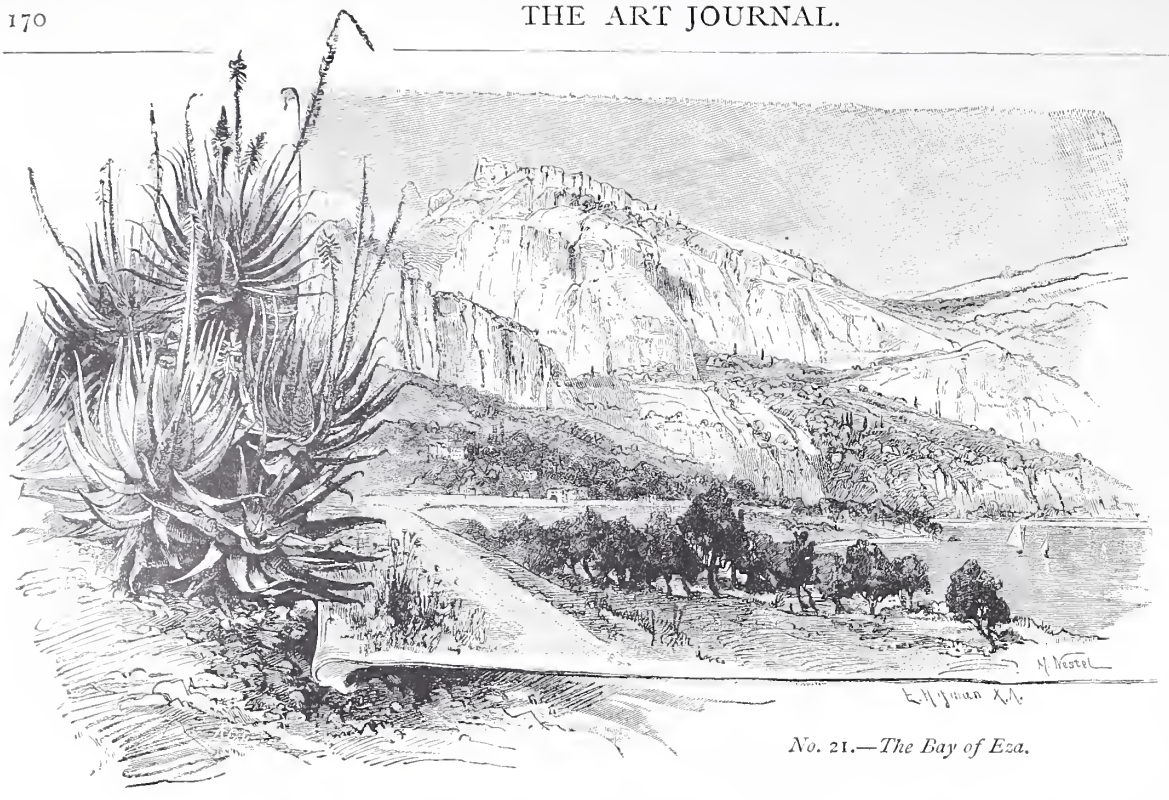


No. 20.—Tower of Turbia.
Engraved by C. Dietrich.

THE Corniche is one of the most famous roads in Europe. Originally its dangers were more talked about than its beauties. It was carried along the edge of precipices and promontories that plunged sheer down into the sea, and was so steep and narrow that only a mule could pass along the track. To Dante, who traversed this route on his sad, lonely way as an exile to the north side of the Alps, it suggested an image of the road out of Purgatory. Exposed to the full blaze of the sun, and passing over crumbling and slippery limestone rocks, now rising to giddy heights and then sinking into deep gorges, no better image of the ascent from the Purgatorial sea could have been devised; and it was an image drawn from the poet's own painful experience. Since then a magnificent carriage road has been constructed by the French, commanding from its lofty position the most varied views of the loveliest of sea-coasts. Undoubtedly the portion of road between Nice and Mentone is the finest; and one might almost spend a whole season in going backwards and forwards between these two points without being wearied or satiated, so endless are the beauties of the scenery, so ever-varying are its aspects and outlooks. The grandeur of the road culminates above Eza, where, on the narrow mountain ridge over which it passes, may be seen on the one hand the snowy peaks of the Col de Tenda range, and on the other the resplendent blue waters of the Mediterranean; with a magical vision of the pure white summits of Corsica rising out of them, in exceptionally transparent mornings and afternoons. Nothing can exceed the picturesqueness of the old village of Eza (Illustrations 19 and 21), with its sepia-brown houses blending harmoniously with the weather-stained isolated rock on which it is perched like an eagle's nest, and clearly defined against the violet sky. The broken outline of its ruined castle on the top, and the yellow campanile of its church on a lower ledge, make up, with the hoary barren rocks around, and the rich cultivated terraces and olive-woods below, out of which the crag and its human eyrie emerges, one of the most romantic pictures in the whole Riviera.

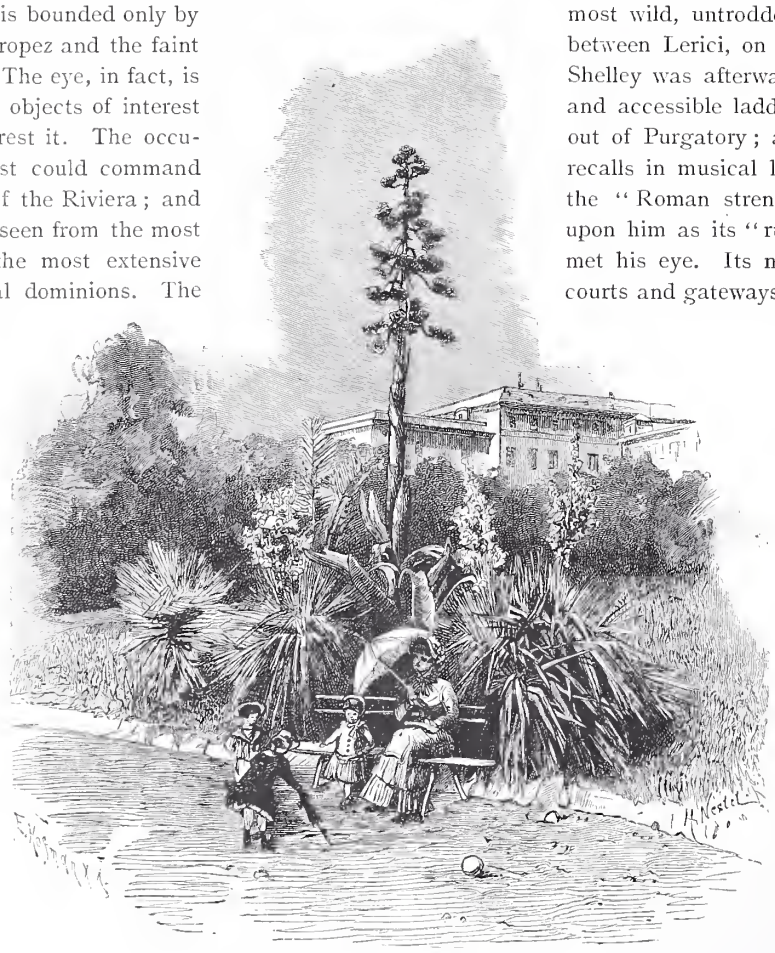
Farther on is the quaint mediæval village of Turbia, with its massive Roman tower, like a grim gnomon, casting its shadow before it, and marking unchanged the passing of the ages. The tower (Illustration 20) is as old as Christianity, having been erected by the Roman senate as a monumental trophy to Cæsar Augustus, in connection with the subjugation of the Alpine tribes of this region. When perfect, it must have presented a most imposing appearance, a lofty square tower with massive Doric pillars at its sides, and surmounted by a colossal statue of Augustus, twenty-two feet high, judging from the size of the head which was found in the neighbourhood, crowning the most elevated point of the old Aurelian Way. Near it is the tremendous projecting precipice of the

* Continued from page 117.



No. 21.—The Bay of Eza.

Tête du Chien, guarded by a fort, from the brow of which may be obtained the most extensive and uninterrupted view in the Riviera. Eastward, every inland mountain and coast-town, bay and sunny cape, as far as San Remo, may be seen. Westward the view is bounded only by the gleaming town of St. Tropez and the faint purply Maure Mountains. The eye, in fact, is bewildered by the countless objects of interest and beauty that seek to arrest it. The occupants of this Roman outpost could command in vision the greater part of the Riviera; and the Roman tower could be seen from the most distant points of one of the most extensive horizons in all the imperial dominions. The name Tête du Chien is a corruption of Tête du Camp, preserving the memory of the head-quarters of Cæsar's legions here after the conquest of Gaul. For seventeen hundred years this striking tower remained nearly intact on its splendid site. But the French, regarding it as a fortification, destroyed it at the same time as the castle of Nice. Only one half is now standing, and it looks as if it had been cleft through the middle, leaving the massive binding-stones and the rough masonry of the interior exposed. But notwithstanding this dilapidation, it is still so solid and substantial that it may survive for many centuries to come.



No. 22.—A Villa at Monte Carlo.

The marbles that had decorated the exterior were carried away by the Genoese; a head of Drusus dug out of the ruins is preserved in the Museum at Copenhagen; and many fragments of the sculptures and inscriptions may be seen in the walls of the houses in the village.

Poor and forsaken on its lonely mountain height as Turbia now looks, remote from the great world, it is said to have given birth to no less than two Roman emperors, Vitellius and Pertinax; Dante mentions it in his "Purgatorio," and doubtless the great Florentine stood beside its tower in musing mood when he spoke of the most remote, most wild, untrodden paths in all the tracts between Lerici, on the Bay of Spezzia, where Shelley was afterwards drowned, as an easy and accessible ladder compared to the road out of Purgatory; and our own poet-laureate recalls in musical lines the impression which the "Roman strength" of Turbia produced upon him as its "ruin on the mountain road" met his eye. Its narrow streets, old houses, courts and gateways, set in a cincture of grey barren rocks, with an avenue of shady elms relieving the desolation, take one back into a hoary realm of antiquity as different as possible from the modern every-day world in which we live. On the northern side a road descends for about two miles to the grey pile of buildings situated on a rocky plateau beside a torrent, usually dry, known as the Sanctuary or Monastery of Laghetto. It is an oasis of cultivated beauty at the foot of the dry parched rocks of Mont Sembole, which have not a moss or a lichen to veil their grey skeleton-like nakedness. The cloisters and the chapel are full of curious votive offerings, presented at the

shrine of the "Mother of Sorrows," in return for the miraculous cures wrought by her. For centuries the shrine has been the resort of pilgrims from all countries; and every year the scene on the fête day of "Our Lady of Laghetto," when thousands of pilgrims throng the road from Turbia and Nice to the sanctuary is most remarkable. Charles Albert of Sardinia spent the second night after the disastrous battle of Novara in the monastery, and departed on the morrow to die a broken-hearted exile in a foreign land.

From Turbia a very steep and stony path, consisting of a succession of terraced steps, leads down to Monaco. It is much exposed to the sun, and is very trying to the feet, though the extensive view largely compensates for the fatigue. But the carriage-road is much more convenient; and winding round grey castellated rocks, passing midway along the breast of lofty precipices, crossing deep gorges, and bordered in many places with romantic woods of olive, pine and locust-trees, it affords a continual succession of the most enchanting pictures. The colouring of the rocks, from deep crimson to a pale lilac, with a soft bloom of weathering and minute mural vegetation upon them, and invested with the burning lights and the cool shadows of the passing hours, is most wonderful. On the ledges and in the crevices of the ruddy and ashen cliffs, where the sun shines hottest, convolvuluses unfold their great crimson trumpets, and cistuses shake out the creases of their rose-like blooms; lilac mallows and scentless mignonette hang down in rich tufts; and the tree euphorbia and the evergreen lentisk grow in dense bushes; while the wayside woods, lit up with the golden suns of composite plants, cast a grateful shade, and afford exquisite glimpses of the coast-scenery between their branches. At Roccabruna the charms of the road are focussed into the most varied loveliness. That romantic village climbs up among great masses of brown conglomerate rocks that had fallen from the steep hillside overhead, and been arrested half-way down the slope. Houses and rocks are scarcely distinguishable from one another; and with their confused heaps, out of which narrow streets, and the great gaunt ruins of the ancient castle of the Lascaris, crowning the highest point, rise, the olive mingles its dusky foliage, and the lemon its lighter leaves and golden fruits with fine effect.

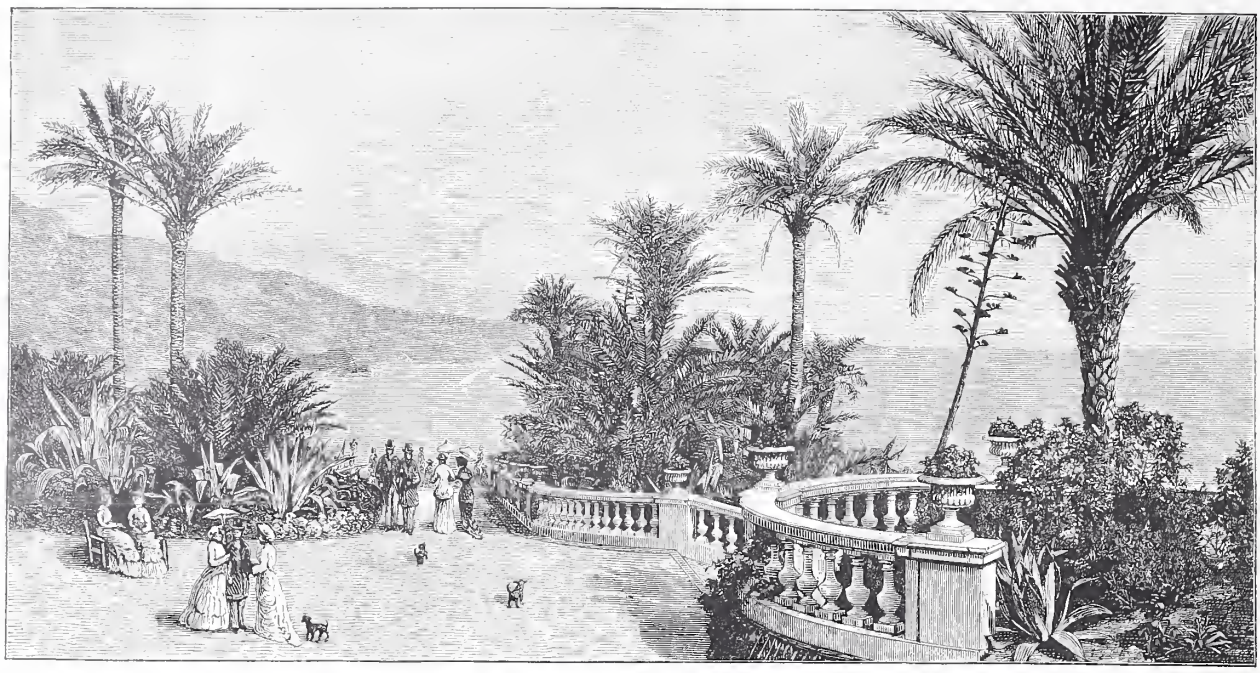
The road along the coast from Nice to Monaco is equally charming and varied. Beyond Villefranche and Beaulieu, which have been already described, the cliffs, forming the background of the glorious scenery, and producing by the hot



No. 23.—The Terrace at Monte Carlo, Monaco in the distance. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

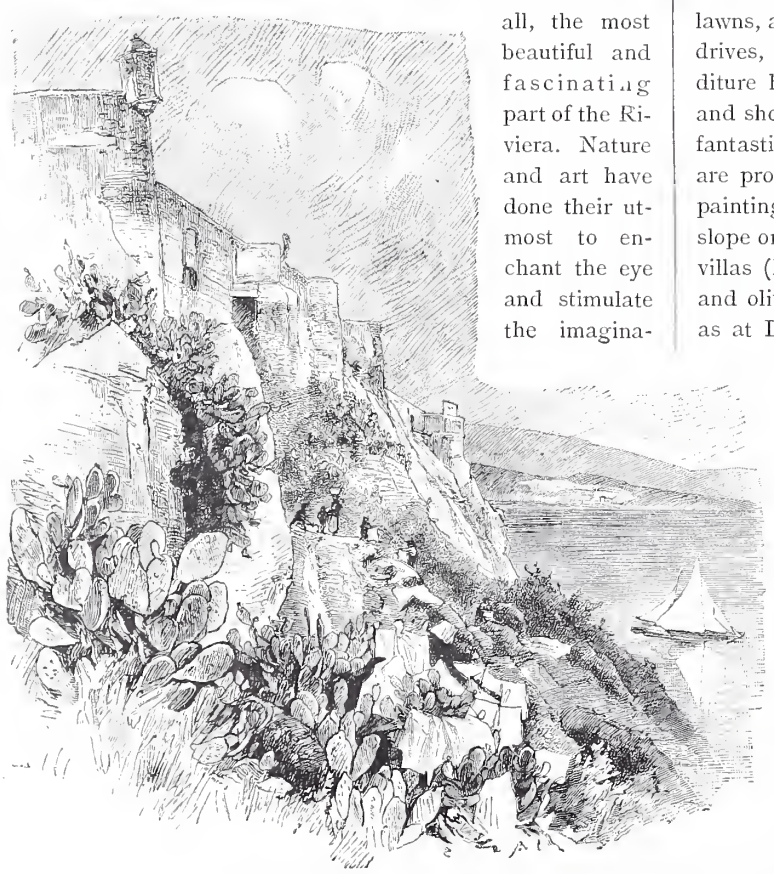
reflection of the sun a climate of their own, which has received the name of "Petite Afrique," descend to the sea in perpendicular precipices, through which the road is tunnelled. On the other side of this Cape Roux is the lovely secluded bay of

Eza (Illustration 21), with its magnificent background of warm, rich-hued rocks, crowned by the village of Eza like a castellated fortress, rising out of an almost tropical luxuriance of vegetation, and its crystal-clear water mirroring and so



No. 24.—The Gardens at Monte Carlo, looking East. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

doubling the grandeur and beauty of rock and tree on the shore. From this haunt of immemorial peace, which a quiet railway-station and a few villas hardly disturb, it is a strange transition to the gay, fashionable world of Monte Carlo (Illustrations No. 23, 24, and 27) and Monaco. This spot is too well known to need any lengthened description. It is, take it all in all, the most beautiful and fascinating part of the Riviera. Nature and art have done their utmost to enchant the eye and stimulate the imagination. The contrast between the arid, leafless, ashy-grey precipices—seamed and scarred as if by ages of elemental strife—that rise for two thousand feet above it, and the rich semi-tropical verdure, which the hot sunshine reflected from them helps to nourish, is most striking. Nature's weird, haggard features heighten in an extraordinary degree the romantic effect of the rich foreign vegetation, the charming lawns, and terraced gardens (Illustration No. 24) and carriage drives, which the highest skill and the most lavish expenditure have prepared in this place. The Casino is a large and showy building, whose style of architecture is somewhat fantastic and oriental, and whose gaming and concert-rooms are profusely decorated with gilt ornaments, and with panel-paintings of sports possessing little artistic merit. On the slope on which the Casino is situated, are studded beautiful villas (Illustration No. 22) embosomed among lemon, palm, and olive trees; and both on the eastern and western sides, as at La Condamine, considerable towns have sprung up, with shops, hotels, and restaurants, and all the elegances of fashionable life.



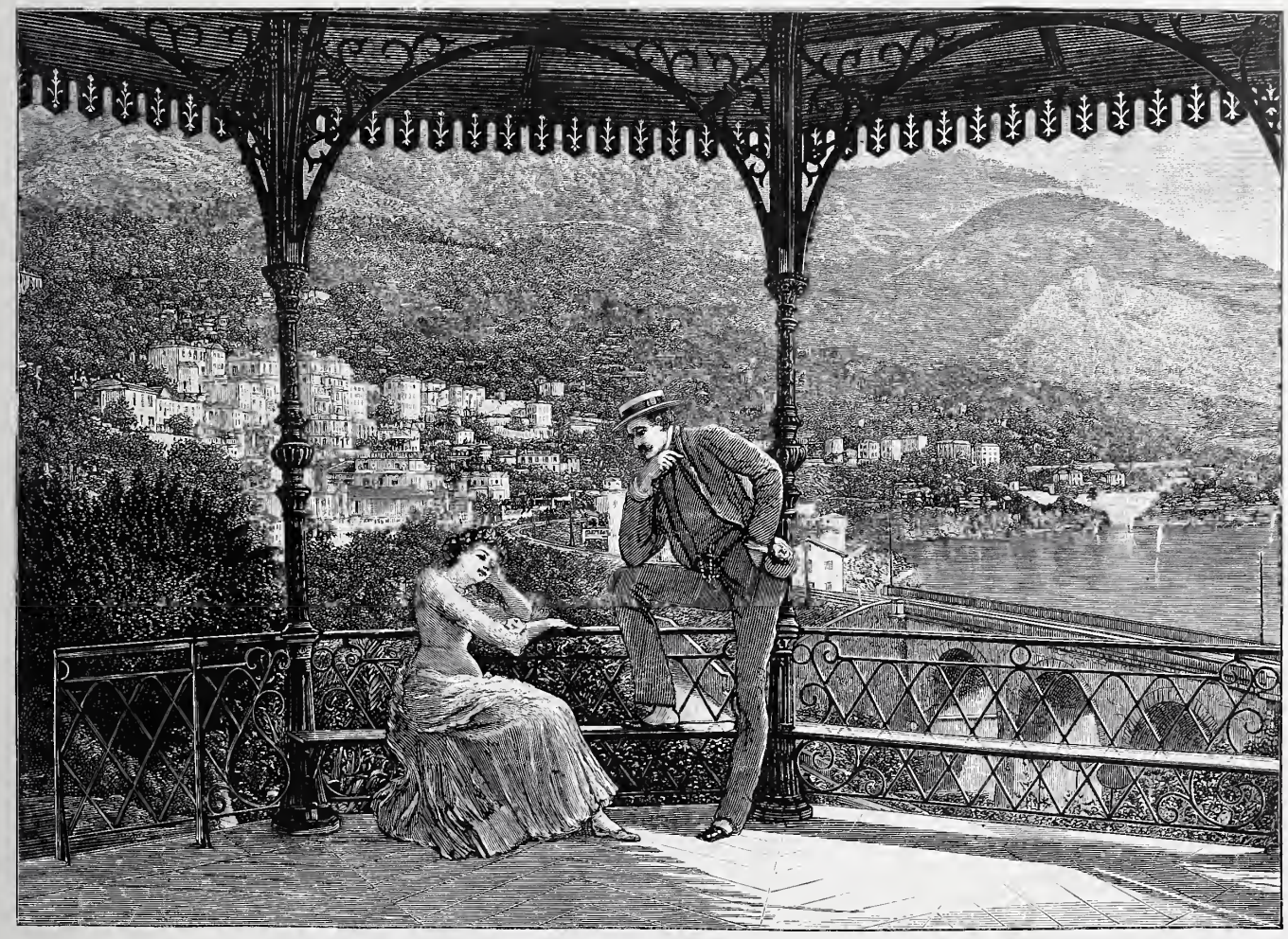
No. 25.—Rocks at Monaco.

The isolated promontory of Monaco (Illustration No. 26), rising precipitously about three hundred feet above the sea, has been inhabited from the remotest antiquity. Originally it bore the name of Portus Herculis Monæci, and is supposed to have been first built upon by Hercules of Thebes. On the grey rocky plateau on the summit of Mount Agel, the highest mountain above Monaco, are massive ruins of a Pelasgic or Cyclopean character; and these are said by tradition to have belonged to the primitive city which was built there and not on the promontory on the sea-shore. At an early date the mountain fortress of the mythological explorer was transferred to the place which it now occupies; and its Greek name *Monoikos*, signifying an isolated



No. 26.—The Approach to Monaco from Nice.

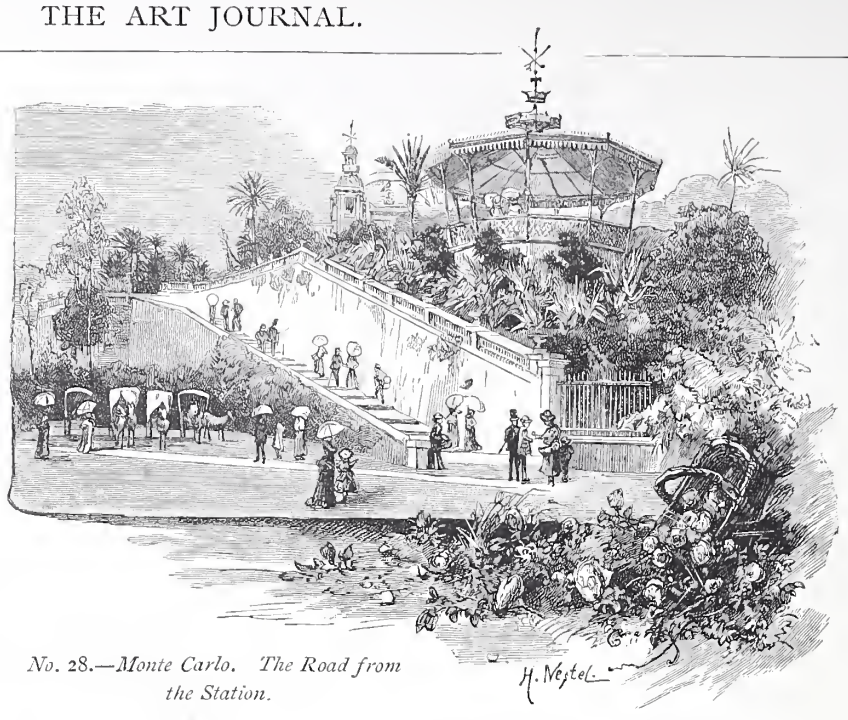
home, is exceedingly descriptive of its situation. At the dawn of history we find Hecatæus, of Miletus, who lived five hundred years before Christ, mentioning it as one of the chief towns of Liguria. Virgil and Strabo both allude to it; and during the Carthaginian war, its inhabitants took the side of Hannibal against the Romans, and afterwards of Cæsar against Pompey. During the persecution of the Christians by Diocletian, a young Corsican maiden named Devote was put to death, and her body was carried in a boat to Monaco, where it was interred and an oratory and a bronze statue afterwards erected to her memory. St. Devote became the patron saint of the place; and her fête on the 27th January is observed every year with great ceremony. After the downfall of the Roman Empire, and the death of Charlemagne, the Saracens took possession of Monaco, and held it continuously till the tenth century, when they were expelled by the Count of Arles. The town was then ceded to the Republic of Genoa, by which the present fortifications and the foundations of the castle were constructed. In the fourteenth century it was separated from the communes of Roccabruna and Montone, with which it had previously been united, and purchased by Charles Grimaldi, a Genoese nobleman, who founded the principality, which has ever since remained in the family of his descendants. The Grimaldi arms, which are supported on either side by a monk holding a drawn



No. 27.—View from the Verandah, Monte Carlo. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

sword, are supposed to have been derived from the seizure by one of the Grimaldis of the town, in the disguise of a monk, while the Spinolas, who held it, were attending mass on Christmas Eve.

The principality of Monaco is the smallest in Europe. It is little more than three miles in length and one in breadth; and for four or five centuries it was a very poor place, where the prince and his subjects derived a meagre subsistence from their vineyards, and olive-woods, and patches of corn, cultivated with much toil on the scanty soil of the mountain slopes around. The poverty of the people was still further increased by the cruel and petty exactions of a succession of tyrannical princes, who made every industry of the place a State monopoly. But all this was altered in 1862, when M. Blanc transferred his gaming establishment from Homburg to the table-



No. 28.—Monte Carlo. The Road from the Station.



No. 29.—The Tête du Chien, from the ascent to the Castle of Monaco.

land of the Spilugues, which afterwards received the world-famous name of Monte-Carlo from Charles III., the present blind prince of Monaco. From the enormous revenue derived from this institution, the State expenses of the principality are paid, and the inhabitants are in consequence exempted from taxes and duties of every kind. Money has been lavished with a prodigal hand on all sides, so that in this small region are concentrated the utmost luxury and splendour (Illustration No. 27). But putting aside all objections on the score of morality, it hardly admits of question that strangers and not the true Monacotians have benefited most by this vast expenditure. The cost of living has been enormously increased, habits of luxury and idleness have been fostered, while the means of obtaining an honest livelihood are not greater than they used to be. Add to these drawbacks, the demoralising influence of the presence of such an institution and the kind of society which it attracts, and it must be allowed by every right-thinking person that the people of Monaco pay dearly for whatever immunities they enjoy. The question of the toleration or abolition of the Casino is keenly argued at the present time; and popular opinion is daily gaining in favour of the removal of this plague-spot, this "paradis du Diable," as it has been justly called, from the loveliest headland in all the Riviera.

The town of Monaco (Illustration No. 26) is in itself, as well as in its unique situation, exceedingly romantic. Its gaily-coloured houses, basking in the warm sun-glow, and the dark tresses of cypresses and palm-trees in the palace gardens, are clearly defined against a sky of the most intense blue. The ledges of the steep rocks are in many places covered with dense masses of the prickly pear (Illustration No. 25). Aloes hang their gorgeous scarlet blossoms over the parapets, and tropical plants, that with us need the shelter of a hot-house, grow freely in the open air in the depth of winter. Such is the brilliancy of the light and the purity of the air, that the sides of the exposed rocks gleam with the most beautiful and vivid hues. There is not much to interest the visitor in the town beyond one or two



No. 30.—The Chapel of Monaco.

dark old churches, and the Palace, which occupies the entire landward side of the "Place." On the right of the court are some fine frescoes by Caravaggio, representing a triumphal procession of Bacchus, which have been recently restored. A wide marble double staircase, connected with the tragical murder of Barthélémi Doria by his nephew, the lord of Dolceacqua, in 1523, leads up to a beautiful gallery painted in fresco by Carloni, representing the feats of Hercules. Several of the apartments are magnificently decorated, especially the one called "La grande salle Grimaldi," whose walls, thirty feet in height, and ceiling are adorned with frescoes by Horace de Ferrari, and which has an enormous chimney-piece in one solid mass of marble carved with curious devices, with an inscription upon a scroll in the centre unrolled by two angels, "The man who pretends to know God and does not keep His commandments is a liar."

In one of the rooms, called the York chamber, handsomely furnished in crimson satin and gold, the Duke of York died; and the broad bed, raised on a platform, curtained and cushioned with heavy damask, on which he breathed his last, is still preserved, and surrounded by a gilded railing. HUGH MACMILLAN.



No. 31.—Flowers of the Riviera.

(To be continued.)

OLD CHURCHES IN THE NORTHERN SUBURBS.

HORNSEY.

WELL do we remember, when children, going to the little village of Hornsey to spend our summer holidays. How little we thought as we romped on its green, or with infinite anxiety spent our few half-pence at Old Goody's, that in a very few years this rustic home of our childhood would



Chingford Church.

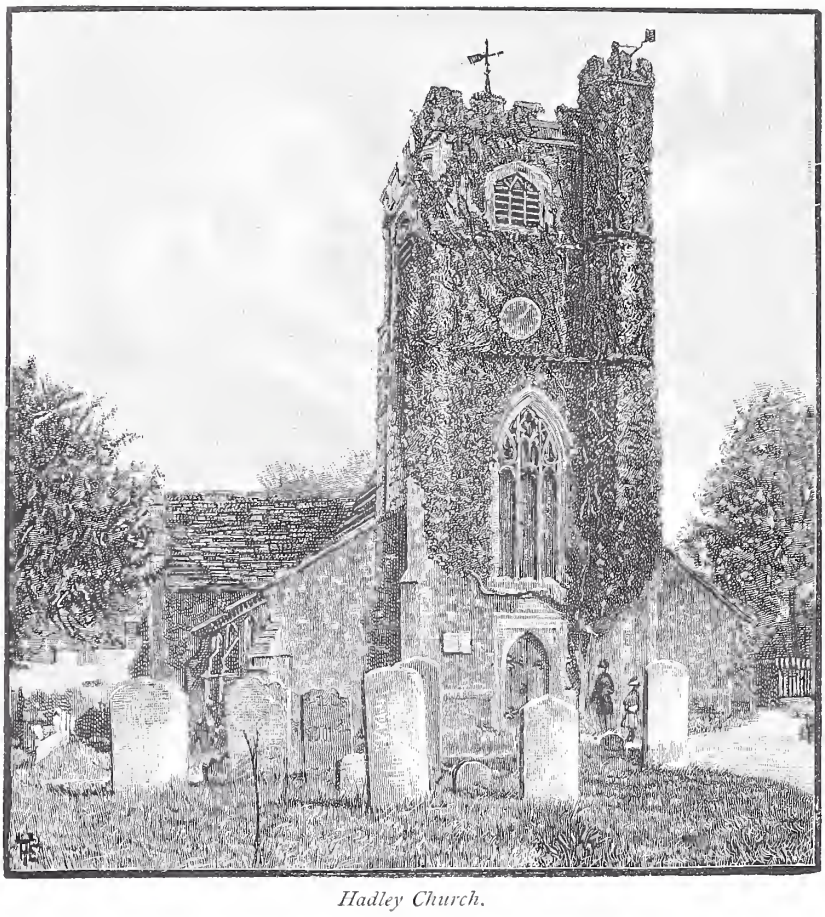
be embraced within the all-reaching arms of London! It was somewhat before this time, viz., in 1832, that its church, "a poor irregular building," was, with the exception of the tower, pulled down, and the present unpretentious building

erected in its place. The two old Bishops of London, who raised the original structure from the ruins of their own palace, have for nearly four hundred years lain in their quiet tomb, but their timeworn tower still bears on its west face their sculptured arms. Under its shadow lie the remains of Samuel Rogers, who so sweetly sang of sunny Italy.

Every one knows the ivy-mantled tower of Hornsey Church, but to us it tells no common tale. It speaks of the tender, dreamy, happy past, when, while swinging on the churchyard gate, with the signs of fleeting life all around us, such thoughts were farthest from our minds.

HADLEY.

Close to the well-known town of Barnet, and in fact to the unitiated forming part of it, lies the village of Monken Hadley. Over the west door of the church is a curious tablet bearing a date, supposed to be one of the earliest specimens of the introduction of the Arabic numerals into England, and translated as 1494. Translated we say, for as the 4 was wanting, they ingeniously got over the difficulty by carving half an 8.



Hadley Church.

This church was allowed to get into a sad state of dilapidation, which, though charming to the artist, rendered it unfit for divine worship, but about thirty years ago the late Mr. Street, R.A., took it in hand and restored it with great taste and judgment.

The walls, on account of the scarcity of stone in this neighbourhood, are faced with flint, from which the sunlight shines and sparkles, especially after a shower, as from a jewelled surface.

On the embattled tower, beyond the topmost ivy tendril, still stands erect one of the few remaining firepots or beacons once so common in our warlike isle.

CHINGFORD.

On the brow of one of the low hills where grows the far-famed Epping Forest, stands the weather beaten time-mark, Chingford Old Church. It is out of the track of the casual pleasure seeker, but the few who find their way here usually gaze in wonder at its rugged walls and massy ivy, speculate on its age, which they sometimes make enormous, peep into the dark, forlorn, propped-up interior, and turn to a seat on one of the moss-grown graves, whence they survey along half the horizon the lovely panorama of the northern heights of London. To the left is the smoke-enveloped city, dimly seen across the Essex flats and the lonely farm in the valley below. Hampstead and Highgate, with their slender spires, appear like grey clouds over the winding Lea, shimmering far below in the mid-day sun. Then comes Muswell Hill, whose palace looks in the haze like some old drawing of the New Jerusalem, and away to the far north lie the pleasant groves of Hatfield and Enfield. A delightful spot is this for quiet meditation and dreamy thought, soothed by the tender music from a choir of larks and linnets in the neighbouring fields.

This church has now been disused for years. For about four hundred years it has weathered many a sou'-west storm, and witnessed many a sad farewell over the remains of departed friends.

While sketching it a funeral procession wound its way slowly up the steep hill and went through the sad ceremony of "earth to earth," with but a few country children as spectators. How typical the scene of the decaying, almost forsaken building! The owls in the ivy-mantled tower were sadly disturbed some five or six years ago by service being held here during the summer months while the parish church was undergoing repair. People flocked from all around to be present, and—alas!—to carve their names on the crumbling relic.

There are few remains of interest. In the chancel, which has been kept in repair, are some monuments and brasses, and in the south wall there is a piscina.

H. E. TIDMARSH.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THOUGH it has passed into a trite formula with the critics that "the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy is hardly equal to those of former years," there is certainly this year a warrantable reason for its reiteration. Even making every allowance for that weariness of body and brain which besets the Art critic in these over-burdened days of picture galleries, and which has been described with such humorous pathos by Mr. Andrew Lang in his "very woful ballade," there is a dulness and flatness about the present Academy Exhibition which is dolefully depressing. Very few pictures rise to a height above their fellows in any degree sufficient to provoke enthusiasm. And though there is abundance of learning, labour, and subtle technical skill, displayed, as a rule, on canvases much too large, there is, at the same time, a very lamentable absence of those higher qualities which are needful to make a picture great as well as big.

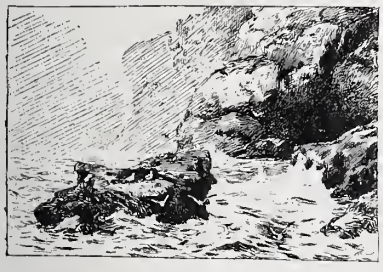


No. 68.—The Edge of a Wood, by David Bates.

Our older painters betray failing power, and our younger ones the want of imaginative faculty; and in most cases, both with old and young, the sense of hurry and strife is paramount. The cost of life is too great to allow it to be devoted to the pecuniarily profitless faculty of thinking.

" The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering,"

is the quotation the Academicians place upon their title-page this year; and the evidence of all these things, save only the conquering, is seen upon their walls.



No. 216.—Sea Mist, by Peter Graham, R.A.

GALLERY I.

Of the commentable pictures the following are noteworthy:

No. 3. 'Leisure Moments: Bead-stringers, Venice,' by FRANK BRAMLEY.

No. 10. 'A Moment's Rest; a Venetian Interior,' by HORACE FISHER. A quiet little rendering of a homely kitchen, such as one gets a glimpse of from any of the small canals of Venice.

No. 15. 'Idle Moments,' by C. E. PERUGINI. A careful combination of grey tones surrounding a pleasant beauty, not unconscious of her charms.

No. 20. 'Summer Twilight,' by COLIN HUNTER, A. A. very good initiation of his associateship; a little coarsely painted and exaggerated in its forced contrasts, as is almost all the work of the Scottish school, but the reflections in the shallow water, as it ebbs from the shore, are rendered with a subtilty and delicacy rarely found therein.

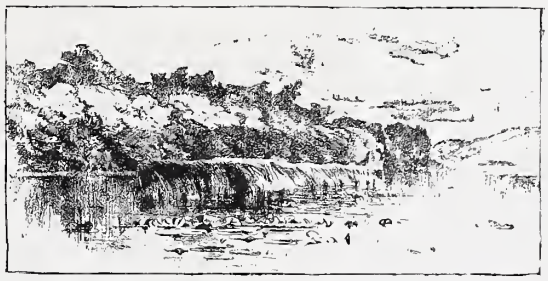


No. 252.—Oxford from Iffley, by V. Cole, R.A.

No. 27. 'Dawn,' by PETER GRAHAM, R.A. Morning mists lifting from a valley enshrined in purple hills—all very Scottish in paint, if not in nature.

No. 33. 'The Archæologist,' by HENRY E. DETMOLD. A careful study in the British Museum. But surely it is an archæological heresy to garb the visitor in a costume worn fifty years before the Museum existed!

No. 34. 'The Kitchen Garden in November,' by BLANDFORD FLETCHER. One of the first of the many pictures of French extraction we encounter this year. A good little study by an artist whose name is new to us; but who, when he learns that his gamut contains other tones than blue and green, will probably render his name familiar.



No. 257.—A Gleam of the Setting Sun, by K. Halswelle.

No. 51. 'A Bad Wind for Fish, but a Good One for Drying,' by W. H. BARTLETT. A breezy picture, re-echoing a promise the artist made some time ago, but which he did not keep.

No. 52. 'The Eve of St. Bartholomew,' by BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. One of several disappointments M. Briton Riviere has in store for us this year. A terror-stricken maiden in a gorgeous red dress crouches in a cellar and clings to a big bloodhound. What either of them has to do with St. Bartholomew's Eve is an insoluble conundrum, and it is a pity M. Riviere had not used up his admirable study of the hound to a better advantage.

No. 53. 'Old Mill on the French Coast' (commenced 1860), by H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. A wonderfully careful and truthful study, and of much more art value than many of his larger works.

No. 67. 'Did you ever kill anybody, father?' by Mr. FRANK HOLL, R.A. A portrait of a soldier's daughter, disguised as a subject in which there is some very careful and clever work.



No. 353.—'Cruel Necessity,' by W. P. Frith, R.A.

No. 68. 'The edge of a Wood,' by DAVID BATES. A careful study by a careful student of Nature. A little dry in texture compared with last year's successful work.

No. 80. 'A Field Hand-maiden; Brabant,' by GEO. H. BOUGHTON, A. A stalwart lass, garnering red and green cabbages; and decidedly the best picture Mr. Boughton has painted. Simple, dignified, and true in pose and drawing, there is nothing of the mock heroic in the maiden—a vice which doth so easily beset those who set themselves to paint "the dignity of labour." Its colour is excellent, and the blending of the low-toned browns and greys is at once refined and strong. It is the redeeming picture in this somewhat dreary Gallery No. 1, where all the best places on the line are assigned to the worst pictures.

No. 81. 'Wild Harbourage,' by J. C. HOOK, R.A. A nasty nook on an awkward coast, painted as few but Mr. Hook can paint such places, yet by no means equal to his other work this year, and which we shall encounter a little farther on.

No. 88. 'The King and his Satellites,' by BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A. A Brobdignag lion followed by Lilliput jackalls. The lion of enormous size and dignity to match; the jackalls fawning, quarrelling, snarling, and sneaking, as sycophantic satellites will. Report says it is a joke with a political sting in its tail.

No. 101. 'A Sermon by the Sea,' by J. MAC WHIRTER, A. The artist evidently intended this picture to be seen at a distance, or he would never have painted his figures and the accessories of chair, etc., so sketchily. The hanging committee ought to have recognised this, and skied it, where it would have done credit to its creator.



No. 403.—Sweethearts and Wives, by P. Morris, A.R.A.

No. 102. 'As they roar on the Shore,' by COLIN HUNTER, A. A vigorous and scenic effect of waves tumbling in on a bleak and rocky beach; exaggeratingly coarse, it is true, and more fit for the stage than the wall, but full of life and energy—ruggedly Scotch. But there is an unusually strong smack of the north country in this gallery this year, about one fifth of its contents being painted by artists born t'other side of the Tweed.

GALLERY II.

No. 117. 'Crowns of Joy and Sorrow,' by PHIL. R. MORRIS, A. The somewhat hackneyed antithesis of youth and joy at one end of the churchyard path, and age and sorrow at the other. There is a reserve of power in some of Mr. Morris's work which might be released at times.

No. 124. 'Preparations for Market,' by STANHOPE A. FORBES. A couple of Brêton peasant women preparing the produce of their farm and garden for Quimperlé market, earnestly and carefully wrought on modern French teaching, and, as usual, too blue and shadowless to be really true to nature; but there is much that is very hopeful in Mr. Forbes's work, and this picture shows a manifest advance on his last year's labour.

No. 129. 'Experientia Docet,' by M. W. DENDY SADLER, who this year ungratefully forsakes his Franciscan friars and the humours of monastic life with which he won his mark. It is with the black robe instead of the brown he now deals, and a couple of elderly ecclesiastics are initiating a neophyte in orders into the wicked ways of whist; a picture full of character and quiet humour.

No. 131. 'Fleetwood Wilson, Esq.,' by JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. A white-haired gentleman in a black velvet coat, with his character as a sportsman notified by a book of flies and a double-barrelled gun. The first of Mr. Millais's portraits this year, but by no means equal to many we have seen and hope yet to see from him.

No. 136. 'The Daughters of Colonel Makins, M.P.,' by JOHN COLLIER, and four romping daughters too, with legs and arms at random flung, and pelting each other with primroses. Rather a waste of flowers and paint, and with sins against every law of composition in the dislocation of the lines and limits, but nevertheless containing some excellent painting.

No. 137. 'Loading at a Quarry,' by HENRY T. WELLS, R.A. Another "dignity of labour" picture, on a large scale. The sky with its cumuli (which by the way is very well painted) assists in this portrayal of size.

No. 142. 'Unloading a Crab Boat: Coast of Normandy,' by W. E. NORTON. Reveals to us the poetry of labour without its dignity, and though hung too high to be well seen, appears to be full of excellent work of the class which used to be given us by Israels and Sadée.

No. 145. 'When the long day's work is done,' by W. F. CALDERON. Showing steady progress, and much more promise than the majority of Academicians' sons who take to Art, and get their pictures well hung.

No. 155. 'E. H. Carbutt, Esq.,' by FRANK HOLL, R.A. Is one of the best of his many portraits this year. With all the freedom of pose which Mr. Holl has introduced into his portraiture, it has less of the trick of manner which of late has been a little too manifest in his work. It is useful to compare this with—

No. 160. 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' by GUSTAVE GAUPP, to see how widely two schools of portraiture can diverge, and yet be excellent. Unfortunately this really fine work is like most of the contributions of foreign artists to the present exhibition, hung in such a manner as to render it almost impossible to see it.

Courtesy to strangers has been scantily meted out by the hanging committee, who no doubt were pinched for room when they had to deal with enormous canvases such as

No. 161. 'Pushing off for Tilbury Fort,' by THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., which occupies an area of fully 80 feet.

No. 170. 'Fishing Boats preparing for the Fishing Grounds,' by J. W. OAKES, A. A new departure of this elegant artist, and one which we can ill afford.

No. 177. 'Quite Ready,' by PHIL. R. MORRIS, A. A chubby little baby bridesmaid, all in white satin.

No. 178. 'Intruders,' by E. J. GREGORY, A. A beautiful bit of Thames life in a house-boat, apparently unfinished. The men have gone away painting or fishing, leaving two young girls in charge of their domain on a brilliant sunny day, and the swans take advantage of their absence to become angry intruders on the weak garrison left in charge. Most admirably drawn, most delicately painted; it is a pure transcript of sunshine, as well as a splendid piece of refined yet brilliant work of small dimensions but great excellence; most inadequately placed, the visitor should pause before it as long as the rushing crowd will let him. Its pendant on the other side of the doorway is antithetic; it is

No. 189. 'Art and Nature: a Study of Tone and Colour,' by G. A. STOREY, A. The titles of these two pictures would bear to be counter-changed.

No. 188.

"Had we never met and parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

By A. STOKES. This careful study of a lichened avenue would have been much more acceptable if the figures had never met to spoil it.

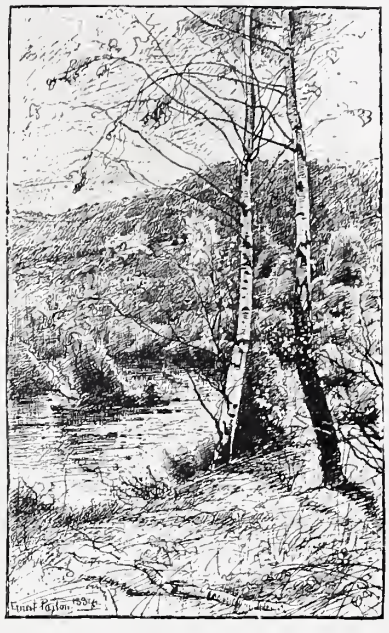
No. 190. 'S. B. Bancroft, Esq.,' by W. W. OULESS, R.A., is the best portrait by this painter exhibited this year.

No. 201. 'Still Life: Olives,' by ANNA J. PERTZ. An excellent study, in low tones, of much greater artistic value than many of the more ambitious works which surround it.

No. 209. 'In the Sun,' by H. WOODS, A. Noticeable for the remarkably clever and suggestive drawing of the foreground of rank herbage, sea flowers and litter, out of which the painter has affectionately extracted and depicted all that was beautiful.

No. 210. 'Solitude,' by A. E. EMSLIE. A blue little dunce, seated against a green wall, *en penitence;* is remarkable as being the first of six little works exhibited by that rare individual: "the lucky outsider." How did he manage it? "Emslie's patent" will be very much inquired for.

No. 216. 'Sea Mist,' by P. GRAHAM, R.A. The repose and loneliness of this picture come upon one most agreeably amidst the bustle and rush of the corner where it is hung. To the landsman its realism will be no drawback to its enjoyment; but to the seafarer it must recall memories of the qualms such fog causes, when it drops down near such a rock-bound coast.



No. 558.—The Vale of Light, by Ernest Parton.

No. 221. 'Grez-sur-Loing,' by STIRLING DYCE, is a faithful transcript of the backyard of the *auberge* which is the rendezvous of so many painters of all nations forming the "Grez" school, and which will awaken many pleasant recollections.

THE PARIS SALON.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE commences one of his best known essays with the remark, "Je serai bref, et j'aspire à des conclusions immédiates." This admirable determination will be imitated by the present writer, not only because of the limited space at his command, but for the good additional reason that anything like an adequate account in detail of an exhibition of paintings, drawings, etchings, and sculpture, numbering in all close upon four thousand, is manifestly impracticable.

On the whole, it may safely be said that rumour spoke too highly of the Salon of 1884. The general average is much the same as heretofore; the presence of really remarkable pictures is not exceptionally noteworthy. Even the "sensations," without which no Paris Salon would be the Salon, are limited in an extreme degree, and are not, as they sometimes are, worthy of any peculiar commendation.

The "sensations," undoubtedly are 'À la Salle Graffard,' by J. Béraud, and the 'Portrait of a Lady,' by Mr. J. S. Sargent. M. Béraud's work is a pictorial satire on the Communist party of Paris. Midway in what looks like a rather disreputable café-chantant is a high narrow platform, on which are seated two shaggy-haired individuals, whose features apparently are not unfamiliar to the majority of visitors to the Salon; while beside them stands the personage who is speaking, or rather shouting, to the motley assemblage, who are unmistakably enthusiastic over his fluent stump oratory. The characterization, of which the chief figure is sketched over leaf, whether true to Communistic life or not, is admirable; but while as a draughtsman M. Béraud betrays a masterly hand, his colouring is coarse. It is alone worth a visit to the Salon to stand beside this picture and hear the ever-varying interjectional remarks from bystanders of all shades of opinion. On the whole, the satire is well received, and a frequent laugh or chuckle is heard whenever is uttered more loudly than usual an appreciative *c'est drôle*, an affirmative *c'est vrai*, an astonished *mon Dieu!* or an indignant *c'est infâme*.

Mr. J. S. Sargent, the American painter, whose name is well known in London Art circles, has rightly been looked upon as one of the most promising of the younger men. But of late he has allowed himself to be unduly influenced by the prevailing French artistic fashion, of painting mere realism to the exclusion of all else. Visitors to the Grosvenor Gallery will have noticed his 'Portrait of Mrs. Legh;' but poorly painted and artificially clever as this picture is, it is surpassed in unpleasantness by the extraordinary 'Portrait of Madame

Gauthereau' at the Salon. The latter, it is true, is produced with something more than artificial cleverness, but there is an almost wilful perversion of the artists' knowledge of flesh-painting. A full-length figure, slim and even angular in her proportions, and with head in profile, she is clad (very partially so) in a dress of black velvet fitting very close to the body. The flesh-painting — and Mr. Sargent has not stinted himself as to space—has far too much blue in it, and the result of the artist's experiment or wilful indifference, whichever it is, more resembles the flesh of a dead than a living body.



A Communist, by J. Béraud.

There are this year fewer portraits than usual in the pleasant galleries in the Champs Elysées: such as are to be found are generally interesting and occasionally noteworthy. Landscape painting, that is as regards the number of works sent in, is very markedly on the decrease, judging by the Salon, while genre subjects are more numerous than ever.

Starting with the twelfth gallery, or *Salon Carre*. Immediately on entering one sees on the opposite wall M. Bouguereau's 'La Jeunesse de Bacchus.' In this large canvas everything is correct, from the prevailing sentiment down to the smallest detail of draughtsmanship; but anything more than correct it can hardly be called. M. Bouguereau is intensely academic, in his conceptions as well as in his methods, and the 'Infancy of Bacchus' has all the typically academic faults as well as virtues: it is too smooth, and unemotional in effect despite the palpable intention of the artist. Like most of this painter's work, it would look better in reduced size and in black and white, as did the 'Alma Parens,' reproduced in *The Art Journal* for October, 1883.

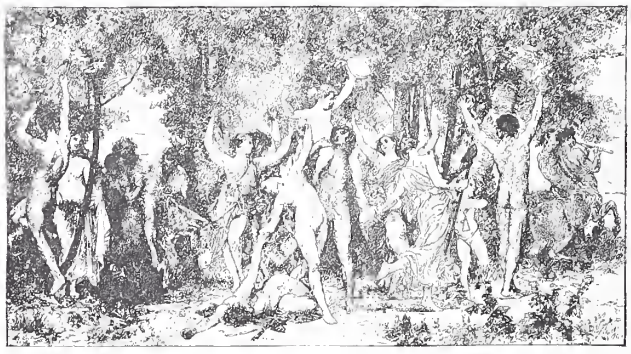
To the right of this picture is one still larger, and certainly more important, the 'Massacre de Machécoul' by F. Flameng.



The Massacre of Machécoul, by F. Flameng.

The event painted took place (or is supposed to have taken place) during the *guerre de la Vendée* in 1793: but it is difficult to believe, despite the bitter class-hatreds then and there existing, that women nobly born and bred would have proceeded to the scene of the massacre immediately after the event, and looked with curious and unpitying eyes upon the dreadfully wounded victims of aristocratic tyranny. Close under the walls of a baronial castle lie the dead, women amongst them, shot mercilessly like the most turbulent of the men, and to a leafless tree an old man is affixed by cutting bands, his head fallen forward over his attenuated frame, great clots of blood still dripping from a ghastly wound in his body. In the centre foreground is a group of aristocrats, the lord of the manor and his lady friends; one of them to the right is dressed with great richness, and daintily lifts her embroidered petticoats from the blood-stained ground, leaning with her other hand upon the long black staff ladies of the time delighted to carry. The composition of this large picture is all that could be desired, the drawing is masterly, and the colour at once vivid and harmonious.

On the opposite wall is M. Cormon's immense canvas: 'The Return from the Bear Hunt—Age of Stone,' designed on an imposing scale and consistently worked out. In the centre, beneath or rather at the entrance to a rude domicile, built out of huge tree-trunks, sits the aged chieftain, knife and flint-axe in hand; before him lies the dead bear, and beyond the latter stand in somewhat forced attitudes a group of semi-clad hunters — while on the right are the women-folk

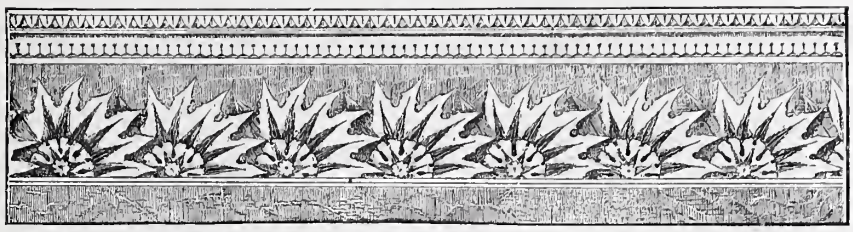


The Infancy of Bacchus, by W. A. Bouguereau.

of the tribe, and a few children; one of the women with a magnificent figure, and a face of great though savage beauty. M. Cormon's pictorial study in Palæontology is destined for the Museum of St. Germain. On the fourth side of this nominal square is the large decorative design of 'Summer,' painted by R. Collin, somewhat weak in colour, but with more expression than characterizes the very similar work of a greater but much more unequal painter, M. Puvis de Chavannes. Amongst other works in the Salon Carré, reference may be made to M. Joubert's pleasantly painted 'Banks of the Orne, at Pont-d'Ouilly (Calvados);' to M. Delondre's green woodland and milch cows in his 'Femme venant de traire les vaches;' to Mr. Bridgman's carefully executed 'Cairo Merchant;' to M. Charrier's cleverly drawn picture of St. Peter curing the sick by his shadow, showing the famous disciple, with his face turned from the spectator, passing up a narrow street in Jerusalem, and apparently paying no direct attention to the many maimed and sick who have been brought to the doors by their friends in order that the healing blessing may fall on them; and to M. Buland's delicate 'Mairage Innocent,' showing a young brown-skinned lad leading his white-robed child-wife across his orchard.

WILLIAM SHARP.

(*To be continued.*)



No. 8.—Base-board.

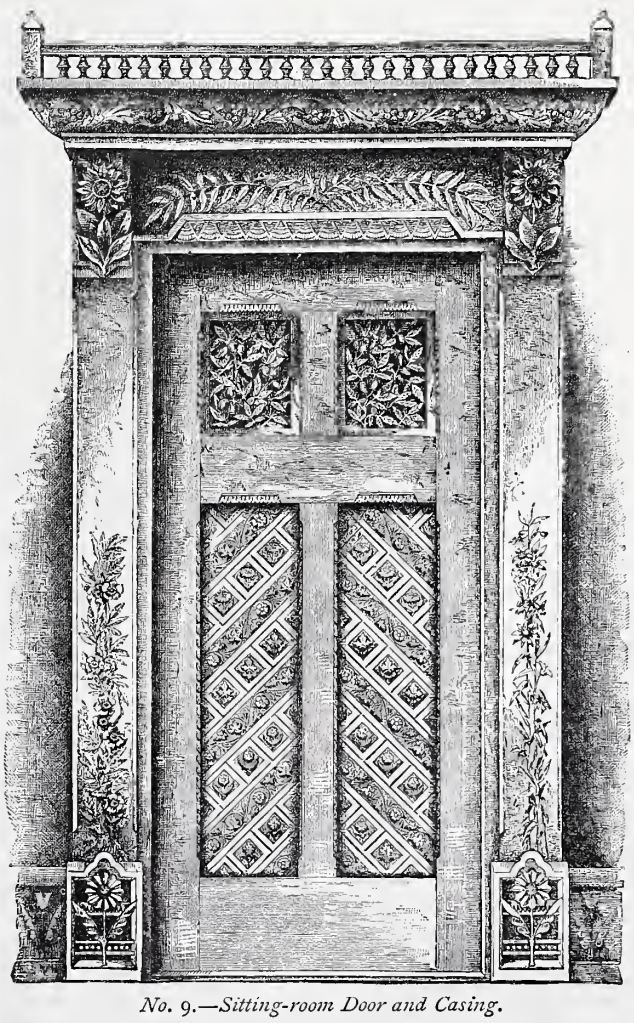
THE PROGRESS OF AMERICAN DECORATIVE ART.*

APART from the inevitable tendency of decorative work in this country toward originality arising out of enforced conditions, there have been several definite attempts toward that end from theoretical conviction that this was in itself desirable. At the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, in the exhibit of the Woman's Pavilion there was a display of carved wood from Cirencester which attracted much attention, not only because it was the work of women, and of women of wealth and leisure, but from its intrinsic excellence both in workmanship and design. As mentioned in a previous paper (page 25), the interest in wood carving in Cincinnati is first due to William and Henry Fry, father and son, Englishmen, both of whom, before emigration, worked on the House of Commons. Through Mr. Benn Pitman, the stenographer, also an Englishman, who studied with the Frys, wood carving became very popular. At this time the large Music Hall of Cincinnati was building, and it was a matter of pride among the women of that city to assist in the carving of the great organ, which is, in fact, one of the finest results of wood carving in this country.

Mr. Pitman, a man of keen artistic temperament, and one capable of kindling his enthusiasms in others, was placed at the head of the Cincinnati School of Design, and wood carving became speedily its great feature. At the outset a sort of creed was adopted, one of the principal articles of which was "a reverent and faithful interpretation of nature's forms, and their adaptation to the needs and necessities of to-day." There is a religious as well as poetic element in Mr. Pitman's Art theories. The ethics of his work and teaching rest on beauty and sincerity. The grotesque forms of the Renaissance he does not admit, and for reasons which to many people might seem transcendental, he restricts his pupils to floral ornament. Any one at all familiar with the flora of the Ohio valley will recognise how literally Mr. Pitman has drawn upon it in his search for new forms, and how fruitful it has been.

The tendency towards realism in American work has been alluded to before, and it is especially remarkable in wood carving, but the illustrations will show what happy use has been made of new forms in conventional ornament. In the cherry-wood base-board of the illustration (No. 8) the ornament is taken from the flower and leaf of a weed familiarly known here as the Jimson. It has a prickly leaf and a long tube-shaped flower of a bluish-white colour. It has so execrable an odour that no one attached to it possibilities of any description until Mr. Pitman, whose eye is alert to discover hidden beauties, made use of it. The decoration is effective, because as an ornament, the position of which forbids relief, it has still the merit of being clearly distinguished.

The white oleander and the swamp rose have also both been utilised in rosettes. On the sitting-room door (Illustration No. 9) the swamp rose and Maximilian daisy, which ornament the casings, also furnish motives for the rosettes in the diagonals of the lower panels. The treatment of this door corresponds to the base, shaft, and capitals of a pillar. The lower panels are incised work where injury might result from contact with other things. The upper panels are ornamented at least two inches in relief with the buckeye. The illustration scarcely gives the value of



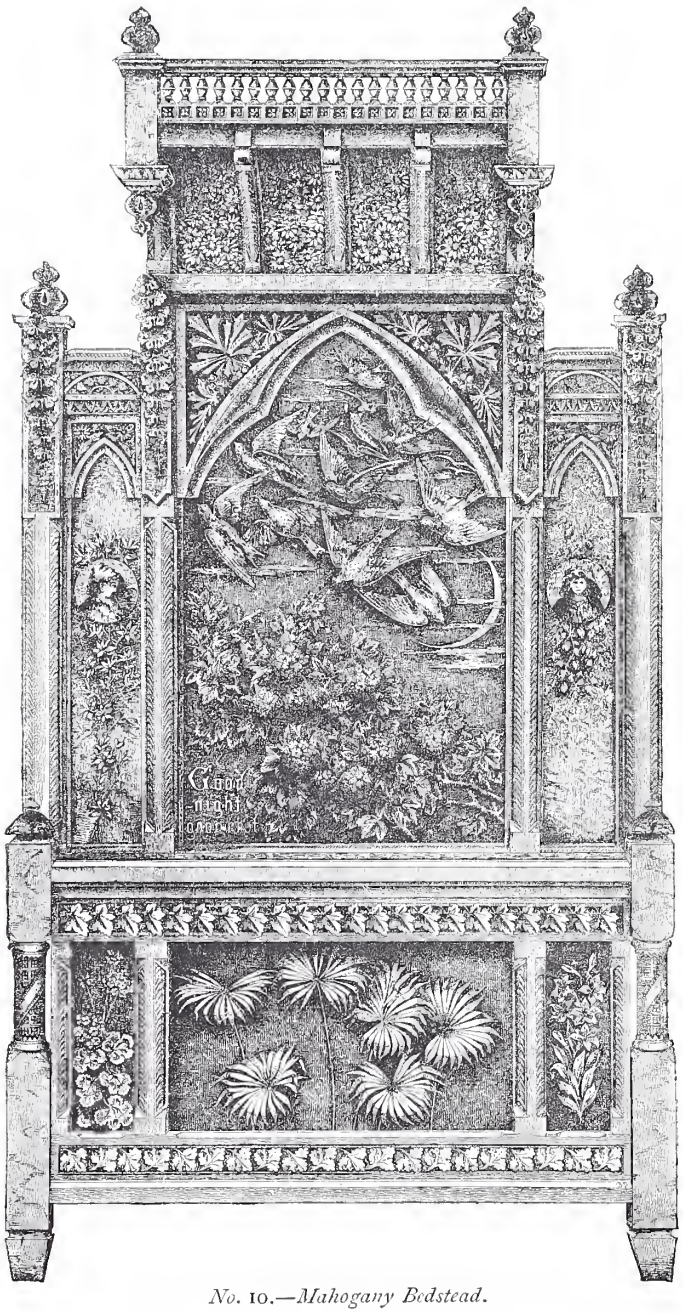
No. 9.—Sitting-room Door and Casing.

the buckeye as an ornament. Its luxuriance in this part of the country gives to Ohio the name of the Buckeye State. It

* Continued from page 73.

is not only good in form, but its texture, and its highly-polished nut, half enclosed in its rough shell, offers rare opportunities to the wood carver, and there is no reason why it should not form as fruitful a source of ornament as the oak or laurel.

In the bedstead (Illustration No. 10), the decoration of which is conceived in a spirit of poetic symbolism that I will not attempt to set down, the geranium and the lily will be recognised in the lower panels. Geranium leaves form the lower borders. The upper panels are crowded with daisies, and these are again found in the double rosettes. On the side panels are the white azalea and the balloon vine. Underneath the flight of swallows and the effect of sky is a luxurious branch of snowballs, carved with great feeling and delicacy, while below are the spiky rays of the palmeris. I give the common and accepted names of the flowers in this country, which, if called by different names in England, will be as readily recognised by their forms. On the dining-room door (Illustration No. 11) the sides exhibit the flowering stock of day lilies and the graceful hemp. The capitals give a single leaf of the wild parsnip. A better example, however, of the capabilities of the wild parsnip is seen on the frames of the panels. The wild parsnip has been one of the most successful of Mr. Pitman's new forms, and with this may be mentioned the succory plant and the burdock, both of which have been successfully utilised. On the mahogany bookcase (Illustration No. 12), the mechanical construction of which for the many services of a library would be interesting, the different varieties of fern are rendered.



No. 10.—*Mahogany Bedstead.*

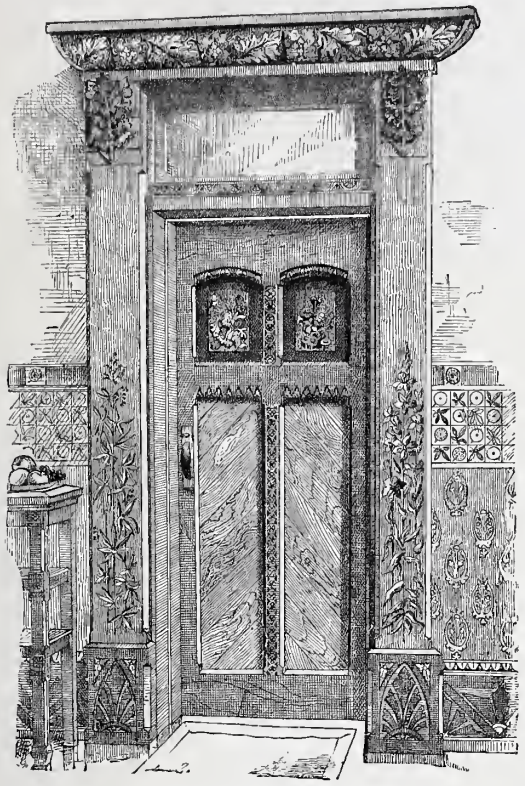
There is something more than carving and designing in all this work. To achieve the end desired, it must be rendered with feeling and sentiment. There is a distinctive value set on individual work, so far as it is the outcome of personal feeling guided by intelligence and sound artistic training.

Something should be said of the work in pottery in Cincinnati, which corresponds to that in wood, inasmuch as it was an independent effort, and prosecuted at first by women of leisure. Miss Louise MacLoughlin's experiments in barbotine attracted attention in the Paris Exposition of 1876, but the outcome has been much more important than this tentative work in Limoges ware. For it led to experiments in Ohio clays with admirable results. The Rookwood Pottery, established by Mrs. George Ward Nichols (the daughter of Mr. Joseph Longnorth, recently dead, a man whose encouragement of the Arts has been of the most substantial kind), has done good service in the production of a cream-bodied ware known as the Rookwood ware. In this an attempt has been successfully made to give to ordinary household utensils better forms.

At the recent loan exhibition for the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund, there was the best exhibition of Ohio pottery yet shown. This is true in respect not only to the quality of the ware, but to colour and ornament. Most of the work shown by us has been either an attempt to imitate some special ware, or to assert originality in some bizarre undigested fashion. This ware not only was special in texture and body, but independent and original in decoration. It is a translucent cream-bodied ware, in which the ground had the effect of hammered silver, except, of course, in colour. The decoration in every case was extremely delicate, gold being lavishly used. One of the most striking pieces was a large jar, crossed by ornamental diagonals of gold, with a decoration in which trees and deer were introduced, but the general effect of which can be best compared to sunlight seen through mist or fine snow. Another smaller bowl-shaped vase had a single spray of wild rose, drawn evidently from nature, for selection only is necessary in going to the fountain head for suitable forms. The relation between the foliage and the tint of the flower and the thin cream body of the ware showed the happiest feeling for delicate colour.

Very significant features of this movement have been the interest taken by manufacturers and the stimulus given by them. Warren, Fuller & Co., prominent wall paper manufacturers, instituted a competition two years ago which has indirectly brought out some noteworthy results. Out of at least fifty designs submitted by both American and foreign professional designers of wall paper, the three prizes were taken by women whose artistic studies had been in an entirely different direction. Although technically the work was crude,

it was distinguished by two things: originality in design, and new colour schemes. In the design which took the first prize



No. 11.—*Dining-room Door and Casing.*

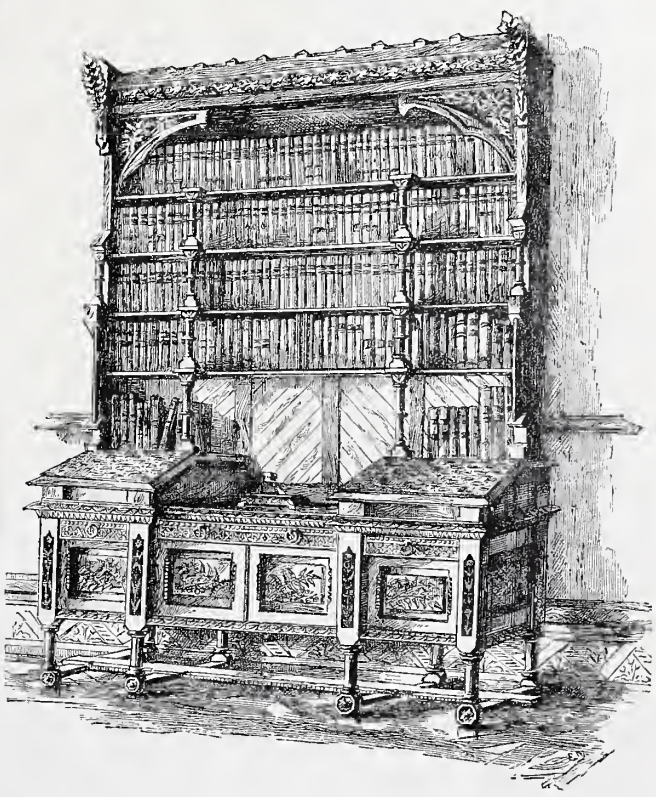
of £1,000, that of Miss Constance Wheeler, one is reminded of Japanese work, but not in its composition nor its colouring, nor in the theory of decoration it implies. The resemblance lies in the freedom and boldness of its drawing, the perfect familiarity it shows with natural forms. The design is a silver honeycomb over a faint yellow pink ground, dashed here and there with gold. The surface is broken by clover wreaths, which form discs, the centre being filled in with slightly varying tints, and by bees. These two motives are repeated in the dado and frieze, the discs in the dado suggesting straw hives. No attempt has been made to keep the decoration flat. The bees are drawn in perspective, and the clover shows all the waywardness of the natural growth; and yet the decoration is so well balanced that the feeling of the freshness and nearness has a charm that no one would associate with picturesqueness, and certainly proves not incompatible with decoration. In reproducing this paper, which has been done in various tints, it has undergone some changes, which naturally result when artistic treatment must succumb to commercial necessities. This has also been the case in the second prize design by Miss Ida F. Clark. The field consisted of waving silver water lines over a pale greenish ground. Underneath were the dim forms of fish with gleaming scales of silver and gold. Seaweed formed the dado, and shells were ingeniously disposed in the frieze. In describing the designs of both these papers, they seem to insist too much to serve the proper uses of a wall paper. But this was happily obviated in the colour schemes which carefully avoided contrasts, making use only of small intervals of colour.

Mr. Louis J. Tiffany has given some attention to wall papers. A very exquisite design is that taken from the filmy wild clematis and the cobweb. The cobweb is in silver over a creamy yellow ground, and the clematis in gold. Insects in metallic tints, and here and there dashes of metallic colours, give further variety of tint. The illustration (No. 13) does not reproduce the spirit of the design, which in the block is too insistent; in the paper this is exactly what it is not, since the colours being so little differentiated from the ground, make a part of it. Another striking paper by Mr. Tiffany has the ground covered with a vine-like pattern, and apparently caught in it, are sprays of fruit blossoms, and puny willows drawn directly from nature. Such work as this ventures on dangerous ground, and can only be controlled by wise artistic restraint. When successful, as this paper is, it has great freshness and is charmingly naïve. In a way, it suggests Japanese effects, and yet it cannot recall anything similar in Japanese work.

Mr. Samuel Colman has designed several papers, in which the maple and the honeysuckle serve as motives for all-over patterns. The illustration (No. 14) gives a ceiling paper, in which butterflies combine to make the ornament.

On the part of manufacturers nothing has been spared for the encouragement of wall paper designing, each of the above designs having been reproduced with all the skill and mechanical perfection at their command.

Out of this there has arisen some discussion concerning the value of artistic training preparatory to the technical requirements of wall paper and carpet designing. This is directly opposed to the methods followed in the designing-rooms, by which the colour-boy is advanced, if he chooses to follow his trade, until he arrives at the position of designer. His artistic intelligence follows the lead of his handiwork, and his progress, unless he is exceptional, is along the beaten track. I can only speak of American designing-rooms. Here, at least, this is the usual system, and manufacturers unable to



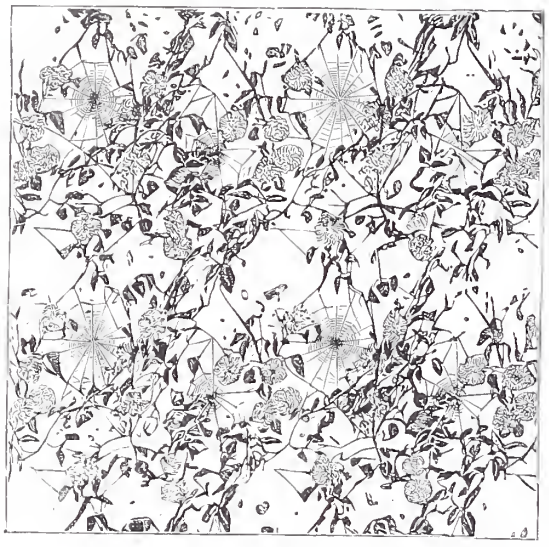
No. 12.—*Mahogany Bookcase.*

procure creditable designs at home, continue to draw upon foreign resources for the greater part of their work.

In accordance with the first theory—a special Art educa-

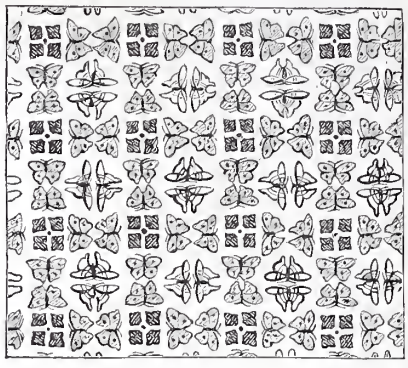
tion towards the specific ends of wall paper and carpet designing—several schools have been established, and are filled with Art students, chiefly women. The course, extending over two years, begins with the elements of drawing, and proceeds through the copying of natural forms, their analysis, the conventionalising of leaves and flowers in detail, problems in design, combining geometrical and natural forms, and exercises of such nature. These are accompanied by the study of the literature of decorative art, the study of styles, the copying of historic ornament, and the curriculum concludes with the adaptation of designs to the limitation of the block and loom.

The most practical of these schools is presided over by Mrs. Florence E. Cory, who, in her efforts to master the de-



No. 13.—*Decoration by Mr. L. J. Tiffany.*

tails of carpet designing, enlisted the co-operation of several manufacturers, and against the unwritten laws of the designing-room, which rigorously exclude women, she was permitted to enter them, and was thus enabled to study design



No. 14.—*Ceiling Decoration. By Mr. S. Colman.*

with reference to the limitations of the machinery. For some time she has furnished designs to manufacturers, and in her school a Jacquard loom is one of the principal objects, and the practical submission of designs to its requirements is the final work of her students.

Generous interest has been taken in the school by manufacturers, who, at stated times, have invited the school to visit their factories, and have encouraged it by the purchase of designs. It is too soon to determine the result of the experiment, at least so far as it can be depended on for original ideas and justifying its intention to keep out of beaten paths.

Mr. Charles G. Leland, who is not unknown in England, has created a great deal of interest in industrial Art in Philadelphia, and in a series of manuals containing technical instruction as well as explaining his own theories of design, has done good service throughout the country.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

(*To be continued.*)

'WASHING DAY.'

'WASHING DAY.' Etched by Charles Courtry, after D. F. Laugée. By just so much as linen in process of washing is an offence to the inveterate neatness of the bourgeois view of the world, it is pleasant to the artist. The movement and flutter of linen hung out to dry give a kind of expression to the breeze, and its colour—golden in sun, and cool in shadow—makes it the highest light in a summer landscape Perhaps the most picturesque form of washing is the bleaching, which is done in long lines on the Dutch dykes, and on the shingle of North-Italian lakes. There the true flax web lies, from warm pale brown upwards, growing to shining whiteness under the sun and wind, and the large ladlefuls of water which bare-legged women toss over it some three times a day. The movement of women at work is generally good, even among the somewhat depressed and restricted rustics of our English villages; while among peasants so browned and strong, so shod and clad, as the women of M. Laugée's picture, it is always an admirable study. In this regard the artist has made the most of his material, not confining himself to the open gestures of youth, but using the strong but closer action of wiry old age as an artistic antithesis. Nature is fond of such degrees. Part of the horror of a branch of artificial lilies is the insistent youth of the several flowers; a bud is allowed to finish the stem, but all the opened blossoms must be in blooming perfection. Nature's branch of lilies, on the other hand, has no two alike, from the wrinkled petals below to the vigorous fulness and the opening forms and the close bud that follow above them. So does a wise artist. The old woman in M. Laugée's work has still sinewy hands, but there is some effort in their hold, and her figure bends rather than braces itself to toil. Flowers and spring grass are under the women's feet, and the title under which the picture appeared in the Salon, last year, lets us follow the linen through its wholesome destiny.

> "Les femmes ont blanchi le linge de la ferme,
> Ensuite dans l'armoire en vieux chêne on l'enferme
> Sur un lit de muguet, pour qu'il ait à la fois
> La saine odeur de l'air et la senteur des bois."

In such conditions 'Washing-Day' is not without an exquisiteness of its own.



PAINTED BY D.F.LAUGEE

ETCHED BY C.COURTRY

WASHING DAY

LONDON. J.S.VIRTUE & Co LIMITED

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.*

THE births in the month of June include:—3rd, William Hilton, R.A., at Lincoln, 1786: 4th, Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A., at Fintry, Stirling, 1806: 6th, Diego Velasquez y Silva, baptized in the parish church of Seville (born probably on the day previous), 1599: 8th, John Everitt Millais, R.A., at Southampton, 1829; and (doubtful) Malozzi da Folri, at the town of Forli, in Romagna, 1438: 9th, Eugène Joseph Verboeckhoven, the cattle painter, at Warneton (Flandre Occidentale) 1798, (the 8th, 1799, sometimes given, is erroneous): 10th, Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rhyn, near Leyden, 1608 (15th also given); 10th, Frederick Richard Lee, R.A., at Barnstaple, 1798; and Gustave Courbet, at Ornans (Doubs), in 1819: 11th, John Constable, R.A., at East Bergholt (Suffolk), in 1776; and William Henry Simmons, the engraver, at London, 1811: 11th, Henri, Marquis de Laborde, the writer on art and archæology, at Paris, 1807: 13th, Louis Henriquel Dupont, the engraver, at Paris, 1797: 15th, Andrew C. Gow, A.R.A., at London, 1848: 16th, John Linnell, at London, 1792: 18th, Hugh Henry Armstead, R.A., the sculptor, 1828; and Joseph Marie Vien, at Montpellier, 1716: 19th (doubtful), Nicholas Poussin, at Andelys (Normandy), 1594: 20th, Salvator Rosa, at Renella (near Naples), 1615: 23rd, Friedrich Drake, the German sculptor, at Pyrmont, 1805: 26th, Louis Charles Auguste Steinheil, at Strasbourg, 1814; and George Morland, in the Haymarket, London, 1763: 27th, Auguste François Biard, at Lyons, 1800: 28th, Pieter van Lint, baptized in the church of Saint George, Antwerp, 1609: and 29th, Peter Paul Rubens, at Siegeur, in Westphalia (Cologne also given), 1577.

Among the deaths are: 1st, Cornelis Huysmans, at Mechlin, 1727; John Jackson, R.A., at London, 1831; Sir David Wilkie, R.A., on an Oriental steamer, off Gibraltar, 1841 (buried at sea); Sir John Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A., at Edinburgh, 1864; and John Stevens, R.S.A., at Edinburgh, 1868: 4th, François le Moine, at Paris, 1737; and Frederick Walker, A.R.A., at St. Fillans, Perthshire, 1875: 5th, Frederick Richard Lee, R.A., at Cape Colony, 1879; and William Johnston, R.S.A., at Edinburgh, 1868: 7th, David Cox, at Harborne Heath, near Birmingham, 1859: 8th, Ludovico Cardi, called Cigoli, at Rome, 1613: 11th, Jean Victor Bertin, at Paris, 1842: 15th, Giovanni Antonio Boltraffio, at Milan, 1516; Moritz Retsch, in 1857; and Ary Scheffer, 1858: 16th, Rogier Van der Weyden, at Brussels, 1464: 18th, George Lance, painter of fruit pieces, at Sunnyside, near Birkenhead, 1864; and Antoine Wiertz, at Brussels, 1865: 19th, Giorgio Vasari, painter and writer on Art history, at Florence, 1574 (the 27th also given); and L. J. F. Lagrenée (l'aîné), at the Louvre, 1805: 20th, William Kerricx, the sculptor, in 1719: 21st, Andrea Sacchi, at Rome, 1661: 22nd, Benjamin Robert Haydon, at London, 1846: 23rd, Matthew Noble, the sculptor, in 1876: 24th, Horatio Macculloch, R.S.A., in 1867: 25th, Pierri Jacques Cazes, at Paris, 1754: 26th, Antoine Joseph, Baron Gros, in 1835: 29th, Sebastien le Clerc, at the Gobelins, Paris, 1763: 30th, Simon Vouet, at Paris, 1649: Willem Kalf, at Amsterdam, 1693; and Peter de Wint, at London, 1849, buried at St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Also in this month (day unknown) Inigo Jones, the architect, at Somerset House, London, in 1652.

The British Institution, now defunct, was established on the 11th, 1805.

ALFRED BEAVER.

LANDSCAPES IN LONDON;

OR SKETCHING-GROUNDS WITHIN THE CAB RADIUS.†

ST. JAMES'S PARK.—CHELSEA HOSPITAL.—BATTERSEA PARK.

CONSIDERING that till quite lately the Green Park was little more than a grass field, we cannot wonder that it does not contain many good subjects for sketches: there is one view which is fairly good, namely, that looking down the Park towards the south-east, with the Houses of Parliament in the extreme distance, but we fear it is useless to attempt to render it, as the Park is much too frequented for sketching in.

Much has been done to beautify St. James's Park during the last few years, and it is now one of the prettiest, though the smallest, of all the London pleasaunces; it is indeed different from what it was in the olden times, when it was a mere marsh contiguous to Thorney Island. It was across St. James's Park that Charles I. walked to his execution, going from St. James's Palace to Whitehall, sitting down under one of the trees to rest on his way: not many years afterwards Charles II. used to come and feed the ducks in the ponds, and lounge along the Birdcage Walk at the side.

* Continued from page 143.
† Continued from page 147.

The Tyburn Brook here flows underground towards Whitehall on its way to the Thames. The ornamental water lies low, and, being consequently sheltered from the wind, it usually gives capital reflections of the surrounding trees. Now that the courtiers of the seventeenth century have been replaced by numbers of the poorer classes of Westminster, who are generally rough and inquisitive, it will be found necessary to sketch from within the railed-off enclosures. Luckily these enclosures are the best places from which to obtain good subjects.

To the south of the west end of the ornamental water there is a space shut off with close, sharp-pointed railings. It forms a harbour of refuge for the water-fowl, where they may come and plume themselves or sleep without danger from dogs or small boys. Our illustration (Sketch 10) is taken from the western end of this enclosure. The trees to the left are on an island, and give a strong mass to balance the trees and boat-house on the right. The edge of the water, where the birds are standing, forms a fine curve into the foreground, and the birds themselves are the best "figure interest" for placing there. The boats about the little promontory make a good finish to the curve in the middle distance, and figures may be put here with good effect and convenience. Beyond can be seen the trees on the northern bank and the chains of the small suspension bridge which spans the lake in its narrowest part. In the extreme distance we have the cupola of the Horse Guards. On very clear days it is possible to see the dome of St. Paul's just to the left of it. Such a state of the atmosphere is very rare; perhaps it does not occur once a year, yet when St. Paul's is visible, it adds greatly to the interest of the picture.



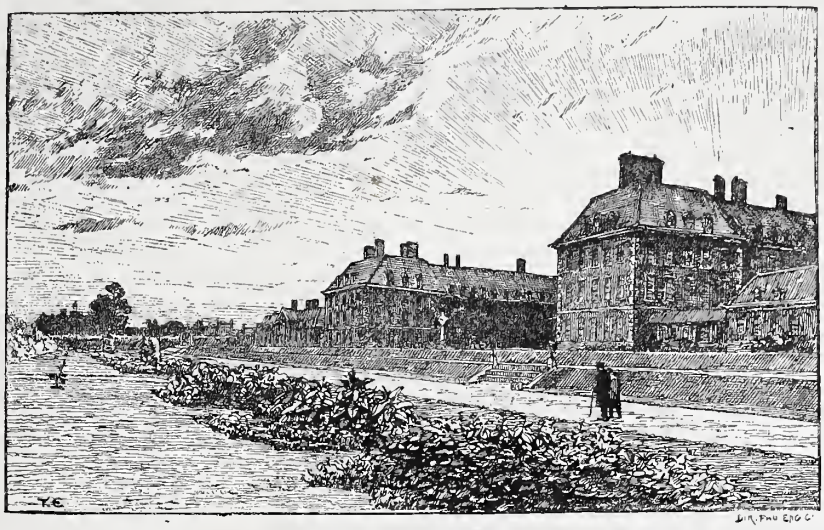
SKETCH 10.—*In St. James's Park.*

The best effect of the atmosphere for this subject is on a day when there are clouds about the sky with rifts of light between, or white clouds catching the sun on them as they sail past. Then the promontory may oftentimes be seen in strong shadow, relieved by the light on the water reflected from the bright cloud above or the rift between black masses on a darker day. Another subject is from the east end, near the Ornithological Department. There is a very pretty peep of Buckingham Palace, closing a vista formed by the two banks of the lake and intersected by the suspension bridge. The autumn tints are not satisfactory here, for most of the leaves fall off the trees as soon as they fade, and only an isolated tree retains its yellow leaves long enough to be painted. In fact all the parks are chiefly planted with elms, and these trees have very unsatisfactory autumn colouring, even under favourable country conditions.

Every Londoner knows of the existence of Chelsea Hospital; but not many, except those who live near it, are aware of the adjoining spaces of ground open to the public. The building itself is a picturesque example of the style of Wren, and was erected in the seventeenth century, during the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William and Mary. About four hundred pensioners are sheltered here. The best view is the south or river front, but the north or land front has an imposing appearance. Here there is a large open space surrounded with a low wall and railings, laid out in grass and with a few trees, and used as a recreation-ground for the children of the neighbourhood. It is divided by a road from the hospital. On the south side of the old building there is a private garden, beautifully kept and trimly laid out, and apparently utterly deserted. It is extremely good of its kind, and forms an excellent subject for a sketch together with the hospital, which is a first-rate specimen of its own style. (Sketch 11.) Perhaps the best view of all is to be got from outside the garden itself, in the public walk near the Ranelagh Garden. The railings are wide enough apart to allow us to see everything within if we sit near them. This subject is good at all times of the day. Perhaps twilight might be the best, but the gardens are closed at that hour. An overcast grey day, with not too heavy clouds, will bring out the tender colouring of the old red brick and grey stone, the grass retaining its freshness of colour, and the beds on the left showing the full force of their brilliance. Here we must put in a few figures to relieve the monotony of the long straight paths and grass plots. Nothing could be better than groups of old pensioners with their effective uniform and their slow impressive manner of walking. The whole scene is harmonious, and does not suffer from the glare of contrast or the intrusion of the general public. Only a few people ever pass through these public gardens on a week-day, for the main road through it is not a short cut from or to any place. In the public gardens near the river there is nothing of interest to an artist, except the avenue of pollard wych-elms.

The Ranelagh Garden is exceedingly pretty; but it is of little use for artists except for backgrounds to figure subjects. There are some nice garden trees in it, and a very good old thatched summer-house, in the same style as the Hospital. These gardens, however, have the advantage of being very quiet and retired for sketching in, as they are scarcely visited by more than fifty people a day. The part of chief interest is that in which the pensioners' plots are to be seen, where they cultivate flowers of every description for sale. On Sunday afternoons in summer, it makes quite a gay scene. The old fellows can be seen sitting in their little gardens, of which they are very proud, or gathering bouquets to sell to the crowd of well-to-do and fashionable people who often come here both to see and to buy. The number of sunflowers is noticeable;

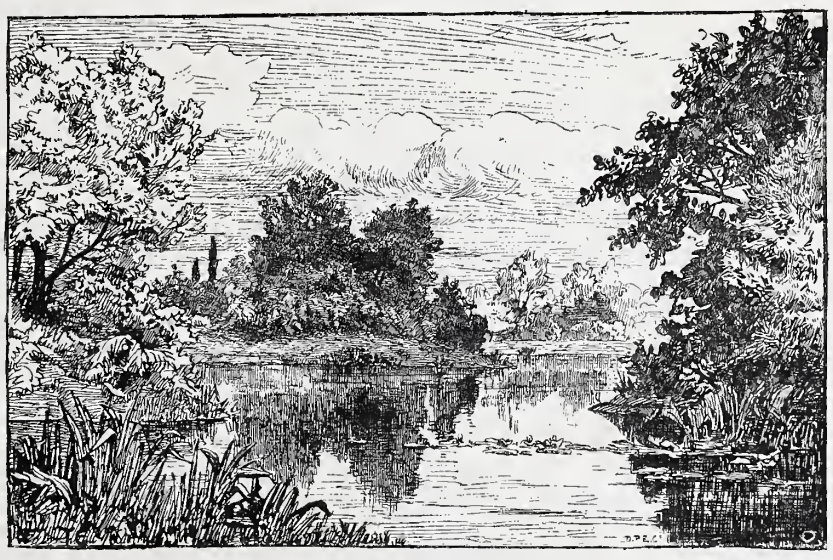
they are grown because the æsthetic rage has made them particularly saleable. Some of these plots are curious as well as interesting, the owner having made the most of the tiny space allotted to him, by a network of diminutive paths, with the addition of model castles, and even mountains. Generally, there is one spot more elevated than the rest, where the diligent owner can place his chair and survey his handiwork at leisure. Any sketch taken here would have to be of figures or groups. Mrs. Allingham made a notable drawing of this subject a few years ago.



SKETCH 11.—*Chelsea Hospital.*

On crossing the river by the highly ornamented Victoria suspension bridge, we arrive at once at the gates of Battersea Park. This is the reverse side of the medal to the Victoria Docks, if we may so call it. For until they were dug out, and the earth brought here, the land was below high-water mark. It covers about two hundred acres, and was begun in 1858. Close to the quay we shall remark what appears to be a rough heap of stones, but which is really the former colonnade and gateway of Burlington House, brought here under the pretence or promise of re-erection. They would make a magnificent approach to what is above all a "people's park," and we cannot but hope they will be rescued some day from their present condition.

The northern half of Battersea Park is little more than a cricket-field. Every day it is covered with a noisy crowd of cricketers and their friends, and it would be impossible to sketch here. But south of this, and running nearly due east and west, there is an avenue of elm-trees, which divides the Park into two nearly equal parts; this seems to check the crowds, who enjoy open spaces, for all is quiet beyond it, and, on a week-day, half deserted. In this southern division, a sub-tropical department of flowers and shrubs has been laid out, where we shall find many subjects for sketches. They will, however, be of a somewhat limited character, for everything is on a small scale.



SKETCH 12.—*In Battersea Park.*

Five-and-twenty years ago the whole area was a flat waste without a tree. Now it is covered with bushes, trees, and ponds, and rising and falling grounds, which are, of course, of artificial construction. Being all young, none of the trees are large; and the hills and dells have been laid out, too, on a small scale; but the grounds are well disposed, the winding waters are covered with lilies, and there is a luxuriant foliage of palms and ferns.

The subject chosen for our illustration (Sketch 12) is taken from near the rustic bridge. The water is a small pond of varied contour, and sunk somewhat below the level of the other ponds. Its surface is but little disturbed by wind, and its reflections are only broken by the weeds that grow upon it. The water itself is of a yellow green colour, and is nearly transparent, and where it is shallow, the bottom can be seen. Of course, this is only in the extreme foreground; beyond this, the reflections alone give the colour we see. When the water is a little ruffled, the upturned sides of the waves in shadow occasionally show the true colour of the water; but, except near the banks, the depth of water we see through is sufficiently great to change the yellow green to a dark dull grey green. This is where the waves are tolerably vertical, but if there is only a slight ripple, the different surfaces of the water show small light flecks of sky amongst the tree-reflections, and dark flecks of the trees low down among the sky-reflections. This is universally the case in all ruffled water, and it requires great care in painting, for the little flecks are all sharp and distinct. A confused execution fails to give a watery effect. The trees in this subject are pleasantly varied in colour. In the extreme distance we have the delicate grey of the aspen, perhaps given well with cobalt and lemon yellow with a very little burnt sienna. Nearer, on the other side of the pond, there are a number of different kinds of bushes, mostly dark, but with some pale ones in front.

There is one which is especially light in colour, almost white or pale yellow, that not only comes out forcibly in its place, but gives a very good reflection in the water. Then there is a bright green strip of grass. The mass of the middle distance is all of dark foliage, into which cobalt again largely enters, the bush to the right being nearly black. In the foreground we have a feathery acacia to the left, and to the right a dark species of aspen, and a pale willow in front. There are also some beautiful palmettos under the acacia-trees. The rushes in front are of bright green, with some reddish brown where the leaves enter the water. This scene looks best on an afternoon when there are small fleeting clouds that throw shadows here and there over the landscape. Plenty of ducks and aquatic birds belong to this pond, and furnish the "life" interest required to complete the subject.

All the ponds in Battersea Park are picturesque, and are full of small subjects for sketching. The number of water-lilies growing in nooks and corners are a valuable feature, and help to indicate the flatness of the surface of the water in our pictures. A cluster of these beautiful flowers grows close to the edge of the large pond nearest the great central path that runs east and west. They can easily be drawn from land, as they grow so near the edge. The background to these lilies is also good, being a mass of dark foliage reflected in the water. September is about as late as they can be painted, for, of course, the lilies are over by the time the autumn tints appear.

There are too many subjects hereabouts for us to enumerate all, but we will notice one that is curious and interesting. It consists of a little path running into a plantation and bordered by palmettos and tree ferns. It is something like the wild glens in the primæval parts of Australia, only, of course, on a much smaller scale.

Magnificent views of the Thames are obtained from the river bank of Battersea Park. The best is from the east end. Here, Chelsea Hospital forms the extreme right, and the Albert Bridge and Old Chelsea Church the extreme left. Boats must be largely introduced to give life to the mass of water that forms the bulk of the picture. This subject more properly belongs to river scenery, and "The River" we shall consider in our next article.

TRISTRAM ELLIS.

THE CHALLENGE.

BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. ENGRAVED BY JAMES STEPHENSON.

MR. ORCHARDSON is an artist of well-defined personal characteristics. It is not easy to pass his work by, or to fail to recognise it. Even in this our line engraving his signature is clear—and the special spirit of a painter's handiwork is apt to evaporate in its translation, by the burin, into black and white. It is one of the advantages of etching that the needle, in sympathetic hands, has the power of catching not only the matter but the manner of a picture, the vivacity of its lines, and something of the suitable play of light and colour. On the other hand, it rests with the burin to give a more precise and explicit statement of design, a more perfect account of gradation of tone, a clearer record of the modelling, a more express relief, while it fails to render the minuter peculiarities of style and handling. Yet this plate of Mr. James Stephenson is clearly after a picture by Mr. Orchardson. It faithfully interprets a design which could have come from no other hand—not even from that of Mr. Pettie, whose handiwork, now and then, is, perhaps more than that of other artists, mistakable for Mr. Orchardson's. The air and pose of the bearer of the challenge, the elegant irony and complete grace of the figure, so fully expressed and yet not overdone, mark the artist, who has imported new life into Art. His subjects are usually fresher than this; but he, like all true artists, can inspire a well-worn theme with novel spirit, and in a manner quite his own. In colour and handling as well as in design, he can lay claim to originality. To faithfully express his distinct and in many ways striking personality, he has had to some extent to create for it a new and appropriate pictorial language. We all know in how light a key and with how light a touch, with how much delicacy of tone and delightfulness of colour, he sets before us the lively images of his fancy. In the passage from conception to expression few designs lose less than Mr. Orchardson's; his pictures preserve the passion which is too often confined to the sketch. If, on the other hand, they may be sometimes charged with incompleteness and want of solidity, the retort that these are the defects of his qualities will be just.

It cannot be said, nowadays, that all artists run in the same groove. We have too many of them, perhaps, who determine that if they cannot be original, they will at least be eccentric. A 'cachet' is not so difficult to invent, but to be of value it must bear the true insignia of the user. Mr. Orchardson has had no reason to invent one. He differs from others only as his individuality differs from theirs. Whatever there is of new and strange in his work is an addition to our knowledge of the capacities of Art—the result of following to their legitimate ends his native bents towards new forms of beauty and fresh ideals of taste. Though modern in his practice, and unconventional in his composition, he has never sought to be original at the expense of refinement or healthiness of sentiment. With an imagination essentially dramatic, comprehending a wide range of character and emotion, and able to draw nearer than most to the true sources of tears and laughter, his work is marked by a fine sense of pictorial propriety. He is never extravagant in his mirth, or vulgar in his pathos; and his humour has the dry polish of Molière. In France, the painter of 'The Queen of Swords,' of 'Hard Hit,' of 'Napoleon I. on board the *Bellerophon*,' has met with just appreciation; a fact of which he may be all the more proud as he has dared to paint Frenchmen more than once. It has even been suggested to me that the scene of 'The Challenge' is across the Channel, but I fancy that most of our readers will, with me, be content to see nothing more foreign in this picture than an episode in England, when Cavaliers and Puritans were not always the best of friends.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.



PAINTED BY W Q ORCHARDSON, R.A

ENGRAVED BY JAMES STEPHENSON

THE CHALLENGE

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF W. CUTHBERT QUILTER, ESQ.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Co. LIMITED.

LONDON SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

THE GROSVENOR AND THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES.

THERE is just now so much that is good and interesting on view in London that we might fill a number of *The Art Journal* with the account of the things that please us, and never breathe a hint of those that do not. But so many are the Art interests of this season, that we have hardly a line for each name of those whose work delights us much—not a syllable for those who merely please. Let us begin our hurried tour with the first-named exhibition.

No. 1 of the Grosvenor Gallery is the beginning, but the movement of all incomers will be across the floor to the centre of the long wall, where hangs the picture of the year, Mr. Burne Jones' 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid' (No. 69). Can we in two lines tell of the high humility, the manliness, the chivalry of the noble figure, who, his crown in his hand, sits on the lowest step of the throne, on whose summit he has placed the beggar maid? His gaze is turned towards his love, a gaze of reverence, almost of adoration, for her simple beauty and purity. There is no feeling in Cophetua's mind that he has bent down to this woman. We feel the high nature of the man, we feel that poverty and lowliness do not blind him in the least to the "sweet face and angel mien" of the woman he has exalted to his throne and the worship of his heart. It is this that is so fine in Mr. Burne Jones' Cophetua. He has no consciousness that he is chivalrous or noble. He is a young and beautiful Don Quixote. The beggar maid cannot fail to be less interesting than the king; she has but to receive what he gives. Perhaps the situation is the finer because she is so infinitely less moving than her lover. Her pale fair figure, still clad in its ragged dress of grey, her white wan face and wondering eyes, realise well Tennyson's line, "As shines the moon in clouded skies." Her bewilderment at the unwonted splendour of her golden seat, of the rich red and purple hangings around her, above all at the homage of the king, are rendered with exquisite delicacy. It is the idea, the inspiration of this picture which makes it so fine, and raises it to the level of the work of the great masters of a bye-gone age. Therefore it is of the idea we have spoken more than of the glowing eastern colour—the rich reds and purples, browns and yellows; or of the fine drawing, which errs only, if it errs at all, in the feet and leg of the maiden, and the too small foot of the king.



Hypatia. By W. Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A.

No. 8. 'Portrait of Mr. G. B. Amendola,' by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. The painting of the hands is most wonderful. Wonderful, too, is the modelling of the face, framed in black beard and hair, and surmounted by a crimson fez.

No. 33. Portrait of James Spicer, by Frank Holl, R.A. A strong and boldly painted picture, but a trifle coarse and painty.

No. 38. 'Aphrodite,' by Philip H. Calderon R.A. A small but beautiful canvas of Aphrodite floating, fresh as the foam on sapphire waters. Worthily hung in the place of honour.

No. 42. The portrait of C. S. Parker Esq., M.P. The first and best of five portraits by Mr. Herkomer.

No. 54. 'Lady Rich,' by Edward Hughes. A refined and delicate effigy of a lady attired in grey velvet and lace.

No. 57. Miss Nina Lehmann, by E. J. Millais R.A. This well-remembered masterpiece of a little girl was painted and exhibited fourteen years ago in the Royal Academy. It has now an added interest by being placed near the newly finished portrait of the same young lady, who on the day of the private view became "Lady Campbell" (62).

The foregoing portraits are divided by Mr. Alfred Parsons' beautiful and poetic landscape of 'Meadows by the Avon'(60). The air is suffused by a warm afterglow, the grass and river and the russet autumn-tinted trees are veiled with dewy mist, and a thin haze hangs in the blue air about the rising moon.

Nos. 86 and 95. 'Portraits of Mrs. Duff and of Mrs. George Peck,' by John Collier. Both are in white. Mrs. Duff is among her greenery of palms, while a more brilliant effect is given to the figure of Mrs. George Peck by a background of pale-blue satin.

No. 106. A spirited profile of the Marquis of Lorne, by J. E. Millais, R.A.

No. 132. This and the four following numbers are by Mr. Watts, R.A. The first is a profile of Lord Salisbury, which is parted from the portrait of Earl Lytton (135) by the iridescent bust of Uldra, the Norse Iris.

In the middle of this gallery stands Mr. R. Barrett Browning's bronze statue of 'Dryope fascinated by Apollo in the form of a serpent.' Dryope is sturdy, as becomes the daughter of the oak-tree, nor is her face especially beautiful. But the expression—the mingled repulsion and attraction of mesmeric fascination—are dramatically rendered. Report has it that this group failed to find a place in the Royal Academy.

The West Gallery is to some extent the gallery of honour, yet there is much that merits a place of honour in the East.

Here is Mr. Whistler's portrait of 'Lady Archibald Campbell' (150), a black figure on a black ground, but more finished than is Mr. Whistler's wont. In the prefatory note to an exhibition now open of 'Harmonies' by this artist, he commences by stating that "a picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about that end had disappeared;" a gratuitous advertisement certainly of the incompleteness of some of his own work. In this gallery too is a painting by another artist of French training and American birth—Mr. John Sargent (203). This portrait of 'Mrs. T. W. Legh,' is vivacious and charming; the flesh tones are clear and pure: but those who have seen Mr. Sargent's work, either in the Salon or in the rooms of The Fine Art Society, will look at this, good though it be, with disappointment.

In the East Gallery most of the "Pre-Raphaelites" find their place. Here Miss Pickering's sad lovers plight their vows; here Mr. Walter Crane shows us 'The Bridge of Life;' here Mr. Strudwick's ladies read 'A Story Book;' here 'Patience,' as depicted by Mr. Spencer Stanhope, is 'on a monument, smiling,' in the most aggravating manner possible, 'at grief.' Here too should be Mrs. Spartali Stillman's 'Madonna Pietra degli Schrovigni' (362), which shows a great advance in her art, and which is quite strong enough in colour to hold its own among the oils; it is, however, with the other water colours in Gallery V.

The visitor must not fail to notice the portrait in marble termed 'Hypatia.' Through the courtesy of the artist, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A., we are enabled to give a woodcut of this graceful statuette, a plaster cast of which was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1883.

Passing on to the Water Colour Galleries, we visit first the Gallery in Pall Mall, where the Royal Society, in the one hundred and first year of its existence, has a brave show, only marred by the infatuation which has seized its members, like every one else, to produce big works. The following Drawings call for especial attention :—

No. 4. 'One of the Freshnish Islands,' Francis Powell. A beautiful green sea, with foam-crowned translucent waves: in the distance frown black cliffs fringed with grass. The same painter has also a delicate 'View on the River Eden' (49), and a larger picture of sea which seems to be really moved by a light 'Summer Breeze' (173).

No. 9. 'A Lane near Dorking,' Birket Foster. A sunny-stippled lane shaded by trees, all, and especially the foreground, drawn with the painter's habitual love of detail.

No. 30. 'Hyde Park Corner, looking West,' H. M. Marshall. Not so satisfactory as usual, the artist in aiming at breadth apparently losing delicacy.

No. 41. 'The Coast of North Wales,' Henry Moore. An impressively desolate sweep of purple sands and angry sky. There is much variety this year in Mr. Moore's work. He sends a crisp and choppy sea, 'After Rough Weather' (68), and a 'Calm Sea' (229), wherein are reflected blue sky and fleecy clouds.

No. 48. 'A Ramble on the Cliffs,' E. A. Waterlow. A gem of colour, glowing with sunny sky and sapphire sea.

No. 125. 'Viola,' E. J. Poynter, R.A., a life-sized and highly-finished bust of a beautiful bay-crowned girl with a violin.

No. 100. 'A Champion of the Cross,' W. E. Lockhart. The picture fails to tell its own story, but the colour is very brilliant and harmonious.

No. 140. 'The Deserter,' C. Gregory. Spite of admirable painting and infinite painstaking from one end to the other of this artist's work the result is disappointing. He insists upon filling his picture with unnecessary accessories, which look as if they had been worked up under a microscope. "Perish Mystery" is at present his motto; all this notwithstanding it is an admirable apprenticeship, one which we should be the last to decry in these days of scamped work. It must earn its reward in the future.

No. 153. A very beautiful drawing of 'A Pier of the Porch' of Lucca Cathedral, Prof. John Ruskin.

No. 188. 'A November Day, Middelburg,' Miss C. Montalba. A tree-fringed canal is facing us; farther off lies the quaint town, its tiled roofs glowing scarlet and crimson against the cold grey sky. The composition of the souvenir of Middelburg is similar to Miss Montalba's Grosvenor picture.

No. 197. 'Morning on the Seine,' Miss M. Forster. This, and indeed all Miss Forster's drawings, is full of the beauty of white misty haze.

No. 203. 'Thoughts,' J. H. Henshall. A wondrous example of misapplied talent. The background of books is a most dexterous piece of labour, all on too large a scale.

No. 224. 'The Mission, Santa Barbara, California,' H.R.H. the Princess Louise. This quaint, old-world looking mission is a revelation to us stay-at-home folk. The Californian church looks just such an one as we should look to find in Orvieti or Assissi.

No. 238. 'Pat-a-cake,' Mrs. Allingham. A home scene of childhood and love. Charmingly drawn, and pleasant in colour.

No. 247. 'A Street Altar,' L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. A fair Roman girl, dressed in green, stands before a marble shrine. Her hands are raised to tie up the garland of red roses which are her offering.

But now, if we are to say a word about the Institute, we must go there without delay.

On entering, we notice Mr. T. W. Wilson's picture of 'The President of the Institute' (22), as he works in his studio; and, in passing, we admire a grey, clear scene on the quay

at Dieppe (36), by Mr. Jules Lessore, and a bright study of 'Poppies' (55), by Mr. Charles Robertson. We observe, too, decorative designs of 'Evening' (86), 'Morn' (99), by Mr. Walter Crane, and in 'Hauling in the Lines' (146) Napier Hemy holds the secret of the silver shimmer on green water, and of all his seas none are brighter or better than this.

No. 179. 'An Interesting Volume,' H. R. Steer. The eighteenth century is a happy hunting-ground to Mr. Steer, and he enters well into the charm and spirit of the age. His drawing, too, is always correct, and his colour brilliant, varied, and delicate.

No. 184. 'A wet day in Dieppe,' Arthur G. Bell. Here, as well as at the Academy and the Grosvenor, Mr. Bell shows days of uncompromising wetness; they are artistic and very good and wet, only it is well to remember that, even in Normandy, it is not always wet.

No. 220. 'Spring,' H. Caffieri. The sky is tremulous and blue, the meadow grass grey with feathery seed, the apple tree pink with blossom; beneath its scanty shade two children gather flowers and grass.

No. 244. 'Satisfaction,' Joseph Nash. The title adds to the dramatic horror of this powerful work. A young man lies on the sea-shore dead. His face is downwards, he is shot to the heart. Friends and foes have alike fled and left him on the grey desolate strand.

No. 275. 'Among the Missing,' W. Langley. A well-worn theme, and apparently all the more hackneyed because the artist will introduce the same models into all his work. But it is admirable as a study of greys, and when Mr. Langley can represent texture in water colour he will assuredly be on the upmost rung of the ladder.

No. 336. 'Toby and the Bottle,' M. L. Menpes. A fantastic sketch of a child. See also 'Maud' (349), and the more serious drawing of women watching the 'Return of the Sardine Fleet' (544).

No. 436. 'In the Midlands,' Alfred Parsons. This is an English pastoral full of beauty, warm sunshine, and spring. We prefer it to the grey 'Duddon Valley' (828).

No. 570. 'Pigtails and Powder,' F. Dadd. It is nearly ten years ago that we were so struck by this artist's draughtsmanship, that we embarked a small sum in purchasing one of his drawings. Since then his progress has been slow but sure. This comic episode of bygone barrack life will do much to attract attention to work which is now adding to its other virtues delicacy and harmony of colour.

No. 610. 'Hoeing turnips,' George Clausen. A solid and masterly bit of nature.

No. 613. 'Priscilla,' J. D. Linton. A small finely-coloured drawing of the Puritan maid. The only work in this season's show from the President's hand.

No. 710. 'On the Marshes near Southwold,' Keeley Halswelle. Just such a sweep of marsh and white water as we expect from this painter. 'Kilchurn Castle' (736) is a mountain view, and there is also a dark little drawing of 'A wet night at the sea-side' (923).

No. 724. 'Overburdened,' G. F. Wetherbee. This young mother who, toiling homeward through the snow, has her bundle of sticks in one arm, her baby on the other, and a toddling little one begging to be taken up, is a touching and pathetic figure.

No. 927. 'Passeggio,' L. Passini. Noteworthy as the work of the father of the Venetian school, and one who obtains a larger price for it than any Englishman can ever hope to attain.

No. 1,018. 'A Bible Reading,' Edwin Abbey. It is hard to say whether the colour or the character of this picture is the more admirable; perhaps the character, since that is the rarer quality. The faces of the sombrely attired Puritans, fanatical, earnest, listless, or devout, are excellent; best of all is the light-minded girl who, wearied by the long lecture, turns her wandering gaze towards us. Between her sweet face and her prim cap she has wantonly stuck a Lent lily. It is a picture which realises at once the quaint beauty and the dreariness of Puritan life.

No. 1,083. Is it possible? Have we dismissed more than a thousand pictures in these few words? From no disrespect, from no want of reverence for talent are we so brief, so hurried, or so silent, but merely because our pages, which we find so ample in September, seem so few in June.

MINOR EXHIBITIONS.

Of minor exhibitions we can hardly do more than chronicle their names. The Burlington Fine Art Club, after a lengthy interval, has collected a series of drawings by deceased British artists of architectural subjects. Principal amongst these must be noted the design for the unfortunate arch at Hyde Park Corner, by Decimus Burton; they are, however, by no means altogether the work of architects, as some fine examples of Turner and Prout testify.

Under the heading of "One Hundred Pictures by One Hundred Artists," The Fine Art Society have collected that number of paintings and drawings. By thus limiting the numbers, and also the size of the exhibits, every one is well hung, and, in fact, seen as it would be on the walls of the purchaser. The rooms are very tastefully fitted up with examples of old furniture of an excellence which is seldom to be met with.

Messrs. Tooth and Sons have this season held not only an exhibition of pictures, but one of drawings. As regards the former, they have outbid the Academy for much of the best work of the year. As to the latter, it includes several well-known favourites, such as Frederick Walker's 'Harbour of Refuge,' and a considerable number of remarkably clever examples of the work of foreign artists.

Mr. Whistler has not let the grass grow under his feet, and in the year which has elapsed since his 'Arrangement in Yellow,' which, by its novelty, audacity, and merit, attracted such crowds, has produced a large quantity of sketches and studies in oil and water colours, principally the result of a journey to Cornwall. These are now being shown at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, under the title of "Notes, Harmonies, and Arrangements." The landscapes exhibit a knowledge and close observance of cloud and wave form which will be a surprise to many; but the jewels of the casket will be found to be the series of street scenes taken for the most part in the purlieus of Chelsea. These have been treated by the painter with a delicacy and a delight which must elicit the applause even of the most captious and critical.

HUGH LUPUS, EARL OF CHESTER.

After G. F. Watts, R.A.

DOUBTLESS the most remarkable circumstance connected with this energetic and original piece of sculpture is that Mr. Watts was one of the first, if not the first, of our modern artists who broke through the barriers which for several generations—I had almost said centuries—were supposed to prohibit, if not to prevent, painters from attempting sculpture. Engravers were, without challenge, allowed to paint, if they could, in water or even in oil colours; many painters had engraved, and many more had etched. Some sculptors had been known, during intervals in the sacred exercise of their profession, to essay painting, but for a painter to carve was *taboo;* so that years ago, when our Royal Academician produced a large bust of Clytie turning in an agony of love-longing to the sun—the glorious image of her own Phœbus being suggested to the spectator by the yearning of her eyes—dire outcries arose from the dusty studios which sculptors frequent. It was demanded if Mr. Watts intended to emulate Michael Angelo or Raphael, and if, in addition to painting and carving, he would become an architect, and design public buildings as well as public statues?

Notwithstanding these grumblings and challenges, Mr. Watts was content to go on with his work, and paint or model according to the exigencies of the subjects which affected him, using either method which promised better to convey his meaning. The second important outcome of his studies in sculpture is represented in the engraving published herewith, and which, it may be said, has met with the approval of the artist. Its masculine and expressive design, the boldness and largeness of its technical style, the originality of the expression, if not elaborate execution of this group, are elements which commend themselves to every observer. The subject is Hugh Lupus, the Conqueror's Earl of Chester and Lord of the Welsh Marches, a champion of whose acts not a few legends of the heroic and romantic sort have been related. He is supposed to have left that fortified town upon the Dee from which his title was derived, and to have travelled hawking over the champaign towards the Welsh boundary, casting off and recalling his falcons as he went. Mindful of dangerous and subtle neighbours and foes that might lurk in the border-land, the Earl retains his armour and some of his arms, and is mounted on a steed which is almost as well suited to war as to the chase. The statue, having been modelled by the designer, is now being cast in bronze, and, when this process is completed, it will be set up in the best site that can be found for it in Chester.

The statue is a gift from the Duke of Westminster to that city, and as the Duke is a descendant of the warrior, it will be not only a magnificent, but an appropriate ornament of the capital of the ancient earldom of Hugh d'Avranches, one of the companions of the Conqueror, who gave him the County Palatine of Chester, with as much land as he could conquer from the Welsh, and Hugh was called Lupus in no complimentary sense of the term. Ordericus Vitalis, a monk of the border-land close to Earl Hugh's boundary, and therefore likely to be well informed about the great peer's career, says that "he was the son of Richard, surnamed Goz, who, with others, made great slaughter among the Welsh, and was not only liberal, but prodigal. Not satisfied with his own retainers, he kept an army on foot. He set no bounds to his generosity or his rapacity. He continually wasted even his own domains, and gave more encouragement to those who attended him in hawking and hunting than to the cultivators of the soil, or to the votaries of heaven." His son Richard, by Ermentrade of Clermont, the second Earl of Chester, was drowned, November 11, 1119, in the *Blanche-Nef,* with King Henry's heir.

Earl Hugh is otherwise described by Ordericus Vitalis as a brave soldier, whose companions were not all jesters, nor mere lovers of horses and dress, but honourable men, clerks as well as knights, and it is said that he was well pleased to share with them both his cares and his riches. Among these companions was "a clerk from Avranches, named Gerald, who was eminent for piety and virtue as well as for learning, and did much to guide his lord's rude *entourage* in the right path."

Hugh Lupus did much fighting, rudely keeping order at home and harrying the Welsh; at one time he became a client of the Conqueror's turbulent and scheming half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, by whose means he hoped to gain a larger fief in Italy than the Norman one he sold to King Henry, or the English one with which his name is now inseparably associated, and where his blood, according to the changed fashions of our days, still rules. He joined William Rufus against Duke Robert, became a partisan of King Henry, and, in 1091, in turn deserted him, during the critical siege of Mount St. Michael-in-Peril-of-the-Sea. The restless times suited the restless, masterful man. Even in 1093, when he must have been far advanced in years, we find him at the mouth of the Conway (or in Anglesea, for both localities are named) and in alliance with Hugh, Earl of Shrewsbury, defeating the Norsemen who had landed there. After the fashion of his class and time, he, in 1092, refounded the ancient monastery of St. Werburgh the Virgin, at Chester, which was even then nearly two hundred and fifty years old, and remained as he left it four hundred and fifty years more. The abbey church of St. Werburgh is now Chester Cathedral. Its four great Romanesque pillars doubtless saw the funeral procession of the monks following to the grave the corpse of their sometime brother, who, as Ordericus says, had taken to his bed, "and, after a long illness, having assumed the monastic habit in the abbey founded by himself at Chester, died in the course of three days, on the sixth of the kalends of August, 1101."

F. G. Stephens.



HUGH LUPUS, EARL OF CHESTER.

AFTER G.F.WATTS, R.A.

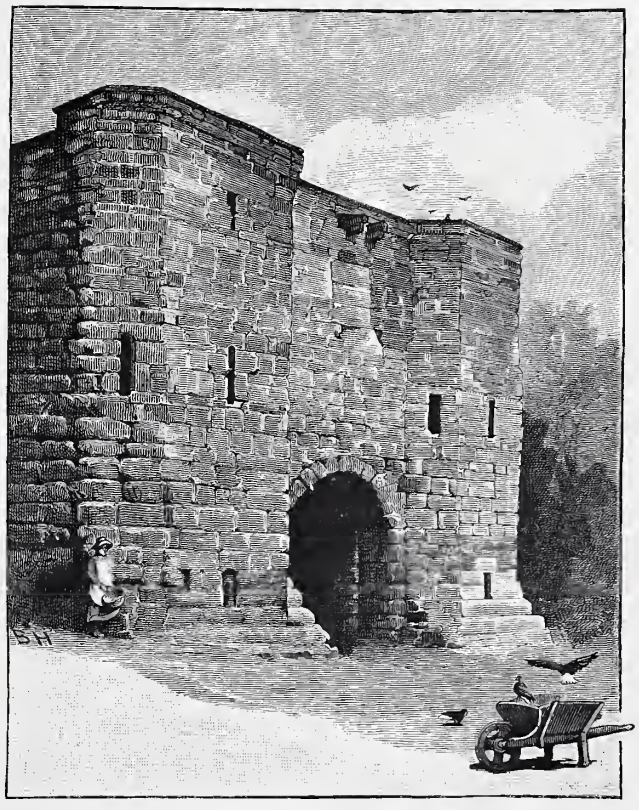
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ALNWICK.



No. 1.—The Northumberland Lion.

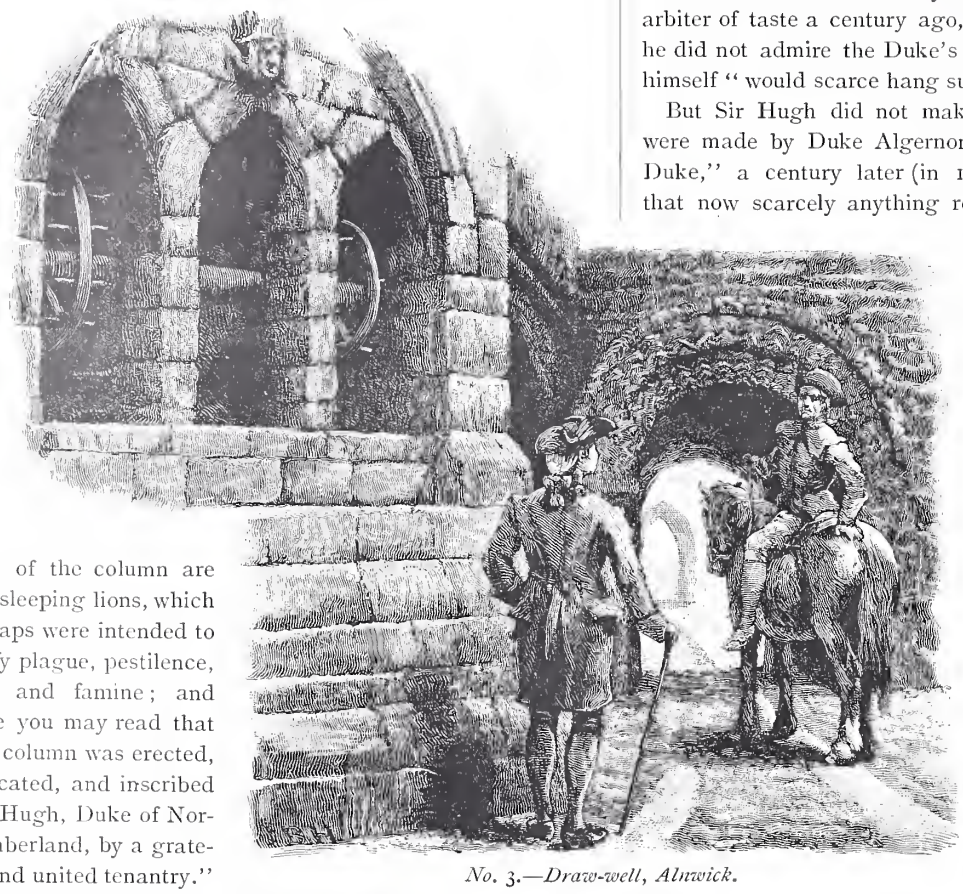
THE first impression conveyed by the sight of the torpid little market-town of Alnwick, is that for the last hundred years or so it has been lying asleep beneath the shadow of the great castle inhabited by the Percies. The streets are long and straggling, the houses low and dingy; and nothing is particularly picturesque. Here, as in other places, almost every building with a history has been carefully cleared away—castle and cottage alike have reduced themselves to the ordinary state of nineteenth-century commonplaceness. One forlorn remnant of the ancient fortifications of the town remains in Bondgate, a massive stone gateway with strong towers. Time was when four such gates were set in the walls of Alnwick, and by these alone could it be entered. Bondgate is the only one left. Perhaps it has survived because it was a convenient prison. Its walls are immensely thick, its windows mere slits. It was described in 1537 as "of thre howshe height, besyd the batilments and faire turrett." The "batilments" and "faire turrett" are gone, but the rest of the gate is as strong as ever. Above the doorway are some corbels which supported various arrangements for annoying besiegers, but now the aspect of the gateway, though grim, is pitiful. Narrowgate, Clayport, and Pottergate have been destroyed, but the streets where they stood bear their names. The walls of the town were 20½ feet high and 6 feet thick. They were certainly not built until the need for them had been abundantly felt, for, led by one Scotch king after another, armies had overrun and ravaged Northumberland, and Alnwick, lying open to attack, had been repeatedly plundered and burnt. It was burnt in 1420, after which the Earl of the time obtained permission to fortify it with a wall. This was begun, but, according to Mr. Tate, historian of the town, not at the Earl's expense, but at that of the burgesses and townsfolk, with whom money was so scarce that they had the utmost difficulty in proceeding with the work. At length they were compelled to appeal to the king, Henry VI., for help, and the petition exists in which they declare "that the work cannot be finisshed without greate and notable somes of money," and that the burden of finding these is "impossable for them to bere without his good graic be shewed them." His "good graic" was shewed them, and he secured to them tolls and privileges which brought in the required amount. Humberston's survey, in 1569, shows that even when the walls were built it was not a very strong place. He says that neither is the "castell ytselfe, nor the scytuacion of the place of any strength but for the manner of the warres of that country, and not liable to abyde the force of any shotte, or holde out any time if assaulted." After the union of England and Scotland, the walls were allowed to fall into decay, which is a polite way of saying that they were used as a quarry, which possessed the great advantage of having stones which were already squared. The town is, however, not much larger now than it was when its growth was checked by the danger of building outside them. No railway runs directly to it; a branch line from the North Eastern takes you there, and the first thing you see on arrival is the Tenantry Column—a pillar 83 feet high, surmounted by the Northumberland lion with stiff outstretched tail, a counterpart of that which used to be seen on Northumberland House. This column had an amusing origin, as may be seen in Mr. Tate's interesting book. During the war with France, in the beginning of the century, farmers could easily obtain extravagant prices for all that they produced, and the Duke's tenants, among the rest, had "a real good time." The



No. 2.—Bond Gate, Alnwick.

Duke, however, was prompt in doubling, and even quadrupling their rents; but when peace came prices fell at once, and then began a period of corresponding distress, and the

farmers could not pay the increased rent. The Duke endeavoured to tide over the difficulty by a temporary reduction of 25 per cent. This must have been a novel and singularly generous idea for those days, for the tenants at once began to subscribe to build this column to commemorate the good deed. The foundation stone was laid in July, 1816. At the base of the column are four sleeping lions, which perhaps were intended to typify plague, pestilence, war, and famine; and there you may read that this column was erected, dedicated, and inscribed "to Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, by a grateful and united tenantry." Unfortunately the tenants had not money enough to finish it, and the Duke had to subscribe liberally himself; nor did the grateful and united tenantry find this temporary remission of their debts afford them permanent relief. Some failed, some gave up their farms for fear they should fail; but this was met by the stern decree that no tenant who had once given up a farm on the Northumberland estate should ever be allowed to have one again. The next Duke at once did away with this hard rule.



No. 3.—Draw-well, Alnwick.

From an antiquarian point of view the castle has suffered grievously from being the habitual residence of its owners, none of whom have been so intolerant of antiquity as the Smithsons. Sir Hugh, who succeeded to the estates in right of his wife, in 1750, at once began to turn Alnwick into something which was intended to be much more mediæval than a real mediæval castle. He pulled down the chapel, exchequer, and several towers hoary with old age, consolidated curtain walls, filled up the moats, enlarged the windows, and affixed stucco or plaster ornaments to ceilings and walls, until the ancient castle with a history entirely disappeared. Pennant, who saw the place in 1767, writes, "The traveller is disappointed with the situation and environs of the castle. You look in vain for any marks of the grandeur of the feudal age, for trophies won by a family eminent in our annals for military prowess and deeds of chivalry; for halls hung with helms and hauberks, or with the spoils of the chase, for extensive forests or venerable oaks. The apartments are large, and lately finished with a most incompatible elegance. The gardens are equally inconsistent, trim in the highest degree, and more adapted to a villa near London than to the ancient seat of a great baron." Judging from the breakfast-room—the one room which remains to show how the castle looked after it had been restored by Sir Hugh—it must have had much in common with Strawberry Hill; so Horace Walpole, that arbiter of taste a century ago, may have admired it, though he did not admire the Duke's pictures, and affirmed that he himself "would scarce hang such things."

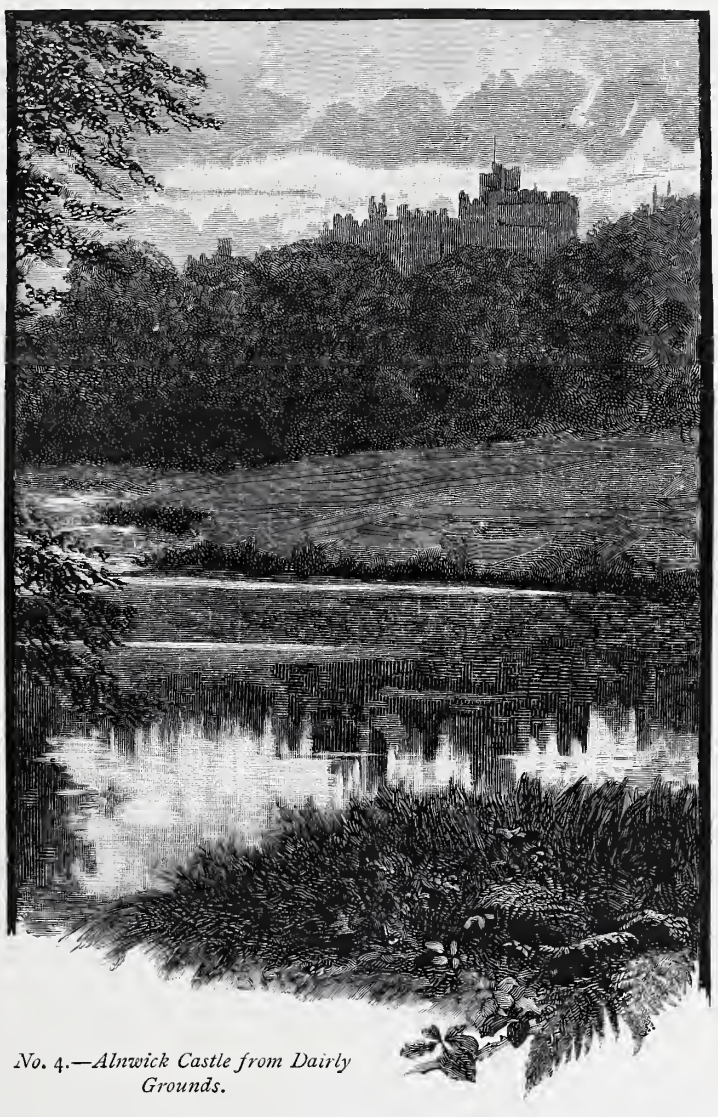
But Sir Hugh did not make half such great changes as were made by Duke Algernon, better known as the "Good Duke," a century later (in 1855). They were so radical that now scarcely anything remains of the historic fortress but a tower or two, a gateway, the dungeon and draw-well of the first Earl, and some fragments of the walls. Everything else is swept clean away, and, as Wordsworth most truly said, though he was only speaking of the alterations of a hundred years ago, "A man who should go to modernized Alnwick, with his head full of the ancient Percies, would find himself sadly astray." The castle is now a nondescript kind of building, which neither possesses the distinctive beauties of an English nor an Italian nobleman's home. Ten years of hard labour, and £300,000 of money, have produced what we see, and that is a would-be Italian palace, enclosed within walls which try to take the semblance of a feudal stronghold, but frequently only remind us of a county gaol. It is impossible not to admire the splendour of the materials used, or the workmanship and skill bestowed on them; but what would Hotspur have thought of the guard-chamber, a large vestibule 30 feet square, at the head of a staircase of fair white Rothbury stone, each step of which, though 12 feet long, is composed of one solid block; and the landing of 12 feet square, of one solid stone? This guard-room has a beautiful pavement of Venetian mosaic, a panelled ceiling, and a frieze representing the chief incidents in the battle of Chevy Chase, painted—for here again the odd feeling for incongruity which marks all we see is maintained—by a foreigner. The rooms are very handsome. Many of them have lovely amber damask stretched over the walls in panels, after the fashion of Italian palaces; but half the charm of an Italian palace is the mixture of splendour and simplicity—its furniture is not altered to suit the taste of the day, and everything is left to enjoy an undisturbed old age. At Alnwick everything is splendid. Beautifully carved caryatides support great slabs of Carrara marble which form the mantel-pieces; the ceilings are of cedar and gold and colours—Solomon in all his glory, and Solomon's temple do come into our minds—but there is nothing to recall the old Earls Percy, of one of whom it is written, "My lord passeth the year in three country seats, all

in Yorkshire, but he has furniture only for one. He carries everything along with him, beds, tables, chairs, kitchen-utensils, etc." And we read that when the great lord of the place took his pleasure elsewhere, the very glass was removed from his windows and stowedaway safely until his return.

From the windows of the castle we see the gentle Aln gliding between well-ordered banks through a smooth, well-kept park dotted over with trees, which look as if they had come out of a box of toys. Some of these may very possibly have been planted by the celebrated "Capability" Brown, who was born at Kirk Harle, twenty miles away, and was called in to help to do some graceful planting on the neighbouring hills and slopes.

What a contrast it is to leave the magnificence of the castle and go to the prisons provided by the first Earl for the captives of his bow and spear. There are two of them. A couple of strong doors, each well provided with lock and bolts, lead into a small dungeon of about 9 feet square, lighted only by one narrow chink. Even this double-doored chamber was but the ante-chamber to a worse dungeon deep down below, into which the captive was lowered through a small opening in the floor, which was secured by a strong iron grating and padlock. This is what is called a bottle-prison, that is, a vault, wide below, or moderately wide, for it did not exceed 9 feet 8 inches, and narrowing up to the long bottle-neck shaped entrance. In this lower dungeon there was no light and no air but that which could be obtained from the very small grating above.

The present kitchen was built by Duke Algernon in the style of those at Fontevrault, Durham, and elsewhere. It has a high lantern-roof, and is provided with every scientific appliance for putting a good dinner on a distant dining-table in a state of perfect warmth. Until the "Good Duke" made these arrangements, each dish had to be carried through the open air beneath the archway which separated the kitchens from the principal apartments. Now they go under cover in waggons to one place, and are raised in lifts to another, and all kinds of contrivances are used to keep them as warm as they were when they left the great fire, which requires a ton of coals every time it is replenished.



No. 4.—Alnwick Castle from Dairly Grounds.

Some few years ago I saw another great nobleman's kitchen in the north of England. A really old one, lantern-shaped also; with four of these large fire-places. Each would certainly require a ton of coals to fill it; and when I saw it, at six o'clock, on a hot afternoon in August, three of the four were filled with one solid mass of glowing red coal, and that though the Duke was from home, and no one there but a few servants, and no cooking going on; but at the corner of one of the enormous grates, at which an ox could easily have been roasted whole, one tiny tea-kettle was being boiled for tea. It was so small in proportion to its situation that it looked something like a limpet on a rock.

The Castle is well situated. The river is a beautiful one when left to flow through woods and meadows as it likes, as is the case near Alnwick Abbey, which is built, as abbeys almost always are, on one of the loveliest spots in the district—a half-moon shaped meadow known in Northumberland by the name of "haugh." Here, the stream wears away its banks into pretty green knolls, and is almost a Greta in miniature, with smaller cliffs, and less intensity of colour. Here we escape from order and trimness, and see Nature at last. Nothing is left of the Abbey, which, long years ago, in 1147, Eustace St. John built "for the safety of his soul, and the remission of his sins," but the great square gateway. Its ruins have been plundered of their stones, and fragments may still be seen here and there adorning lintel of door, or architrave of window, in the town. More is left of Hulne Priory, a mile or so beyond. Tradition assigns a romantic origin to Hulne, and says that William de Vesci went to Palestine with Henry III., and visited Mount Carmel, where he found a Northumbrian, Richard Fresborn by name, who, after fighting bravely in a previous crusade, had become a monk in that remote place. Though attached to his order, he longed to go back to England. His superior allowed him to return with de Vesci on condition that the latter founded a Carmelite monastery as soon as he reached home, in which Fresborn was to live. Fresborn chose Hulne as the site on which it was to be built, because the adjoining hill reminded him of Mount Carmel. Unfortunately, the story, though so pretty, does not seem to be true when hard tests are applied to it.

Close to the Abbey is a tower which the fourth Earl of Northumberland charitably built for the brethren to fly to when their enemies, the Scots, pressed them too hard. On one of the walls is an inscription which is worth copying, if only for the quaint spelling of the word beauty:

"In the year of Crist Jhū MCCCCLXXXVjjj
This towr was bilded by Sir Heñ Percy
The fourthe Erle of Northūberlānd of great trou and worth
That espoused Maud ye good lady full of virtue and bewt,
Daughtr̄ to Sir William harbr̄t right noble and hardy,
Erle of Pembrock whos soulis God save
And with his grace cōsarve ye bilder of this tower."

About a mile from Alnwick, by the side of the great north road, is Malcolm's Cross, where Malcolm Canmore was slain. Six times had he forced his way into Northumberland, killing, burning, and plundering as he went; but the seventh time he was slain, and his son Edward also received a wound, of which he died three days afterwards. Some say that King Malcolm was killed by treachery, and that the Constable of the Castle dealt him a mortal blow while pretending to hand him the keys on the point of a spear. Others say that he fell into an ambuscade; and this seems to be the version of the story most worthy of credit. A rude stone cross was set up to mark the spot where he fell; but in 1774, Lady Elizabeth Seymour, the great lady who some years before had brought the lands and honours of the Percies into the Smithson family, by marrying Sir Hugh, supplemented the old cross by a new one, which stands near it, and bears this inscription:—

Malcolm III.
King of Scotland,
Besieging
Alnwick Castle
was here Slain.
Nov. 13. an. MXCIII.

King Malcolm's Cross
Decayed by Time,
was restored by his
Descendant
Eliz. Duchess of
Northumberland.
MDCCLXXIV.

This is the Malcolm, who, as Sir Walter Scott tells us, so reverenced his wife's prayer-books and missals that, though unable to read one word of them himself, he had them gorgeously bound for her, and frequently expressed his veneration for them by kissing them; and yet many a church which good Saint Margaret would willingly have saved, must have been burnt by him before he made ready for his last siege at Alnwick. It is strange that the lady who married Sir Hugh Smithson, and came to rule over the castle so long afterwards, should be his descendant. Sir Hugh, the handsomest man of his time, might never have ventured to woo this rich heiress, had she not given him the strongest encouragement. Being informed that he had sought the hand of another lady unsuccessfully, she expressed great surprise that any one could say no to such a handsome man. Her words were repeated to him, and "on that hint he spake."

Lady Elizabeth Seymour was the daughter of "the proud" Duke of Somerset, and of Lady Elizabeth Percy, who had three husbands before she was sixteen. Born in 1667, she was married in 1679 to the heir-apparent of the Duke of Newcastle, who died in 1680. In 1681, she was married (not by her own wish, for it is said she preferred Count Königsmark) to Thomas Thynne, of Longleat. A few months afterwards, Count Königsmark caused Thynne to be assassinated, and in less than four months (May 30th, 1682) she was married to the Duke of Somerset. In the north (perhaps because Mary, Queen of Scots, was married in that month) it is considered very unlucky to marry in May, but this third marriage was more prosperous than either of the others. It lasted forty years—years during which she must have treated him with the most becoming respect; for when, in the course of conversation, his next wife happened to tap him on the shoulder with her fan, the Duke started back in the utmost indignation, and exclaimed: "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, but she never took such a liberty as that!"

This is by no means the only occasion when no male heirs were to be found, and the daughter's husband had to transform himself into a Percy; but this is not to be wondered at when we remember how many of the men of the family came to violent deaths. Of the fourteen Percies who held the barony before Lady Elizabeth married Sir Hugh Smithson, only seven died a natural death. Some died in battle, some by the sword of the executioner, one was murdered by a mob, another seems to have been murdered in prison, and their sons and brothers met with the same ill-fortune.

Another memorial of the overthrow of another Scottish monarch is the stone near the entrance of the Deer Park, which marks the spot where William the Lion was captured in 1174. He, while besieging Alnwick, had sent out bands of men to ravage the district. He had sent so many that he had only left himself a guard of five hundred, and was waiting the return of his messengers, quite unaware that at break of day a small band of men had set out from Newcastle to relieve the garrison of Alnwick. Heavily armed, they marched the many miles which lay between them and the beleaguered city, but just when they had lost all hope of finding it, by reason of the heavy fog which blotted all from sight, the mists cleared away, they saw the towers of the castle sparkling in the sun, and a knight came pricking o'er the plain to meet them, who was none other than the King of Scotland himself, who thought they were his own men returning back after many hours of hard killing. They took him prisoner, perhaps near the very spot where, long years afterwards, Margaret, daughter of King Henry VII., who was on her way to Scotland, and James IV., her husband that was to be, "kylde a buk with her bow, after whych sche was conveyde to the castell, where sche and hyr company was welcomed by the said lord (the Earl of Northumberland), which maid her varey good chere. The next day sche was alle the hole day in the castell by the lord well cheryst and her compāy." Thus feasted and entertained, sometimes splendidly, and sometimes only well and honestly, this "Bride of many tears" continued her progress north.

The church of St. Michael, with its large bell encircled by the inscription, "Michael the Archangel, Come to the help of the people of God," is delightfully picturesque; not so much by reason of its architectural features, for it has been too often tampered with to possess many of these, but from its quaint irregularities. Its tower, wide, low, and square, with foundations which are, as Mr. Tate says, sunk 30 or 40 feet in the ground, is fine from every point of view, and especially so from the valley below, and the broad stretch of roof which slopes away beneath is very effective; and when the little children come trooping by in the blue frocks and tippets which mark them as belonging to the Duchess's school, we have quite a pretty picture.

Our illustrations are engraved by Mr. J. D. Cooper, from drawings by Mr. Bryan Hook.

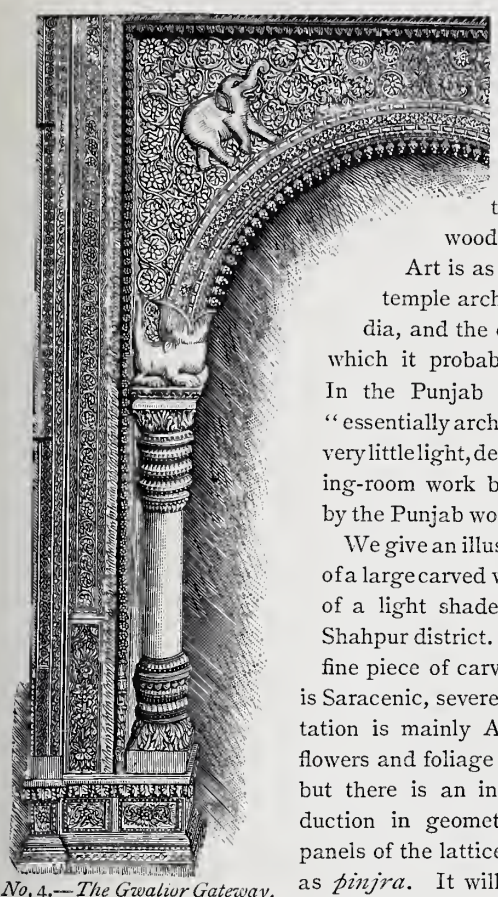
MARGARET HUNT.



WESTMINSTER

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY DAVID LAW.

THE CALCUTTA EXHIBITION.*



No. 4.—The Gwalior Gateway.

IN the Punjab Court of the Exhibition the first thing that attracts our attention is the wood-carving. This Art is as ancient as the temple architecture of India, and the carved idols in which it probably originated. In the Punjab it is still an "essentially architectural art;" very little light, decorative, drawing-room work being executed by the Punjab wood-carvers.

We give an illustration (No. 6) of a large carved window in wood of a light shade, from Bhera, Shahpur district. This is a very fine piece of carving; the style is Saracenic, severe, the ornamentation is mainly Arabesque, the flowers and foliage conventional; but there is an ingenious introduction in geometric design of panels of the lattice-work, known as *pinjra*. It will be seen that in the centre of this large window there is a small window—a window within a window, so to say—but the outer part is merely the frame of the inner; in the catalogue it is confusingly described as a "door and window." Unfortunately the maker has marred his handiwork by the large, clumsy-looking, light-headed nails which he has hammered into the frame at regular intervals; these are so much in evidence that they catch and annoy the eye even at some little distance. Carelessness of this kind, or what seems like carelessness, and has practically the same result, is characteristic of native work; if the native handicraftsman be left to his own devices he is apt to mar his most perfect work by some final blunder. It may interest our readers to hear that the Duke of Connaught so greatly admired this window from Bhera that he has ordered the entire furniture of an English billiard-room to be made for him of this work. At present, the cheapness of this wood-carving is one of its noticeable features, but as the demand for it increases, as now probably will be the case, the prices will naturally increase. But the supply should be equal to an excessive demand, the former being practically unlimited.

Other Punjab exhibits in wood-carving are worthy of mention, notably a carved door in wood, of a dark shade—dark as time-stained oak—from Chiniot, Yhang district. The whole effect is bold, strong, and vigorous.

From wood-carving we pass to wood-inlay—a much lower art, but one for which India is famous, and of which so much might be made and (in one sense) so little is made, that we are fain to touch upon it.

Here, in the Punjab Court, we are surrounded by specimens of this work, chiefly brass and ivory inlay in Shisham wood, from Hushiarpur, the Shisham (*Dalbergia Sissoo*) wood being almost exclusively employed; occasionally a small edging of blackened wood being introduced to show up the ivory. Cabinets, brackets, picture-frames, tables, teapoys—all are here. And of the vast majority of these the same thing may be said: in form almost all are copies of European patterns of a poor type; moreover, one other regrettable error is a wearisome excess of decoration. The "poor Indian" does not know the secret of when to stop. Broad effects are everywhere destroyed by over-ornamentation; the eye looks in vain for a quiet space, a plain unbroken surface upon which to rest. The pity of it is that the ornamentation is beautiful in itself, of fine finish, and might, applied with limitations, produce a good effect.

The fact that the foregoing remarks do not apply to some few specimens of wood-inlay exhibited by the Mayo School of Art, Lahore, tends to indicate the conclusion to which they point, and of which every student of Indian Art and industries is well aware. This is the necessity of some guidance for the Indian craftsman, the need of some trained artist to overlook his skilled and patient labour, point out to him in what direction his work should tend, and, above all, when to cease from working. As an illustration, we may mention the inlaid and carved cabinet, by Moula Baksh, student of Mayo School of Art, Lahore. This dainty, delicately finished little piece of work is of light-toned wood, inlaid with wood of a darker tint, the inlaying in no wise overdone. The cabinet is well designed, Saracenic arches above and below, the upper portion in *pinjra* work. The general effect is broad and good, the inlay neither spotty nor excessive, neither is there any incongruity to mar the result as a whole; even the brass handles being in character, and carefully finished.

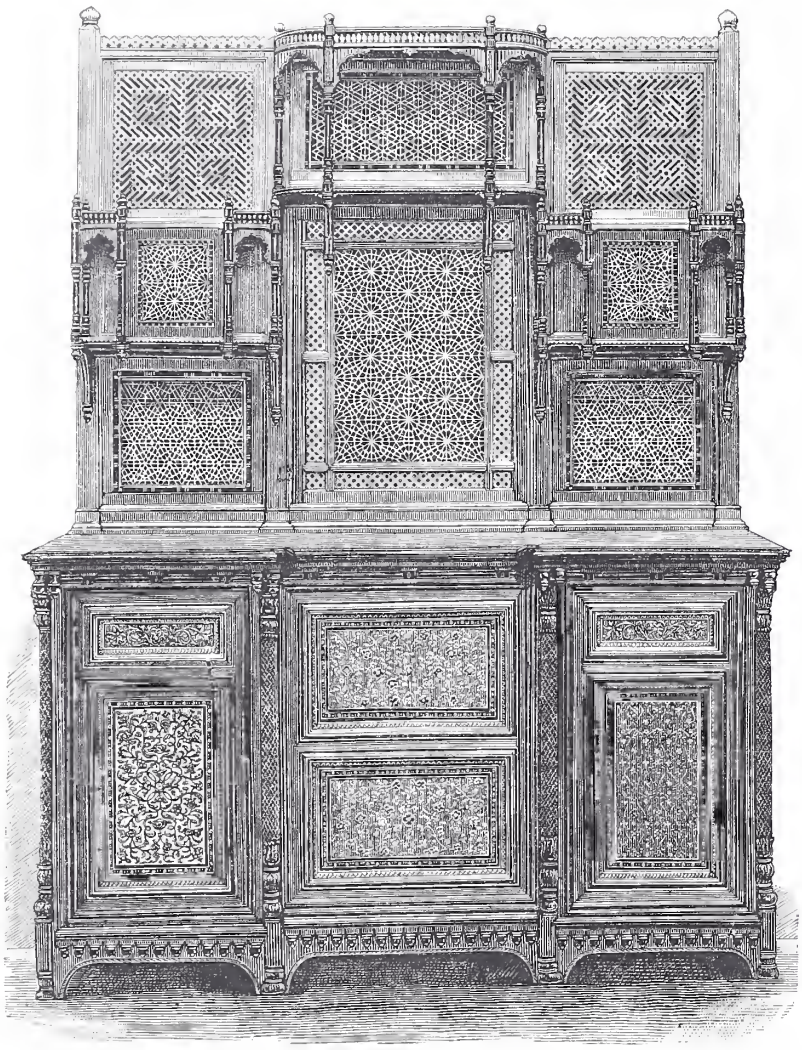
There are other noteworthy exhibits from the same school, amongst which we may mention an inlaid and painted sideboard by Ram Singh, an assistant teacher. The upper part of this sideboard (see illustration No. 5) is singularly artistic, the *pinjra* work being beautifully executed. In the lower part there are large coloured panels of Hyderabad (Deccan) lacquer. If it be not hypercritical to say so, we are of opinion that according to the science of chromatics, these panels are out of harmony with the upper portion of the cabinet, being emphatically too *light*. Moreover, they are too gaudy to be in concord with the strong, quiet-toned effect of the carved upper portion of the cabinet; they strike the eye as spots, and break up the picture.

Turn from these Deccan panels to an exhibit of three copper panels from Hushiarpur, by Sikh workmen. These are copied from the plates on the gates of the Golden Temple of Amritsar. They are described, according to a ticket attached to them, as "embossed copper Sikh work;" but would be better described as hammered work in copper. The

* Continued from page 100.

two side panels are divided in rectangular spaces by bars of brass. Panels such as these would, we think, be simply invaluable for Art purposes at home. In matter of simplicity, depth of tone, and quiet grandeur of effect, what painted panels can touch them? Moreover, there is the artistic glow and sheen of the copper.

Before altogether quitting this section of the Punjab Court, we are fain to touch upon an exhibit of what is classed under the comprehensive heading of "Decorative Work," from Amritsar. These are examples of decorative ceiling work, and are fantastic and *bizarre*, if not exactly beautiful. Some are combinations of plaster modelled by hand in relief, with small discs of glass dotted about; some of these discs (mirrors) are framed in Arabesque scrolls wrought in white plaster. This form of decoration is found in ancient buildings in the Punjab, and is also well known in Persia. There is a certain Oriental character and daring brilliancy about it, but, unhappily here as everywhere, the mania for something new and, too often, something European, is leading the native craftsman astray. Not content with the brightness of the coloured plaster-work, one of the workman has introduced some crude colour underneath glass in one of the specimens exhibited; the result is glaringly discordant. One specimen of decorative ceiling-work exhibited is entirely of wood. This is made of small pieces of wood, of geometric forms; these little pieces are painted separately and afterwards put up on the ceiling, being held together by strips of moulding. The effect is rich, and the work not so tedious as might be supposed. Some of this ceiling-work is to be found in Cairo. It is a showy Oriental style of decoration, not unsuitable for large halls or places of public amusement even in England.



No. 5.—Sideboard. From Lahore School of Art. Panel in Hyderabad Lacquer. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

Now let us turn to the exhibits of ceramic ware from Delhi, Peshawur, and Mooltan. The last first: a large selection of Mooltan pottery is shown by Mahomed Azim. The old story, or, more correctly, the new *régime*, is here again painfully in evidence. The majority of the jugs, cups, vases, etc., etc., displayed, are copied from European shapes, and direful is the result so far as regards form. But there are a few jars of pure Eastern form, and, withal, the tonality of the Mooltan pottery is exceedingly fine; deep intense sapphire blue, and blue of a pale cerulean tint; the one in no way killing the other, both used on an opaque, duck-egged-textured bluish-white enamel. The large *plaque* is as follows:—centre, profound blue, with Persian inscription in white letters: "This world passes away; O man! fix your eyes on the world that is to come." The side spaces of the *plaque* are of the pale blue, foliage pattern; the edge is a dark blue.

Some of the Mooltan glazed *faience* tiles are very good, equal to the old work; the same colours being used. The ancient "Mosaic of pottery" is no longer practised.

The specimens of Peshawur pottery are of the ordinary kind; principally the large circular rice dish, so familiar to students of ceramic ware. None of this pottery bears close inspection, being of coarse make, coarsely finished (if the latter word be not an altogether misapplied term); but at a little distance it is striking, and picturesque in colouring—rusty bronze-browns, with here and there a dash of strong green, melting into a ground of warm yellow.

Of the Delhi pottery there is not much that is new in any way to be seen or remarked. The best specimens are semi-translucent, in fact, a kind of porcelain; but the worst feature of this pottery is its extreme fragility.

We had hoped to find space to notice at some length the Punjab metal-work; more especially the favourite koft or damascened work on iron from Gujrat and Sialkot. However, of most of the specimens of this well-known work shown in the Exhibition, it may be broadly said that the designs are lacking in character, and the execution unsatisfactory. The modern workmen are in such haste to make, in order to sell, that they hurry their work; and Art will not be hurried. Moreover, the habit of haggling about prices, and beating them down, has forced the men to use gold of inferior quality, and scamp the application of it: the old method of incised or deeply laid damascene is not practised at Gujrat or Sialkot. Above all, the habit of discarding ancient models, and copying worthless modern ornaments, is degrading, and in danger of ruining, this celebrated Art industry.

The exhibit of textile fabrics in the Punjab Court is very interesting; especially the peasant embroidery, or *Phulkari* (literally, flowered work).

In conclusion, we must draw special attention to the Gwalior Gateway—the fine piece of stone-carving we have already casually mentioned as being erected at the entrance to the Eastern section of the Calcutta Exhibition.

The engraving (No. 4) is from a photograph (we give a portion of it) by Messrs. Johnson and Hoffman, Calcutta. According to the original idea, this grand gateway, all of carved stone, a modern sample of oriental Art architecture, was, by the gift of the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, to have been translated from Calcutta to South Kensington Museum, to which Art collection it was to be added. To eyes inexperienced, the task of transfer appeared of Herculean proportions, the gateway weighing eight tons, and being in no wise so made as to facilitate handing; but it was confidently asserted that the difficulties of the task could be overcome.

Owing to this assertion, and our faith in Major Keith's powers of carrying out what he said, even to the extent of carrying over the Gwalior Gateway intact (or in little pieces that could be put together again) to England and the South Kensington Museum, we, primarily, made merely passing mention of this work of Art. Lately, however, we have been told that the gateway is not to be sent to England; so, as our readers may not see it in stone, they may like to hear a word or two about it.

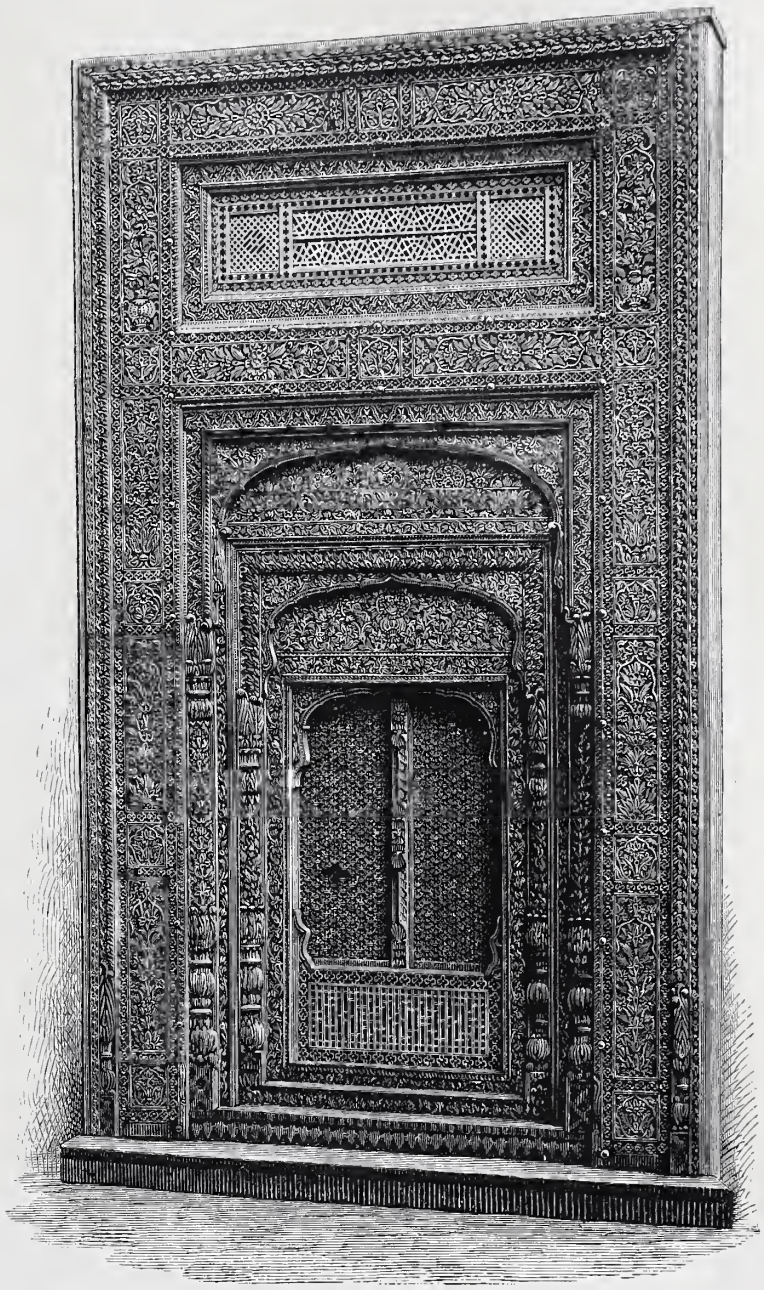
The general character of the gateway is that with which students of oriental architectures are familiar. There are the severe lines of the outer uprights; there is the latticed (*pinjra* work) summit; the projecting eave; the Saracenic arch. The architecture is a little mixed, and with all due deference to a more cultured opinion, we are inclined to think the base, the supports of the structure, a little too feeble, too small; and the ornamentation of the panels upon the base lacking in boldness of conception. This is the more striking as one looks quickly from the base to the upper banding, just beneath the latticed panels: here the design is bold and effective.

There is exceedingly beautiful work in the spandrils, but this, too, is perhaps a little too subdued in relief for its position; the arabesque background to the sportive elephants scarcely strong enough.

With the screen or lattice-work of the summit, surely no critic, however captious, could find much fault. The carving is so perfect that one's great regret is the difficulty of getting a really good look at it. In fact, as things stand—that is, as the Gwalior Gateway at present stands—this achievement is practically impracticable. The Gateway is so placed that we can only see little pieces of it at a time; and even these we comment upon at the risk of breaking our necks as we stand in mid-flight of stairs dropping down to the entrance. But this is merely in parenthesis. The gateway will not always be in its present position. When all has been said in the way of criticism, it may be added that, taken as a whole, the Gwalior Gateway is one of the most striking Art exhibits in the Exhibition. They who are most keen to note its defects admit its general effect; and no artist can fail to admire the skill with which the mass of ornamentation has been thought out and carved out.

The carrying out of this work exemplifies two things: first, the stuff of which our modern Indian workmen are made; secondly, the practical significance of the cry of the Anglo-Indian Art student: "Send us guides for our Indian craftsmen." For without Major Keith, and Major Keith's knowledge and supervision, we should not have had the Gwalior Gateway.

CONSTANCE FLETCHER.



No. 6.—Carved Window from Bhera. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'WESTMINSTER.' Drawn and etched by David Law. Painters are making an energetic effort to give London a good character as a paintable city, by turning its very blemishes to pictorial purpose. If they cannot have lucid horizons, they make good effects of the lurid skies; and that which is grim in nature takes a certain beauty in Art, if only from the simple fact that grey paint, applied with charm of manner, is a pleasanter thing to look at than grey mud. Mr. Wyllie, for instance, has lately been bold to present to us coal-barges floating down a dreary river, with an imp-like body of smoke hanging over them in a chilly sky—a sight which few persons would go far to see out of a picture. But if the painters have to struggle for their point, the etchers have long owned London as their own. It is to be wished, indeed, that etching had been an art more artistically studied and more largely practised in the days before the building of the Embankment. The banks of Chelsea are still remembered by old inhabitants in their unsanitary picturesqueness, before all was reduced to the orderliness of stone walls and a swept high-road. But much is left. And near the group of national legislative buildings of Westminster there are several points of view which combine the picturesqueness dear to etchers with a certain dignity well fitting the aspect of a great capital. Odds and ends of scenery—whether natural or architectural—are much affected by contemporary artists; but a city which is chief among the cities of history and the world, should be treated, at least now and then, in its nobler passages and more deliberate compositions. And to the effect of this nobility the veil of night undoubtedly adds something, in the case of Westminster, by effacing detail which is wearisome by day. Besides this, the night-sky of London shows clearer spaces and finer forms than the ordinary sky in the blurred and dirty London day. Not only is the smoke less, but what there is, is of course less seen; the water loses its turbid tints, and flows as grandly under moon and stars as Danube or Rhine or Hudson. And neither in Art nor in fact shall we ever tire of the long-repeated but always romantic effects of lights reflected in a nocturnal river. These materials Mr. David Law has felicitously used.

'HONITON LACE MAKING.' By Davidson Knowles. England has comparatively small local industries—those employments of the hand that concern women and children, and can be plied indoors or on cottage thresholds, and which give a certain character to the habits of a district without affecting, as the great industries do, its streams, its roads, and the very aspect of its sky. Of such huge labours we have indeed more than our national share, and they set their stamp upon provinces and people in a manner hardly to be matched abroad. Nature, upon whom these great works depend, is persistently local, and by her distribution of iron and coal and water, she acts against that impulse of centralization which would otherwise be the principal force of modern England. But that centralization has a strong effect in abolishing the little local industries of all those countries which are distinctively "in the movement" of the latest forces—our own country being foremost among them. In the more leisurely south of England, however, there yet do linger certain clean local labours which the enterprise of towns has not attempted to rival. The lace making of Bedfordshire and of Honiton is still peculiar and special—a kind of habitual monopoly guarded by the transmitted and inherited knack of women who have a pleasant pride in their simple achievements. And the lace making forms its votaries into pretty groups, to be studied nowhere except in their place, and thus bearing a character of their own. Mr. Davidson Knowles has presented such a group—an old woman who, having preserved the good traditions of her craft, will ere long yield them up, with her pillow and her bobbins, into other keeping; and a lovely child, whose beauty has been fostered in its softness of line and colour by the humid breezes of Devonshire downs and valleys. She is evidently a pupil in a good school, and the artist has given her docility a singular charm. At the Health Exhibition some exquisite specimens of lace are shown, and several women are to be seen daily at work on the finest pillow lace. Subjects being rare, it is to be wished that our painters would take more of these local habits into consideration, and would show us knots of women making silk lace in the bays of the Eastern Riviera, and the little schools of straw plaiting which may be found holding their sessions in huts about the remote Tuscan hills, with others of the fitting and feminine ways of woman's labour.

Our third plate is described in a separate article.

LANDSCAPES IN LONDON;

OR SKETCHING-GROUNDS WITHIN THE CAB RADIUS.*

No. 4.—THE RIVER.

CHERRY GARDENS PIER is the first below London Bridge, and it is the one farthest east which lies within the four-mile radius from Charing Cross. We can easily reach it by taking a Woolwich steam-boat from any of the piers. Two interesting sketches may be taken from Cherry Gardens Pier. The first is the view looking down stream, where old warehouses are on the right, and a vista of masts and shipping recedes into the smoky distance. Both a clear sunny day, and a somewhat low tide, are required for this subject; for at high water the warehouses have a mean appearance, and as to the atmosphere, it is generally so dense with City smoke, that there is very little to be seen beyond the immediate

* Continued from page 188.



HONITON LACE MAKING

FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES

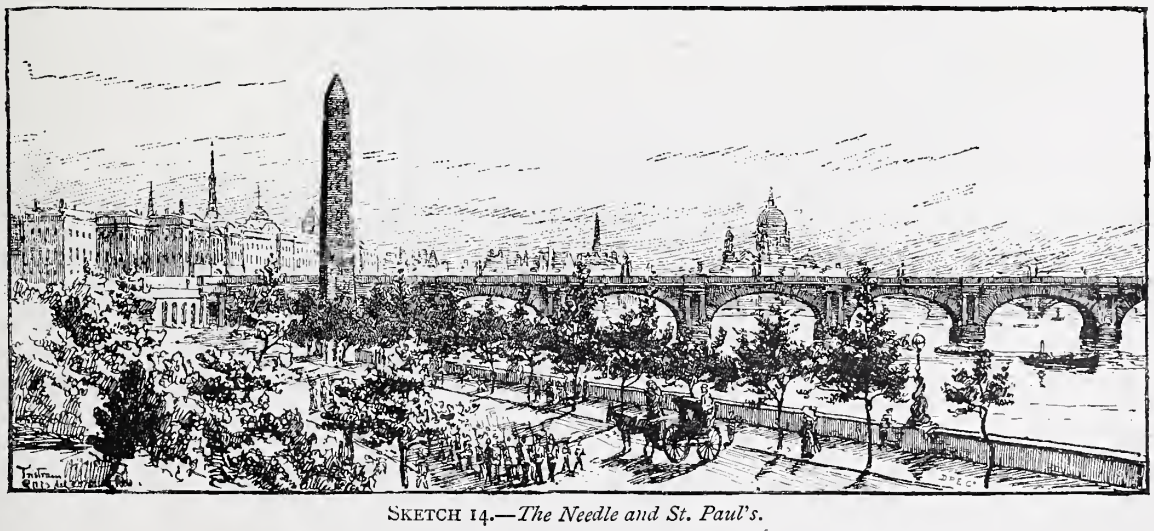
LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Co. LIMITED

foreground, except on a very fine day. The brown water also gets yellow reflections on the upturned sides of its wavelets from the coppery sky above, and the effect is monotonous. But on a bright day, the pale blue of the sky is reflected on the surface; disturbed in places by the swish of a passing tug, or even a sailing-boat, this blue reflection forms a pleasing variety of colour with the original brown of the water. This pier is also an excellent place from which to observe the large sailing craft being tugged up the river to St. Katherine's Docks.



SKETCH 13.—*Looking up the Pool.*

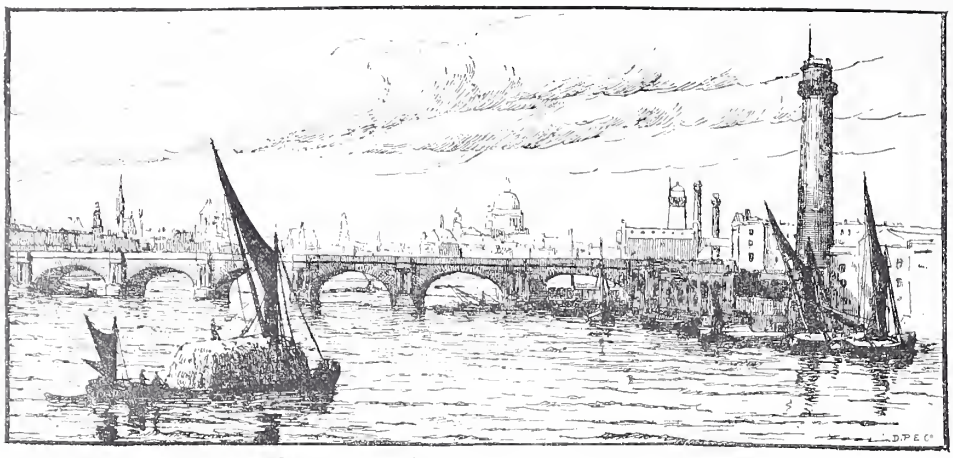
On looking up-stream, towards the west, a very fine subject suitable for a sunset effect is at once perceived (Sketch 13). We are standing on the outside of a curve in the river that scarcely goes any farther before merging into a straight piece of water that only ends at London Bridge. This short curve enables us to see right up the reach, and to obtain a good distance for our "third plane." For in choosing landscape subjects, we must always remember to follow the rule that we ought to have three distinct planes or distances to make the picture complete. The first plane is called the foreground; the second plane is the middle distance; and the third plane is the extreme distance. If any one of them is left out, the picture at once loses interest. In our present sketch we have St. Paul's and the Monument in silhouette against the evening sky for our extreme distance; Cannon Street Station, somewhat softened by the smoky atmosphere, seems nearly in the same plane, with the Customs House and Billingsgate to the right of it. To give the proper effect of mistiness in our third plane, we must not put in too much detail; an even tint of a tender grey that may be conveniently compounded of cobalt blue, purple madder, and yellow ochre will be found the most suitable. In one or two places the setting sun may light up some architectural details with a yellow touch, and these parts should be made a shade paler and yellower than the rest. It is wonderful what a very slight difference will give a great effect amid an even surface of delicate grey. Strength is easily obtained, and we have to be careful to keep the execution simple. For our middle plane we have two long lines of ships, anchored a little way from the shore, on each side of the river. Here we can safely put in more colour and obtain a good deal of variety by means of the wooden masts, the white sails, and the painted hulls. On our left, as the curve rounds and ends near us, we have a couple of steamships, with their attendant barges, for the foreground of the picture. The black steam-ship has a bright red stripe round the funnel, and a white stripe round the hull; the latter is pale grey, and shows a good deal of the pink "anti-fouling" paint, that is put on to protect it from limpets and seaweed, below the water-line. About the vessel that is coaling there is



SKETCH 14.—*The Needle and St. Paul's.*

an unpleasant dust and a dense smoke that are very useful accessories in the picture. In fact, these ships, with their black barges, form a strong foreground, and give interest to the composition. When the water is smooth, and the tide ebbing, the reflections cut by the tracks of the moving barges are very useful. And here it may be noted that in these river scenes a very great deal depends upon wind and tide, for the beauty or the reverse of the reflections. Often a subject that is good when the tide is running out is almost worthless when it is rising, and the same remarks apply to the different heights of the tide. Generally, Thames subjects in London look best when the tide is rather below the mean.

On ascending the stream, and stopping at the pier on the Surrey side of London Bridge, we have a capital view of the Tower of London, with a forest of shipping in front. There is a small iron platform at the down-stream end of the pier, where the artist can sit and sketch screened from observation. As usual, however, permission must be obtained from the pier-master, a matter which is quickly accomplished by means of a gratuity. We have not given an illustration of this excellent subject, as it has been so admirably done already in Mr. Ball's popular etchings of the "Thames Below Bridge."



Sketch 15.—*The Shot Towers of Waterloo.*

Again taking steamer, we ascend the river as far as Blackfriars Bridge, and after disembarking, cross over it to the Surrey side. At this end of the bridge, on the west side, there is a quiet little nook called Albion Place, with some iron railings at the part overlooking the Thames. Though quite close to the bustling traffic over Blackfriars Bridge, we are effectually screened from view by a mass of masonry, and thus undisturbed, we can make a sketch, looking across the river at the garden-fronted Temple buildings, which are backed by the beautiful spires and towers of the new Law Courts. If by any chance some small urchin wanders this way, and then departs and returns with many friends, to see us at work, we can avoid further attentions by shifting our quarters on board a barge, or the floating hulk belonging to Mr. Wing, who lets out boats, may be reached from the river stairs at this same end of Blackfriars Bridge. In any case, the foreground of water and boats or barges had better be done from this point, as our first place will prove to be a little too raised above the water except at high tides.



Sketch 16.– *Sunset at Westminster.*

Between this bridge and Southwark Bridge the river-side, on the south, instead of being a series of wharves and docks, is a public road. It is not much frequented, but it is worth a visit, as there are many curious old and picturesque iron and other stores suitable for sketching. Barges are moored right up to the bank, and can be readily boarded from it, when we desire to sketch the shipping in this part of the river. Many warehouses and store-places are to let, and there is a sleepy and deserted look about the spot, as if it were not a commercially successful quarter.

Proceeding up stream, we shall find good subjects from the two steamboat piers near Waterloo Bridge. The up-stream pier is used for the Citizen steamers, the down-stream pier belongs to the Humane Society. Perhaps the most original sketch may be taken from the former, with one of the arches of Waterloo Bridge in the foreground; but it is from the latter that a sketch may be taken with the most perfect quiet and comfort. In both cases we must look down-stream for our subject. St. Paul's forms a very imposing central point of interest, crowning the City with its dome and two towers. The Temple, with Blackfriars Bridge, comes in well as the middle distance; while the wall of the Thames Embankment leads the eye by its graceful curve into the foreground. If the view is taken from the down-stream pier, there will be a rather large expanse of water, and to the right of the picture, which will have to be filled up with shipping. We can also get a fine foreshortened view of Waterloo Bridge from this pier. We have not given illustrations of either of the views described, as St. Paul's occurs in our next two sketches. Waterloo Bridge is so fine artistically, that it always comes well into any picture of the Thames, especially at rather low tide. We see it particularly well from near Charing Cross, and this will be our next halting-place.

Just in this part of the river we have perhaps more subjects for sketching than at any other single point on it. The views

looking both ways are beautiful, but it is not easy to find a sufficiently private place from which to sketch them.

The view from Charing Cross Bridge itself, looking towards the City, may be safely asserted to be the finest we can boast of in London. It is indeed so good that some inconvenience may well be risked for the sake of sketching it. There are two places on the bridge where the path widens over the brick piers that were formerly the supports to the old Hungerford suspension bridge. We can manage to sit and sketch in one of these spaces or bays, if we hire a commissionare to keep off the populace, though it is by no means so crowded as a street would be, for there are no idlers on the bridge, and most of the people seem to be in too great a hurry to stop above a moment to glance over the artist's shoulder. The writer has himself sketched here without any one to ward off the inquisitive from him, but it would certainly have been more comfortable had there been some one to do so.



SKETCH 17.—*Barges near Vauxhall.*

The view is rather too wide for a sketch if we include both ends of Waterloo Bridge, so we will choose the Surrey side, as it is the more picturesque of the two, on account of its groups of barges. A day of flickering lights and shadows will be the best for it, so as to get variety of tone upon a quantity of masonry which is otherwise rather monotonous (Sketch 15). The shot-towers form a good group to the right, with the wharves just in front of them, and the barges lining the wharves. St. Paul's forms the distance, and the spires and towers of the new Law Courts give an additional interest to this plane. We must now be careful not to make the part of the picture behind the bridge too blank, for then there would be nothing to lead on the eye from the distance to the bridge itself. This would produce a theatrical effect, which is here avoided by the little barge going under the arch to the left, the line of the Embankment, and various craft on the water. The bridge itself should also be thrown into shadow towards the right, so as to bring out the distance that looks best in sunlight, but towards the left it should be brought into sunlight in its turn against the shadowed buildings just behind. Still the composition is rather one-sided, and a balance must be given by placing a straw-barge or other picturesque object in the foreground to the left. Owing to the thickness of the atmosphere, the greys in the distance are usually very delicate, and there will not be as much yellow as in the view from Cherry Gardens pier. The stonework in St. Paul's comes out very white, while the brickwork in the warehouses and towers to the right forms a contrast of warm brown colour. The sails of barges are especially useful for giving brightness to any river view. They vary from a pale yellow-white through rich deep yellow to a brick-red colour, that comes out splendidly when reflected in the water.



SKETCH 18.—*Westminster from under Lambeth Pier.*

Another view of a very different kind also includes St. Paul's and Waterloo Bridge (14). This is taken from an exceptionally quiet place, namely, the roof of the Charing Cross Metropolitan Station. Here Cleopatra's Needle forms the foreground, together with groups of figures and of trees and shrubs in the public garden and on the Embankment. Waterloo Bridge and Somerset House form the middle

distance or second plane, and St. Paul's the extreme distance or third plane.

A capital view of the Houses of Parliament, with their towers picturesquely grouped, can be taken from the steamboat pier at Charing Cross. Unfortunately this is one of the busiest and most frequented piers on the river. Boats are almost constantly bumping against it, for all the different lines stop here, and there seems to be no part without a crowd. But the grouping of the towers is so good that it is worth while to do the outline of them, and finish the sketch in a quieter place. There is a floating swimming-bath moored on the up-stream side of Westminster Bridge, and by paying the entrance-fee permission is easily obtained to draw from a window at the end, where we have everything most conveniently arranged for sketching, including an excellent light (Sketch 16). The wall of the Embankment forms a good curve to the right; the best time for the view is late afternoon, or even sunset. In most of the river scenes taken from this side there is rather too much unoccupied water, which must accordingly be made interesting by boats or barges. It would be as well also to cut off the picture just on this side of the landing-steps to the right. The best state of the tide for this subject is when it is decidedly low.

Another very good sketch of the Houses of Parliament can be obtained from the now unused footpath that goes along the west side of Charing Cross railway bridge. The situation has the disadvantage of being rather high above the water, but the view is extremely interesting on account of also taking in Westminster Abbey. Permission to go on this footpath has to be obtained from the station-master at Charing Cross, or the secretary of the South-Eastern Railway.

The next point up the river is Lambeth Pier. There is a wonderfully good view from here of the Houses of Parliament, with Westminster Abbey behind. To the right is Westminster Bridge, and dimly seen in the extreme distance we have Charing Cross Station and Bridge. The group of buildings is highly impressive, and interest is added by the presence of Westminster Abbey. The best time for this view is rather high tide, as the Abbey sinks into insignificance if the sketch is taken from too low a point. On account of its being a purely architectural subject, it is difficult for an amateur. A more original and picturesque sketch can be made close by, with the Houses of Parliament still retained as the chief feature (Sketch 18). This is taken when the tide is low, from under the Westminster side of Lambeth Bridge. The tide must be very low indeed, in order to allow the artist to get far enough out from shore on the shingly beach to be clear of the barges that are always lying there. This spot has the advantage of being entirely hidden from the foot-passengers, being directly under the bridge, while the barges hide the artist also from the road that runs along the side of the river towards Milbank. This view has been opened up of late years by the pulling down of the houses in Abingdon Street, and the formation of the public gardens.

From hard by, but looking up the river, a tolerably good sketch may be obtained of a group of barges as a foreground, backed by the arches of Vauxhall Bridge (Sketch 17). There is so little of the bridge visible, that the composition is rather overbalanced on the right, and therefore to give force to the other side, a rainy storm-cloud has been introduced.

TRISTRAM ELLIS.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES ON ROSSETTI AND HIS WORKS.*

BY HIS BROTHER.

THE earlier sections of this paper appeared in our Numbers for May and June. They referred to works produced between 1846 and 1869. We now resume with

1870.†

To this year is assigned the work of greatest importance in subject-matter, scale, and general treatment, that Rossetti ever produced—the 'Dante's Dream,' now belonging to the Corporation of Liverpool, and forming part of the Walker Gallery collection in that city. This picture was in hand less long than some other works of minor calibre. It may have been begun, I think, early in 1869, was brought to a very advanced point in 1870, and completed in 1871. The first purchaser of the work, who commissioned it while still only projected, was Mr. Graham, the owner of many of Rossetti's leading productions. It proved, however, to be somewhat too large for Mr. Graham's London house, the painter having, with a certain rather despotic resolve which was not a little characteristic of him, persisted in carrying it out on a greater scale than the purchaser wished for; and so, after the picture had hung for some while, not advantageously, on Mr. Graham's wall, he arranged with Rossetti that it should be exchanged for a diminished yet still large replica of the same composition, the one which figured as No. 85 in the Burlington Club collection. After a while a second purchaser of the major picture appeared in the person of Mr. Valpy. This gentleman brought the work home and housed it for a while; but, as he eventually left London for good and settled in a provincial town, the fate of the large canvas became again a problem for owner and artist to consult over. It was decided that Rossetti should receive back the 'Dante's Dream,' and paint and deliver other pictures to indemnify Mr. Valpy for the surrender of it. Thus it once more became an inmate of Rossetti's studio, filling up a big space, its face turned to the wall, an object of uneasy curiosity to visitors. The painter necessarily regarded this work as his principal performance as yet, and possibly for some years to come, and as one of his least disputable titles to present and future reputation: he was anxious to re-dispose of it, but resolute against doing so under any conditions detrimental to the claims of the work and to his own. Months lapsed into years, and it had come to be regarded by himself and others as a somewhat white elephant. At last he was invited to send the picture to

* Continued from page 168.

† For clearness of reference I give the dates of the succeeding years as headings, adding the initials A. for Royal Academy, and B. for Burlington Club.

the annual Exhibition of Art in the Walker Gallery of Liverpool. He did so, after many and varied preliminaries, in the early autumn of 1881, and on the opening-day of the exhibition it was at once ticketed as sold, and became the property of the Corporation for the permanent collection of the city. I should not omit to bear my testimony here to the essential service which Mr. T. Hall Caine, for several years a Liverpool resident, rendered to my brother in negotiating the sometimes rather tangled details of the exhibition of this work, and its sale at the full price named by the artist. The picture is now in most respects in the same state as when it was first sold to Mr. Graham, but the figure, and more especially the head, of Beatrice have been repainted. The type of face remains, indeed, unaltered, but the hair has been changed—and I should say without advantage—from a dark to a brilliant blonde hue. The head of the adolescent Cupid—or rather (as Rossetti expressed it) "the Pilgrim Love of the Vita Nuova"—was studied from Mr. Johnstone Robertson, then a youth, now well known to our theatre-going public.

The 'Head of Dante' in black and red chalk (A. 332) was of course a study for the Dante in the picture just mentioned: it was done from an American friend, Mr. Stillman—a gentleman who, as landscape painter, photographer, archæologist, diplomatist, and author, has traversed a range of experiences not less varied, though fortunately less tragic, than those of Allighieri himself.

'The Death of Lady Macbeth' is a subject which Rossetti treated in two designs, and of which he intended to make a picture, but the project remained unfulfilled. Both of these designs were disposed of in the Christie sale of May, 1883: only one of them, the pen-and-ink sketch, was previously exhibited (A. 335). It might be surmised that this sketch, vigorous to the verge of roughness, preceded the pencil drawing, which was on the contrary noticeable for delicate and deliberate finish: but the reverse is the fact. The pencil drawing, which gives a larger number of figures, was the earlier of the two: the pen-and-ink sketch, while it condensed the composition, strengthened and intensified its remaining elements.

The study in black and red chalk for 'The Lady of Pity' (A. 337) bears, as the Academy catalogue notes, "a scroll inscribed with a line from the sonnet in the 'Vita Nuova' describing the compassionate lady, 'Color d'amore e di pietà sembiante.'" I shall take occasion here to say a few words as to the attitude of mind in which Rossetti contemplated the "Commedia" and other writings of Dante. 'The Lady of Pity' (or Lady of the Window, Donna della Finestra, as she is otherwise designated) is, according to the narrative of the "Vita Nuova," a young and beautiful lady who, while Dante was still in the throes of excessive grief for the death of Beatrice, looked upon him from a window with utmost compassionate sympathy: he often courted and returned her gaze, and fell more than half in love with her; but at last angrily and with self-reproach dismissed all such thoughts, and reverted to unmixed allegiance of heart to his lost Beatrice. This is related in the "Vita Nuova" as simple matter of fact; and some commentators have thought, not only that the incidents occurred as stated by Dante, but that 'the Lady of Pity' was in reality Gemma Donati, whom the poet married not long after Beatrice's death, but with a degree of affection never perhaps very lively, and with lapse of time diminishing. Dante however, in his other prose work the "Convito," declares in the most emphatic terms that the 'Lady of Pity' was in fact Philosophy, neither more nor less.* Our readers will hardly need to be reminded that, as well in this instance as in the entire texture of the "Vita Nuova," "Commedia," and lyrical poems, Dante is, according to many of his interpreters, constantly and systematically speaking in allegory, and meaning something fundamentally different from the patent surface-purport of his writings. Our father, Gabriele Rossetti, in especial took a leading part in maintaining, in his Dantesque studies, this thesis as to the poet's intention. Now any conception or interpretation of that sort was totally alien from the train of thought and feeling of Dante Rossetti, who would not in such matters at all take his cue from Gabriele Rossetti. He has been frequently termed a mystic; but he was almost the last man to be a mystic in the sense of disregarding or setting at nought the plain and obvious meaning of his author, and transmuting it out of human passion, emotion, and incident, into mere abstract speculation or doctrinal framework. Into his idea of Beatrice he would condense as much spiritual as womanly motive force; but it would have been contrary to his very nature to contemplate her as any other than a woman once really living in Florence, and there really loved by Dante as woman is loved by man. The like with the Lady of Pity, Fiammetta, and any other such personages. I do not here debate whether in this he was right or wrong: I only say that such was his invariable attitude of mind from earliest youth till his closing day; and that anything, in his treatment of Allighieri, or of the *dramatis personæ* of Allighieri and other leaders of the Italian mediæval mind, should always be understood as abstract to this extent only, and not to any extent involving some other and conflicting range of thought. In fact, he hated any glosses of a rationalizing tendency; and was as much indisposed to shuffle concrete things into allegory as he was prone to invest with symbolic detail or suggestion things which are in themselves simply physical and substantial.

1871

is the date of the small oil picture named 'The Water-willow,' in the background of which is represented the manor-house of Kelmscott, near Lechlade, Gloucestershire, where Rossetti resided much about this time and later on. This delicate and quiet-tinted picture was one of his decided favourites. He writes in a letter: "There is little to say as to any 'subject' in the 'Water-willow' picture. The figure is meant to be, as it were, speaking to you, and embodying in her expression the penetrating sweetness of the scene and season."

1872.

The oil picture 'Veronica Veronese' (A. 295) represents as worded in the Academy catalogue), a "three-quarter figure of a female in a green dress, seated at a sort of cabinet, holding a violin in left hand, and bow in right; canary in a cage behind her." Along with this concise description we should read, in order to appreciate the painter's intention, the motto which he annexed to his work:—"Se penchant vivement, la Véronica jeta les premières notes sur la feuille vierge. Ensuite elle prit l'archet du violon pour réaliser son rêve: mais, avant de décrocher l'instrument suspendu, elle resta quelques instans immobile en écoutant l'oiseau inspirateur, pendant que sa main gauche errait sur les cordes, cherchant le motif suprême

* He says that the *lady who is mentioned at the close of the "Vita Nuova"* was Philosophy; and, according to the natural meaning of this phrase, with its context, the lady thus identified with Philosophy is the 'Lady of Pity.' It has however been propounded by at least one commentator that the lady whom Dante thus refers to is Beatrice, and in that case Beatrice would be Philosophy.

encore éloigné. C'était le mariage des voix de la nature et de l'âme—l'aube d'une création mystique." This purports to be a quotation from the "Lettres de Girolamo Ridolfi;" but a friend and connection of mine who is a high musical authority (Dr. Hueffer, whose society, every since 1870, was courted and greatly enjoyed by my brother) assures me that it is certainly not in fact a quotation, but an invention. Though I have no direct knowledge on the subject one way or other, I presume that Dr. Hueffer is in the right; the passage does not seem to me to be the writing of my brother, but more probably of Mr. Swinburne, who was exceedingly intimate with him in all these years. I may add here that Dr. Hueffer was consulted about this very picture by Rossetti, who wished to know from a musical expert whether the note of a canary could be reasonably represented as reproduced on the violin, and was informed that it could be. We should no doubt interpret the picture both by what it shows for itself, and also by what the motto denotes. Thus considered (and I am speaking entirely from my own impression, unaided by anything that I recollect to have heard from my brother), the work has a larger and higher meaning than I have observed anywhere assigned to it. What it indicates is that Fine Art is a new and human creation; taking indeed its inspiration from nature, but using this as the nucleus for a fresh form of beauty—the two being consentaneous but in no way co-extensive. The song of the bird inspires the musician: she evolves the tune to which her artfully touched instrument gives actual being. Obviously this conception of the abstract work of art does not refer to music alone, but to *all* art, and the painter's mind must have run to the art of painting more especially. It is a little remarkable that Rossetti should have used the art of music as the vehicle for expressing this conception—or theory or conviction, as it might with equal truth be called; remarkable, because Rossetti was more indifferent to the beautiful art of music, and its acknowledged masterpieces (especially any operose work, such as an oratorio or symphony), than one might *à priori* have been disposed to surmise. Except very simple airs, and mostly such as had an old-world national flavour, he rather shunned than courted the hearing of any music whatsoever. One tune of this sort which he particularly liked at one time, when a lady-friend was in the habit of singing it, was "Green-sleeves"—which furnished a title to a water colour painted in 1859 (B. 22). There are of course a considerable number of other works of his in which musical instruments are introduced, as forming part of the subject, or enriching the pictorial sentiment (as was so learnedly and pleasantly descanted on by Mr. Hipkins in some articles published in the *Musical Review*); in 'Veronica Veronese' the exceptional point to which I advert is that music, as one of the fine arts, is made to serve as the representative of Fine Art in its total range.

The crayon 'Portrait of Dr. Gordon Hake,' an excellent likeness of this highly intellectual poet and physician, bears the date of 1872: a year only too well remembered by me in connection with the course of my brother's life. It was in June of this year that a terrible shock to his health occurred while he, already invalided, was spending some days in the house of his friend Dr. Hake. Several weeks ensued of total or almost total interruption of my brother's professional work; during which he went to Scotland, accompanied by Mr. Madox Brown, and soon afterwards joined by Dr. Hake and some other friends, and cherished by his constant kindness and solicitude, and much indebted also to the liberal hospitality of Mr. Graham. This 'Portrait of Dr. Hake' was a small tribute of gratitude and affection on my brother's part.

1873.

The large oil picture painted this year, 'La Ghirlandata' (A. 298),—a title which may be translated "The Lady of the Wreath"—pairs with the 'Veronica Veronese' in glorifying the art of music: it represents a lady singing to the air of her instrument, with two youthful angels rapt in listening to her. Perhaps the fascination of lyric verse, as well as of music, is to be understood as here symbolized. I am not aware what may be the more precise or ulterior signification of the picture; but it must be intended to have a fateful or deathly purport, as indicated by the prominence given to the blue flowers of the poisonous monkshood. Monkshood this plant was, in Rossetti's intention; but I am informed that he made a mistake (being assuredly far the reverse of a botanist), and figured the innocuous larkspur instead—and was not minded to make an alteration when friendly admonitions had apprised him of his error. At the close of 1872, throughout 1873, and for the first half of 1874, Rossetti lived at the Manor-house, Kelmscott, coming scarcely at all to London. At Kelmscott was painted 'La Ghirlandata,' along with other works of the same period.

1874.

The crayon 'Portrait of Theodore Watts' (B. 139) was, like that of Dr. Hake, a labour of love: as a likeness it is, I think, even the more successful of the two. My brother in his later years suffered not a little from impaired physical health, and especially from mental depression; and it would at times have gone hard with him indeed if he could not have counted—and he never counted in vain—upon the unexhausted resources of Mr. Watts's friendship and companionship, beginning towards 1872. He was, I may be allowed to record it with thankfulness, rich in the loving-kindness of friends, many of whom I could here mention. Of their names some have been cited already, and others now rise to my pen: it may suffice to specify Mr. Madox Brown from first to last, and Mr. Watts, comparatively late in date but most close and constant; also the water-colour painter Mr. Shields, always a helpful and earnest friend of many years' standing.

'Proserpina' (A. 314) may have been, I think, on the whole, the picture which my brother viewed with the nearest approach to satisfaction among all his works, combining, as it does, personal beauty, intensity of expression and suggestion, and execution in which strength and delicacy hold equipoise. I do not say that he viewed it with satisfaction; for in truth he never was satisfied with his own work in painting (more nearly so in various instances in poetry), and had the sense, so characteristic of the born artist, that an aim and a faculty were in him which never found adequate, but only approximate, realisation in the work produced. What he meant perpetually exceeded what he did: in other words, he had an ideal, and his uttermost embodiment of that ideal would never be its very self. The particular stress which he laid on this 'Proserpina' may be traced in the fact that the illustrative sonnet which he wrote for it was composed both in Italian and in English; he preferred the Italian version. My remarks as to his predilection for the 'Proserpina' picture apply equally to this canvas exhibited in the Royal Academy and belonging to Mr. Leyland, and to the later replica (B. 86) exhibited in the Burlington Club and belonging to Mr. Turner. I think he may have rated the two works on a par, and I have found

that among students of his art there is a nearly equal balance of opinion in favour now of the one now of the other. Each is inscribed as completed at the beginning of a year—1874 for the Leyland picture and 1877 for the Turner picture.

1875.

The large oil picture 'La Bella Mano' (A. 307), though in subject-matter and invention it does not compete with some others, has always appeared to me to show the high-water mark of my brother's attainment in point of solid and effective pictorial execution, and I have little doubt that he would not have dissented from this view. I name the picture here, not so much with the object of giving expression to this opinion as because I would demur to the phrase in the Academy catalogue, "Subject taken from a sonnet inscribed on the frame." It need hardly perhaps be said that this is putting the cart before the horse. The subject was assuredly not taken from the sonnet; but the painter, having put his subject-matter into the form of a picture, wrote a sonnet as the verbal expression of the same theme. There is a similar perversion of terms with regard to another large oil picture, 'The Day-dream' (A. 316), which is said to be "illustrative of a sonnet by the painter."

1877.

The important oil picture of 'The Sea-spell' (B. 90) represents, as shown in its illustrative sonnet, a Siren whose magic song fascinates a sea-gull ere her human victim arrives. This, however, was not the original intention of the design. It was planned as applicable to Coleridge's famous lines—

"A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;"

and the bird was then to have been a dove. This subject of the woman-musician and listening bird was designed as a direct pendant or contrast to the 'Veronica Veronese,' where the bird is listened to by the lady. I suppose that in the long run Rossetti thought this motive too meagre for a leading work, and determined to throw more of passion and fatefulness into his theme.

In the summer of this year, as in 1872, though from a different cause, my brother had a period of very bad health, which for a while reduced him, in general condition and productive faculty, to a shadow of his former self. He went down to the neighbourhood of Herne Bay, a cottage at Hunter's Forestall, tended by Mr. Madox Brown, who was shortly succeeded by our mother and sister Christina. For some weeks my brother's whole system was languid and his hand tremulous, and he half despaired of ever being able to resume his art. When things began to mend a little, he made a venture upon the crayon heads of our mother and sister (A. 343) and the separate head of our sister (B. 43). It soon became evident, to himself as well as others, that these works were among the very best things of the kind he had ever done—at his highest level of design, solidity, life-likeness, and finish. His stay at Hunter's Forestall therefore closed in self-confidence revived, and in an improved and tolerably fair condition of health, which, with some variations (as especially a bad interval in October 1879), may be said to have endured until mid-autumn of 1881, when he broke down with but partial and fitful rallying until the end came in April 1882.

1878

is the date given to the replica of diminished size of 'Dante's Dream' (B. 85) which Rossetti painted for the original purchaser of the large picture, Mr. Graham. This replica was, so far as I ever observed, considered by Rossetti to be quite as good a work as its predecessor, and it presents an added feature, a double predella, which even gives it some superiority. The predella, containing several figures, represents Dante dreaming of the death of Beatrice, and afterwards recounting his dream to the ladies who watch over his sick bed, as narrated in the wondrously impressive poem from which the entire subject is taken. In all his later years Rossetti laid much more stress upon large and graceful contours, and upon suavity and elevation of style in the general distribution of a group, than upon those other qualities which had beaconed his youthful progress in the Præraphaelite path—earnest attention to the individualities of nature as visible in the selected model, and skilful adaptation of these to the requirements of the subject in hand. I recollect his informing me that he had both designed and executed the predella groups without any model to work from; and this he said not in any spirit of self-blame for having neglected some requisite severity of study, but rather as showing that his sense of style and his many years of practice had enabled him to rely upon his own powers of design and perception of what befitted his theme, without diffidence as to the result.

As to 'Bruna Brunelleschi' (B. 94), described in the Burlington Club catalogue as "the artist's last original water-colour," I scarcely know whether there is any occasion for my remarking that this name is neither historical nor traditional, but simply Rossetti's concoction, obviously adopted as being apposite to the physiognomy of the sitter as a majestic brunette. 'Monna Vanna,' 'Domizia Scaligera,' and I quite suppose 'Veronica Veronese,' are instances of the same kind.

'A Vision of Fiammetta' (A. 304) is, I think, the only subject that Rossetti ever did from Boccaccio: from Petrarca he never did any. So far from being a devotee of that prince of mediæval sonneteers, he rather undervalued him than otherwise, laid no stress on his style or the mood of his inspiration, and allowed of no comparison between the sonnets and lyrics of Petrarca and those of Dante. It has often been observed that Rossetti had a marked tendency to largeness of scale in his figures and accessories. He did in fact, in his life-size figure-subjects, crayon heads, etc., affect the fullest life-size rather than "Venetian life-size:" this he did consciously and by preference. In the picture of 'Fiammetta,' the figure is not at all larger than his wont: but the apple-blossoms which form an important factor in the management of the subject do certainly appear to be somewhat colossal. I apprehend that, in this and some other instances, his constant use of spectacles throughout the second half of his professional career had something to do with the result produced. It may have been towards 1866 that his eyes began failing; and soon afterwards he was in serious alarm, oftentimes renewed in succeeding years, as to such loss of sight as, even if not total, might at any rate be enough to prevent his continuing the profession of a painter. The consequence was that he perpetually wore spectacles of more than ordinary and sometimes of very unusual strength. Every now and then he would use two pairs, one over the other; and he was seldom to be seen without spectacles, even when he was merely engaged in conversation or about to retire to rest. Our father had in his declining years been on the verge of blindness: an alarming precedent which deepened the gloom of my brother's sensations and forebodings arising out of the actual and very serious—though never, as it proved, fatal—deterioration of his own eyesight.

1880.

The picture named 'Mnemosyne or the Lamp of Memory' (A. 315) is marked as "Unfinished" in the Academy catalogue. I know of no justification for this comment. The Mnemosyne canvas was I think worked upon more than once by Rossetti with varying intentions, and it remained in his studio in its present state for a long while. He was I dare say less contented with it as an example of pictorial execution, or as a result representing his ruling intention, than he was with many others of his productions; and, as in numerous instances, he might no doubt have been quite willing to re-work upon it at some after-time: but it seems to me clear that he regarded this as a finished picture, deliverable as such to its purchaser.

'The Day Dream' (A. 316) is among Rossetti's larger paintings, and among those upon which he bestowed the most scrupulous pains. The present head is the second, or perhaps the third, which he executed on this canvas—all from the same model. The preceding head had been quite finished, and was such as might have been fairly accounted satisfactory; but I remember that, on my calling in my brother's studio one day, I found it obliterated, and the present one begun—and he remarked to me; "There is at least one point of duty that I will never scamp—I will always do my best for my art." The face presents a certain tendency to a livid hue, which is presumably due to the fact of its being painted and repainted, with a layer of heavy ground-colour between the two operations. The crayon study for this subject, dated 1878, was displayed in the Burlington Club (B. 76). The sonnet which Rossetti wrote for the picture is quoted in the Club catalogue. The lines with which it opens embody a fact which he particularly observed for himself, as he continued from week to week to pluck branches from a sycamore-tree in his garden in Cheyne Walk, to be studied for the detail of the tree in his picture:—

> "The thronged boughs of the shadowy sycamore
> *Still bear young leaflets* half the summer through.
> . . . . Still the leaves come new,
> Yet *never rosy-sheathed* as those which drew
> Their spiral tongues *from spring-buds* heretofore."

The lady was at first represented holding snowdrops, as appropriate to the budding season of spring and of youth: but, as the picture progressed, the year also progressed, and the vegetation represented was no longer that of early spring, so the honeysuckle-bloom was substituted for the snowdrops. In writing of the crayon design which had been a preliminary to this picture, Rossetti said: "The drawing is my prime favourite among all those I have done from my noblest type." The first form of this drawing dates as far back as 1872, if not earlier.

1881

is the date assigned in the Academy catalogue to the oil picture of 'La Pia' (A. 319). This is correct, as showing the date when the picture was completed; but it had been begun long before this—I think in 1868, or even 1867. The head and hands were then painted, much as they now appear. After that the picture was laid wholly aside for many years, and only resumed in 1880-81.

'The Salutation of Beatrice' (A. 323) is the last oil painting (other than a replica) to which Rossetti ever set his hand. It is rightly marked "unfinished" in the Academy catalogue. I am speaking of the picture which consists of a "three-quarter female figure in white drapery, holding a book in her right hand; behind is seen Dante, and a figure of Love with scarlet robe and wings." This composition, in which the figure of Beatrice counts for nearly the whole picture, was new in Rossetti's practice, though he had more than once made other pictures and designs of the Salutation of Beatrice in which three or four figures were represented on a scale of size almost equal *inter se*. The picture which I am now considering was begun in 1881, or perhaps 1880. He had some few years before made two different studies for the head of this Beatrice; one from the lady who appears in the 'Mariana,' 'Proserpina,' etc., the second from the other lady who appears in the 'Fiammetta' and 'Roman Widow.' When he finally began upon the canvas he determined to abide by the former type. The architectural features of the background are chiefly adapted from photographs of Siencse street scenes; they are not in strictness Florentine. Mr. Fairfax Murray, a friend long settled in Tuscany, assiduously supplied Rossetti with these and other appropriate photographs. Though unfinished, this painting had reached a very advanced stage, not far removed from completion.

1882.

Two replicas—the only works of a later date than the 'Salutation of Beatrice'—were exhibited in the Burlington Club: 'Proserpina' (a comparatively small oil picture belonging to Mr. Valpy) and 'Joan of Arc' (B. 92 and 94). Each of these must have been begun several months before the final catastrophe of my brother's health, which may be dated in December 1881, when he had a semi-paralytic sort of seizure. Even after that date, however, with unconquered persistency and resolution to do justice to his engagements, Rossetti resumed the pictures, and touched upon them with more steadiness and efficiency than might have been expected. He continued this work after retiring, towards the beginning of February 1882, to the Westcliff Bungalow at Birchington-on-Sea near Margate (now named Rossetti Bungalow), where on 9th April of the same year he died. I think the 'Joan of Arc' was the later of the two works to receive the ultimate touches of his hand. This is the third time he repeated the same composition or half-figure. The first, and the best of the three, was an oil picture painted towards 1864, but I have failed to trace its present whereabouts; the second, a water colour, belongs to Louisa Lady Ashburton.

The last number but one, 152, in the catalogue of the Burlington Club, is given to a careful drawing of 'Rossetti's Studio,' by Mr. Herbert H. Gilchrist. This is a valuable record, and a very agreeably lighted and treated design. It was done just after the contents of the studio had been sold by auction in July 1882; and I remember the extreme degree of discomfort, and of cheerfulness under discomfort, of which the artist presented the appearance on that depressing occasion—the centre of litter and of emptiness, of dust, disorder, and interruption. Zeal and skill triumphed over all.

These few observations proper to 1882 bring my task to a conclusion. It may possibly be a long while before any considerable collection of Rossetti's works is again brought together. If my remarks help to keep alive in a few minds the memory of the productions exhibited in 1883, and to furnish some additional details of fact to cluster among them here and there, the object with which I undertook to write will not have been missed.

W. M. Rossetti.

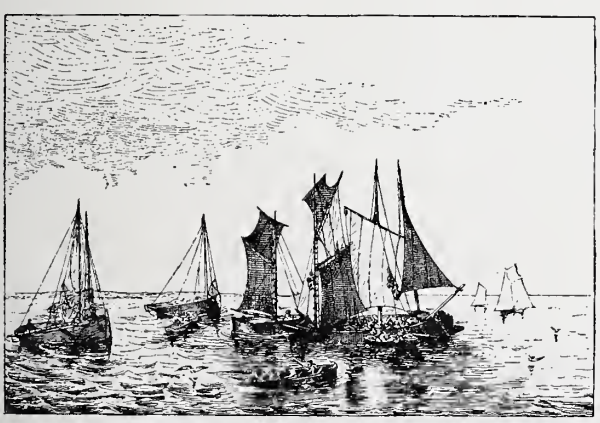
THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*

GALLERY III.

ON each side of the entrance hangs a charming child, by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A. 'Letty' (226), with hair of a reddish blonde, and skin of dazzling fairness. She wears a quaint olive-tinted bonnet, and a dress of the same tone. Her little sister on the other side the doorway is indulging in 'A Nap' (367); her blonde head falls heavily on her shoulder, and her delicate eyelids are closed.

Just beneath 'Letty' is a bright bit of Venice (227), by Mr. HENRY WOODS, A. Then, in the corner, come Mr. ANSDELL'S 'Queen's Tower of the Alhambra' (228); and a drove of cattle 'For Southern Markets' (234), painted by Mr. COOPER. But the crowd is round the next painting, No. 235, 'A New Light in the Hareem,' by FREDK. GOODALL, R.A. The new light is a kicking baby, who, naked on a rug, is struggling to express his infantine delight at a pigeon which his black nurse is holding by its wings. On a couch, under the lattice, reclines the mother. She is draped in thin muslin; for the day is hot, as we see by the glare of the white mosques and the deep blue sky, which are visible through the lattice.

No. 245. 'Hadrian in England,' by L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. The Emperor is in the act of visiting a Roman British pottery. The composition of the picture is original. The upper part is a gallery or landing, where the pots stand for view on shelves. To the left of this gallery, three ladies are grouped round a vase they are examining. To the right, Hadrian and two attendants stand at the head of a staircase, up which a man is bringing a tray of pots. Lower down, the head and arms

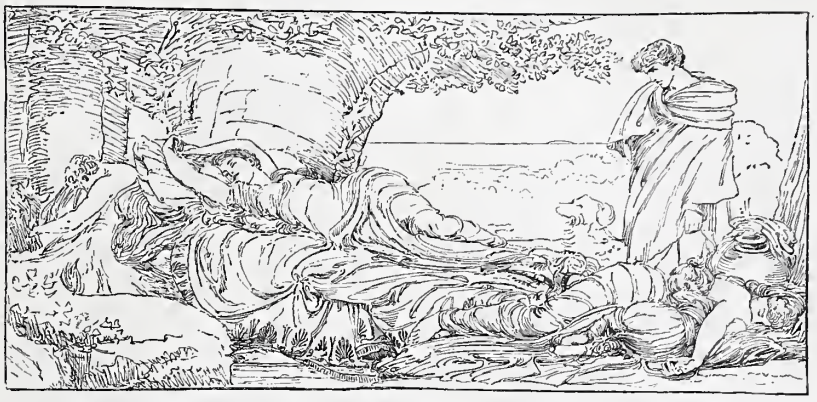


No. 170.—Boats preparing for the Fishing Grounds. By J. W. Oakes, R.A.

of another man, also bearing pottery, can be seen; the rest of the figure is out of the picture. The details, not only of the figures, but of the less important parts, are marvellously painted.

No. 246. 'A Salmon Stream, Perthshire,' by WELLWOOD RATTRAY. A vividly painted stretch of water, flanked by trees and green furze.

No. 249. 'The Ogwen Valley,' by J. KNIGHT. A wild view of heathery valley, flanked by grey hills.



No. 278.—Cymon and Iphigenia. By Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.

No. 252. A very green rendering of 'Oxford, from Iffley,' by Mr. VICAT COLE, R.A. (See illustration, page 177.)

No. 257. On this canvas, Mr. KEELEY HALSWELLE has truly depicted 'A Gleam of the Setting Sun;' the river-side landscape is aglow with evening light. (This is also illustrated on page 177.)

No. 264. 'Across the Common,' by ADRIAN STOKES. It is a misfortune that Mr. Stokes's picture is hung so high, for it is evidently a painting of unusual merit. Other pictures on the sky-line, that make us wish to see them nearer, are 'Sporting with the Leaves that fall' (260), by E. BARCLAY; 'A Hay-field' (270), by W. J. LAIDLAY; 'Solitude' (275), by PETER GHENT; 'Idling on the Sandhills' (338), by ALEXANDER MANN; and 'Africa' (229), by THOMAS HILL.

No. 267. 'Of what is the wee Lassie thinking?' by THOS. FAED, R.A. "A child of grim poverty" sits looking into the embers, dreaming "of the might and might never be."

No. 278. 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' by Sir FRED. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. This work was described at length on page 129; suffice it therefore to observe that it is one of the chief attractions of this, the gallery of honour, and that (above) we now add to the sketches of portions a design of the whole work.

No. 286. 'On the Hill-side: after Rain,' by H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. Fine and strong in colouring; but, perhaps, a little too much like one of its predecessors from the same brush.

No. 291. 'Thames Roses,' by G. D. LESLIE, R.A. It is some years since we have seen so graceful a work as this from Mr. Leslie's hand. The scene is the interior of a boat-house. On the broad window seat a young girl is lounging, her lap full of red and yellow roses. The light, partly reflected from the water outside, is delicately rendered. A large long-tailed cat sleeps lazily at the feet of the young lady.

* Continued from page 179.

No. 292. 'The Anglers' Rest,' by H. STACY MARKS, R.A. Here, too, puss plays a part; not now innocently sleeping, but on thieving bent. The anglers who recount their experiences with deep interest, will, if they be wise, have a care to their basket.

No. 300. 'Caught Tripping,' by A. W. BAYES. One of the most charming figure pictures in the Exhibition. The frolicking little Puritan maidens detected in the act of learning their steps at dancing is most vivaciously told.

No. 308. 'Compulsory Education,' by BLANDFORD FLETCHER. The name of the artist is new to us, but when he can do work like this, we hope soon to become familiar with it.

No. 313. 'Circe,' by H. M. PAGET. Also careful and promising work.

No. 314. 'An Old Crone,' by HENRY T. WELLS, R.A. A study of an old woman, not without *des beaux restes*, who has been picking up sticks for firewood.

No. 316. 'L'Enfant Rose,' by ALBERT AUBLET. A semi-decorative picture. A child dressed in pale pink sits in a great scarlet chair. The technique is almost faultless.



No. 340.—Night. By P. H. Calderon, R.A.

No. 329. 'Ludgate Hill, 1883,' by CHARLES J. WATSON. A picturesque bit of a busy street.

No. 331. 'Miss Scott,' by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Just such a pretty wistful little girl as Mr. Millais loves to paint.

No. 332. 'The Toast of the Kitcat Club,' by W. F. YEAMES, R.A. When it fell to the turn of the Duke of Kingston to propose a beauty, he nominated his own little daughter (afterwards Lady Mary Wortley Montague). Some of the members demurred that they had not seen her. The Duke then sent for her. Mr. Yeames shows us the grave little six-year-old beauty entering this assemblage of men with child-like nonchalance. Here are Addison, Steele, Marlborough, Congreve, Kneller, Garth, and others; all have risen to receive her, all have a kindly gaze for the little creature. But Mr. Yeames has displayed great ingenuity in the variety of these kindly smiles: tender, respectful, amused, patronising, or simply surprised.

No. 340. 'Night,' by PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A. Curiously enough, in this year's show are two presentments of Night by painters of the first rank; this by Mr. Calderon, and one we shall look at later by M. Bouguereau. Night is, for Mr. Calderon, young and fair of face; she is fully clad in draperies of white, and deepest blue. (See illustration above.) She is statuesquely seated on a marble bench; behind her is a sky of dusky indigo. Mr. Calderon has never done finer work than this, and the 'Venus' at the Grosvenor: one or other should have been purchased by the Chantrey Fund.

No. 341. 'Mariage de Convenance,' by W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. The lamp-light of this picture is quite startling, so real is its illusion. It is this that we first see on the canvas, then we become aware that we are looking at a very fine picture—a sermon—and a dismal tragedy. At one end of a richly-appointed table sits the young wife—ambitious, disappointed, bored, sullen, unutterably miserable. At the other end sits the husband—old, blasé, roué, bored too, and the more pitiable in that he has exhausted all his feelings, and has only boredom left.

No. 345. 'La Belle Dame sans Merci,' by PERCY MACQUOID. Mr. Macquoid has entered into the spirit of Keats's ballad. The elfin lady has fascination and charm, and the dreamy absorbed knight is clearly under the spell of her enchantment.

No. 346. 'The Mirror of the Sea-mew,' by J. C. HOOK, R.A. A shallow sand-pool, beyond which dances a sunny sea. Its companion picture is fisher-girls 'Catching the Sand-launce' (352).

No. 347. 'An Idyll, 1745,' by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. The piper boy of a regiment, dressed in a uniform of garish red and white and yellow, sits piping at the foot of a forest tree, half hidden by which is a second soldier lad, a shy, sly smile upon his face, amused, pleased, and yet contemptuous, at the wonder and delight of the three lovely little girls who form the piper's audience. Prettier children than these girls were never seen, though the piper's red and yellow dress is not perhaps so wonderfully fine to us as to their sweet simple eyes. (This is illustrated on the opposite page.)

No. 358. 'Thisbe,' by EDWIN LONG, R.A. Unhappy Thisbe leans listening against the chink in the wall through which she received the kisses and love messages of Pyramus.

No. 359. 'The Vigil,' by JOHN PETTIE, R.A. A white-robed knight kneels alone in a dimly-lighted church. This is one of the pictures bought under the terms of the Chantrey bequest.

No. 366. 'Malmesbury Steeple,' by C. STONEY. A decorative piece of well-composed architecture.

No. 368. 'Diadumenè,' by E. J. POYNTER, R.A. A girl entirely nude, beautifully drawn, and, as the name implies, of faultless proportions, is binding a ribband round her head.

The Third Gallery naturally contains the pick of the portraits. Chief among these we notice No. 244, J. E. Hodgson, Esq., R.A., who has been selected by Mr. OULESS as a fitting subject for his diploma work; No. 238, R. Kerr, Esq., by J. COLLIER, in an easy and unstudied pose; No. 251, Mrs. W. Huntington and Child, by J. SANT, R.A.; No. 273, Samuel Morley, M.P., by W. W. OULESS, R.A., a strong portrait of the eminent philanthropist; No. 298, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in his robes as Master of the Bench of the Middle Temple, by F. HOLL, R.A.; No. 304, J. Marshall, F.R.S., by Mrs. MERRICK; No. 354, the Earl of Breadalbane, by G. REID.

GALLERY IV.

The first picture we notice, on entering the fourth room, is Mr. MILLAIS' portrait of Mr. Henry Irving (372). A half-length figure, with the face in profile. A most striking likeness.

No. 371. 'Kittens,' by MARY K. BENSON. A freshly painted portrait of a flaxen-headed little maiden and her white cat.

Mr. H. STACY MARKS has two paintings in this room. A humorous presentment of two great, high-shouldered, long-legged, long-billed birds, who "do bear themselves like foolish justices" (373); and a study of a monkish gardener, who, indifferent to a whole greenhouseful of full-blown nurs-

lings, looks, with a true gardener's enthusiasm, at the scarcely visible sprouting of 'The pet plant' (383).

No. 380. 'Mrs. Ernest Charrington,' by H. T. WELLS, R.A. Fuller and richer in colour than most of this artist's work of late.

No. 389. 'The Herring Market at Sea,' by COLIN HUNTER, A. The herring-laden boats float at anchor on calm waters, bright with reflections of the many-coloured dawn. This balances No. 395. 'MacLeod's Maidens, Isle of Skye,' by JOHN BRETT, A. The "natural sculpture" of the rocks into shapes which fantastically resemble human figures, is such as can be seen off many parts of our rugged western coast. The beauty of the picture lies less in these rocks than in the refined and subtle treatment of the water.

No. 390. 'Venetian Life,' by LUKE FILDES, A. A bit of painter's Venice. Half-a-dozen women—all, save one, are young and beautiful—are seated in a doorway which opens on a canal. They are sewing and laughing. One is stringing beads; another, gaily dressed in that green gown of which Mr. Fildes is so fond, embroiders a white veil; a third is winding a skein of wool, which a lovely girl holds on her hands, while an old woman combs out her long black hair. Two children float a toy boat on the water in the foreground.

No. 396. 'Il mio Traghetto,' by HENRY WOODS, A. The hazy dazzling light, the tremulous, hot, pale sky, the clear dancing water, with its bright broken reflections, are wonderfully true to Venice.



No. 701.—La Cocarde Tricolore, Paris, 1789. By G. P. Jacomb Hood.

No. 402. 'The Gate of the Sea,' by J. E. HODGSON, R.A. Decidedly the best of Mr. Hodgson's work this year, but likely to be overlooked between its large companions.

No. 403. 'Sweethearts and Wives,' by PHIL. R. MORRIS, A. A bright and pleasant picture. A number of women and children assembled on the quay, to welcome home their sailor bread-winners. See illustration, p. 178.

No. 404. 'After Work,' by ALFRED PARSONS. A beautiful grey landscape of a wet November evening. No. 408. A clever though mannered landscape, by Mr. LESLIE THOMSON.

No. 410. 'Site of an Early Christian Altar,' by J. PETTIE, R.A. An interesting subject, and well composed; but, like most of the Scottish artists' work, much too painty.

No. 415. 'G. Rae, Esq.,' by F. HOLL, R.A. Well modelled and characteristically posed.

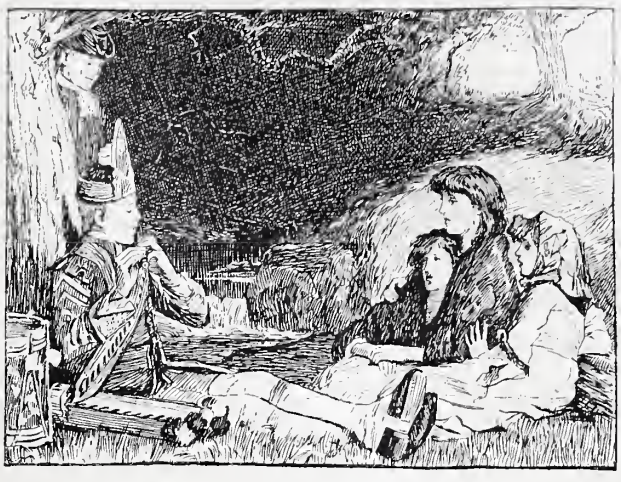
No. 416. 'Reading Aloud,' by ALBERT MOORE. A decorative harmony in pink and white and grey. The girl who is reading lies on a couch; her two listeners sit on low seats in graceful though studied attitudes.

No. 430. 'Romeo and Juliet,' by FRANK DICKSEE, A. The lovers at the touching moment when banished Romeo leaves his lady's window, with the words—

"Farewell, farewell; one kiss, and I'll descend."

No. 448. 'Fallen Out,' and No. 449. 'Reconciled,' by MARCUS STONE, A. Companion canvases of the griefs and joys of a last century bride and bridegroom.

No. 455. 'Autumn into Winter,' by R. W. ALLAN. The lines of this picture appear well composed, and the grey steely



No. 347.—An Idyll, 1745. By J. E. Millais, R.A.

tones are decidedly agreeable, as seen at its high altitude over the doorway, where it is not even provided with a number.

GALLERY V.

On either side the entrance is a large decorative panel by Mr. P. H. CALDERON, R.A., showing us two girls in classic dresses, gathering 'Cherries' (462); and bunches of 'Red Currants' (588).

No. 472. 'Fantaisie,' by PHILIP W. STEER. A study of a young girl's head, in profile; one of the best bits of painting in the Exhibition.

No. 491. 'The Windings of the Forth,' by J. MAC WHIRTER, A. There is plenty of atmosphere in this agreeable landscape, but it is hung too near the eye, and is too sketchily painted for so large a picture. It suffers from its juxtaposition to No. 498. 'The Declaration of War,' by J. D. LINTON, which errs almost on the side of careful and conscientious painting. Its luxurious colouring gave it a right claim to the central position; which, being denied, has helped to make this an ill-hung gallery.

No. 516. 'The French in Cairo,' by W. C. HORSLEY. We note with satisfaction that the halt which this young artist made last year has not been maintained. The grouping and painting in this popular picture indicate progress.

No. 552. 'The Scramble at the Wedding,' by J. B. BURGESS, A. Not, perhaps, so well painted as last year's work, but equally clever in its rendering of character, and facial expressions.

No. 558. 'The Vale of Light,' by E. PARTON. Too much a repetition of, and not so good as, the picture purchased from the Chantrey Fund. Leaden in tone, and lacking day-light, but with plenty of honest draughtsmanship. (See Illustration, page 179.)

No. 559. 'Consulting the Oracle,' by J. W. WATERHOUSE. An intensely dramatic picture. The terror, the hysteric awe of the women who are assembled to consult the Teraph, are finely conceived. Their swollen features, glazed eyes, and a certain ecstatic insincerity are characteristic of this imaginative emotion.

(To be continued.)

RECENT ENGRAVINGS.

OF the series of great portraits with which Mr. Millais has signalised the present phase of his art, one of the finest is the half-length of Cardinal Newman, which was at the Academy in 1882. It has been engraved by Mr. T. Oldham Barlow, R.A., for the Messrs. Agnew, and, in every respect, it is one of the best of his plates. To the breadth of style, which is never absent from Mr. Barlow's work, it adds unusual delicacy and finesse, especially in the modelling of the head and in the suggestion of those optical colour harmonies to which the painting of the robes in the original picture owed so much of its effect. Two important and satisfactory engravings after Mr. Briton Riviere are also published by Messrs. Agnew and Son: 'Envy, Hatred, and Malice,' by Mr. F. Stacpoole, A.R.A., and 'Let Sleeping Dogs Lie,' by Mr. T. L. Atkinson.

By this last-named artist a large engraving, after Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur's 'Lion at Home,' has been finished for Mr. Lefevre. It was begun by the late Mr. Simmons, and left at his death in the etched condition; at that point the work was taken up by Mr. Atkinson, and the result is a plate which is quite worthy of the original picture. To the same class of engravings belong Mr. Richard Josey's reproductions of 'The Order of the Bath,' a well-known picture by Mr. Burton Barber, and of Mr. Ouless's portrait of General Sir Frederick Roberts. Of these two the first named is, on the whole, the most satisfactory; not that Mr. Josey has not done his work equally well in both, but Mr. Ouless's portrait of the famous general is—we fear it must be said—a little too pretty and theatrical to give a fair chance to an engraver; the details of the uniform, the fur-bedecked great-coat, and the numerous accessories sprinkled about, become unavoidably conspicuous in black and white. A more interesting mezzotint than any of these is one by Mr. Samuel Cousins, R.A., after his own half-length portrait by Mr. Edwin Long. We are told that this is the last plate Mr. Cousins will engrave, and after a career as an artist extending over seventy years, he has well earned his rest. And yet it shows no sign of failing power; it is as rich, as finely and delicately felt as most of the long list of works by which it has been preceded. This plate is a publication of The Fine Art Society.

Turning to line engravings, two plates demand special notice. The first is one by M. Blanchard, after 'The Parting Kiss,' the picture by Mr. Alma-Tadema, which has lately been on view at Mr. Lefevre's, in King Street. Like all the rest of this accomplished Frenchman's work, it combines delicacy with simple organization of line to a degree hardly reached by any other worker in the same genre. Mr. Lumb Stocks's plate after Sir F. Leighton's 'Sister's Kiss,' a more popular subject, is at least equal to M. Blanchard's work in delicacy, but it falls behind it in simplicity and directness of handling.

We now come to recent etchings. Of these, the two best are, without any kind of doubt, M. Waltner's plates after Rembrandt and Mr. Marcus Stone, respectively. The first reproduces the famous picture which has been known for generations as 'Le Doreur,' and is now in the collection of the Duc de Morny. It is generally supposed that the real original of this portrait was an obscure Dutch painter named Doomer, whose name had been gradually corrupted into Le Doreur. But the head here portrayed is hardly that of a man who was a comparative failure; it is full of character, humour, and fine perception; having, in fact, not a little about it that reminds us of Rembrandt himself. The date, too, on the picture, seems to be a matter of doubt. Smith reads it as 1646; Vosmaer, as 1640; while M. Waltner has reproduced it as 1643. On the whole, the etcher may be supposed to have looked closest at the signature; so we may take it that the picture was finished in 1643, when Rembrandt was thirty-six. Taking it altogether, we are inclined to put M. Waltner's etching at the very top of the long list of fine renderings with the point, with which the world has been enriched within the last fifteen years. M. Waltner's second plate is hardly less excellent. As a rendering of Mr. Stone's charming picture it is, perhaps, not entirely faithful, for the etcher has failed here and there to reproduce the exact values of the original; but, as a substitute for it, as a work on its own merits, it is one of the most exquisite things yet offered to the amateur of "black and white." The original picture will probably go down to posterity as the *chef-d'œuvre* of its author, and M. Waltner's plate will share its fame.

Among English reproductive etchers no one comes so near to Mr. Waltner's exquisite delicacy of hand and eye as Mr. R. W. Macbeth, whose 'Pied Piper of Hamelin' is full of passages which hardly lag behind Pinwell's drawing in tenderness and sympathy. But, unhappily, that drawing is ill-fitted for reproduction by any method which depends upon line. Its own technical beauties are entirely those of surface, texture, and colour; there is scarcely a hint of what the French call *arabesque*, and consequently a plate from it depends for success on the skill with which tone, that greatest difficulty of the etcher, is made to suggest colour and surface. And in this Mr. Macbeth has not been uniformly successful. Many of his shadows are too black and heavy, giving a spotty look to his plate and damaging its atmosphere. In this matter of tone Mr. F. Slocombe has been more successful. In his plate after Mr. Joseph Farquharson's Chantrey picture, 'The Joyless Winter's Day,' he had, no doubt, an easy task, for the picture is almost a monochrome; but, nevertheless, the completeness of his rendering deserves no stinted praise. In the same etcher's plate after Mr. Waller's 'Home,' the like difficulty has again been successfully grappled with. Different in character from all these, and more dependent upon line, are M. Flameng's rendering of 'The Widower,' the great picture by Mr. Luke Fildes which has found a permanent home in the gallery of New South Wales. M. Flameng's work is a little dry; it has none of the *abandon* of a Waltner, and to that extent it fails to express the peculiar quality of Mr. Fildes's handling, but in organization, in the truth with which all the masses, the gradations of light, the forms of things are made out, it could hardly be surpassed.

W. ARMSTRONG.

GEORGE JAMESONE, THE SCOTTISH LIMNER.

THE facts of George Jamesone's life are few and simple, and can soon be told; but there are circumstances in his case which deserve a fuller record than they have yet received. It is not from his works alone that his name has acquired distinction: it is the time and place of his advent which make his appearance phenomenal.

He lived at a period of painful transition, of rumours incessant and disquieting, vicissitudes sudden and tragic; and the place of his birth and upbringing, although of itself no inconsiderable centre of enterprise and culture, was far removed from the national theatre of events, and stood a city apart, self-dependent, and almost unconscious of foreign influence.

Even its geographical conditions were exceptional. A day or two's journey to the south or to the north, and the air was more genial, the land more variously teeming; but here the soil was unsympathetic, the sky too often cold and grey. The men had a close-mouthed, weather-beaten look, and the comely faces of the women, too, bore traces, while yet young, of having been kissed too persistently by rough and unkindly winds. The very speech of the people had peculiarities of accent, word, and idiom, above those of any other Scottish town or district.

The road by which the traveller from the south reached George Jamesone's native place gathered dignity to itself as it crossed the stately bridge with which a beneficent bishop of a former age had spanned the impetuous Dee; but, having climbed the long winding street which formed the new town, swept on with billowy rise and fall to the old, and reached their northern outlet by the Brig o' Balgownie, with whose erection across the rocky chasm of the darkling Don a fond tradition associates the heroic name of Robert Bruce, it scarcely dares to maintain the character of a highway many miles farther.

It was only by devious and dangerous tracts that the traveller penetrated into the north, or west, and ventured to leave behind him what, at the close of the sixteenth century, must be regarded as the *ultima thule* of Scottish civilisation. This was Aberdeen. Theology, the humanities, and ripe scholarship it had in its seats of learning, but to Art, in the modern sense, it was as yet a stranger.

Scotland was at this period struggling to free itself from



George Jamesone. Painted by Himself. From the Original in Cullen House; by permission of the late Earl of Seafield. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

the bonds of semi-barbarous superstition. Whatever of the new learning and enlightenment had reached its shores and stirred the few into rational inquiry and manly life, the minds of the many were still groping in pagan darkness.

It is true the great politico-religious movement, which we call the Protestant Reformation, had, with no little stir and clamour, reached Scotland, and the hard conditions of existence there made it not unwelcome. But the habits of a people are not to be readily altered by the policy of a government, or the preaching of one man, however fiery and eloquent.

It is matter of familiar history that the traditions, the poetry, the usages, customs, and the very phraseology of the Scottish people, show that in general sentiment, feeling, and belief they remained Catholic for generations after John Knox had made the Church Protestant, and with statesmanlike prevision placed education within the easy reach of all.

The Reformers and their immediate successors had not only swept from such sacred edifices as they left standing all traces of the beautiful, but had in their zeal unwisely widened the so-called essentials of religion; and the dogmatic element, to the bitter grief of mothers, whose "barnes" Andrew Cant, for example, refused to baptize, unless "efter preiching or lectureis;" and the sore annoyance of the people generally, rode rough-shod over common sense, immemorial usage, and whatever of solace came to the human heart from what was spiritually sensuous and emotional.

The people, then, in spite of the light of the Reformation, adhered to their pristine piety, blended as it was with paganism, cherished with an unquestioning faith the many myths and legends of their ancestors, delighted in embodying the powers of nature, and making all things share in human personality and passion. They beheld with reverential awe Titanic squadrons gathering in the air, and with no less solemnity of visage, marvellous atomies making merry on the moonlit sward.



John Duff, of Muldavit. Ætatis 25, 1640. *From the Original in Duff House; by permission of Earl Fife. C. Dietrich, Engraver.*

Portents and omens were seen everywhere. The storm was witch-raised, the lonely tarn and the deep silent reaches of the river were kelpie-haunted; the cow gave no milk, because magic spells had been placed in her stall; and the sickly puling, wasting away, was not of human birth, but a changeling left by the envious fairies. The gradual melting of a piece of wax, rudely fashioned in the image of some hated one, stuck full of mystic pins, or held before the fire by a vindictive hand, accompanied by the muttering of certain meaningless incantations, was believed to bring slow torture and death to the unconscious victim.

In short, whatever Shakespeare says of the "Weird Sisters" and their doings we know to have been in perfect harmony with the belief of Scotland generally, and of Aberdeen more especially, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whatever it was in the eleventh, when Macbeth held converse with them on the "blasted heath." The supernatural elements in the grand tragedy are but a poet's rendering of the evidence in the Witch trials at Aberdeen in 1596-7; and, if Shakespeare was with the English players when there in 1601, as some not unreasonably surmise, he doubtless heard and read the report of those pitiable proceedings in the town itself.

The struggle, moreover, between Celt and Saxon, between Highland thriftlessness and savagery and Lowland industry and comparative refinement, still went on almost within its very borders; and when hungry cattle-lifting Caterans had been driven back to their native hills, it was not unfrequently disturbed and outraged by the family feuds and exactions of those whom the city claimed as protectors, and in whose souls the religious rancour of the time but added fuel to the flame of an inherited hate which blood could not quench.

Such were the difficulties under which a population of some seven thousand souls maintained their corporate unity. It is true the amenities of polished life were cultivated under difficulties; but the very isolation of the town made the citizens more tenacious in their loyalty to it and its fortunes, and cling the more fondly to traditions which were far from inglorious. Their sense of civic importance, indeed, was equal to that of the proudest of those Hanseatic towns with which they so frequently traded.

Upon the whole, therefore, Jamesone may be regarded rather as an historic curiosity than a living force. Still he is great by association, even if he is denied the title of a great artist. He had so emphatic a part in a whole generation of famous men as to be famous himself. He had talked familiarly with the greatest statesmen, warriors, and scholars of his prolific time. He had looked in the face and studied deliberately the lineaments of men of such diverse factions, characters, and fortunes as the great Montrose and General David Leslie, who routed him so irretrievably at Philiphaugh; the grave Bishop William Forbes and the gay Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, the translator of Rabelais, and author, among other curious things, of a panegyric upon Anderson, the mathematician, a kinsman of Jamesone's, which for extravagant exhaustiveness and hyperbole, stands almost alone in literature. Charles I., and his spirited Queen, Henrietta Maria, who afterwards married her *quondam* English page, Henry Jermyne; the Latin poets, Arthur Johnston and David Wedderburn; Alexander Jaffray, the Quaker, and Andrew Cant, the preacher, were all his eager sitters. The Campbells of Glenorchy, the Carnegies of Kinnaird, the Duffs of Muldavit, and a hundred lesser lairds, whose family honours have not like theirs culminated in earldoms, have all been painted by him. Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Catholics, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Highlander and Lowlander, saint and sinner, were all content to be limned by the genial Jamesone.

The light of his genius may not have been of the purest and intensest kind, and may not have travelled far beyond the con-

fines of his native land; although, at the same time, we have good reason for believing that his portrait was placed in the Florentine Gallery among those of the other famous painters; but, within that radius, it has been salutary and constant, and the lapse of two centuries and a half has not dimmed its lustre or lessened its historic value. His example so stirred to emulation his countrymen, gave such authority to their ambition, such likelihood of fulfilment to their dreams, that from that day to this, Art in Scotland has never lacked a witness.

George Jamesone was born in Aberdeen in 1587, probably about Midsummer, and his parents, if not what heralds would call of gentle blood, were of social mark and position in the town. His father, Andrew Jamesone, was a burgess of guild, and a master mason or builder of repute. His mother was Marjorie Anderson, daughter of David Anderson, one of the baillies of the city, and belonged to a family then and afterwards, through the Gregories, famous in France and England for its intellectual gifts.

This couple, according to the Parochial Register of Births and Marriages, were married in August, 1585, and their eldest child, "Elspett," was born and baptized in July, 1586. Consequently, all those biographers, from Horace Walpole to Allan Cunningham, and Samuel Redgrave, who make the painter's birth take place in 1586, have antedated it by at least a year.

Cunningham says positively that Jamesone was born on the day on which Mary Stuart was brought to the block by her "implacable cousin," Elizabeth, whom courtiers, in flattery, and foreigners, in derision, called the "Virgin Queen." But he forgets that the monstrous act, which the Spanish Armada of the following year was, among other things, intended to avenge, was perpetrated in 1587, not 1586. Philip of Spain meant deadly mischief; but, by a marvellous combination of good luck and courage on the part of his foes, the result was the making, not the marring, of England.



Mrs. Duff, of Muldavit. From the Original in Duff House; by permission of Earl Fife. C. Dietrich, Engraver.

We see, therefore, that Cunningham's statement about the coincidence of Jamesone's birth with Queen Mary's death is anything but historic, and, in default of exact documentary evidence, the date we have given must remain.

Neither is there any precise record, or even tradition, of the manner in which George Jamesone first showed his artistic proclivities; but it says much for the intelligence and cultured sympathies of his parents, that they gave him such facilities for the study of his art as were not enjoyed by any other British-born youth of the period.

He was educated at the Grammar School of Aberdeen, and, as the current belief goes, at Marischal College and University, which had been founded a few years before by George Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland, the pupil and Protestant disciple of Beza, the famous wit, scholar, and reformer. Although the class lists of the period are no longer extant, it would be utterly absurd to imagine that a lad in Jamesone's position did not enjoy all the educational advantages of his native city; but it is debatable whether it was at Marischal College or at King's College he studied. At all events, the alleged fact of his having painted the Ten Sibyls, now in King's College, Aberdeen, his friendship with Arthur Johnston, the poet, and other learned men, and the tradition that he was a votary of the Muses himself, all point unerringly to the more than likelihood that he had sat with filial reverence at the classic feet of an *Alma Mater*.

Allowing that Jamesone entered college when about fifteen or sixteen—then, as now, the average age at which Scotch students commenced the regular course—he would in all probability, considering his strong Art bias, leave in two or three years without taking his degree.

The Principal of Marischal College was at this time one Gilbert Gray, a divine of perfervid, kindly, nature, who had a beautiful belief in the literary genius of his countrymen, and especially of his fellow-townsmen, as we learn from that most extravagant and pedantic oration of his, "De Illustribus Scotiæ Scriptoribus," afterwards, in the year of grace, 1611, delivered *urbi et orbi*.

"At inter cæteras Scotiæ civitates, singulari Dei beneficio, nulla magis clarorum ingeniorum proventu floruit, quam Tu, Abredonia, fælix si Deum in donis, suis glorifices; dicent certe alii tuos Liddelios, Cargillos, Hovæos, Dempsteros, Johnstonos, Morisonos, Grayos, Wedderburnos, Jackæos, Duneos, Forbesios, Andersonos, Aidios, reliquosque togatos patres, quos pia et sera posteritas venerabitur."

Although the renown of some of those men went far beyond the boundaries of their native city, a "pious and remote posterity" has all but forgotten them; and yet they were painted by Jamesone, and their names lauded and Latinised by Gray in a Roman oration, whose resonance, he doubtless thought, would go rolling down the ages.

Of all the college magnates, however, during the two or three years of Jamesone's studentship, the one probably who would impress him most was the boy-Professor of Logic, William Forbes. Leaving the grammar-school, the future prelate entered the university at the early and unusual age of twelve, graduated at sixteen, and at seventeen was thought sufficiently grave and learned to fill a professorial chair. He held it for some four years, and then spent a like period pursuing his studies in Poland and at the various universities of Germany. While on the Continent he formed an intimacy with such princely intellects as Vossius, Joseph Scaliger,

and Hugo Grotius. He afterwards studied at Oxford, and, while there, was offered a Professorship of Hebrew. Declining this honour, mainly on the ground of ill-health, he returned to his native city in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and, after holding in succession various pastoral charges, he was, in 1618, elected Principal of Marischal College, having been made a Doctor of Divinity the year before.

When Charles I. visited Edinburgh in 1633, on his coronation tour, Doctor Forbes was appointed to preach before him, and so captivated was the monarch with his eloquence and pathos, that he as good as created for him the Bishopric of Edinburgh. But his ardent application to study, and his startling earnestness in the pulpit, were too much for a constitution never robust, and, seized with an illness, the "peerless preacher," as Spalding calls him, died in 1634, having occupied the see barely three months. Such was the first Bishop of Edinburgh, and such the type of man in respect of scholarship, if not of piety, with whom Jamesone, in his native city, came in familiar contact.

After leaving college, which would probably be about 1606, the young painter, if tradition may be trusted, devoted himself for several years to the study of landscape, sea-pieces, and history; but if we call the last "fancy pieces," or, better still, "fancy portraits," we shall probably be nearer the truth. So far as the study of nature goes, Aberdeen and its immediate neighbourhood afforded then, as now, ample materials.

On the one hand, a sea-shore fringed with low, broken, benty "braes," which, in their turn, were overlooked by an irregular chain of green hills, stretching from the Dee to the Don in billowy continuity—the shore itself, a matchless beach of yellow sands, with a bright, bow-like sweep of many miles; on the other, a rugged coast, strongly indented, whose rocks front boldly the east and its anger, while their fissured feet shelve downwards, clothed with the shaggy flora of the sea. The sea itself, there as everywhere else, familiar yet strange, ever changing yet the same, sullen this moment, smiling wreathedly the next with that clear, grey witchery of sheen beheld only in northern climes; the harbour, with its sparse shipping and gull-haunted lagoon, in whose shallows the town heights, peeping out from the bosquery of their gardens, were reflected; the gabled houses themselves, with their quaint timbered decoration and stone "fore-stairs," where they boasted an upper story; the ruins, then extant, of sundry monastic buildings; the Cathedral and King's College, each an architectural achievement of its kind; the diverse valleys of the Dee and Don running up towards the Highland boundaries of the west, whose commanding contours are visible from many a stand-point, were all waiting translation by the pencil of the ready and sympathetic draughtsman.

That Jamesone took advantage of his opportunities, so far as his own unaided perception went, there can be no doubt; and it is just as certain that he was neither a ready nor a correct draughtsman. If the view of King's College, which has been engraved, was done by Jamesone, as is alleged, the scientific side of his training must have been deficient indeed. To the same early period belong, in my opinion, his 'Ten Sibyls,' now in King's College, if they are his. The drawing in these is anything but good, and the colouring is decidedly crude. At the same time, in spite of their archaic aspect, there is about them a certain Art aptitude, and even an invention, which, I am inclined to think, never found its legitimate fulfilment in after years, when commissions became too rife and life too short.

Such Art, whether in sculpture or in painting, which Jamesone saw around him, was, for the most part, constrained, stiff, and conventional, and spoke of the habits, customs, and thoughts of what was fast becoming to him a remote age. He had eager longings towards fuller and freer things, but he was without the advantages of a directing hand or counselling voice; and we have to imagine him for the next eight or ten years—precisely in that period of his life when he ought to have been under the strictest Art discipline—plodding on as he best might at local landscape and portraiture, giving now and then to the latter such classic guise as his scholastic training might suggest.

At the same time it must not be imagined that Scotland at this period had nothing tangible to show of Art appreciation or accomplishment. We have the authority of contemporary French writers for thinking quite otherwise. Besides, more than a hundred years prior to this date, in the reign of James III., who, unhappily for himself, forgot, in his devotion to Art, the stern responsibilities of government, there were in Scotland two family portrait pictures, each with a sacred subject on the reverse. These probably, at one period, formed the wings of a triptych, or altar decoration of some kind, belonging, as Mr. David Laing shows, to the collegiate church of the Holy Trinity, Edinburgh. And these pictures, for Art quality, were not to be excelled by any work of the period, which was 1482–4.

"What should have prompted the parents of the young painter," says the late Doctor Robert Chambers of Edinburgh, who was the first to give anything like a trustworthy memoir of the artist, "to adopt the very unusual measure of sending their son from a quiet fireside in Aberdeen, to study under Peter Paul Rubens in Antwerp, must remain a mystery." But there is no mystery in the matter. Jameson, as we have seen, and as his whole family connections show, was come of people of intelligence and perception much beyond the common, and the town in which he was born and bred was proud and enterprising, and cultivated, to the full extent of its limited means, a foreign trade in bottoms of its own. Besides, had not many of his countrymen fought for freedom under the glorious tricolour of William of Orange, and were not the cities of Brabant and "the Lowlands of Holland" familiar to their adventurous feet? Nor, on the return to their native land, was the story of Dutch heroism poured into unsympathetic ears.

Seeing, then, their son wasting the heyday of his youth without making much palpable progress, owing, as they doubtless thought, to his lack of the adequate means of improvement, what more natural than that the parents should cast about for a worthy instructor to their gifted son; and who so fit to be his master as the man whose fame had reached all those interested in such matters and who had ears to hear? Occasional Flemish traders in search of Scottish wool, and, season after season, their own skipper, with one or more of their venturesome merchants who had accompanied him to the Low Countries, would return with marvellous stories of the princely painter and his doings, till conviction came to their minds that their son must cross the seas, and that his master must be Peter Paul Rubens.

We have no record of when Jamesone went to Antwerp; but it could scarcely have been before 1612, and in all probability was not till 1617.

JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON.

(*To be continued.*)

HADES IN ART.

IT is not improbable that the visions of Hades, which poetry and faith in the soul's immortality have given from time to time, may have sprung from those thoughts that arise in the human heart when the door of the Unseen has been suddenly opened, and our thoughts are with the dead rather than the living. There is an insight, born of some such supreme moments of pain, bringing hopes and convictions, which comes with all the force of revelation, and lifts the sufferer out of and above himself. As years pass on, and the mind recovers its balance, such thoughts will force an utterance through all hindrance, whether in the form of visions or otherwise, and prove "the cup of strength in some great agony" to others likewise tried.

These visions are not so unfrequent in the history of literature as many imagine. In our own day, we have had the "Dream of Gerontius," where love and awe in the presence of the Almighty prove the very essence of the purifying process. Scott, in the vision of "Wandering Willie," has, on the other hand, given us a picture of the nether world in a passage where he has been truly said to blend something of the spirit of Dante with the power of Shakspere. The "Divina Commedia" of Dante itself was but one of a long chain of visions, such as that of St. Fursey or St. Adamnan, or Hermas in his "Shepherd," till we come back to the Hades of the pagan poets, scenes in the Æneid and the Odyssey, and, further still, to the beautiful poem of the Descent of the goddess Ishtar, the Assyrian Astarte or Aphrodite, into Hades. In these great Infernos of the past we find the embodiment of the most profound religious convictions of the day, while the highest imaginative power is brought to bear upon the subject, so that it is perhaps true that history has bequeathed us no poems of deeper interest, or hymns of more solemn character. It is now our intention to bring forward a few instances in which ancient Art has furnished illustrations of such hymns, and bequeathed to us images at times even more expressive than the hymn itself, of the hope springing from faith in the immortality of the soul.

The oldest of these hymns is that of the Assyrian goddess Ishtar, who loves the Arcadian sun god Izdubar, by whom she has been forsaken, or from whom she has been torn apart by the gods. The story of her descent into Hades in search of the Water of Life for her husband Izdubar, who had been slain by the boar's tusk of Winter, forms an episode in the Assyrian epic which contains the adventures and trials of the sun god, and corresponds with many stories that meet us in the mythologies of various races and nations throughout the world, growing out of the winter sleep of the sun and his resurrection in the spring. In fact, many of the episodes and characters in this Assyrian epic are prototypes of those in later myths; thus the messenger sent from Hea, god of the sea, to open the gates of Hades for Ishtar, was an animal corresponding to the Egyptian sphinx and Greek Cerberus, a dog of the dawn, who guards the approach to the realms of the Shades. Again, in the struggles of Heabani with the lion, or with Midannu, a composite creature allied to the lion, and in the strife of Izdubar with Khumbaba, the bull of Anu, we have the prototypes of such incidents in Greek legend as the struggles of Hercules with the Nemean lion, of the bull of Crete and of Geryon.

It is held that all these tales of the wars and wrestlings of gods and heroes with bulls, lions, and composite animals, signify the strife of mind with brute force, of good and evil, of life and death; and as the comparative mythologist traces, link by link, the chain connecting the latter legend with its prototype in primitive mythology, it is not vain to hope that the historian of Art may, in like manner, discover the links in the chain of monuments that illustrate these subjects, connecting the remote past with the culminating epoch of the history of Art. The subjects of the carvings on these Assyrian monuments of the struggles of Izdubar and Heabani with the monsters who opposed them re-appear in infinitely various forms throughout all Art. In table case B. in the Kouyunjik Gallery, or Ninevite room in the British Museum, a narrow terra-cotta tablet, cracked across and ticketed K. 162, may be observed. It bears a closely-written inscription in Assyrian, and measures 8 inches long by 2½ wide. Near this, and in the same case, are six cylinders, three of chalcedony, three of ironstone, covered with strange groups of figures, some with their names inscribed above (Fig. 1). The subject of the inscription on the terra-cotta tablet is the Descent of Ishtar to Hades, and the subjects on the cylinders are illustrations of this legend. Their date is fixed at 2,000 years before Christ.

Many centuries had yet to elapse before Art found utterance

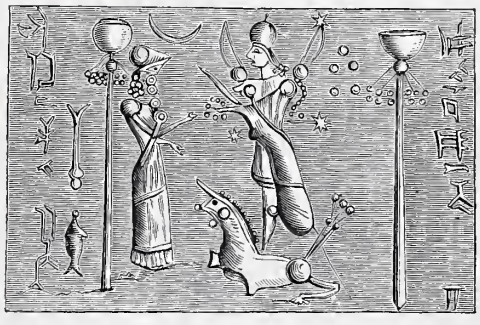


Fig. 1.—*Descent of Ishtar to Hades.*

for the emotions expressed in such poems as that of Ishtar. The noble Greek hymn of Demeter may be dated seven centuries before Christ, but not till 400 B.C. did the sculptor appear who could give adequate expression to the beauty of

this myth in Art. The story of Persephone, daughter of Demeter, carried away by Hades and restored after a season, is the subject of the Greek hymn.



Fig. 2.—*Demeter.*

The sorrowing mother, after long wanderings in search of her lost child, learns her fate at last :—

"Loud then shrilled she with her voice, calling upon the name of Kronides, her sire, most righteous and most high. And the crests of the mountains and the deeps of the sea rang beneath her immortal voice. . . . And the queen, her mother, heard the voice; and sharp distress took her by the heart, and with her dear hands she tore the veil about her ambrosial hair, and cast a sable hood over both her shoulders, and sped forth like a bird over wet and dry, searching." Bearing in her hands burning torches, she ranges over the earth by night till at last she comes to Helios, the watcher of gods and men, and stood before his horses, and the divine goddess spoke to him :—

"'O god of light! look down on me above all others; if ever, at least by word or deed, I made glad thy heart and mind, the voice I heard through the loud desolate air, the form I saw not with mine eyes torn from me by death, do thou now, since thou lookest down with thy beams out of the divine air upon all the earth and over all the sea, tell me, tell me, if thou hast seen the power that robbed me of my child?'" *

The marble head discovered in the sacred precinct of the goddess at Cnidos, may be said to mark an era not only in the history of Art but of religious thought. We seem to learn in this perfect face (Fig. 2) what is the noblest attitude woman can assume in the presence of sorrow—a calm and steadfast trust in the overruling power of good; resignation and awe when face to face with the great mystery of death. Here, indeed, the problem would seem to be almost solved of how to combine classic form with the depth of Christian sentiment, and we perceive that it is feeling, not dogma or system, which asserts itself in Art.

* Translated by Mr. Sidney Colins in *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. xxxiii., p. 661.

The treatment that this myth has received in the hands of some of our living writers falls far short of the nobleness not only of the original hymn, but of the spirituality and elevation which inspired the touch of the Greek sculptor. Indeed, there is a class of writers among us now who need to be reminded that the Greek fathers of great Art were students not of passion but of nature, and they knew her to be the veil or mirror of the unknown God.* Mr. Pater, in his abstract of this hymn, omits the prayer to the god of light, while Mr. Swinburne, in his Demeter at Eleusis and hymn to Proserpine, ignores the hope of resurrection conveyed in the return to life and light of the lost Proserpine. How different is Mr. Swinburne's image of the sorrowing mother—

"Whose face was like a cloth wrung out
With close and weeping wrinkles,"

to that of the statue, solid set and moulded in colossal calm, where Greek Art has for ever fixed in marble the image of that sorrowing love that grows to something greater than before.

"How greatly," writes Professor Butcher, "they misread the mind of Greece who think to become Hellenic by means of eccentricity tinged with vice;" and the result is curious when we find two distinct schools of thought at work amongst us now, the sympathies of one class gathering round the mythology, poetry, and Art of the debased Greco-Roman period, while the others recognise the purity, spirituality, and elevation of the best Greek period.

Another Greek myth, springing from faith in the resurrection from the grave, was that of Dionysus and his mother Semele. When the child born to Semele in her hour of death had attained manhood, he sought his mother in Hades, and, restoring her from the grave, raised her to Olympus.

The meeting of Dionysus and his mother forms the subject of one of the most beautiful examples of Etruscan Art in



Fig. 3 —*The meeting of Dionysus and Semele. Bronze mirror from Vulci.*

existence. This is an engraving upon a bronze mirror (Fig. 3) discovered during the excavation of the tombs at Vulci, made

* *Fortnightly Review*, vol. xix., N. S., p. 82.

in 1828. The mother, who has risen from the grave, is robed in a vestment sown with stars, in allusion to the celestial



Fig. 4.—The parting of Alcestis and Admetus.

pavilion in which stars are burning. She folds her son in her arms while bending over his upturned face till lip meets lip, his curls falling on her throat and neck. The youthful form of Dionysus is far removed from the conventional severity which lingered in bronze work much later than in painting. The young god throws himself backwards, straining his arms round his mother's neck with passionate tenderness as he meets her embrace. Apollo stands holding the laurel-tree, beneath the shelter of whose leaves the meeting seems to have been held, and a young faun, seated on a neighbouring rock, plays his hymn of rejoicing on the double bacchic flute. The heads of Apollo and Dionysus are bound by sacred bandelettes, such as also hang from the ivied wand or thyrsos of Dionysus, held lightly between the mother's fingers. The ornaments, necklaces, and bracelets worn by the principal figures in this group are symbols venerated by the Etruscans, with whom it was a custom to wear amulets round the neck consecrated to certain divinities. Such ornaments were worn by people to whom public honours were decreed. To these indications of Etruscan usages we may add the three inscriptions—Semele, Apulu, and a third which is held to offer a new name for Bacchus, the derivation of the name of the city of Populonia.

It is supposed that the mirror on which this beautiful design appears may have been a work executed at Vulci by an Etruscan artist familiar with Greek Art perhaps at the time of the victory of the Romans and final subjugation of Etruria, after the close of the third Samnite war, and before the time of Pyrrhus, B.C. 281.

The tale of Alcestis, her voluntary death, and her restoration from Hades by Hercules, is a common subject on Etruscan cinerary urns. The poem of Browning, founded on the play of Euripides, has made us familiar with all the beauty and significance of the original tale, and the drama, which was left by the Greek simple and objective as a nursery song, is transfused into a poem of imaginative subtlety. With that fuller insight, which is the gift of time alone, Browning has found that, hidden in the heart of this mysterious myth, itself the golden fruit of ages past, a seed of life lay dormant. This is now first recognised and brought to light by him. Hence the name he chooses for the fair girl who is to give the world this old wine in a new chalice, this pure blossom from an inexhaustible seed, Balaustion, "the wild pomegranate flower." The soul from which her song bursts forth may be likened to that

> "Pomegranate which, if cut deep down the middle,
> Shows a heart within blood-tinctured of a veined humanity!"

Mr. Browning, perceiving that Admetus, as judged by a modern standard and a superficial world, is but a poor and selfish coward, and therefore that the love of Alcestis is but waste of a divine impulse, in his readjustment of the tale shows us Hercules, not merely restoring the lost wife from Hades, but effecting the moral regeneration of the object of her love.

This substituted version of the tale we feel to be the truest as well as the most poetic, because we hold that such spiritual experiences as are imaged in these myths are as vitally true as are the phenomena of nature by which they are figured. The parting of Alcestis with her husband Admetus (Fig. 4), is represented on an alabaster urn found in Etruria, and now preserved in the Berlin Museum.* It would seem as if Browning must have studied the Etruscan urn, and had its reliefs present to his mind when he paints the face of Alcestis as she waves back the advancing pageantry of Hades, and, fixing her calm gaze upon her husband, she lets her lips unlock their sentence. She is to perish, and would tell her husband that in the cause of *his*



Fig. 5.—Thanatos.

duty, which is *hers*, he must let her die. Admetus, wrapt in a mantle, bends eagerly forward as if to arrest the hand

* *Annali dell' Institute Archæologeca*, T. xiv., p. 40—47.

that would draw the veil of death over the face of Alcestis. The figure behind her couch holds the anointing oil ready for the dying head, and the Fates at either side hasten forward to attend her on her last journey.

A still grander illustration of the tale is to be found in the group representing the descent of Alcestis to Hades on the sculptured column of the temple of the Ephesian Artemis, now in the British Museum. Here Hermes, the Shade leader, is conducting the noble wife to Death. He is represented resting on the right foot in momentary pause, holding the lowered kerykeion in his right hand, and looking upwards, with parted lips, as if awaiting a command from above. The left arm rests by its hand behind the hip, and is furled in the drooping chlamys.

The last shape which meets our eye is one of rare attractiveness. A youth faces us with long drooping wings (Fig. 5); his head, with heavy parted hair, inclines to his left with a pathetic expression, and his left hand is raised, as if beckoning. A weighty sheathed sword hangs by his left haunch. The right arm, together with a large portion of that side of the body, has been struck off. This nude, winged, youthful figure would alone stamp the era of the entire work. The pathetic character points to the new Attic school, no less than the almost feminine softness of the forms. The workmanship of this figure is not careful. It is a magnificent sketch by a practised and fearless hand, the object being the expression of the whole rather than any careful individualising of parts. This mysterious figure, from its wings and bodily type, has been thought to represent Eros, but is now proved to be Thanatos, and the attribute held in the now destroyed right was probably the inverted torch. "But," writes Mr. F. W. Burton,* "it is the head which most strongly answers to the character of the genius of Death, as conceived by the Greek imagination. A dreamy *sehnsucht* pervades the almost sexless face; a sadness, as if Death himself felt that he too was but the victim of an inexorable fate, whose behests he must execute; and the lax, unwavy hair is drawn back behind the ears as if carelessly confined. The ambrosial locks of Eros are, on the contrary, curly and rippled, and hang in tresses on the shoulders, or are knotted in clusters behind the head. We think, however, that the presence of the sword decides the question, and we recall the passage in the *Alcestis* of Euripides, where Thanatos appears, armed with a sword ready, as 'Priest of the Dying,' to sever the lock from the victim sacred to Persephone:"—

Death.—"This woman will descend to the mansions of Hades; and I am advancing against her that I may perform the initiatory rites with my sword; for that man is sacred to the gods beneath the earth, the hair of whose head this sword may have hallowed."

This unique illustration of a unique passage adds in no small degree to the interest and value of this long-buried fragment. MARGARET STOKES.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.*



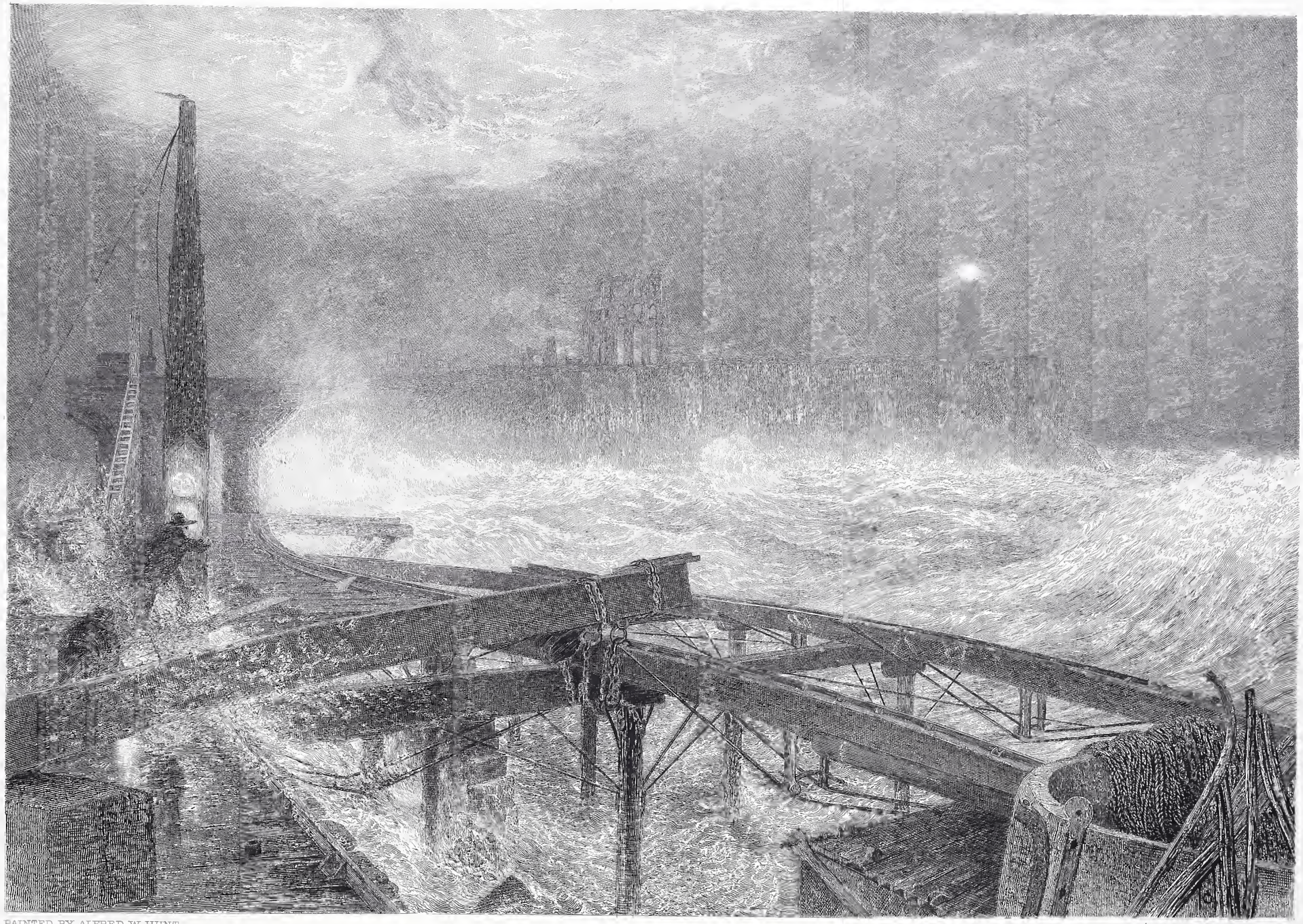
From L. Gonse's L'Art Japonais.

THE births which have occurred in the month of July include the following:—2nd, George Dunlop Leslie, R.A., at St. John's Wood, London, 1835: 3rd, Overbeck, at Lubeck, 1789: 4th, Marcus Stone, A.R.A., at London, 1840, and Frank Holl, A.R.A., at Kentish Town, London, 1845: 5th, Jean Raimond Hippolyte Lazerges, at Narbonne, 1817: 6th, John Flaxman, R.A., at York, 1755, and Joseph Edgar Boehm, R.A., at Vienna, 1834, of Hungarian parents: 9th, Orazio Lomi, called Gentileschi, at Pisa, 1562, and J. W. Oakes, A.R.A., at Sproston House, near Middlewich, 1822: 11th, Giovanni Battista Salvi, called Sassoferrato, in 1605: 12th, Josiah Wedgwood, at Burslem, 1730: 15th, Rembrandt van Rhijn, at Leyden, 1606 (7 or 8), and Sir Henry Cole, C.B., at Bath, 1808: 16th, Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., at Plympton, Devonshire, 1723: 19th, John Martin, at Haydon Bridge, near Hexham, 1789, and Alfred Waterhouse, A.R.A., at Liverpool, 1830: 20th, Hyacinthe Rigaud (called y Ros), at Perpignan, 1659: 21st, Salvator Rosa, at Naples, 1615: 23rd, Bonaventura Peters (baptized at the church of St. Walburga, Antwerp), 1614: 29th, Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot, at Paris, 1796.

* Continued from page 185.

Among the deaths are—2nd, Francesco Bonsignori, at Caldiero, near Verona, 1519: 3rd, Guiseppe Cesari, called Il Cavaliere d'Arpino, in 1640: 4th, Francesco da Ponte (called Bassano from his birthplace), in 1592: 7th, William Mulready, R.A., at Bayswater, 1863: 8th, Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., in 1823: 9th, Jan van Eyck, at Bruges, 1440 (according to Mr. Weale): 10th, George Stubbs, A.R.A., at London, 1806, and Cecil Lawson, in 1882: 11th, Girolamo Genga, near Urbino, 1551: 13th, James Northcote, R.A., at London, 1831: 15th, Annibale Caracci, at Rome, 1609, buried in the Pantheon near Raphael (the 16th also given); Carle van Loo, at Paris, 1765, and G. F. Waagen, the writer on Art, in 1868: 16th, Pierre-Narcisse, Baron Guèrin, at Rome, 1833: 17th, Hendrik van Balen, at Antwerp, 1639, and Giovanni Maria Crespi, called Spagnuolo, in 1747: 18th, Bartholomew Flemael, at Liége, 1675, and Antoine Watteau, at Nogent, near Paris, 1721: 20th, Isaac Moucheron, in 1744: 21st, Louis Galloche, in 1761: 22nd, Stefano della Bella, the engraver, at Florence, 1664, and Gerbrandt van der Eeckhout, at Amsterdam, 1674: 24th, George Vertue, the engraver and archæologist, in 1756, buried in Westminster Abbey: 25th, Santi de Tito, at Florence, 1603; Bonaventura Peters, in 1652, and J. B. G. Pater, at Paris, 1736: 27th, Michael Jansz Miereveldt, at Delft, 1641, and Gilbert Stuart, the American portrait painter, at Boston, U. S. A., 1828: 28th, Gerard de Lairesse, at Amsterdam, 1711: 29th, Francesco Pesello, in 1457: 30th, Francesco Trevisani, at Rome, 1746, and Cav. Paolo Toschi, the engraver, in 1854. Giovanni Francesco Romanelli (Roman school) also died this month, in 1662. ALFRED BEAVER.

* *Saturday Review*, No. 897, vol. xxxv., p. 50.



PAINTED BY ALFRED W. HUNT

ENGRAVED BY E. BRANDARD

TYNEMOUTH

FROM A WATER COLOUR DRAWING IN THE COLLECTION OF HUMPHREY ROBERTS, ESQ.

TYNEMOUTH.

PAINTED BY ALFRED HUNT. ENGRAVED BY E. P. BRANDARD.

THE engraving of Tynemouth Pier in this number of *The Art Journal* is taken from one of the best drawings in the recent exhibition of Mr. Alfred W. Hunt's works in the gallery of The Fine Art Society in Bond Street. It is the property of Mr. Humphrey Roberts, and was bought by him direct from the artist soon after it was painted. It was in November, 1865, that Mr. Hunt made the studies for this drawing. At that time the piers, which it was hoped would do much to diminish the terrible risks of "making" the entrance to the Tyne by sheltering it on the north and south, were just being constructed. The drawing shows the one on the north, or Northumbrian side. The engineering appliances, the travelling crane, tramways, girders, galleries, cross beams, and waggons, made this picturesque by their complexity, and grand by their daring and direct challenge to the greatest forces of nature. The masonry of the pier just shows in the engraving underneath the staging. We can see at a glance that the artist's standpoint cannot have been an easy or comfortable one, and that he must often have gone home drenched to the skin. The point of view selected by him must have been a little beyond the rude waggon seen to the right, and to get to it he would have to cross the beams which bridged over the chasm between the portion of pier which was completed and the outlying staging where he wished to be. These beams play a large part in the drawing, and look as if they would be but an insecure and slippery footway when the tide was rising and heavy spray beginning to fall over them. Down below, at a depth of thirty feet or so, is the sea tossing about on its hard bed of rocks. Mr. Hunt has chosen the moment when the last bit of work on the pier for that day is just being done. The sun has set, and the darkness of a November evening is fast coming on. The workmen have gone to rest, and some official is performing one last piece of duty before leaving all to solitude, and is lighting up the warning lamps. There are two of them, one red and one green, and, as we can easily imagine, this, on a stormy evening, when wind and tide were struggling together, and light was fast waning, must have been the most striking incident of the twenty-four hours. Naturally enough, the painter did not like to lose this sight, and we have been told that more than once the signal-man used to call across to him in kindly anxiety, "Master, master, if you stay there much longer you will never get home at all!" It is a wild scene; the man has just lighted his lamp; it fitfully colours the white wave which soon splashes over it. The other beacon, in its old-established lighthouse at the very end of the wind-swept promontory on which the ruins of the Priory stand, burns with all the secure strength of a light which is well aware that it is visible for twenty miles around. We see the three beautiful windows of the Priory, and, a little more to the left, the Castle. Many a cruel deed was done on the desolate promontory crowned by these ruins. Much burning of earlier abbeys was done there by the Danes, and many nuns and other religious persons were by them swiftly "translated by martyrdom to the never-ending joys of heaven." The castle, so to call it, for it too has been translated and turned into a barrack, is not a very striking object when near it, but looks well enough from below. The castle, the lighthouse, and the governor's house are said to have been built with stone stolen from the Priory. In bygone days there was sanctuary for one mile round about this church, and the space within this circuit was called "The Peace of St. Oswin." The safety and peace were only for murderers and turbulent spirits flying from punishment, and by land. In bad weather there can never have been much peace either for them or for any one else who came within a mile of St. Oswin's great church, if they approached it by sea. The entrance to the port of Shields was beset with danger. When we think of it we are involuntarily reminded of Swinburne's fine lines, which might have been written of this port, and perhaps were, for he comes of a good old Northumbrian family—

> "Where beyond the extreme sea-wall and between the remote sea-gates,
> Waste water washes and tall ships founder, and deep death waits."

Deep death did indeed wait here. Even if a storm-driven vessel did get across the bar—no easy task—it was often wrecked on some cruelly treacherous rocks, called the Black Middens, which lay inside. They have been partly blown up, but Tynemouth bar has still an ill name. Tynemouth is now a very different place from what it was when Mr. Hunt painted it. Hundreds of houses have been built, and the semi-rural old-fashioned village has become a flourishing town, which is still increasing. But the Tynemouth Mr. Hunt saw was woefully unlike the lovely fishing village on the cliffs which old T. Richardson, of Newcastle, father of the still more distinguished T. M. Richardson, delighted so to paint, and painted so well. His pictures are not so much known in the south as they deserve to be, but his name is held in honoured remembrance in the north. The picturesque old houses and cottages which abounded in this neighbourhood in his day have all been cleared away, and the Tynemouth even of the date of Mr. Hunt's drawing would simply have driven him to despair. Mr. Hunt probably took the best course open to him when he tried to get a picture out of the very *corpus delicti*. The new pier completely ruined that most exquisite view from the Prior's haven; but instead of retiring in despair and disgust, Mr. Hunt saw the beauty and nobility of a vigorous conflict with the fierce sea of this coast. It is a sea which can scarcely be reckoned with, for not many years after this very pier was finished, a big wave rushed over it and swept off a man who was taking an afternoon stroll without the least thought of danger.

We can only remember one other work of Mr. Hunt's in which the iron mechanism of "this so-called nineteenth century" (to adopt a most felicitous phrase actually heard from the pulpit) has been applied to pictorial use, and that is one which likewise found a place in the late exhibition, 'The Crazy Jane, of Whitby.' In this drawing the iron lines of the railway, and even the black locomotive, work their way into that most romantic town in one corner of his drawing of it, and actually add to its charm.

THE PARIS SALON.*

CONTINUING the galleries with *Salle* No. 3, we come to much capable work. There are a great number of 'Crépuscules' at this as at every Salon, but perhaps the two finest in this year's collection are here, and one of them is by an American artist. The 'Twilight' of M. Alex. Harrison would be more fittingly described as 'Moonrise,' for over a great expanse of dark-green ocean the full-moon has risen and is throwing its broad silver-gold track across the windy waters. The sense of space, of breadth, of freedom, is finely interpreted, and the only fault that can be found with this fine seascape is a tendency to accentuate too markedly that metallic effect which moonlight so frequently lends to moving water. The other twilight piece is the fine work of M. Hareux, a 'Crépuscule de juillet à Épisy,' a village in the Seine-et-Marne district. This work is full of the most poetic feeling, and is, at the same time, thoroughly satisfactory in technique.

A very fine painting by M. Israëls, the 'Struggle for Existence,' shows an old fisherman of gaunt and haggard aspect striding through the dull grey-brown surge that breaks along some barren northern strand, and vainly searching for his uncertain sea food. The 'Recensement des Chevaux dans un Village' of M. E. Girardet is a characteristic and well-painted picture. The last work that need be specially noticed in this room is the thoroughly satisfactory piece of genre by M. J. Garnier; entitled 'Joyeux Buveurs,' its subject is manifest, but there is no hint in it of any such challenge to the respectabilities as M. Garnier perpetrated in his now famous 'Borgia s'amuse.'

Salle 4.—One of the least interesting galleries. The two works which deserve mention are M. Gérôme's 'Vente d'Esclaves à Rome' and 'La Nuit au Désert;' neither of them, however, calculated to increase the reputation of the artist. M. Hillemacher's 'Edward Jenner faisant ses premières expériences de vaccine' has considerable technical skill; but the treatment of the subject is not pleasant, and the work is best fitted for what will probably be its ultimate refuge: the hall or lecture-room in some medical college.

Salle 5.—One of the most striking canvases in this room is M. W. T. Dannat's Spanish Picture, 'Uu Quatuor.' Four amateur musicians are together in what may be a bootmaker's shop, probably after their frugal mid-day meal; the two chief figures being a girl of the well-known Madrazo type, and the burly shoemaker himself. The latter is intensely in earnest, and one can almost fancy that his stentorian bass will in a moment resound throughout the gallery, sitting stiff and erect with emotionless aspect as he does, and with his wide mouth rounded into an expressive 'O.' M. Dannat takes delight in the darkest of dark shadows, but his 'Quatuor' is saved from being actually sombre by his mastery over chiaroscuric effects. M. E. Dantan's work is so well known that it is only needful to say his 'Atelier de Moulage' and 'Atelier de Tourneur' exhibit all his customary fine qualities, with perhaps even more delicacy of tone than heretofore. In this gallery also is hung the chief military picture of the year, M. Detaille's panoramic representation of the 'Evening of Bezonville, 16th August, 1870.' This lengthy canvas is divided into five compartments, with a result that completely defeats the artist's aim; one large undivided canvas would have enabled the spectator to form a much clearer idea of the subject. It is absurd to call five pictures one. What a contrast between this laboured and unsuccessful production, and the 'Friedland,' for instance, of M. Meissonier! Painted with great skill, M. Delahaye's 'Manufacture of Gas at Courcelles' shows also originality and power; in the nature of things, the subject is not pleasant from the purely pictorial point of view, but some day, in the not very far future, it may become historically interesting—as a representation of the manufacture of a substance used in an obsolete method of illumination.

Salle 6.—The pleasantest picture in this room is the work of an American. Mr. C. Grayson has never painted anything more charming than his marine subject, called 'Ohé! le Canot!'; showing a Breton fisher-girl on a rocky jetty, at sundown, hailing a homeward-bound smack. M. Harpignies is an accomplished landscape painter, and is seen to advantage in his 'Moonrise at Yonne,' hung in this room; and also in his admirable and delicately toned 'Le Loing: vue prise dans les bois de la Tremellerie.' Mr. H. G. Herkomer's 'Ready to pose' represents an unmistakable British navvy standing as a model in a studio.

Salle 7.—The three most notable works here are the productions of MM. Demont, Edelfelt, and L. Deschamps. 'La Nuit,' of the first named, is a poetically-felt landscape-piece; painted in grey, brown, and silver half-tones. M. Edelfelt's 'At Sea: in the Gulf of Finland' is the best picture this distinguished painter has yet produced, and is remarkable for the admirable characterization of the two figures in the fishing-smack, as well as for the painting of the green and turbulent North Seas; and 'In the Sun, one Spring-day' of M. Deschamps, there is to be found a note of sincere pathos; the picture representing, as it does, a city attic in some poverty-stricken quarter, with three half-starved, partially-clad, and dreadfully haggard children, sitting or standing in speechless and hopeless misery, a misery that is accentuated by unmistakable signs that the poor little ones have just been rendered orphans. The painting is somewhat dull and flat; but this, judging from the same artist's other work, is evidently more or less intentional.

Salle 8.—M. Henner's 'Christ au Tombeau' has been purchased by the State. It is a small narrow picture, but characterized by this artist's usual strong and impressive colouration; yet to many it is inferior to the same painter's rich 'Weeping Nymph,' a little work of very great beauty. M. Français is one of the most able of French landscapists, and his scene from the Vosges entitled 'Derniers jours d'Automne,' exhibits all his usual fine qualities.

Salle 9.—The pleasantest work in this room is M. Jules Dupré's delightful 'Prairie Normande,' a direct study from nature, full of the sense of space and freedom, and painted by a man who both knows intimately and loves well the scenery he mostly renders.

* Continued from page 180.

Salle 10.—M. Gervex has seldom if ever painted a more admirable portrait than that of his eminent confrère, M. Alfred Stevens. M. Jules Girardet, always popular, has this year as fully as ever attracted incident-loving visitors by his 'Louvet and his Friend Lodoïska as Refugees in the House of Breton Peasants,' as also by his 'Arrest during the Reign of Terror.' Of the several snow-paintings in this year's exposition no one has excelled the 'Effet de Neige dans les Montagnes Tyroliennes,' of M. Hellquist. The dramatic element is nowhere more amply exemplified than in M. Laurens's 'Vengeance of Pope Urban VI.,' this picture being as ably composed, drawn, and painted, as it is dramatically conceived.

Salle 11.—Mr. Chaplin's very charming and characteristically-painted portraits of two English ladies have received, as they deserved, much attention, and have been the subject of much comment. A brilliant and original artist, his work is always so refreshingly individual that one is inclined to overlook certain mannerisms, the absence of which might improve the painter's latest works. M. Cottin's 'Le Chant du Départ,' representing the opening of a sheepfold at dawn, is painted in soft greys and browns, and in a manner that suggests his affinity to the noblest school of French pastoral Art. In 'Things of the Past,' M. Delanoy has shown his power as an admirable painter of bric-à-brac.

The twelfth, or as it is sometimes called, the *Salon Carré*, was referred to in detail in our previous paper.

Salle 13.—Mr. Bridgman, the well-known American artist, has done some admirable work, but nothing to equal his charming 'Le Bain en Famille,' showing an Egyptian mother superintending her brown-skinned youngster's ablutions in a quaintly-shaped bronze bath. The feeling throughout is so thoroughly natural, that it appeals to the spectator instantaneously. M. Billet has a finely-toned, if somewhat sombre landscape, called 'Aux Marais d'Arleux,' and M. Bastien-Lepage a small, but powerful, 'La Forge.'

In *Salle* 14 the following deserve special mention:—M. F. Montenard has been most successful in his 'Village de Six-fours;' and in his other scene from the same neighbourhood, showing the unlading of oranges and citrons on the quays of Toulon, he has contributed to the Salon one of the most brilliant pieces of colours to be found this year within its walls. Reference must here be made to a charming little bit of genre, called, 'Musiciens ambulants,' by J. C. Meissonier, the son of the famous artist.

Salle 15. M. Bayard's 'Affaire d'honneur' has the merit of novelty, if merit there be at all in this instance. Two ladies, each stripped to the waist, are the combatants; the duel is being fought with rapiers. M. Bompard's 'Boucher Tunisien' has been much praised in certain quarters, but in the writer's mind it was most aptly defined by a remark made to him by an eminent French critic—"It is clever; it is admirable; but what has brutality to do with Art?" M. B. Constant's work has many admirers, and is always deserving of close attention. This year his oriental picture, called 'Les Chérifas,' and showing the interior of a harem, is an important, if a not altogether pleasing one. The colouring is powerful, but somewhat morbid. Mr. G. W. Chambers has given a successful representation of the dunes of the northern French seaboard, but his work is certainly inferior to the masterly 'La Dune' of M. Yon, a painting that in its subtle tone, and delicate yet finer technique, is perhaps even superior to the same artist's 'Embouchure de la Dive,' which has been purchased by the State.

In *Salle* 19 there is perhaps the finest work in the Exposition. M. Jules Breton is one of the most eminent of living painters, but he has never done anything finer than his simple and somewhat hackneyed representation of young communicants on their way to the sacred ceremony. The natural features of the scene are more typically English than French. In the detail, the characterization, the perfect technique, the harmonious and varied colouration, and, above all, in the feeling, this picture is especially fine. Referring to M. Breton and this work, a leading Parisian critic recently and appositely wrote:—"*Un idéaliste qui fait réel, c'est l'impossibilité vaincue.*" After M. Breton's picture, perhaps the most noticeable painting is 'Les Derniers Sacrements,' by Mr. Mosler, who is also seen to advantage in his 'L'Horloger du Village.' M. Mesdag is well known in this country, and if this admirable marine painter's 'North Sea' and 'Searching for Anchors after the Storm' were exhibited in London, they would doubtless find many admirers. The former is an especially powerful representation of the dull-grey tempestuous sea of the German Ocean. In his large and impressive 'Mardochée,' M. P. A. A. Leroy has done good work, but his colouring has still a tendency to crudeness, especially in the reds and blues. M. Luminais' 'Fuite de Gradlon,' an incident taken from an old Breton legend, is dramatically conceived; and M. Boulanger's 'Captive' is hardly important enough either in scope or style for so popular an artist. *Bizarrerie* of the most exaggerated kind has found an exponent in M. de Beaulieu, whose extraordinary 'Fille aux Rats' could have been painted by no other than a Parisian.

Salles 21-31.—M. Puvis de Chavannes is an artist of such real and high genius that one feels correspondingly regretful when he is represented by work manifesting all his faults, and by no means all his good qualities; and such is the case in his immense decorative canvas, called 'Le Bois sacré, cher aux Arts et aux Muses.' Another large work is the strange picture by M. Surand, called 'Les Mercenaires de Carthage,' and showing a long row of crucified lions in a mountain gorge, through which a Carthaginian tribe are passing.

The following is a list of twenty pictures which have already been acquired for the State:—Barau, 'Sur la Suippes;' J. Benner, 'Pavots;' Bompard, 'Le Boucher tunisien;' Achille Cesbron, 'Métempsychose;' Dantan, 'L'Atelier du tourneur;' Demont, 'Le Nuit;' Duez, 'Le Miracle des roses;' Gumery, 'Le Départ pour la fête;' Harpignies, 'Lever de lune l'Etang de Grand-Rue Yonne;' Henner, 'Le Christ Autombeau;' Lefortier, 'La Marne à la Fetré-sous-Jouarre;' Montenard, 'Environs de Toulon;' Nozal, 'Etang de la mer Rouge;' Petit Jean, 'Village aux environs de Neufchâteau;' Pointelin, 'Le sentier des Roches;' Mlle. Ribot, 'Nature morte;' Rosier, 'Clair de lune dans le canal Saint-Marc;' Smith-Hald, 'Le Vieux filet;' F. Ulmann, 'La Séance du 16 juin, 1877;' Yon, 'Embouchure de la Dive.'

The following statistics may be of interest—

On the first Sunday in May, when the Salon is open free, there entered up to 2 o'clock, 15,000; to 3 o'clock, 24,400; to 5 o'clock, 40,485 persons. In addition there were 2,000 who paid a franc each for admission between 8 and 10 o'clock.

WILLIAM SHARP.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE CITY OF LONDON SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.—The fourth exhibition of this body opened at the end of May, and will close on August 31st. Amongst the nine hundred works shown there are examples of Sir F. Leighton, Mr. G. A. Storey, Mr. C. E. Johnson, Mr. Seymour Lucas, and some fine statuary by Mr. Birch, Mr. Brock, and Mr. Thornycroft. The catalogue is prefixed with a so-called list of exhibitors, which includes the principal names in English Art, but the visitor will search in vain for their works. The intention of the compiler was probably to give the artists' names who at any previous time may have exhibited, but this ought to have been stated clearly.

BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION.—A small but interesting exhibition of the original drawings executed for the illustrations in Messrs. Cassell and Company's publications, was held in June at La Belle Sauvage Yard. The drawings were by many well-known workers in black and white.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Art Gallery at the Crystal Palace has been re-arranged by the formation of numerous small salons, and the result is decidedly better than when the gallery consisted of one long room. The pictures embrace works from all parts of Europe, including recent Paris Salons, the Vienna Exhibition, and the Amsterdam International Exhibition.

YORK.—The Summer Exhibition of the Yorkshire Fine Art and Industrial Institution was opened on Thursday, May 29th. It consists of paintings, water-colour drawings, and a variety of other Art objects, with the paintings bequeathed to the Institution by the late Mr. John Burton.

CHESTER.—The recent annual Art Exhibition in connection with the Government School of Art was distinguished by a collection of the works of the late William Huggins, brought together for the occasion. The fame of Mr. Huggins (originally a Liverpool artist) as an animal painter was always considerable, and his recent death at Chester has again drawn public attention to his works.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The Fine Arts section of the exhibition now open, embraces over a thousand examples of all branches of pictorial Art.

DERBYSHIRE.—An exhibition of the Art products of Derbyshire was opened at Matlock Bath on May 21st. There is a choice and interesting collection of Art works in inlaid marble and mosaic, including valuable contributions from South Kensington Museum. The collections of the Dukes of Devonshire, Westminster, Rutland, and many other gentlemen, have contributed to this fine display. The object of the exhibition is to improve the Art industries of Derbyshire.

BLACKPOOL.—The Blackpool Industrial and Fine Art Exhibition was opened in the large Drill Hall on May 31st, and will close on September 30th.

OBITUARY.

MR. ARTHUR PERIGAL, R.S.A., landscape painter, died suddenly at Edinburgh on June 5. Mr. Perigal had been a constant exhibitor at the Scottish Academy since 1838. He was elected Associate in 1841, Academician in 1868, and Treasurer to the Academy in 1880.

REVIEWS.

"ACADEMY LECTURES." By J. E. Hodgson, R.A. (Trübner & Co.).—In the array of "Lectures" delivered by Professors of the Royal Academy, and which their authors have felt bound to publish, few have been prefaced by such a modest apology as those before us. Haunted by the fate of most of the volumes which have preceded his, and which probably in a collected form are only to be found on the shelves of the Academy library, Mr. Hodgson has certainly not rushed into print. He only does so because sufferings and mistakes have not been wanting in his own career, and he feels that there is just the chance that he may be able to avert these in the life of others. Mr. Hodgson has very wisely printed his lectures as they were delivered. This gives them a freshness which will render them attractive to unprofessional readers as well as to those for whom they were primarily intended. The Professor does not feel himself debarred by the majesty of his office from introducing familiar similes and almost slangy expressions, which would have horrified some of his predecessors in the chair, but which evidently produced the effect for which they were intended, of arresting flagging listeners and aiding faulty memories. The volume contains two courses of lectures, "Art as influenced by the Times," and "Artists of the Past." The latter will afford the greater interest to those who merely read for pleasure, but we can promise that the reader, whether he look for instruction or amusement, will be fascinated by both.

"LIST OF BUILDINGS HAVING MURAL DECORATIONS" (Science and Art Department, 2s. 6d.).—This volume, which started as a modest little brochure of twenty-four pages, has now, thanks in a great measure to the labours of Mr. C. E. Keyser, expanded into a thoroughly exhaustive work of five hundred, and an almost complete record of the art of mural painting and the decoration of our churches and other buildings in the Middle Ages. It is prefaced by an historical reproduction, and by receipts for the preservation of mural paintings, by Professor Church.

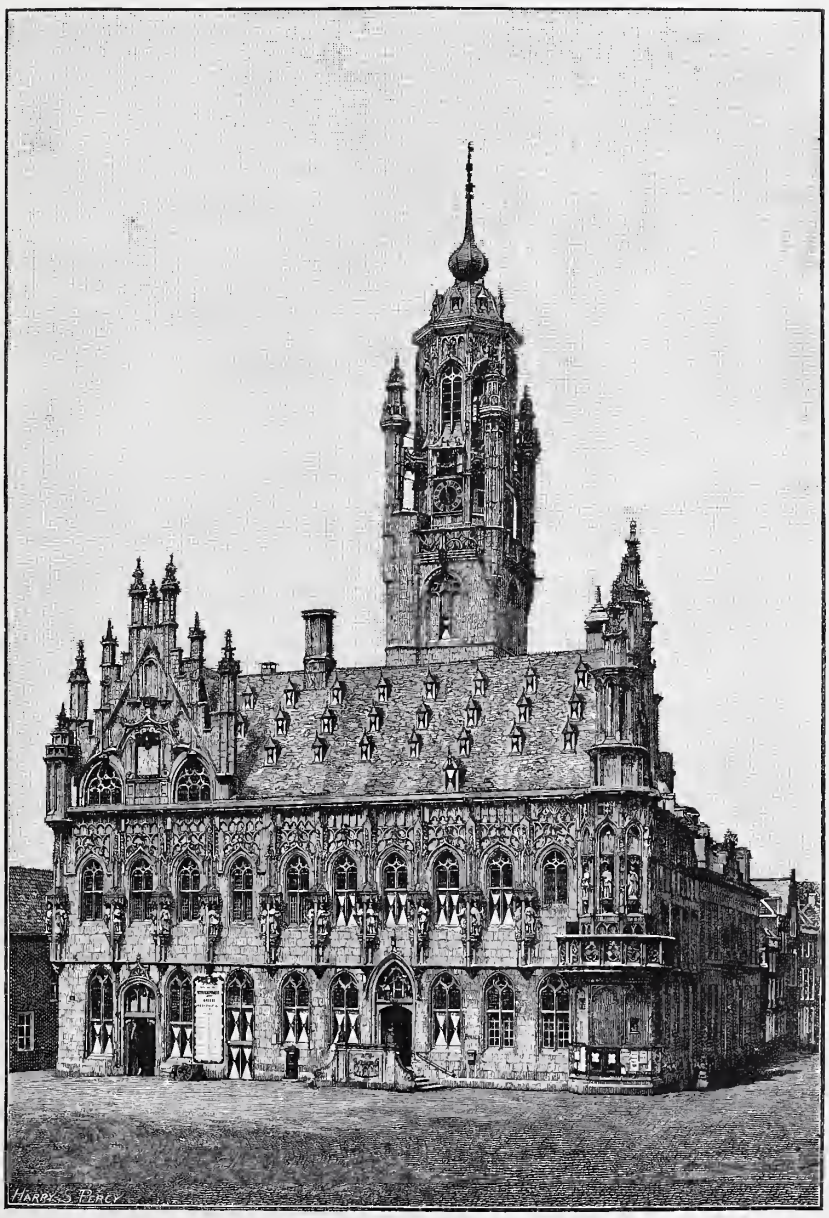
"ALL ABOUT DERBYSHIRE." By E. Bradbury (Derby: Richard Keene).—This handbook is principally of interest to us from its containing a series of platinotype illustrations, executed by the publisher, and which, as a new method of book illustration, has much promise. It has a photographic basis, and the negatives need not necessarily be the work of the producer of the plate, though no doubt much is due to his skilful and artistic manipulation. Its cost for a limited edition is not large, and it can compete with wood-cutting in such a case. As compared in the work before us with old and worn blocks not very skilfully printed, it drives them out of the field. The letter-press, whilst fairly exhausting a large subject, is spoilt by the introduction of a superfluity of tall writing and of irritating and unsympathetic accessories.

THE ISLE OF WALCHEREN.

A FERTILE land of verdant pastures, wide corn-lands, and wavy copses should seem a welcome halting-place after a sea voyage, too often passed in sleeplessness and discomfort—to employ a euphemism—from our own shores to those of Holland. The Isle of Walcheren, which was sometimes called Queen Elizabeth's Kitchen Garden, affords to many of the numerous tourists who now select the Queenborough and Flushing route for their holiday visit to the Continent, their first glimpse of Holland. Its flatness may seem tame and tedious after the sylvan slopes and hop-clad hillsides of Kent, which were traversed on the previous evening. It is not, however, wanting in the interest of associations which connect its history with that of England from the time when it was pledged to Queen Elizabeth in return for assistance against the Spaniards, to its occupation by our forces under Chatham in 1809; and a closer survey will discover in the character of its people, its architecture and its landscape, enough of interest and, to many, of novelty to make it worth more attention than it often receives from the numbers of Englishmen that pass heedlessly through it, even though bent on seeing Holland. It may not, indeed, awake such raptures as only a native can be expected to feel, and which Mr. Van den Bergh expresses when, in his "Ode to Walcheren," he sings:—

"Light-hearted I roamed o'er thy smiling expanses,
And found by thy hordering sand-hillocks rest,
Where the sun-glint along wavy hedgerows green dances,
Or the wave-whitened coast-lines the charm'd eye arrest;
Or my path by thy hush-begrown dykes I have taken,
Along the broad lands man has won from the brine,
And watched the surge lashing thy sea-fence unshaken,
Where man's genius and will against nature combine."

Without, however, eliciting so much enthusiasm, we must share his appreciation of his landscapes if we see them beneath a summer sky, and when we ourselves are fresh, joyous, and free.



The Stadhuis, Middelburg.

An attentive and leisurely survey of the locality where so many now disembark will afford closer acquaintance and more characteristic impressions of Dutch life and scenery than is acquired by hurrying off inland to the great cities. Why Middelburg, with perhaps the finest civil edifice in Holland, considered from an artistic point of view, should be passed unheeded by the thousands who rush off in the express train to Rotterdam or elsewhere, can be explained only on the supposition that the tourist abdicates all faculty of observation, or resigns himself wholly to the directions of the guide books, which—Murray, Baedeker, and even Joanne—deign to devote only a few brief lines to our present subject.

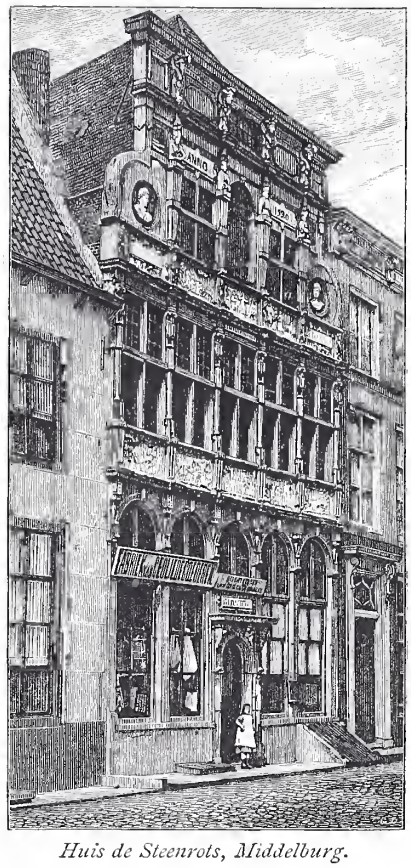
Walcheren, in its natural features, has undergone for centuries but little alteration, having suffered less than many parts of Holland from overflow of the sea. Its coast-line is

defended from the waters by sand-hills or dunes, of insignificant height, and, where these fail, by dykes, artificially constructed and needing constant repair. The most remarkable of these embankments is the sea-wall at Westkapelle, which extends for about two miles, and rises fourteen feet above high-water level, the base being about sixteen times its total height.

But if in recent centuries nature has wrought few changes in the island, its population has suffered abundantly the miseries of war and civil strife, from the ravages of the Northmen in the ninth, to the English expedition in the nineteenth century.

Ten minutes' ride by train brings the traveller who has landed at Flushing to Middelburg, where, if he wishes to see something of Holland, and will make his head-quarters here for a couple of days, he may spend at least that time in and about the town with both pleasure and profit, while he is spared the weariness of a shaking by train as an immediate succedaneum to a tossing by steamer.

The most celebrated edifice in Middelburg is that of the former abbey—the Abdij—built in the twelfth century, once of great power and influence, to which the extensive buildings still bear witness. The Counts of Holland and Zealand were generally entertained within its walls when they visited Middelburg. One spacious wing forms at present the residence—palace, the citizens call it—of the governor of the province. The provincial archives and the town library are also housed within its walls, as well as some of the local administrative departments. The entrance to one of these is through a fine Renaissance doorway, the upper portion of which is decorated with sculptured lions and the arms of the province. The Abbey tower, called with quaint familiarity Lange Jan, "Tall John," and built in the thirteenth century, is 276 feet in height, the lower portion of brick, the upper of wood covered with copper. It has the typical contour of a Dutch tower. Conspicuous itself for many leagues around, it commands a view of vast extent over the sea, the Scheldt, and the flat lands which stretch away to the horizon. Its ascent is well worth making for the striking map-like view which is obtained from the top. Should the climber be favoured by the weather, he may haply be gratified with a glimpse of the spire of Antwerp in the distance. The tower is characteristically Netherlandish, too, by its fine carillon of forty-one bells. A slight distance apart from its tower is the Abbey church, called de Nieuwe Kerk since 1575, conjecturally because it was employed for the reformed worship subsequently to St. Peter's church. It has suffered more than once from fire, and so severely that it is now difficult to be certain of its original form. Many Art treasures were lost in the flames, among them, in the fire of 1568, the celebrated altar-piece painted by Jan de Maubeuge for the Abbot Maximilian of Burgundy, which Albrecht Dürer came to see in 1521, and which was praised as one of the finest paintings in the world. Probably also in the same catastrophe was destroyed the fine monument erected by the Abbot Philips van Schonhoven, in 1546, over the grave of the Count William II., and known as "'s Princen Sepulture," some remains of which were discovered in 1817. The finest ornament of the church at present is the handsome monument to the two admirals, the brothers Johan and Cornelis Evertsen, two members of a family who, in the days of Dutch naval power, produced a host of able and courageous officers. The church, like most large churches in the Middle Ages, was formerly surrounded by little booths or *échoppes*, which have long since disappeared; a mural tablet, however, reminds us that one of them was kept by the spectacle-maker, Zacharias Janssen, who invented the telescope.



Huis de Steenrots, Middelburg.

Adjoining the governor's palace is the apartment in which the provincial assembly meet.

> ". . . . . The stately hall,
> With many a sea-fight re-fought on its wall,"

is certainly worth a visit. The tapestries with which the room is hung, and on which, as is believed, the earliest known representation of the Dutch flag occurs, were produced in the last decade of the sixteenth century, partly in the manufactory of Spierincx of Delft, and partly at the establishment of Jan de Maeght at Middelburg. Tapestry making as an industry seems to have been established at Middelburg as early as 1562, but not at first, it would appear, with success, for there is on record a resolution of January, 1582, of the States of Zealand to purchase from an Antwerp tapissier, Caspar van Zurich, tapestry sufficient to hang two rooms in the residence of the governor, for the Duke d'Anjou, whose visit was expected, the tapestry to be sold again after his departure. Subsequently, however, the Maeght family established themselves as tapissiers at Middelburg, where the town authorities encouraged the industry by granting bounties and privileges, and in 1617 we hear of a Laureys de Maeght embarking for England, not improbably on business connected with the English tapestry works established by Francis Crane, in 1619, at Mortlake, under the auspices of James I. He returned in 1621 to Middelburg, where the manufactory seems to have been closed during his absence. This we learn from Mr. Van de Graft's "Tapijtfabrieken der XVI^{e}. en XVII^{e}. eeuw," in which work will be found engravings of the Middelburg tapestries. Tapestry was purchased for the governor's residence in the Abbey, at the price of 20s. an ell, in 1597.

The most memorable event in the annals of the city was its siege in 1572-74, when it was under the Spanish dominion and commanded by Mondragon. The defence was brave and obstinate in the extreme. The burghers remained long loyal to the Catholic faith and to the Spanish crown; they set about their resistance in a systematic way. "The price of food was regulated," Mr. van Vloten tells in his "Middelburg's Beleg en Overgang," the trade guilds and corporations were ordered

to place their silver and gold and their various insignia of value in the hands of the city authorities as a contribution to the costs of the defence, and "the reluctant were to be compelled, by "whippings, imprisonment, and other penalties," to obey this injunction. Only after holding out for twenty-two months, when the town was thoroughly starved out, and many of its chief burghers had died, did it at length surrender to Prince William, and with it the whole territory of Walcheren reverted to the Dutch.

The prosperity of Middelburg culminated about this time, when ships from almost all parts of the world might be seen in its harbour. Its trade was for the most part associated with the two companies of the Dutch East and the Dutch West Indies, both of which had offices in Middelburg. The Zealand Chamber of the Dutch East India Company, built in 1670, still attracts the eye with its fine façade, but the interior, since the dispersion, at the end of the last century, of the numerous objects of Art or curiosity, the collection of plans and drawings of the Company's settlements, portraits of its governors, and models of its ships, which it once contained, no longer offers anything of interest. The archives have been removed to the State Record Office. The building seems to have been purchased by the town from the Prince of Orange, and granted the following year for the use of the English factory. One of its apartments was allotted, in 1621, to the use of the English Brownists who sought refuge here.

The architectural gem of Middelburg is the Stadhuis, or Municipal Palace, happily situated in the great market-place (see illustration), which is one of the finest squares in Holland, and consequently well open to view. It is, with its elegant and ornate tower and elaborate façade, the most attractive object in the town. The character of its architecture is more Belgian than Dutch, a circumstance which is sufficiently accounted for when we learn that it was designed and built in 1512–1518, by the renowned Anthonis Kelderman, of Malines, and his son. That a former Stadhuis existed as early as 1217 is certain, but whether this occupied the same site there are now no records to show. The twenty-five life-size statues of the Counts or Countesses of Zealand which ornament the front façade were prepared in Malines between 1515 and 1518. It is interesting to know that these statues were formerly coloured, in imitation of the actual costumes of the time. Though it cannot vie in beauty with the outside, the interior of the Stadhuis is well worth inspection. There the visitor will find a number of portraits of historical personages, whose career has linked them in some way to the town. Some of the canvases are of merit. Here is also a museum of local antiquities, including an interesting series of views and plans of Middelburg at various periods of its history. One of the most remarkable objects preserved here is the oldest charter known to exist in the Dutch language; it is the *Keur*, or act of municipal incorporation granted by Count William I. and his consort, to Middelburg, in 1217. Another interesting MS. is a *processionale*, or ritual, for processions, written in a fine hand and illuminated, for Nicolas de Castro, the first Bishop of Middelburg. There is also a collection of relics of the Evertsen family. An oak press of fine and elegant workmanship, tastefully ornamented with iron work, is an example of earlier work worth the study of the modern furniture designer. A handsome Renaissance façade, which still remains to tell of past prosperity, is the Steenrots Huis (see Illustration), the former premises of the Guild of Stonehewers, and dating from 1560.



Stadhuis, Veer.

Notwithstanding its many vicissitudes, varying fate, and decay, Middelburg still preserves with jealous care many a reminiscence of its earlier glories, in a way which might be the envy and example of many an English town whose lot has fallen on less troublous fortunes. A small house with elegant façade and still more ornate interior, bears over its portal the verses :—

"Artes ingenuæ a teneris mea magna voluptas,
Mercatura labor; pax mea, Christe, manes,"

inscribed there by a former occupant, Johan Radermacher, who fled from religious persecution in Aachen to settle in Middelburg. The lines fitly express the taste and sentiment of many a Dutch merchant of former days, to whose liberal and enlightened patronage so much that we now admire in Holland, and out of Holland too, owes existence.

We might say much more about Middelburg did space permit; suffice that we have called attention to a locality so generally overlooked or forgotten, which contains so much

of interest, and which is within such easy reach of London. We turn now to a few other spots, scarcely inferior in interest, in the Isle of Walcheren.

A pleasant drive of about half an hour through a landscape, flat, indeed, but verdant and fertile, brings us to the faded old town of Veer, or Camp Veer, certainly the next spot in Walcheren worth a visit after Middelburg. In its present decayed and lifeless aspect there is little to attest its former prosperity, save a few edifices which speak with silent and mournful eloquence of bygone days. Nevertheless there is something not unpleasing in the melancholy charm that lingers about the old town where the wanderer may muse on the instability of commercial greatness, and the artist pick out many a picturesque nook. There will be no lack of work for pencil or brush, and he will find a few days' sojourn well repaid, the more so that the neighbourhood is comparatively unknown.



Het Schotsche Huis, Veer.

Veer dates back its origin as early as the middle of the thirteenth century, though at that early time it was a mere village; it acquired the rights and privileges of a town in 1358, and a decade later was thoroughly fortified, and became one of the chief strongholds of the province of Zealand. Veer means ferry, and probably took its name from the ferry to the village of Campen on the opposite side of the canal which divides the Isle of Walcheren. This place also has had its historical vicissitudes. Off Veer, in 1301, Guy of Flanders gained a hard-fought naval battle over Count William; nearly three centuries later it followed the example of Flushing, and after a desperate struggle threw off the Spanish yoke. In 1809 the place was bombarded by the English, and suffered much damage from the action. Upon its capitulation our victorious soldiers were greeted with a howl of disgust as they entered its streets strewn with the bodies of the dead, many women and children among them. The large edifice which strikes the visitor who approaches the town from Middelburg was formerly the principal church. Its walls, indeed, date back to 1348, but the original fabric has been disfigured by fire and ill-usage. In 1809 it suffered much damage at the hands both of English and French, the troops of both parties using it as a military hospital.

The Stadhuis, situate in the market-place (see illustration), is here, as at Middelburg, the chief object of attraction. It was begun in 1474, and is a well-proportioned edifice of hewn stone, with a handsome portal, and a façade enriched with seven statues. The building is surmounted by an elegant tower, which is musical with a carillon of thirty-six bells. Within the town hall the visitor who is bent on seeing everything, will find some paintings, of no great merit, indeed, but still of some interest for Englishmen and Dutchmen alike. There is, for instance, a large canvas on which is depicted the fleet with which William of Orange set sail for England in 1688. There is also a portrait of William as King of England. An object more really interesting and artistic than these is the cup which was presented to the town in 1551 by Maximilian, Duke of Burgundy, who was the first Marquis of Campveer, and which, in accordance with the donor's stipulation that it should never be sold, has been preserved in the town hall for three hundred years and more. Campveer for a long series of years was the only Dutch staple port for all trade with Scotland, with which country conventions were made, renewable generally about every twenty-one years. This trade with Scotland was at one time very important, and for carrying on business connected with it the Scottish factory, Het Schotsche Huis (see Illustration), was built. This is, after the town hall, the most noteworthy building in Veer. In itself it is picturesque enough, but the old connection with our islands which it represents can scarcely fail to lend it an additional interest.

If the visitor desire to exchange the melancholy stillness of the decayed town for the less oppressive calm of the country, a road through the most blooming and fertile part of the isle will take him to the villages of Biggekerke or Bekerke, Meliskerke, and Zouteland, where local costume and native life will afford the artist material for many a study. Those for whom the associations of the past have a charm will find, too, that even these secluded hamlets are not without historical reminiscences. The well where, as the local tradition goes, St. Willibrord preached the gospel at the end of the seventh century, is still pointed out, as well as battlefields and birthplaces celebrated in Dutch history. At Westkapelle the old church tower has been converted into a lighthouse, whence a characteristic survey of the country and coast may easily be obtained.

A very pleasant drive along the coast, passing by Westhoven, formerly the country residence of the abbots of Middelburg, and then through a tract of woodland, brings one to the seaside village of Domburg. At Domburg there is good bathing and very fair accommodation, and the visitor who seeks a week's rest, quiet, and seclusion, may do worse than stay there. There, at all events, we now take our leave of the Isle of Walcheren.

HENRY WILSON.



THE DINNER HOUR

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY J BENWELL CLARK



SKETCH 19.—*Old Battersea Bridge.*

LANDSCAPES IN LONDON;

OR SKETCHING-GROUNDS WITHIN THE CAB RADIUS.*

NO. 5.—REGENT'S PARK, ETC.

IN our last month's article, one of the illustrations was omitted through want of space. The subject is so good that we shall introduce it here before proceeding farther (Sketch 19). On going up the river by steamboat one is struck with the varied outline and quaintness of the new red brick houses on the Chelsea Embankment, with old Chelsea Church at the end. Chelsea (Battersea Park) is the last pier within the four-mile radius in this direction. We have a capital subject from it on looking down stream.

Old Battersea Bridge, with the tower of the church above it, and the old houses, form the distance; and the buildings on the right, and the barges stranded on the mud-bank, fill up the grouping of the middle distance. Another barge is required to complete the composition, and, with its red sail, brightly varnished wooden mast, and black hull, makes a strong foreground. At this part of the river we have a tolerably clear atmosphere on a fine day, and the colours on the water, reflected from the sky, are often very bright and beautiful. The water itself is less turbid, and at low tide it is sometimes of a delicate green, that enhances the beauty of the general colouring.

Leaving the river with its fascinating and numerous subjects, we will now turn our attention to the parks hitherto unvisited on the north of London. Regent's Park, on account of its position near the outskirts of town, is not nearly so crowded on week days as Hyde Park; it is therefore more convenient for sketching in. At one time it was called Marylebone Park. It is about four hundred and seventy acres in extent, and is on the clay: here the ancient brooklets took their rise that flowed across London to the Thames. The Zoological Gardens and the Botanic Gardens have been formed within it with great difficulty, owing to the heavy soil. Regent's Park was laid out under the Regent, and called after him. St. Katherine's Hospital was removed there from near the Tower not long after, and

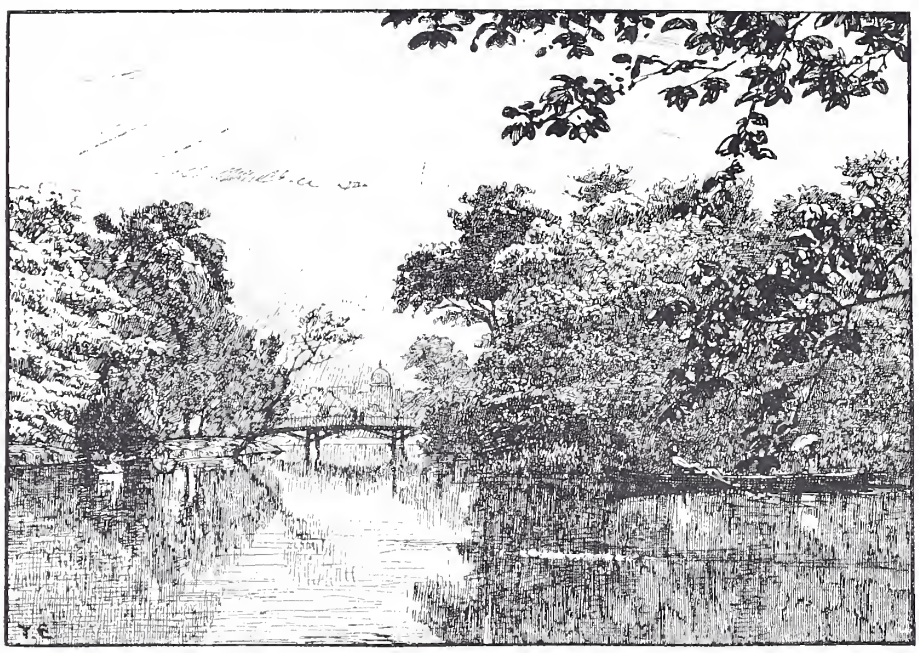


SKETCH 20.—*From a Boat in Regent's Park.*

* Continued from page 200.

makes a pleasant group of almshouses. As is the case with the other parks, leave must be obtained to sketch in it, although in the less frequented parts the permit is not likely to be asked for by the custodians.

The best "bits" are down by the water, or up at the northern edge, near the Regent's Canal. By hiring a skiff at a shilling an hour, one can sketch with the utmost comfort and privacy from several places on the pond; and there is always a great advantage to a London sketch in having water as a "foreground." In nearly all London gardens or parks there is a great want of that picturesqueness and finish to be found in the country. Mossy tree-roots, leafy and flowering weeds or ferns, are entirely absent. There is not enough interesting architectural stonework, as, for example, at the fountains in Kensington Gardens, to make up for this lack of foreground detail. But water reflects things in town in the same way as in the country, it is ruffled by the wind in precisely the same manner, and in every place it is always beautiful. The two illustrations we have chosen are both water subjects. The one from a boat moored close to shore (Sketch 20) is at the bend farthest to the south of the long south-east branch of the ornamental water. Looking due north we get a view so quiet and countrified that it might almost be a backwater on the Thames many miles from town. Not a chimney is seen, and the trees are pleasantly and naturally grouped; notice particularly a clump remarkably well grown amongst those to the right in the distance. The best time for this sketch is in the afternoon or very early morning, when the shadows are long. Almost the same view can be got from the shore in the morning before ten o'clock, when there are not enough people about to annoy the sketcher. The wooded shores to the left, and in the distance, belong to a couple of islands that are full of luxuriant undergrowth. Good sketches can be made from a boat touching these islands, and though the general public are forbidden to land, an artist can obtain permission.



SKETCH 21.—*Between the Islands, Regent's Park.*

There are altogether six of these islands, and they form the chief beauty of the lake. First, there is a very small one to the south-east corner, where a remarkably pretty sketch may be made, with the bridge as a background. Then come the two islands shown in Sketch 20, and again two more at the north-east corner of the water. There is another at the extreme north-west branch. This last always looks enticingly pretty as one passes from the Hanover Gate to the boat-house. But no "distance" can be got from any point near it, and so we cannot obtain even an approximation to the "three planes" that can never be too strongly insisted upon, and without them there is no "picture."

There is quite a charming peep between the two islands on the north-west branch, where we have the foot-bridge leading to the inner circle of the Botanical Gardens in the middle distance, and some of the domes of Sussex Terrace for the extreme distance. Some idea of the "values" in this subject is given here (Sketch 21), but the medium in which it has to be expressed is not good for bringing out the effect of delicate differences of tone. The sun is supposed to be in our face, and shining with soft light upon the water through the misty atmosphere, and a foreground is made by some overhanging branches of trees on the shore. This sketch cannot be done from a boat, as none are allowed to pass the foot-bridge. It was, in fact, taken from within the railings that are placed at a short distance from the edge of the water, where no one is allowed to go without permission, and therefore the sketcher will be tolerably secure. If there are small urchins about who persist in climbing the railings to get a look at the artist's work, they can be got rid of by asking a park-keeper to disperse them.

The northern edge of the park outside the outer circle drive, and next the Regent's Canal, has been spoken of already. The writer has seen many good studies of trees made by artists in this part. It is very secluded, and the trees give a good shade to work in; still there is nothing particularly characteristic in this part to call for an illustration. The subjects are merely suited for tree-studies.

Crossing the canal by the foot-bridge nearest to the Zoological Gardens, we reach a small track leading down to the towing-path of the canal itself. All along the steep slope of the cutting on the Park side of the canal the trees come right down to the water's edge, and form a fine bank of foliage. Our next subject is taken looking west from a point on the towing-path which is just under the foot-bridge we have crossed (Sketch 22). The time was about five o'clock on a summer's afternoon, but the early morning will do equally well. The water is never very pure, and during mid-day, the sun shining vertically on its surface, shows the slight scum too much, and dulls the reflections. The bridge in the distance replaces the one which was blown up by the explosion of gunpowder in a passing barge in 1876. Although it is not picturesque when close at hand, it comes in well in the distance, and the trees behind are fine and well grown. The

chief interest in the landscape is the sloping bank of trees to the left, reflected in the water: still the sketch would be rather "empty" without some "life" in it, so we introduce a barge being dragged by its poor old horse.

An "old stager" pulling a barge economises his labour as much as possible; first he pulls hard, till he gets a good weigh on the boat, and then he walks lazily along till the slack rope again tightens upon him, when he renews his struggles for a time. Sometimes he walks a quarter of a mile between each tug, doing nothing harder than dragging a loose rope. However, this can only be done with the small narrow barges of sixty to eighty tons. The large broad boats of two hundred tons require constant attention on the part of a horse, which has very hard work, especially with inconsiderate drivers, generally boys. It is when the rope is somewhat slack that the most picturesque moment is found for the artist. The sketch taken here is likely to become historically interesting, as when the new railway runs between the canal and Park Road to the north of it, this place will be destroyed as a sketching ground. All the trees to the right will be cut down, and the railway will run under a brick arcade, supporting a terrace above, the level of the rails being about the same as the canal. It is impossible that this arcade should become beautiful with hanging creepers and mosses until we get rid of the hot noxious sulphur and steam-laden fumes of the locomotive.



SKETCH 22.—*A Sylvan Glade, Regent's Park.*

Perhaps the most perfect time of day for this picture is when the sun sets, and the mists gently steal over the surface of the water, without obscuring the reflection of the trees. It is quite possible to sketch at this hour in this place, though not within the parks, as the public are shut out at this time. In oil painting the rising mist is easily rendered by scumbling pale grey over the reflection already painted, care being taken to copy the peculiar wreathed forms it takes as it rises.

In water colour the treatment is different. The most tempting thing is to put on the mist in the same way as in oils, by means of scumbling Chinese white mixed with grey. This is never successful, for the simple reason that the substance itself of the Chinese white causes its apparent density to vary greatly as time goes on, *when it has been laid thinly over a dark colour*, as in twilight pictures. We never know how it may turn out twenty years hence. Everything depends on the strength and quantity of the medium with which the pigment is mixed. If we could use the white pigment by itself there would be no difficulty, as it is a perfectly permanent colour, but we cannot do so with that or any other colour. If there is an average quantity of medium in the white, we may confidently expect the following alterations. When first put on, and still wet, it will be very much lower in tone than when dry; and as it is not likely to dry while the mists are rising, one is tempted to put on too much white. However, we will suppose this difficulty has been overcome, and that when dry all the delicate values required in doing thin mists are right. In a short time, a month or so, according to the dryness of the atmosphere, the colour will begin sinking into the paper, and the mists will become too thin, and often will be traceable merely by the appearance of a muddy, dark look given to the colour below. This is very much the case when there has been a good deal of medium originally mixed with the pigment. The picture is then utterly ruined. But in course of years the medium and colours below sink more and more into the paper, and leave the white pigment on the surface. Our mists begin to appear as white as before, though unfortunately always giving a muddy look to that part of the picture; and finally they become a great deal too white, all the delicate values being grossly exaggerated, so that the brush marks become coarse, and utterly unlike what was originally intended.

This, then, is the drawback to using Chinese white in sketches of mist. But when it is employed merely to give some bright touch, it can be used "thick and slab," so that the alteration of the small layer next the paper does not matter, and it remains practically permanent. Its thickness and roughness are apt to catch the dust, and it may even be knocked off by accident, which are disadvantages of another kind.

To do the rising mist, we should use a sponge, or wet the part first, and then employ a soft rag. Take off rather too much, and then stipple or scumble a little transparent grey on to the places which are too pale. This is necessary, because when any part has been washed down, the colour usually becomes rather brighter, and here we require it rather duller.

On crossing the Park Road we get directly on to Primrose Hill, which covers about fifty acres. Its history is unknown, but in its peculiar rounded shape it greatly resembles a huge tumulus. Another rising near it, called Barrow Hill, has long disappeared. The height is 219 feet, and the view from the top is celebrated for extent, no higher ground being nearer than Hampstead. From its name there was probably a coppice on it in former times where primroses could find shelter from the north, but it has been hitherto chiefly remarkable for its grassy bareness. A year or two ago some

young trees were planted over its south side, and though they are most inartistically spaced, we welcome the addition, and hope that unevenness of growth or accident will improve the grouping, and form some adequate foreground to this truly grand view (Sketch 23).



Sketch 23.—*London from Primrose Hill.*

The beautiful masses of foliage in the middle distance are the trees in the Regent's Park. The green grass of the open spaces, with little clumps, and even single trees as it were straying on to it, gives a charming variety, and beyond we have the numerous spires and domes of the metropolis. On the extreme left lie the station and hotel of the Midland Railway. The ugly roof of the station is mellowed down and nearly lost in the slightly misty atmosphere, while the really majestic outline of the hotel is retained. Farther on we recognise the familiar dome of St. Paul's, and, a little more to the right, the smaller dome of the Reading Room at the British Museum. We can also just catch sight of the towers of Westminster, but the large block of Queen Anne's Mansions shuts out the Abbey. The view is closed in by the far distant line of the Surrey Hills, seen only on the clearest of days.

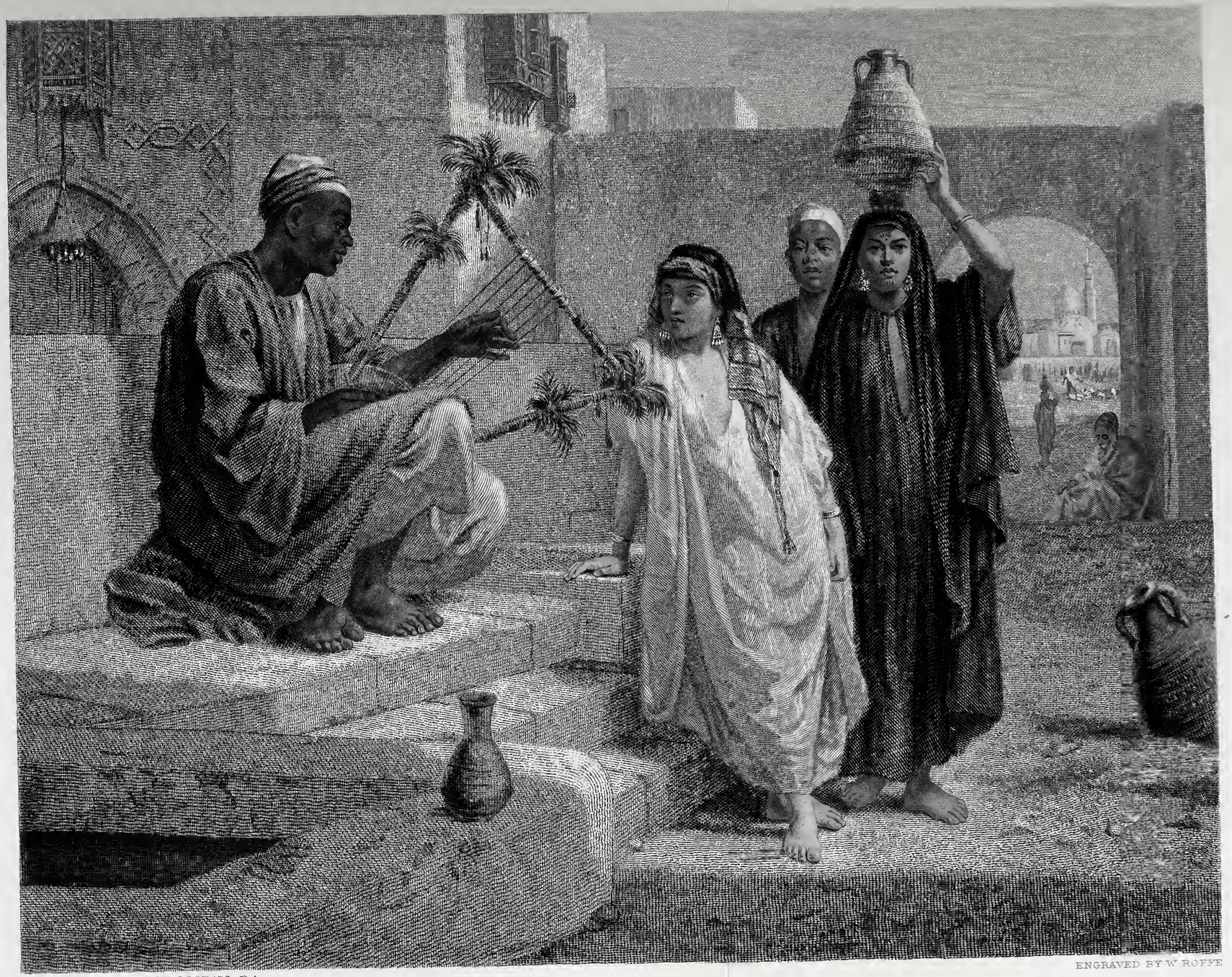
(*To be continued.*) TRISTRAM J. ELLIS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'THE SONG OF THE NUBIAN SLAVE.' From the picture by Frederick Goodall, R.A.—The word "Egypt" is, in spite of the pressure of recent events, an antique word; Egyptian affairs are the politics of the Dynasties, and Egyptian Art is that of the tombs. To describe, therefore, the modern life of the Nile, the adjective "Cairene" has been invented by artists and travellers who find the contemporary Arab and Fellah worthy of study for form and colour. And Mr. Goodall has long been the foremost of Cairene painters. He has, it is true, found inspiration more than once in the Old Testament stories, but his Rebekahs and Rachels have been taken from stately dusky models of the modern East, and his brush has evidently found its most congenial work amongst actualities. This, his diploma picture, is thus appropriately modern, with glimpses of the beautiful Cairene architecture, and with touches of the sentiment of Cairene life. The Nubian slave is a stranger in busy Lower Egypt—the beautiful land which is trodden by feet from all nations; he comes from places nearer the sun, and there are, in that ever pathetic song of captivity which he is singing, many notes which are strange to Cairene ears. Mr. Goodall has been painting the East for at least twenty years, and we are so accustomed to associate his name with yellow sands, the blind shining walls of Egyptian towns, the dark greenish blue of the Fellah's garments, their smooth dark limbs, and the short shadows of the camels, as they swing upon their desert path, that it is something of a surprise to find upon the record of his earlier works such subjects as 'Cranmer at the Traitor's Gate,' 'Raising the May-pole,' and other trite themes of historical genre. The interest and value of the works forming the long list that followed the artist's definitive choice of Eastern subjects, are another proof of the importance of such choice now in these times, when painters, like all other men, are many.

'THE DINNER HOUR.' Drawn and Etched by Benwell Clark. Dinner is pictorial in the extremes of simplicity and of luxury, but by no means in the happy medium of comfort and sufficiency. In the same way, music is appropriate at a fragrant banquet in a palace, and accords well also with the bowl of milk and the cake which Mr. Benwell Clark's cheerful little hero has been discussing; whereas the moderate meal of the fortunate Philistine is by no means suggestive of the accompaniment of melody. But it is to be feared that the boy of 'The Dinner Hour,' is not a boy of England, or at any rate of contemporary England, which has lost the habit of all such deliberate music as is to be drawn from a pipe. But he has the companionship, common to all countries, of the dog, humble and thankful, who waits for a share in the crumbs. "It is a law of nature," says Mr. Blackmore, who more than any writer has entered into the thoughts of animals, "that the poorer a man is the more certain he is to have a dog, and the more certain that dog is to admire him." And that generous admiration is not withheld from the boy, in whose youth the dog rejoices. Feeding near, in the abrupt sunshine and shadow of the stable, are the graver and less joyous creatures who share the weariness, but hardly the joys, of boy and man. Mr. Benwell Clark has given to his simple interior all the effectiveness of admirable illumination, having strong and delicate tones, simple spaces and rich reflections.

Our third plate is described farther on.



PAINTED BY FREDERICK GOODALL. R.A

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE

THE SONG OF THE NUBIAN SLAVE

LONDON J. S. VIRTUE & Co LIMITED

LAON.



OW many English people have ever visited Laon, let alone heard of the place, until the recent opening of the St. Gothard through-route to Italy has made it one of the places named upon our tickets, as an *arret facultatif?* Of all countries lying close to our own, France has, perhaps, been the most neglected by the English tourist, who contents himself with a trip to Paris and then fancies he knows *la belle France*.

There are two fallacies whereof the traveller should rid himself; one that France as a country is beautiful, and the other that there is nothing in France worth visiting save its capital. As a whole the land is devoid of scenic beauties, while it abounds in objects of interest; and among these, quite tourist-neglected, is the fine group of cathedrals that are situated in the fertile, flat, and uninteresting districts of Picardy and Champagne. Until recently the traveller has had the excuse that they lay out of his track. He has this excuse no longer. The new St. Gothard line has brought them within his reach, and actually passes through Laon and Rheims, the former making an excellent halting place for the night, the day train from London reaching it at a little past nine. A clean, unsophisticated inn, *de la Hure*, will give him decent board and lodging; a day avails to see the chief sights of the town, and he can pick up the morning mail on the following day, rested in body and refreshed in mind, having seen a city that was in truth the ancient capital of France long ere Paris was dreamed of.

Let us suppose ourselves to be arriving by the St. Gothard mail; we see a large busy station, that should evidently belong to a place of some importance, but where is the town? No sign of it greets our eyes as we emerge from the noisy building. But what is this? We have been speeding along for so many hours through a deadly flat counrty that we hunger for a change of scene, and perchance on this account we conjure up the mirage of a hill, for that *does* look like a hill, and a pretty steep one too, that uprises there in view of the station, springing up suddenly from the ground. Yes, a hill it truly is, and a picturesque object it forms in the evening light, with its gas lamps marking out the steep footpaths, the winding carriage roads that ascend its sides, while above all towers a huge object that seems to rest on its crest, and which, from its four tall towers darkly lowering against the starlit sky, we conclude must be the cathedral of the city.

We consign our persons and luggage to the hotel omnibus, and drive along a steep zigzag road bordered with horse chestnuts up to the town. We can, if we prefer it, also go on foot a short cut, consisting of two hundred and seventy steps carved out of the rock that mounts straight up the city gate.

The rock of Laon, which is about 180 mètres in height, forms at its apex a fairly level table land, triangular in shape, of which the point is turned to the north-east. The geologist finds on it incontestable proof that the sea once flowed over it, for here are water-worn rocks, fine sand, formed of débris of shells, stones, with shells crusted. To us who are not geologists, the long and stormy history of this natural fortress may have more attraction, dating as it does from the days of the Huns and ending with the Prussian occupation of 1870. The English too three timcs attempted to seize the town, but this was as long ago as 1240; fifty years later they renewed the effort, and this time with more success, for they remained masters of the rock eleven years, and were only expelled thence after the Maid of Orleans had seen her dream fulfilled and Charles VII. crowned King of France.

That the streets are narrow in Laon, and that the buildings hustle one another closely, is scarcely surprising when room is so precious and limited. Even the Place is small. It is close to the hotcl, and commands from one angle a wide view over the fertile plains below. Crossing it we find ourselves close to the cathedral, one of the most important fabrics of the twelfth and thirteenth century. Like too many French cathedrals, it is so built up that the exterior is almost lost to view. On one side indeed the houses actually abut upon it, on the other it is cramped by the city walls, a sheer precipice descending thence into the plain below, while at the east end it is made unapproachable by what was once the episcopal palace, and is now the Palais de Justice. The building, said to have been erected in two years, from 1112 to 1114, is really a restoration of an earlier church. It would appear that in thc year 1112 the then Bishop of Laon tried to withdraw from the burghers a charter of liberties that had been accorded to them. A terrible revolt broke out in consequence, and the inhabitants, blind to all else but the fury that animated them, set fire to the city and massacred the bishop and his supporters. The cathedral was reduced to a bare skeleton. When order was once more established, the first thought of the citizens was to restore their church. Collections were made throughout France and England, and it is interesting to learn that already in those days the latter country had an open hand, and that large sums were obtained from her. Thus, thanks to liberality and good-will, the pile was ready once more for divine service in 1114. It is the haste with which the church was reconstructed that accounts, according to some authorities, for the fact, so unusual in France, so common in England, that the east end is terminated by a square wall instead of an apse.

The first impression of the interior surprises, for we find instead of the conventional three stories, that Laon can boast a fourth. The unfamiliar story, which runs immediately above the nave in the place usually occupied by the triforium, is called a tribune. The species of lofty gallery is, it appears, a style of building quite peculiar to this part of France, and not often seen even here. It was used by the public to witness the grand pageants of the church or the mystery plays enacted on its floors.

The architectural disposition is rather confusing. Instead of finding, as historically we should, the round arches at the base of the building, the pointed at the top, marking the change in style that took place at this period, we find the choir early pointed, but the two stories above have round arches, while the clerestory again takes up the pointed form.

The interior is very simple, but imposing from its very simplicity. The arches rest upon plain, massive, circular pillars. There is a singular absence of sculpture or other ornament. Fine wheel windows, still retaining their ancient glass, fill the four ends of the church, which is in the form of a Latin cross. The east end also has three very long lancet-shaped windows, filled with lovely painted pictures. All else is unadorned, severe, but not repellent. There is a quiet dignity that gives it an impressiveness all its own. Nor is this impression destroyed by a highly elaborate screen of sixteenth century work that runs all round the aisles, and conceals from view a series of some thirty chapels of indifferent style and taste quite out of keeping with the general plan of the fabric. They are so dark that somehow, and happily, they manage to be unobtrusive. At the present time both the interior and exterior of Laon Cathedral are undergoing judicious restoration. As concerns the latter, we think the most judicious would be to demolish the wretched buildings that hide from view so much of this noble monument. That of the interior consists chiefly in removing the whitewash with which, according to the barbarous custom of our benighted ancestors, pillars and walls were liberally bedaubed. One of the treasures of the church is an ancient Saint Veronica handkerchief. In the one at Laon the face of the Saviour, of the usual Byzantine type, is very finely painted upon some thin material. But the great pride and boast of the Cathedral is its west front, and its towers, of which, originally, it was to have had seven, and of which four stand. The west front has been pronounced by competent authorities as, next to Notre Dame of Paris, the most remarkable Gothic façade in point of purity of style. For ourselves, we prefer Laon; its lines run less parallel, are more broken and uneven, its flanking towers quainter and finer. The arrangement, however, is similar. Here are the same three cavern-like portals, the same rose window, surmounted in Paris by an open, in Laon by a closed, arcade. The towers, square at the base, change into octagonal belfries, formed of niches of simple arches. Out of the upper story of these niches, colossal figures of oxen stretch forth heads and bodies. They are said to commemorate the beasts who, of their own free will, dragged the materials required for the rebuilding of the Cathedral up the steep face of the rock. All the towers have lost their spires. A square lantern rises from the centre of the edifice, thus giving it the appearance of being five towered. The spires, to judge from an old engraving, must have been of elegant design, and would have enhanced the beauty of the whole exterior; which, even so, rising above the city, and set upon a hill, is an imposing object.

Laon is said to have once possessed sixty-three churches. The traveller cannot help wondering where they stood, or rather, where the houses of the citizens stood besides, for as it is, there is no room to spare on this plateau. Of these sixty-three, one interesting pile remains: the abbey church of St. Martin. It is anterior in date to the Cathedral, and is far more pronouncedly Romanesque in character. The ancient conventual buildings are now occupied by the *Hotel Dieu*. Of its former luxurious beauties there only remains a magnificent staircase that no longer leads anywhere; the boldness and width of its round sweep is an architectural feat, and strikes wonder into the beholder.

Laon still possesses some ancient houses, though few of earlier date than the fifteenth century. The visitor should on no account leave without threading its narrow crooked streets. In one of these he will find a monastic enclosure, which he is free to enter; and here, in a wall-enclosed, carefully-tended garden, he will see a small octagonal chapel. It dates from the time of the Templars, and is a curious little building, Byzantine in type, plain and massive in construction, containing in its miniature dimensions a round main church, a projecting chancel, and an enclosed narthex. A holy father soon detects the presence of visitors, and under the pretext of saying a few little prayers, keeps his eye upon them while inside, and is ready to chat with them when they are out. Indeed, a little talk seems to delight him greatly, and he held forth eloquently to us about the siege of Laon in 1870, and reflected sadly upon the many political changes he had witnessed in his long life. "Ah," he said, with a sigh of evident envy, "vous étes bien tranquille lá-bas en Angleterre, toujours Victoria, toujours Victoria." Laon further boasts a museum that contains, besides a library of valuable MSS. culled from its various suppressed monasteries, many objects of general and local interest. Among these are Roman remains discovered in the immediate neighbourhood. Near by, mingled with other antiquities, we encountered the sculptured monumental stone that once covered the grave of the lovely Gabrielle d'Estrées. There is something mournful in thus finding in a public museum the tomb of the beloved of Henry IV. The sepulchral monument was, it appears, moved here from her family home of Chateau Cœuvres, the house where the King first met her. Perhaps her descendants were not proud of their great ancestress; perhaps—horrible thought—they sold her for base coin to the collection. The upper slab is surmounted by Gabrielle's recumbent figure, and we cannot help fancying it must have been a good likeness. The expression, which is melancholy as becomes death, is of great, though not regular beauty; the features are small and delicate, there is a look of subtle intelligence about the face, and evidences of pronounced character and firmness about the mouth and chin. After seeing it we can picture *la belle Gabrielle*, and understand how she came to have so great a power over her kingly lover.

Before quitting Laon the ramparts should be visited. Thence can be best seen the wide stretch of plain that extends like a great ocean all round the hill, and on which are grown the asparagus and artichoke that have made Laon a familiar name to gourmands. Beneath the walls, and right down to the flat, runs a plantation of chestnuts and limes that furnish charming walks for the inhabitants, and ensconce the town and rock in greenery. The ancient walls were, according to tradition, built by the physician who tended Charles VI. during his insanity. If this be true, he must have been well paid indeed, for they can have cost no trifle, and the portions still erect seem as massive as if they had only just been raised. It is with real regret the visitor will re-thread his steps through the leafy avenues back down again to the railway station, and as the train whirls him rapidly out of sight of the cathedral-crowned hill of Laon, he will feel that he has visited a city which will ever after linger pleasantly in his memory.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

ABOUT ST. BRIDE'S BAY.



SEEKERS after quiet, whose chief aim is the sober joy of unadulterate country, must go far afield in these days, must shun the neighbourhood of railroads, and attain the few tracts, isolated from the levelling influences of the times. Such lands of promise and peace yet exist for them. They may be defined as promontories left uncut by railroads in their urgent course, abandoned, almost forgotten for a short space.

The whole Welsh coast of the Severn Sea is tolerably well frequented by what the Americans call "summer boarders," and the migratory tourists; but South Wales continues to enjoy the distinction of being a less hackneyed "play-ground" than the North. Of course, every one knows Swansea and the Mumbles, and Tenby has achieved fashion; yet there remain many romantic nooks along the restless sands of the coast that are little visited, even east of Tenby. It is west of Tenby, however, beyond Caldy Island and St. Margarets, beyond Manorbeer and Pembroke, that the Welsh coast is to be viewed in its most imposing and characteristic aspect; where the shifting sands are left behind, and do not again become assertive until one is well into Cardiganshire, and the cliffs arise rugged and bold, the sands spread firm and solid, and the deep-mouthed roar of the ocean is heard in place of the simpering channel sea. Once beyond Milford, and the transformation is as complete as it is sudden, and sea and land assume a depth of tone and a glory of colour far transcending any vision up channel; the very air tells of the change; it is keener, salter, lighter, and its effects are speedily evident.

There is no error more general among tourists in Wales, than to regard the Pembrokeshire country as a mere replica of familiar, ordinary English scenery, and, on that pretext, to be discarded. He must be content to walk much who would be intimately acquainted with its charms. Merely to drive to St. David's from Haverfordwest, or from Milford to any of the havens in the Bay, will probably afford the tourist an apparent justification of the popular judgment of the scenery. The pedestrian, however, will soon begin to discover that what appears to be a vast, treeless, rolling upland, semi-cultivated, whose monotony is broken only by an occasional peep of the distant sea-line, or the blue distance of the Priscilly Mountains, is in reality a land fruitful in pleasant surprises, deep ferny hollows where tiny streams meander, sudden hollows murmurous with the soft sea-air, bosky dells of ash and oak, very sweet and delicate in colour and contour. To the true picturesque tourist, the disciple of Wordsworth, there is something singularly alluring in such a country. In its aspect it suggests the rural beauty who is coy, and yet unspeakably fascinating; a little homely, yet rich in suggestion, and provocative of fancy and speculation; wild and wayward, yet full of sweet moods of unsuspected charm. You may walk for miles, and see around the limitless plateau tracts of common land with the usual geese, interspersed with patches of corn and turnips, heather and gorse in every direction; or you may be confined in hollow byways, rank with bramble and bracken, and see naught else, and gasp for air and space, when—at the very moment of repining—you are lured down-hill, and are in fairyland. Far behind and above you are the ways of the Pembrokeshire farmer, the dusty road, the forlorn commons and dismal cottages, the tangled medley of wild and cultivation; and in the grassy hollow you pass into a delicious atmosphere, sweet with thyme and marjoram and the sea, and gain the winding combe, with its little stream. Above, the rounded swell of the hills shuts you in, apparently locked inextricably; the slim rowans, grey-stemmed and ruddy with fruit, sway gently as the breeze sweeps off the higher lands; the tall grasses are starred with tansy, and the hill-sides pranked with scabious and gorse, which bloom all through the summer; and nothing can express the intense and brooding stillness. You may follow the devious passage of the stream through the ever-varying phases of the wooded hollow even unto the sea; now the narrow bounds open awhile, and a grey old farm-house is seen, almost devoid of actuality, so lifeless and abandoned it seems; or further pursuit will bring you suddenly on a mill of the most primitive construction, and delightfully useless and unobtrusive, a thing that has grown rather than has been constructed, so grey and dim and unsubstantial.

If the follower of the picturesque is not moved with these delights, he must hie to more beaten tracks and follow the crowd. Not that there is no romance in the land, nor irreproachable ruin, nor ancient castle and hall that might adorn any stage. The Udolpho sentiment may be gratified even here; not the less is it true that the popular adjuncts of a romantic country do not abound. The mountains are far away, lakes there are none, but the coast is close at hand and readily accessible either from Haverfordwest or Milford. If the tourist start from the latter town and leave on his left the peninsular country that includes St. Bride's he will pass by Walwyn's Castle, and keeping a nearly straight line will attain the almost central point of the sweep of the Bay, without troubling himself unnecessarily about the legendary Gualchmai, the cousin of Arthur, who once owned Walwyn's Castle. Through the little village of Waltonwest he passes until he at length gains the picturesque fishing hamlet of Little Haven, deeply set in the ironstone cliffs. Here is his desired haven, whence to start coastwise towards St. David's is to enjoy some of the most impressive and beautiful scenery in Wales; not impressive with the grandeur of Tintagel, but undeniably distinct in character and colour and conformation.

Little Haven is thoroughly typical of the sheltered little fishing nooks on the coast; its houses are disposed in sinuous

fashion in an irregular rent in the cliff; it is unaffectedly unfashionable, quiet, and quaint. It appears to have a depressing sense that a rival is springing into existence, too near to be considered neighbourly in the kindly acceptation of the word, and too attractive to be despised. Separated from Little Haven by a headland and little bay is Broad Haven, a small collection of houses scattered about the sands in a gentle but extensive depression in the hills, flanked by the wild rocky cliffs that extend to both extremities of the bay. From these sands the prospect is most beautiful, the whole bay and the bold coast-line as far as St. David's Head and Ramsey Island being visible. Here the sands are of wonderful consistency, and at low water a faster game of lawn-tennis may be played than on many a lawn, and in the most exhilarating atmosphere. The sea is distinguished by the brilliant glow and intense tone observable off rocky coasts in the west; in the calmest weather it has the movement and life of the ocean, the freshness and buoyancy and radiant colour. The coast becomes increasingly varied and wild as it trends to the north-west. Broken here and there by deep indentations, the mouths of ferny combes or rocky hollows, pierced by caverns whose roofs and clefts are brilliant with the marine maiden-hair, or rising in vast ramparts above brown stretches of sand, the contrasts presented are remarkable. Everywhere the wealth of colour is most striking; the subtle harmony and the general warmth of tone of the rocks and the great swelling uplands, purple and golden with gorse and heather, admirably accord with the dark heaving deep of the sunny sea. West of Broad Haven, up the heights overlooking a shore encumbered with immense masses of fallen rock, an ever-winding track on the edge of the cliffs leads to Drewston, a line of beetling, craggy heights of curious formation. Some lofty caves of imposing proportions, full of strange echoes and the deep voices of the sea-music, should be explored; from their darkest recesses the most fascinating and brilliant impressions of the sea may be enjoyed effects of light and aerial enchantment passing strange, vivid little pictures of dappled sea and distant headland, set off by a grotesque frame. Of course the Druids were once a power in Drewston, and are as firmly believed in by the country side as if their influence were still potent. Beyond Drewston, the next point of interest is the mouth of the little river Newgall, where the Newgall sands, of the same substantial texture as at Broad Haven, extend for a considerable distance, broad, nearly flat, and terminated by a most picturesque series of broken cliffs, richly coloured and curiously disposed.

Before this point is attained a détour should be made inland in order to visit Roch Castle. The lofty tower will have been previously noted by the wanderer in his progress towards Drewston, and is one of the most singular of the old castles and fortified mansions that abound in Pembrokeshire. It appears peculiarly forlorn and abandoned, and its position and aspect are eloquent of the good old rule and simple plan of which Rob Roy was not the last professor. The harrying of farms and the lifting of cattle were common forms of mutual reprisal in the old provinces of Ros and Dewsland, when the commercial but pugnacious Flemings and the wild Welsh were opposed by the politic Plantagenet king. Passing over a rough open country, intersected by low stone walls, the traveller encounters scattered herds of black cattle, the Castle Martin breed, very ferocious in appearance, but whose demonstrations are peaceful despite their portentous horns and glowing eyes. The great ridge of the Plumstone, an isolated mountain, rough and desolate with the bare stony mass which forms its kernel, is easily reached from Roch Castle. Thence a magnificent view is obtained, embracing the Prescilly Mountains, the gleaming waters of Milford estuary, the whole extent of St. Bride's Bay, and St. David's Head.

Without retracing his steps the tourist may strike the Newgall, and following its course gain once more the sea-shore, and by the edge of the cliffs reach the little shipping village of Solva; or he may, by exploring the country further inland—a not less interesting route—arrive at the Solva River, pursue the downward stream till he reach the little creek and harbour. This is the most characteristic scene in St. Bride's Bay, and merits the same thorough investigation which is generally bestowed on St. David's and its surroundings. From the sea Solva appears almost inaccessible, planted in a deep ravine between two high hills, with a harbour entrance tortuous and deeply embayed, uninviting to the pilotless craft, though unspeakably picturesque and quaint. The little town, or village, is, like so many Welsh towns, less delightful when studied than when seen afar, but its position is romantic, and its neighbourhood full of varied beauty and attraction. The lofty ferny hills and the many-folded valley down which the Solva stream wanders, offer every inducement to ramble. Hence by boat to Porthclais, if weather permit, is a short but delightful trip. From Porthclais to St. David's is but a step, and, well-read in Giraldus and Fenton, the traveller may leisurely survey the cathedral, and the bishop's palace over against it, and the ruins of St. Mary's College, and the other attractions of the ancient Menevia. One mile south, near Caerfai, is the ruined Nuns' Chapel, and the famous spring of St. Non, whose miraculous qualities were long an article of faith with all Pembroke men. Fenton, the historian, records how when a child he was frequently dipped in its waters, and how he remembered, at the end of the last century, that the well was strewn with votive offerings, small coins and so forth, in honour of the mother of St. David and the descendant of Uther Pendragon. Nor must Ramsey Island be left unexplored, famous for its multitudinous flocks of gulls and choughs and puffins, its rocky amphitheatre of hills, broad downs and romantic coast; the straits are but one mile across that separate this singular island from the mainland. Nor, again, should the narrow isthmus be left unvisited, and St. David's Head, with its eight rocky islets—the *Octapitarum promontorium*—vulgarly known as the "Bishop and his Clerks," though more than eight are visible at the ebb of the spring tides, peering through the seething tumultuous water. The vegetation and colouring of these islets and of Ramsey are remarkably beautiful, and among a number of curious semi-marine plants, the lovely sea-mallow and bright sea-pinks may be noted. Beyond St. David's Head the coast is scarcely less interesting than that of St. Bride's Bay, though less distinguished by wealth and distinction of colour, and endowed with less prominent characteristics than the boundaries of that beautiful sea.

J. A. Blaikie.

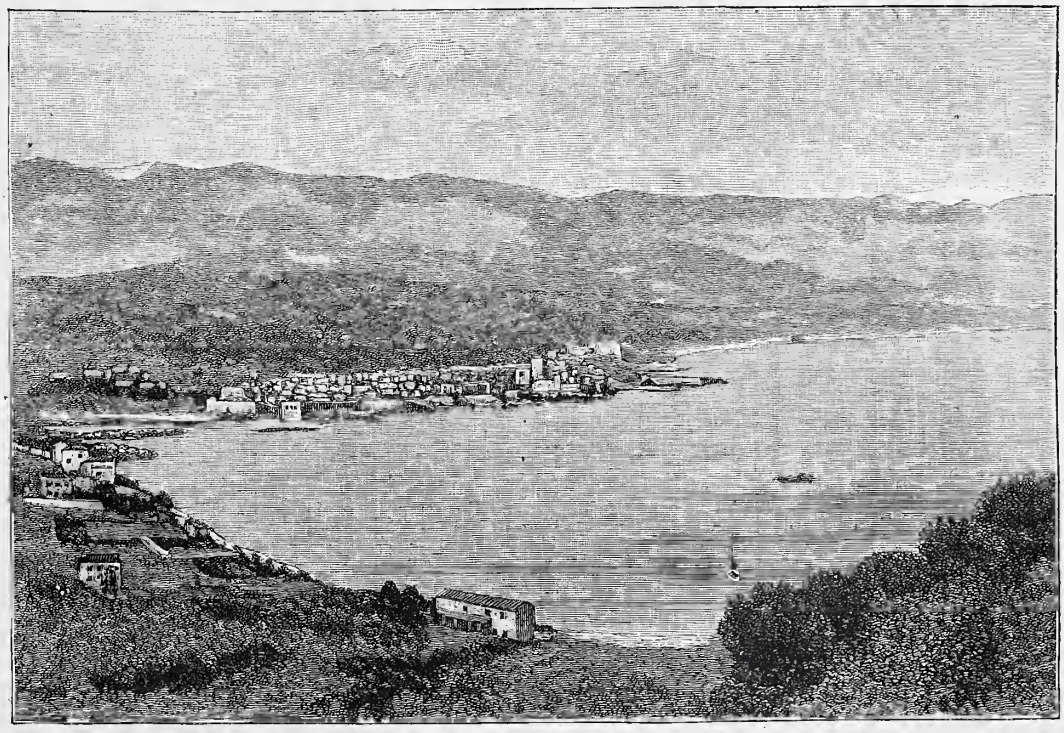


No. 32.—The Promenade des Anglais, Nice.

THE WESTERN RIVIERA.*

NICE.

RETRACING our steps westward from our late excursion to Monaco, an opportunity is thereby afforded of gaining a better idea of Antibes, in the annexed illustration (No. 33), than was possible in the engravings of a former article. The view in question is taken from the west, and brings within its compass the varied features of mountain and sea surrounding the charming old town. The two square towers which rise above the town and fortifications appear on a promontory in the middle ground of the picture. Antibes is a favourite residence with foreigners, and its numerous attractions are being more appreciated every year. It is more restful for the invalid than either Cannes or Nice, while the picturesque scenery in its neighbourhood is more accessible. In a few minutes, without fatigue, one can penetrate into the loneliest and wildest solitudes of nature; while over all the place an air of hoar antiquity broods, imparting a special interest, and forming a pleasing background to the scenes and incidents of the present. The high mountains which farther westward diverge from the coast and become indistinct, here gradually come nearer, and continue farther east to border the sea and to appear in the foreground. They rise behind Antibes in a series of high barren ridges, spurs from the Maritime Alps, the lowest covered with olive woods, and the

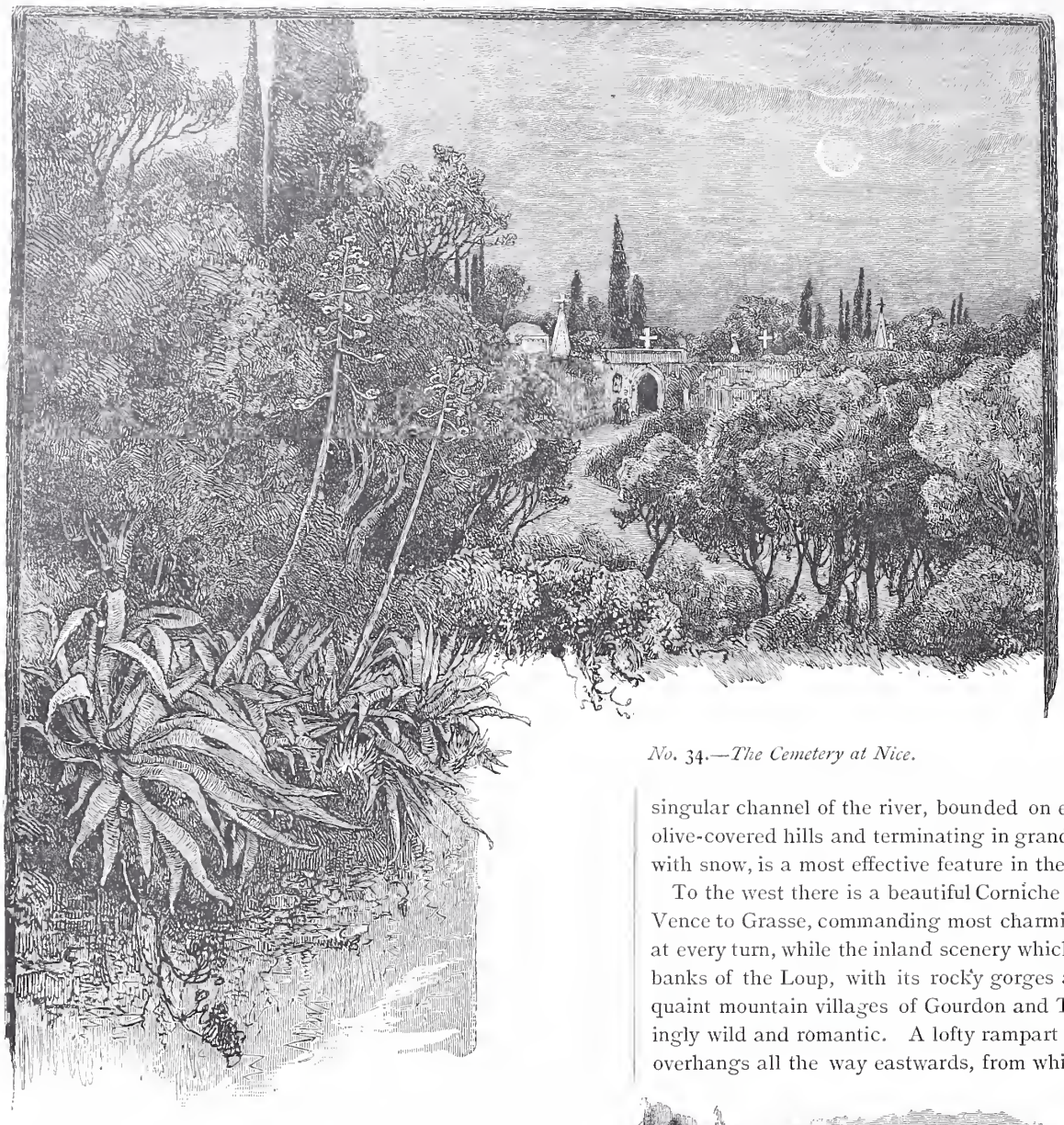


No. 33.—Antibes, from the West. Engraved by E. Badoureau.

* Continued from page 175.

highest melting away in the purple of distance into the infinite peace of the sky.

The whole stretch of coast here is bordered by great depths of sea. Off the mouth of the river Var, however, which descends in the valley between the two ridges of hills indicated on the right-hand side of the engraving, the depth changes suddenly from 600 feet to 30 feet. Discoloured water, caused by this river, often extends a considerable distance off shore. The Var is the most formidable of all the Alpine torrents. In summer its channel is a wide plain of sand and mud, through which a number of separate rivulets capriciously meander. But when the snows are melted on the mountains it is enormously swollen, and rushes down a mighty stream, laden with the soil and gravel which it has carried away from its higher gorges. Owing to the destruction of the old forests which clothed the upper reaches of the river, the devastating effects of these sudden inundations have been greatly increased. The projection of alluvial land formed in this way at the mouth of the Var is of comparatively recent origin, and did not probably exist when the Greeks and Romans came into possession of this coast. At the time there was a deep gulf, describing a single uniform curve, extending from Nice to Antibes. Indeed, comparatively recent maps show a bight where now exists the promontory of the Var. Of late years engineers have skilfully constructed parallel dykes, within which the flow of the river is safely confined; the marshes on either side have been reclaimed and made fertile, and plantations of Eucalyptus-trees have converted a fever-stricken waste into a healthy and well-cultivated region, where malaria is unknown. The long railway bridge across the mouth of the Var, commanding a splendid view of the singular channel of the river, bounded on either side by rich olive-covered hills and terminating in grand mountains capped with snow, is a most effective feature in the landscape.



No. 34.—*The Cemetery at Nice.*

To the west there is a beautiful Corniche Road leading from Vence to Grasse, commanding most charming views of the sea at every turn, while the inland scenery which it opens up on the banks of the Loup, with its rocky gorges and waterfalls, and quaint mountain villages of Gourdon and Touretta, is exceedingly wild and romantic. A lofty rampart of calcareous cliffs overhangs all the way eastwards, from which the great precipices of the Roche Blanc and the Roche Noir and the Rock of St. Jeannet tower up in solitary grandeur. The country at



No. 35.—*Avenue de la Gare.*

their foot is rich in all kinds of cultivated beauty, and the combination of rushing water, lovely foliage, towering crags and barren hill-sides makes an excursion along this route an ever memorable one. The situation of the village of St. Jeannet is especially picturesque. It lies at the foot of its lofty rock, which towers more than a thousand feet perpendicularly over it, casting down the warm glow of its rosy reflection when the sun shines directly upon it, and wrapping the village in its purple mantle of shadow when the sun is setting. So intimately are the grey weather-beaten houses blended with the ledges of the cliff that they look like the ruins that lie scattered beneath the walls of some huge feudal castle. The rock of St. Jeannet is an old coral headland against which, long ages ago, the waves of the Mediterranean dashed themselves. Its summit is simply a coral reef solidified into stone, full of sharp holes and projections, rendering it extremely difficult to walk over it, cushioned here and there by soft tufts of saxifrages, spiny euphorbias, and rosy orchids. The view northwards, of the snowy Alps, and of the hoary uplands at their feet, which this bold elevated point commands, is magnificent, while immediately below, to the east, the strange wide channel of the Var cleaves the hills, with the different currents of the stream flashing in the sun as they meander over beds of sand, of which they occupy but a very small part.



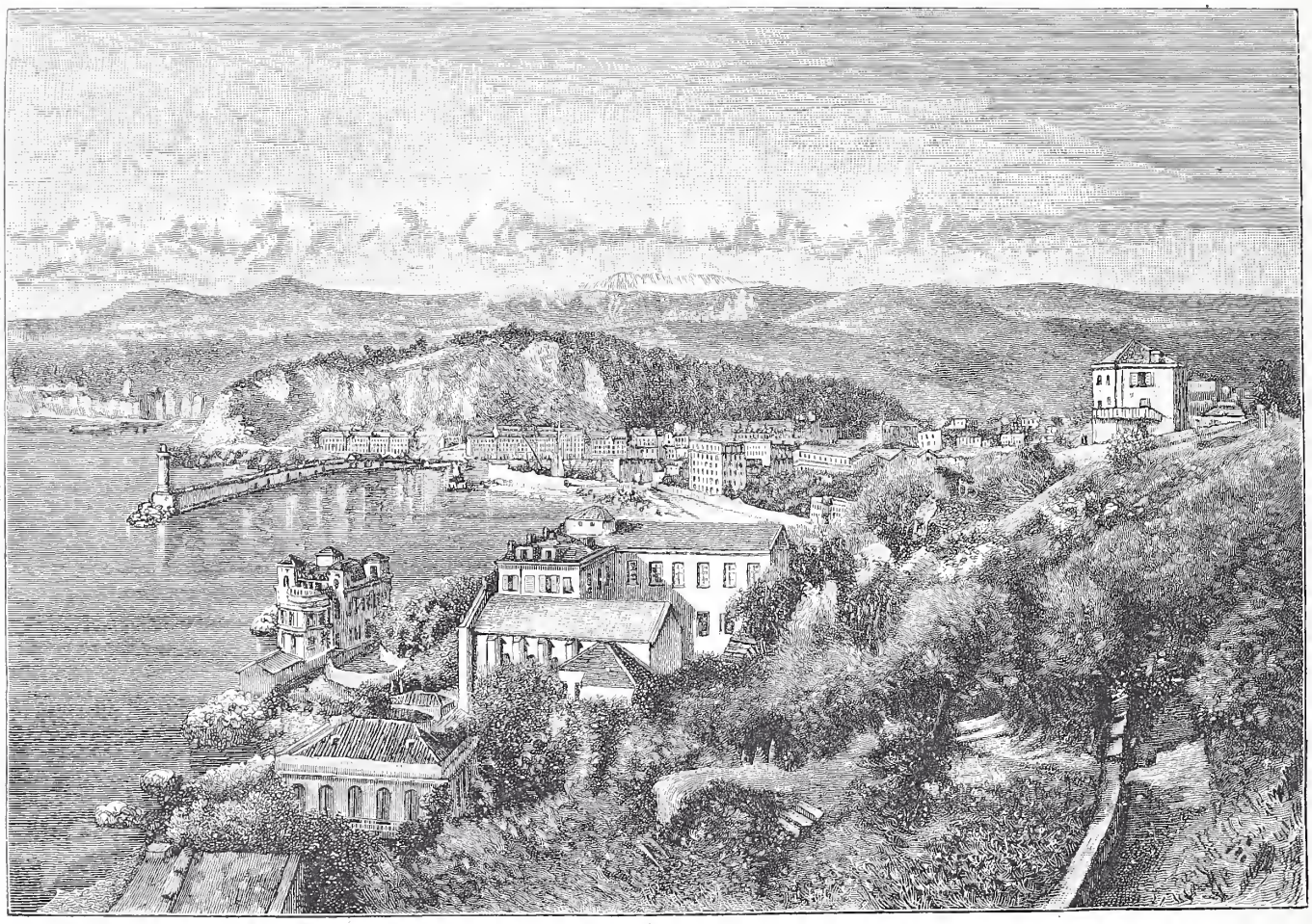
No. 36.—In the Public Gardens at Nice.

Passing on to Nice, we take up a few more points of interest connected with that well-nigh inexhaustible subject. On a hot day there is not a more delightful lounge anywhere than in the Public Garden (Illustration 36), which occupies a triangular space of ground between the mouth of the Paglione and the Promenade des Anglais. The extent of the place is only a few acres, but it has been laid out so cunningly that it seems quite a wilderness of verdure. The palms of this garden are not only remarkable for their size, but also for the abundance of their fruit. Opening out from the Public Gardens is the Promenade des Anglais (Illustration 32)—one of the finest esplanades in Europe—with magnificent hotels and private villas, embosomed in semi-tropical greenery on one side, and on the other the blue water of the Mediterranean flashing in the sun. The painful whiteness of the road is relieved by a long line of palms, graceful feathery tamarisks, oleanders, glossy-leaved pittosporums, and other foreign trees. The beach is covered with white shingle, with which the foam-tipped billows make a raking sound as they retreat from and advance to the same line on the shore; and overhead innumerable sea-gulls, rare elsewhere in the Riviera, attracted, it must be owned, by the sewage which is here discharged into the sea, skim the air; while crowds of gaily-dressed visitors sitting on the beach, or walking slowly along the promenade, under the shade of many-coloured umbrellas, add to the animation of the bright scene.

In the town the most interesting places are the quays on either side of the river, where there are numerous very attractive shops. The Quai de Massena, so called after the great French Marshal, who was born in Nice, has a row of splendid palm-trees extending all the way to the Public Gardens, and in one corner an enormous Eucalyptus-tree, whose trunk, the almost fabulous growth of less than twenty years, takes the outstretched arms of two persons to embrace. Not far from this the bed of the river, crossed by several bridges, may be seen. It is an unsightly spectacle, dry and sun-bleached, with here and there a damp spot, around which scores of washerwomen may be seen trying to wet and cleanse their dirty clothes, the rest of the

channel being utilised for the drying of various garments spread out on the hot stones. The principal street in Nice is the Avenue de la Gare (Illustration 35), nearly a mile in length, which intersects the city in a straight line from north to south, leading from the river to the railway station. It contains most of the principal shops and hotels. It is a beautiful boulevard, shaded by elegant umbragcous plane-trees, whose light green foliage affords in spring a delicious shelter from the scorching glare of the sun reflected from the white street. In winter, however, the trees are leafless and somewhat unsightly, and the yellow fluff contained in its nut-like fruit, when dispersed and floating at this season in the air, is said to be injurious to patients afflicted with throat disease, and, indeed, the cause of much suffering. At the lower end, where the street opens into the pleasant square called Place Massena, there are on both sides handsome arcades, within whose shade the visitors and the inhabitants sit in front of the cafés, and regale themselves at tables covered with their favourite beverages, in the Parisian fashion.

In a former paper I spoke of the beautiful cemetery behind the monastery of Cimiez. A still more interesting cemetery may be visited on the top of the Châteaux or Castle Hill (Illustration 34). In this quiet home of the dead sleeps Leon Gambetta, whose clumsy catafalque is still covered with the faded wreaths and tinselled garlands laid upon it when he was interred here two years ago. The marble crosses and monuments around gleam white amid the dark shadows of cypresses, olives, and pine-trees; and from the highest point



No. 37.—Nice from above the New Villefranche Road. Engraved by J. C. Griffiths.

a wonderful outlook is obtained of the extensive amphitheatre of Nice and its glorious cincture of snow-clad Alps. To the west of Nice, a mile beyond the suburbs, is the lovely English cemetery—fast filling up, alas!—which lies open to the sun continually, and has the blue waves of the Mediterranean always murmuring a sad requiem at its foot; while the roses bloom ceaselessly among the tombs from January to December, and the trees and flowers of southern climes, that make the darkness of death itself beautiful, forget to fade. Many a sorrowful heart in distant lands turns with deep yearning to this spot as the centre of its affections. Another touching memorial of the dead is the Russian Chapel to the north-west of the railway station, just outside the city, which marks the site of the Villa Bermond, in which the Prince Imperial of Russia died on April 24, 1865. It stands in a beautiful orange grove; and the interior is elegantly decorated in the Byzantine style, in blue and gold, with rich mosaics and white marble panelling enclosing frescoes of saints in niches. The young Prince, who was prematurely wise and devout, had a presentiment of death long before he had any active symptom of disease, and is reported to have said then, "I should wish to live, and everything smiles upon me, but I feel that my happiness will not be here."

HUGH MACMILLAN.

(*To be continued.*)

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*

GALLERY VI.



No. 805.—A Fen Farm. By R. W. Macbeth, A.

THIS, which should be the easiest hung, is the least happily arranged room in the Academy. EMILE WAUTERS'S view of 'Cairo, from the Bridge of Kasr-en-Nil' (606), is hung so high that the small figures are invisible; and the few of the outside public who know as little of this artist of European fame as the Hanging Committee apparently did, have no opportunity of appreciating its merits. Miss BERTHA NEWCOMBE'S river-side idyll of 'The Last Load' (634), which balances it, fares no better; its subtle and delicate tones being lost, and the perspective ruined.

No. 592. 'Miss N. Huxley,' by MARION COLLIER. A remarkable portrait for so young an artist; and only short of being first-rate by its disagreeable flesh tones and obtrusive background.

No. 609. 'Celandine,' by R. C. SMITH. A small head of a young girl, with a spray of the flower of that name in her hair.

No. 614. 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold,' by L. SMYTHE. An animated subject, and a landscape of much interest, apart from its historical connections; conscientiously painted, but in hues which, though affected by this artist, are untrue, and therefore disagreeable.

No. 618. 'Ada and Dora, twin daughters of Thos. H. Ismay, Esq.,' by JAMES SANT, R.A. Oddly enough, Mr. Sant shows us two paintings of twin sisters, this season. Near to these pretty half-grown daughters of Mr. Ismay, are two sisters who have attained the full beauty of womanhood: 'Ida and Ethel, twin daughters of J. Searight, Esq.' (628). But what is Mr. Sant about, to paint, or the owner to accept, such apologies for leaves and twigs as those around the feet of the ladies in No 618.—just in that part of the picture, too, which will usually be most seen?

No. 619. 'The Flight into Egypt,' by FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A. In the foreground is the group of the Holy Family, which is quite dwarfed by the huge pyramids.

No. 632. 'The Golden Grain,' by T. LLOYD. Hung as a pendant to 614; probably owing to its affinity in colour, which, though better than Mr. Smythe's, is still too metallic.

No. 640. 'Miss M. Tuke,' by H. S TUKE. A portrait showing much promise, but indicating that the artist has a wish to rebel against some well-established, and therefore correct, canons of composition.

No. 647. 'The English Vintage,' by Mr. J. FARQUHARSON, who, in declining to paint a Scotch snow subject similar to that which was bought from the Chantrey Fund, last year, has probably suffered in popular estimation; but his work in the hop gardens shows that he is assiduously striving for success all along the line, and this should ultimately carry with it its reward.

No. 650. 'Soir d'Été,' by JAN VAN BEERS. The name of this painter prepares us for a *tour de force*, for technique, which is faultless, and for drawing marvellously correct, but when this is said nothing good remains; the whole has merely the appearance of a coloured photograph of a very vulgar and uninteresting subject.

No. 659. 'The late Francis Holl, A.R.A.,' by FRANK HOLL, R.A. Painted with dignity and pathos, and in Mr. Holl's best manner.

No. 669. 'An Ugly Customer,' by JOHN R. REID. Both this and Mr. Reid's Grosvenor picture represent fisher life. In the Grosvenor the rival grandfathers compete for the young one's love. Here an old sailor holds a basket of live lobsters, with which his grandchildren are mightily amused.



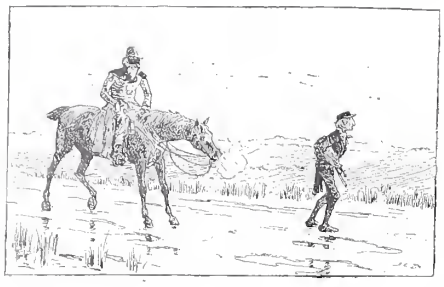
No. 245.—Study for Head in 'Hadrian in England.' By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

No. 671. 'Not worth Powder and Shot,' by J. C. DOLLMAN. One of the most humorous pictures in the show, and bearing evidence of a good apprenticeship in black and white. See Illustration on the next page.

* Concluded from page 211.

No. 689. 'Marie: a May Flower,' by EDWARD STOTT. A child's head, full of pearly tones and delicate modelling.

No. 693. 'Disinherited,' by L. J. POTT. The title almost speaks for itself, but we hope to make this meritorious work known to our readers in the medium of an engraving.



No. 671.—Not worth Powder and Shot. By J. C. Dollman.

No. 701. 'La Cocarde Tricolore,' by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD. A painfully graphic picture by a talented young artist. (See Illustration, page 211.)

GALLERY VII.

This room holds more than its share of good things. First there is VAN HAANEN'S 'Afternoon Coffee' (721), which, though it suffers from a lack of composition and a redundancy of detail, is full of beauty. Each figure is characteristic, spontaneous, graceful, and faultless in drawing. The scene is a dressmaker's workroom, gay and picturesque with the many-coloured garments.

No. 738. 'Vaccination,' by P. A. J. DAGNAN: a large white-washed room, whose cool walls reflect green trees and all manner of pleasant things. Groups of women with babies and young children sit about awaiting their turn. The doctor, close to the window, is operating on a plump baby arm, while a little damsel (his next victim) shows us a pair of very thin shoulder blades. The tone of all is in perfect keeping, and the babies delightfully natural.

No. 747. 'A Venetian Girl,' LUKE FILDES, A. A well-known Venetian model has for the nonce assumed the rôle of a flower-seller, and stands environed by banks of glowing flowers.

No. 751. 'Feeding the Hungry,' by E. DOUGLAS. We shall shortly give an etching of this South-down episode; until then we reserve our comments.

No. 752. 'A Wintry Sea,' by JOHN F. FAED. The wave form carefully rendered.

No. 783. 'La Nuit,' by W. BOUGUEREAU. Night hovers over the earth. Her beautiful ample form is only slightly veiled with black drapery. It shows scant courtesy to hang so notable a work by a foreigner in so subordinate a position.

No. 788. 'Mrs. H. White,' by JOHN S. SARGENT. A full-length portrait of a lady in a sumptuous white dress. The pose has all the *élan* and freshness of youth, and the carriage of the graceful head is charming. The drawing and painting are, it need hardly be said, clever in the extreme.

No. 796. 'Sunset from Carrara,' by W. HEATH WILSON. A pleasant rendering of sand, sea, and sky.

No. 805. 'A Fen Farm,' by R. W. MACBETH, A. One of the most delicious pictures in the Academy; replete with poetical refinement, and saturated with a joyous healthiness which evidences itself in the stalwart cow girl, the sturdy calves, and the restrained colleys. Nor is the landscape less admirable; wherever the eye dwells, whether on the blue zenith, the distant flats, or the thistly foreground, a sense of enjoyment is felt. (See Illustration on the previous page.)

No. 806. 'Herr Poznanski,' by JAMES SHANNON. A clever, though rather coarse portrait of the Polish violinist.

No. 810. 'The Saturday Dole in Worcester Chapter House: A Relic of the Olden Time,' by VAL PRINSEP, A. The scene, painted on a very large scale, is a room wherein many women and children are assembled to receive their weekly dole of a loaf of bread.

No. 827. 'Too Late,' by HERBERT SCHMALZ. An ambitious picture, and overtaxing the powers of the artist, who is more successful in less pretentious work. He would do well to study the anatomy and flesh painting of the pictures Nos. 721 and 738, just noted, which hang on the adjacent walls. Mr. Schmalz is young, and capable of instruction, which he can certainly profit by.

GALLERY VIII.

Contains fewer paintings of interest than are to be found in any that we have passed through.

No. 839. 'Secrets,' by EUGÈNE DE BLAAS. Two girls striving to rouse the curiosity of a consciously indifferent young man.

No. 852. 'A North Easterly Gale,' by J. BRETT, A. (See Illustration.) Turner is said to have crossed the Channel on a wild winter's night in order to paint rightly the grand picture which is now in the National Gallery. Mr. Brett, we believe, did the same in his yacht last autumn off Granton, thereby narrowly escaping a shipwreck, a fate which actually befell a neighbouring yacht, as may be seen in the picture. The rolling sea and curling waves are splendidly rendered, but for some unaccountable reason the whole picture looks small.

No. 863. 'Harvesters Crossing the Ferry,' by P. GHENT. A bright and desirable picture, which would have probably won a place on the line had it been painted half the size, as it should have been.

No. 864. 'Danx,' by ANNIE L. ROBINSON. Danx is presumably a misprint for Danae, for a golden rain of gorse forms the background to the figure of a young cottage girl, whose sweet face is shaded by a large cotton bonnet.



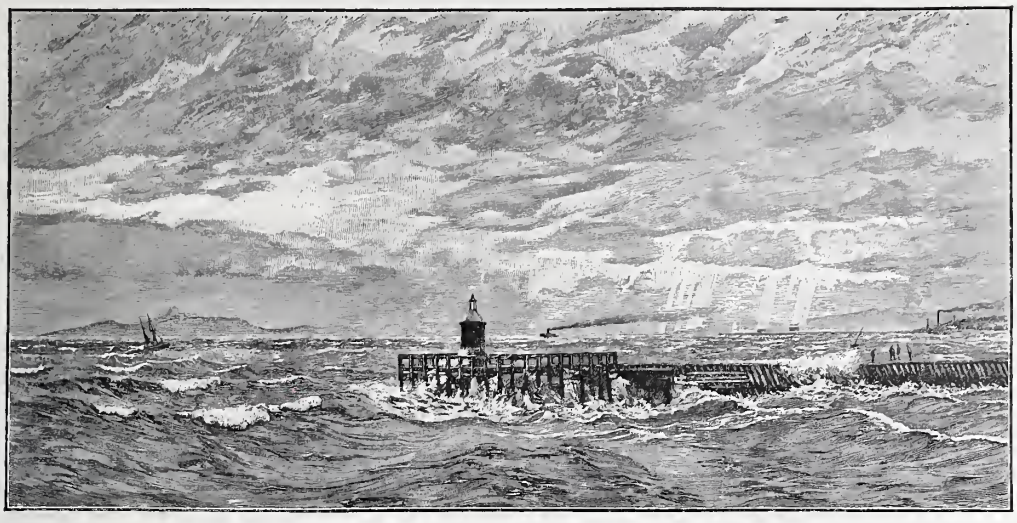
No. 902.—The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way. By B. W. Leader, A.

No. 866. 'The Guards at Tel-el-Kebeer,' by R. CATON WOODVILLE. A good battle-piece, truthful to the dreary prose of modern warfare. Painted by royal command.

No. 881. 'After Culloden—Rebel Hunting,' by SEYMOUR LUCAS. A number of soldiers force their way into a shoeing forge. This has been purchased out of the Chantrey fund,

an honour shared by a landscape in this room, Mr. DAVID MURRAY'S 'My love has gone a-sailing' (928). (See Illustration.)

No. 891. 'La Donna è Mobile,' by C. E. PERUGINI. Full of conscientious work in modelling, drapery, and landscape, but rather weak in colour for its surroundings.



No. 852.—A North Easterly Gale : Granton. By John Brett, A.

No. 902. 'The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way.' By B. W. LEADER, A. A decidedly popular picture, with its elaborate and gorgeous sky, but lacking the atmosphere and mystery which such a sunset would infuse into everything. (See Illustration on the previous page.)

GALLERY IX.—WATER COLOURS.

The average of merit here is higher than usual. Note the drawing, for instance, the grey and green rendering of the 'Environs de St. Pair' (949), by M. JEAN H. ZUBER, and the purple and flaxen tones of a tract of grass and heather, 'Where moorland and forest meet' (992), by Mr. W. FOLLEN BISHOP. The proportion of figure work is small, but Mr. G. SIMONI sends a drawing of 'Negroes dancing at the Entrance of the Mosque of the Sidi Boumedine, Algeria' (1005), full of quiet humour. There are also scattered about this room three of Mr. M. MENPES' fancies of babies. We also note 1040. 'Streatley Mill,' by N. BENETT. A very painstaking drawing in the style of Mr. Boyce, but wanting light and shade to make it successful. 1052. 'On the Banks of the Mole,' by B. F. BERRY. 1066. 'A Pastoral,' by E. A. WALTON. A rolling hill of long grass, parched to almost flaxen whiteness, and showing to what an extent scumbling of paper may become. 1072. 'Near Ross,' Herefordshire,' by G. G. FRASER. At a short distance this is merely a wintry landscape, but on close inspection one sees it to be a piece of most minute workmanship. Every detail is drawn with loving patience. 1074. 'Neglected,' by L. ZORN. 1091. 'Elephants at Early Dawn.' By CHARLES WHYMPER. A monochrome in grey—a weird and curious effect. 1112. By THOMAS PYNE. Clear honest painting. 1113. 'Spring,' by GEORGE MARKS. A flowery idyli of blossoming fruit trees and meadows gay with daffodils, reminding us pleasantly of the work of Mr. Alfred Parsons. 1114. 'Gathering Fuel,' by HECTOR CAFFIERI. A winter woodland scene, excellent in colour, like all this painter's work. 1119. 'Wind-bound,' by EDWARD ELLIOT. A canal sailing-boat becalmed by flat reedy banks. 1163. 'Un Po' di Roma,' by B. W. SPIERS. An elaborate still-life study of books and curios.

GALLERY X.

The architectural drawings and the etchings and engravings have been noticed elsewhere, but there are a few drawings which we cannot pass by. First two masterly portraits by Mr. E. J. POYNTER, one a profile head of 'Lady Elcho' (1358), drawn in red chalk, the other a half-length seated figure of 'Mrs. George Batten' (1359), in red and black chalk. Miss ETHEL S. RING has also a study of an old man's head (1370), which has the rare quality of style. The 'Studies for the portion of a Frieze,' by Mr. Wm. E. F. BRITTEN (1361 and 1371), are good nude drawings of babies.

We recognise old friends in Mr. H. FURNISS' 'Education's Frankenstein' (1388), and his amusing caricature of 'Irish Witnesses at Bow Street' (1398). No Englishman would dare to draw such Irishmen as Mr. Furniss creates for us. Full of more subtle and genial humour is Mr. DU MAURIER'S drawing of a lady who, having ventured into the smoking-room, is 'Having it all her own way' (1397) with her admirers.

GALLERY XI.—OIL PAINTINGS (*Continued*).

No. 1524. 'Expectation,' by G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD. Clever and attractive.

No. 1526. 'Waiting for a Partner,' by GUNNING KING. A tiny picture of a child in white and pink standing against a grey wall.

No. 1539. 'Heave Away!' by W. L. WYLLIE. This picture is rather disappointing after Mr. Wyllie's success of last season. The colour is not effective, and the barges upward bound, and shooting Rochester Bridge, fail to interest us. We prefer his picturesque 'Close of a Winter's Day' (1589).



No. 74.—The Peace Maker. By G. A. Storey, A.

No. 1546. 'Pressing to the West,' by HUBERT HERKOMER, A. It is difficult to conceive a more dreary scene than this great bare room where men, women, and children are huddled together. Through this building—the Castle Garden, New

York—all emigrants must pass for registration before being sent out West. Some remain here eight or ten weeks before suitable situations can be found for them. Mr. Herkomer's emigrants are sick in heart and body—self-absorbed in their misery.



No. 1564.—Portraits. By Fred. Barnard.

No. 1557. 'Weaving Nets,' by FRANK BRAMLEY. A careful little bit of love and life in Venice.

No. 1564. 'Geoff, Polly, Dolly, and Toto,' by F. BARNARD. Evidently capital portraits of a set of youngsters, who seem to be hardly restrained from a game of romps, which would render the painter's task an impossible one. (See Illustration above.)

No. 1565. 'Breezy Tintagel,' by E. A. WATERLOW. The sea and sky are as bright as Mr. Hook loves to paint them. This is similar to Mr. Waterlow's drawing in the Institute.

No. 1574. 'A Summer Day,' by JOHN BRETT, A. A wide expanse of smooth bright water: St. George's Channel in its fairest mood.

No. 1617. 'Loch Linnhe,' by D. MURRAY. Full of the rich colour of the Highlands, the whole picture most elaborately studied and painted—in this respect a lesson to most of his compatriots. A much more desirable picture than that which has been purchased by the Chantrey fund.

No. 1620. "Mrs. Henry Fellows," by P. H. CALDERON, R.A. Rightly hung in the place of honour. A refined portrait.

No. 1626. 'Off the Lizard: Penzance,' by HENRY MOORE. Nothing is seen but heaving blue water, which seems really to swell and fall, albeit the colour is somewhat heavy and metallic.

No. 1630. 'Labourers after Dinner,' by GEORGE CLAUSEN. Not unfrequently one hears the painting of Mr. Clausen compared with that of Bastien Lepage, and in their excellent manner, and in choice of subject, these artists do indeed resemble each other; but M. Lepage has always a sentiment, an idea, in his work, and this is wanting in Mr. Clausen's painting this year.

No. 1642. 'Saying Grace,' by LAURA ALMA-TADEMA. One of those scenes of sixteenth-century Dutch life which Mrs. Tadema conjures up for us with such graceful feeling and admirable technique. The figures are the largest we have seen from this artist, and gain by being painted on this increased scale.

CENTRAL HALL.—SCULPTURE.

The deserted state of this and the Lecture-room shows how little interest our public take in sculpture, but there are certain things here which no one should miss seeing. First there is the admirably-modelled bronze statue, by M. RODIN, 'L'âge d'Airain' (1667); a fine work, though entirely modern in feeling. Then there is a bronze statuette, by Miss SUSAN R. CANTON, of 'The Light of Asia' (1673).

Passing into the Lecture-room, it is also a bronze that first arrests our attention: Mr. A. G. ATKINSON'S statuette of a 'Boy Weeping' (1702).

The excellence of the feeling and composition of Mr. HENRY BATES' bas-relief of 'Socrates teaching the People in the Agora' (1712) is easily tested by comparing it with the two other renderings of the same subject (Nos. 1738 and 1799); both of which contain much good work, but are devoid of classic sentiment.

Of medals there are fewer than we have seen in the exhibitions of the last three or four years; but Mr. E. J. POYNTER sends a case of bronze medals, 1778—1781; and Miss ELLA and Miss NELLA CASELLA send five extremely clever wax medals, 1838-39-40, 1849, and 1850, a revival of the ciroplastic work of the sixteenth century. Among the statues in the centre of the Lecture-room, we must not fail to look at Mr. ALFRED GILBERT'S poetic rendering of 'Icarus' (1855), a bronze statuette that from its small size might be overlooked.

Mr. HAMO THORNICROFT'S 'Mower' (1856) brings the catalogue to a noble end. It is a fine figure, graceful in all views, and combining perfect naturalness of pose and dress with a high degree of beauty.

SUMMER FLOWERS.

ENGRAVED BY H. C. BALDING, FROM THE STATUE BY J. MILO GRIFFITH.

THE figure in which the sculptor has expressed the blossoming of midsummer is remarkable as a very successful attempt to combine an ideal and allegorical motive with realistic detail. Like the clever monumental artists of Italy, who have fitted the Campo-Santo of Genoa with pathetically naturalistic effigies arrayed in the night-dresses and lying on the pillow-cases of actual death-beds, Mr. Griffith has not hesitated to make his marble present the mysteries of modern frills. And the head of his statue has almost the air of a portrait, the features and the arrangement of the hair having nothing of Greek traditions. The subject is a charming one, combining as it does the riches of July roses with the fulness of ripe and beautiful youth, and Mr. Griffith has treated it with a certain frank simplicity. The attitude which he has chosen shows no research and no effort after gracefulness, for which fact its lines will be the more pleasing in many eyes. The statue is in the possession of C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M.P., at Margam Park, South Wales.



SUMMER FLOWERS

ENGRAVED BY H.C.BALDING FROM THE STATUE BY J.MILO GRIFFITH

LONDON J.S VIRTUE & Co. LIMITED



No. 1.—Castelfranco, from the South-East angle of the Piazza, looking North.

CASTELFRANCO AND ITS ALTAR-PIECE BY GIORGIONE.

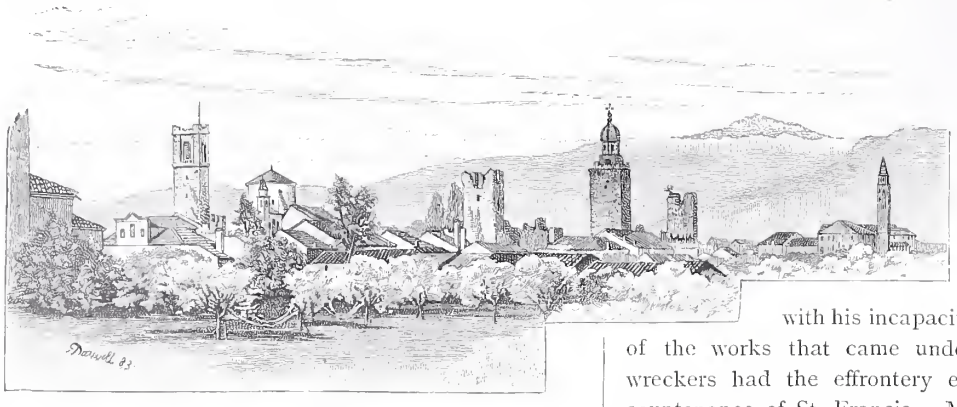
IN any comprehensive study of the great painters, our attention is naturally first directed to their earliest associations, to the influences which swayed their opening career, to those youthful impressions that sunk the deepest, that are never wholly lost, and are always so intimately related to the most delightful qualities of their art. Of these first impressions none are more important than those of locality. Raphael, even when at Rome, gives us those sweet glimpses of Umbrian landscape for backgrounds that he had seen so often at his native Urbino. Titian remained true to the mountains of Cadore, and if we would find our originals of the meadows and valleys so constantly recurring in the canvases of Giorgione, and which he paints with such loving fondness, we must seek them in the country surrounding his native place, Castelfranco. Castelfranco also furnishes a remarkable attraction in the altar-piece by Giorgione, now in its church. Indeed, an altogether exceptional interest is attached to the picture, which is known as the 'Madonna of Castelfranco.' Apart from its intrinsic beauty, it is almost the only work of the master whose authenticity has never been doubted. There are few public galleries, or even private ones of any importance, that do not claim to possess pictures by Giorgione, the attributions being probably given in most instances in the seventeenth century. Of these the number finding acceptation at the present day is exceedingly limited, although the fond partiality of owners or directors still retains the magic name in pictorial catalogues. More careful study of the pictures themselves, and research into the early writers on painting, and also among original documents, have restored many a so-called Giorgione to its rightful paternity, and have enabled us at the same time to attain a clearer conception of the special qualities distinguishing the master who was to exert such a profound influence on the higher, and, indeed, on every form of Venetian art. His contemporaries, one and all, recognised in him the advent of a new force in painting. Vasari expresses the general opinion when he compares his influence in northern Italy to that of Leonardo da Vinci on Florentine Art. Both were men who applied their consummate manipulative skill to the presentation of hitherto unrevealed aspects of nature, and who touched chords of sentiment that had not hitherto found expression. Giorgione's canvases are penetrated with the feeling of delight in the harmony and repose of nature. The unconventional beings that people his park-like landscapes have a wayward grace that is all their own, they live in a land wherein it seems to be always afternoon; and although they display little dramatic action they are endowed with the potentiality of passion which excludes all suspicion of insipidity. Dealing with such subject matter, and displaying a mastery of



No. 2.—House of the Barbarella Family in Castelfranco.

execution which combined the utmost polish with a freedom altogether charming, it is no matter of surprise that the style of Giorgione found numerous followers, some of them being

men of remarkable genius. Hence it was natural that the work of the disciple and follower often came to be attributed

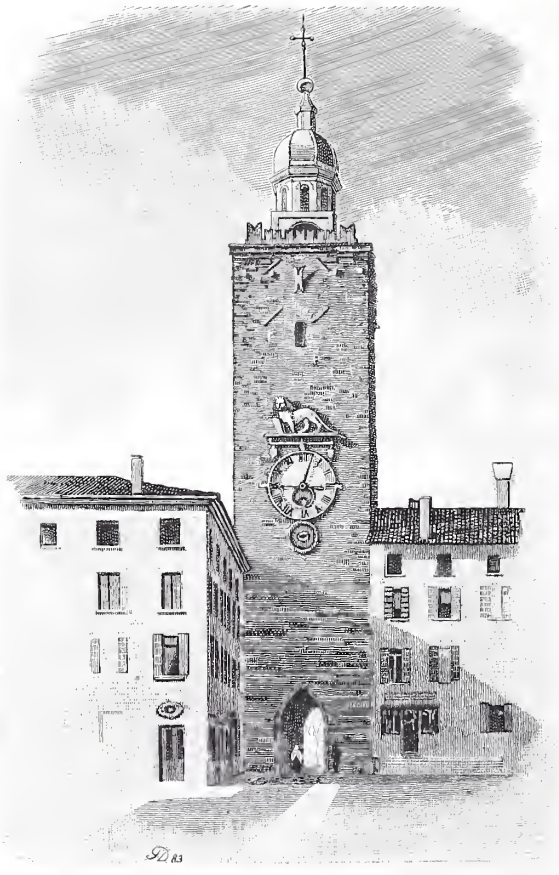


No. 3.—Castelfranco, seen from the Railway.

to the master, especially in a succeeding age, when the faculty for artistic discrimination had become blunt, while the traditionary renown of the great name still existed.

In attempting to draw up a list of the genuine works of Giorgione it is not safe to accept the statements even of the earlier biographers of the artist, since Vasari is found attributing works to him that we now know were painted by Titian. Still their testimony is of value, and when Ridolfi, Boschini, and the *Anonimo*, give pictures like the 'Concert' at the Pitti Palace, the 'Chaldean Sages' of the Belvedere, the 'Family of Giorgione' of the Manfrini Palace, and the 'Castelfranco Madonna,' to the master, their authority, combined with the internal evidence, may fairly be accepted as removing all doubts in these particular instances. Of the above-mentioned canvases the one having the strongest historical testimony in its favour is the 'Castelfranco Madonna;' therefore, taking it as a starting point, on the system suggested by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, the presence in other pictures of the qualities it possesses may be accepted as evidence in favour of their authenticity, and conversely, their possession of qualities which are absent here must necessarily militate against their acceptance as examples of the art of Giorgione. In the annexed engraving the design and composition of the 'Castelfranco Madonna' is as faithfully rendered as is possible on so small a scale; the original picture being about seven feet in height. Translated into black and white the picture is impressive from its naturalness and quiet beauty; the grave modesty of the Virgin, the dignified bearing of the warrior-saint, Liberale, and the appealing gesture of St. Francis, are conceived in the noblest spirit; while the charming glimpse of landscape, with its simple lines and tender gradations, is informed with a vein of rare poetic sentiment. Nevertheless, wanting the colour, it is but a "cold pastoral." In the original the sky is suffused with sunshine, and the mountains veiled in a vapourous mist; the sunny greens of the trees and meadows act as a foil to the deep crimson of the Virgin's mantle, which is again contrasted with the more positive green and blue and gold of the strip of Persian carpet at her feet; the warm flesh tones of the Child and the Virgin's face are relieved off the red and gold drapery which falls at the back of the throne; the marble glows with subdued light, the porphyry-coloured wall that shuts in the lower figures—the one all bright and sparkling, the other in warm solemn grey—is cast into purple shadow, and the cool greys and whites of the chequered pavement supply the necessary neutral tints to give due value to the brilliant passages of colour concentrated in and around the principal group.

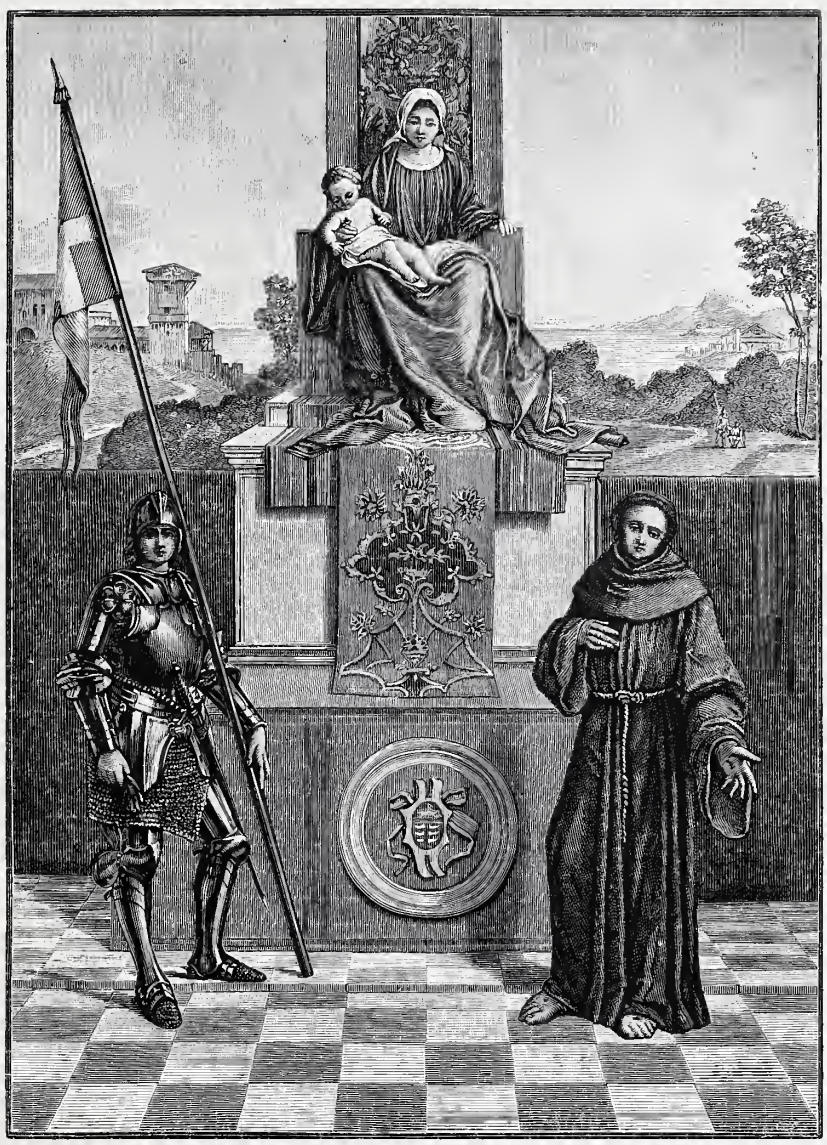
Like many of its fellows the picture has suffered serious and deplorable restorations. Not once only, but several times has it been operated upon. The Italian restorer of former times was a being whose audacity was on a par with his incapacity to comprehend the qualities of the works that came under his hands. One of these wreckers had the effrontery even to add a beard to the countenance of St. Francis. More correct notions prevailed at the time the last restoration was made, which, it is stated, consisted mostly in removing the daubings of former restorers, although it was evidently also accompanied with considerable repainting, which, however lightly applied, obscures much of the original work. Of Giorgione's final glazings, that infused the whole composition in an atmosphere of warm summer air, it is impossible to assert that any of them remain. Wherever the original painting is evident it is seen to be characterized by extreme delicacy of manipulation; there appears to be an entire absence of bravura, the touch was firm and free, at the same time a careful and even cherished execu-



No. 4.—Principal Entrance to the Town of Castelfranco.

tion was sought after. Judging from their slight deterioration, despite frequent rough usage, the pigments themselves must have been of singular purity; few have blackened, and the

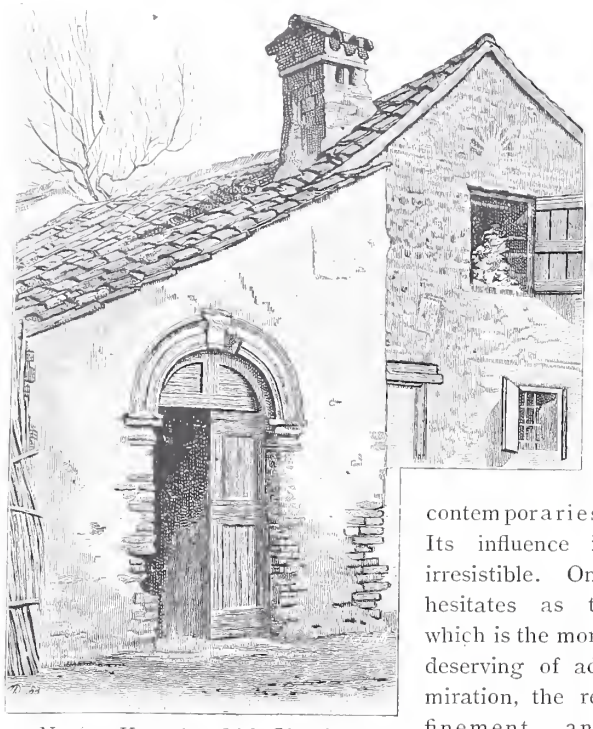
evident changes—as in the Virgin's gown, now a dull green, though most likely originally blue—are probably due to the impure materials employed by the restorers. If we would know Giorgione's touch uncontaminated by restoration we must seek it in the 'Knight in Armour,' No. 269 of our National Gallery. The figure is a study from nature for the St. Liberale of the Castelfranco picture. According to the catalogue the only difference consists in the head here being without the helmet; there is, however, a further difference in the absence of the glove held in the right hand. There is still another difference in the colour of the armour, which in the study is of silvery whiteness, while in the picture the steel is dark, more so than can be accounted for by the deepening of the pigment. The study is too well known to need description; it may be remarked, however, that it is incomparably the best preserved example of Giorgione's work now known.



No. 5.—The Castelfranco Madonna, painted by Giorgione. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

A similar strain of poetic feeling as that distinguishing the 'Castelfranco Madonna' is found in the 'Chaldean Sages.' The Sages are three men in oriental costume grouped together at the edge of a wood. Two are standing and engaged in discussion, one being a venerable figure in flowing beard; the other, a man in the prime of life, wears a turban and fancifully-designed dress of rich materials; the third figure is seated on the ground engaged in working out a problem of mathematics. Behind the Sages rise bare tree-stems, with foliage towards the edge of the canvas; on the opposite side of the picture is a dark rocky cavern. In the opening in the centre, between the tree-trunks and the rocks, we catch a view of a wooded valley in which nestles a village; woodland and village stand flooded in the light of a resplendent evening sky, against which rises the graceful foliage of a tender sapling, the tree-trunks and leafless branches telling dark and strong off the glowing light. Here also the manipulation is refined and delicate and the realisation is complete, even to trifling details like the stones and pebbles in the road at the feet of the Sages. Those unacquainted with the original picture may obtain an accurate conception of its beauties from Professor Unger's truly marvellous etching, in his series of the Vienna Gallery. No engraver of the present day rivals Professor Unger in the capacity for suggesting the colour and tone of the old Venetian masters, and if, after his present series is finished, he would undertake the authentic works of Giorgione in the style of 'Die Mathematiker,' as the 'Chaldean Sages' is entitled in the Vienna catalogue, he would make every lover of Art still further his debtor. How valuable would be a rendering of the 'Family of Giorgione' from his hand! There is, we believe, no photograph of the picture, and the engravings known to us very inadequately translate its fascinating qualities. In this instance the landscape element predominates. The figures consist of a man in Venetian costume holding a spear or wand, and a woman suckling a child. They are far apart on opposite sides of a stream, and are small in relation to the size of the canvas. Hide them with the hands and the picture is a pure landscape of rare beauty and serenity. In the 'Concert' of the Pitti Palace the interest is concentrated on the figures; they are three in number, half length, and on a dark ground. A monk is seated at a harpsichord, he is striking a chord and turns round, looking inquiringly at an elder ecclesiastic, who is standing behind him and holding in his hand a viol de gamba; a young man in the dress and plumed hat of a Venetian noble stands on the other side of the harpsichord player. The illumination is that of a room in which the sunlight is tempered by a blind, the warm reflection plays about the figures rather than strikes upon them. Positive colour is only sparingly found in the dress of the young man, the others are in black and white habits, but the black and the white may be said to be seen through a golden haze. Few pictures have a more complete intellectual interest than this, not estimating of course the importance of the interest. So admirably is the expression caught we read the very thoughts of the men.

The exquisite susceptibility displayed in this conception explains the secret of the sway the painter exercised over his



No. 6.—House in which Giorgione was born.

contemporaries. Its influence is irresistible. One hesitates as to which is the more deserving of admiration, the refinement and subtlety of the thought or the equal refinement and subtlety of the execution—rather, are they not two phases of the same spirit impossible to be separated, indissolubly united? A more than usual fatality seems to have overtaken the easel pictures of Giorgione. Although he died comparatively young, and was frequently employed in decorating the outsides of Venetian palaces, still his cabinet pictures were not few, and those which can now be named with certainty must be only a small proportion of their sum total. Sufficient, however, remain to justify his high reputation, and to enable us to judge of the pretensions of canvases claiming the honour of his illustrious name.

Considering the importance of landscape in the Art of Giorgione it is only natural that the student should seek to become familiar with the land of his birth, with the scenes where he received his first impressions of nature. Castelfranco, his native place, lies in the plain at the foot of the Alps. The country at the present day is highly cultivated, from the walls of the city almost to the base of the mountains; at the end of the fifteenth century there were still woods and open spaces not under tillage. Even now the district as it approaches the mountains shows much of the character of the Giorgione landscape; rich meadows, luxuriant clumps of trees, and picturesque castellated buildings remind the traveller of the backgrounds he is familiar with in the canvases of the master. The city of Castelfranco is on the railway between Treviso and Bassano. Five minutes' walk from the station and the town gate is reached. The walls, which, saving for a gap or so, are still erect, although very grim and weather-worn. They stand four square, surmounted with battlements, and outflanked by a broad moat. The population in the fifteenth century had become too numerous to find room within the walls, so a broad square was built enclosing the city on all sides, but leaving a wide road beyond the moat. Fragments of sixteenth-century frescoes on the house fronts in the square show signs of prosperity and habits of luxury in their owners. Standing at the city gate one looks up the straight main street to the country beyond—the walk from one gate to the other takes scarcely five minutes. On entering the city its aspect is now painfully dreary, the houses being squalid and neglected, and only partially inhabited. No vestige of architectural ornament or decoration is seen on the dilapidated tenements. Empty spaces, where once stood habitations, are not infrequent. A general air of poverty and depression pervades both the place and the people. It is clear that the glory of Castelfranco has departed. The gay and brilliant fifteenth-century life finds but one solitary reflex on the canvas of Giorgione in the church of St. Liberale.

The altar-piece was painted in commemoration of Matteo Costanzo, a young condottiere, who died at the outset of a career full of promise. His father, Tuzio, a veteran commander, resided at Castelfranco, and on the death of his son commissioned Giorgione to paint an altar-piece and frescoes in the Costanzo chapel in memory of the untimely event. He also had an effigy carved of Matteo in the armour he was accustomed to wear. This is now in the cemetery, removed probably when the ancient church was pulled down. The demolition of the church involved also the destruction of the frescoes. Nothing could be more unfortunate than the present position of the picture in the modern church; it is hung high up in the choir behind the high altar; it is moreover ill-lighted, and only to be examined by the aid of a ladder. A tradition runs that the St. Liberale of the picture is a portrait of Matteo, and certainly the armour in the effigy corresponds in form and fashion with the painted figure. A tradition also remains that one of the saints, St. Francis, was painted from the brother of Giorgione. Again, there is a hint of the personality of the model for the Virgin in some lines scrawled on the back of the canvas :—

" Vieni O Cecilia,
Vieni t'affretta,
Il tuo t'aspetta,
Giorgio " . . . .

Respecting the fate and fortune of the fair Cecilia biography is silent. Her name, linked to that of the great master, will live for all time.

However unlovely may be the interior of the town of Castelfranco, seen from outside the walls it is particularly striking and picturesque, as is evident from a glance at the sketches of Mr. H. Darvall, which are as faithful as they are delicate and graceful. No. 3 represents Castelfranco as it is seen from the railway, and with the Alps in the background. Nos. 1 and 2 give views of the exterior of the city walls. In No. 2 the wall forming part of the old fortification is all that remains of the house of the family of Giorgione, the Barbarellas. No. 4 represents the principal gateway leading into the main street, referred to above. The lofty tower, with the lion of St. Mark denoting that Venice once held sway here, is impressive from its simple grandeur. No. 6 is a cottage at Vedelago, a village near Castelfranco, where, according to tradition, Giorgione was born; on this point, however, there is no direct evidence, Ridolfi stating he was born at Vedelago, and Vasari at Castelfranco. The engravings of the sketches are by Mr. J. C. Griffiths, and the engraving of the Madonna was made from a water-colour copy of the picture by Mr. H. Darvall.

HENRY WALLIS.

THE TURIN EXHIBITION.

IT has been said that whoever plants a tree is a benefactor to his species; if so, many such benefactors has Turin had, as the handsome avenues in many parts of the town prove, and visitors to the Exhibition will be grateful for the shade of the lime-trees that line the Corso Massimo d'Azeglio, which leads to its principal entrance, Porta Reale. This is picturesquely situated in the grounds belonging to the quaint Valentino palace, built in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Passing the gateway, which is flanked on either side by towers, we come to a building in which are deposited touching records of the prolonged struggle of the Italians for independence. Letters and portraits of Cavour, d'Azeglio, Mazzini, Manin and other familiar names, with pictures by famous artists illustrating the different events, and bearing upon the tragic scenes, so frequent and so terrible, that from the beginning of this century were enacted daily in the supposed *des morts*, these merit a lengthened investigation.

Opposite stands a copy of the temple of Vesta, sent from Rome, and behind it, rooms which contain the contribution of the Eternal City to the Exhibition, namely, casts of the statues recently excavated, new streets and buildings in course of construction, etc. Returning to the main road we ascend the steps and find ourselves under a cupola, whence branch off most of the industrial galleries. Under and around it is displayed the varied and interesting ceramic collection; to the right is a small show from a firm in Murano, in the centre, magnificent ones from the Società Murano and Salviati: with their productions in glass and mosaics our readers are familiar, so we turn to the rarer specimens of reproductions of antique Venetian ware, displayed by Viero of Bassano-Nove, of which the most conspicuous is a mirror and console framed in majolica: so appreciated is this ware in France, that it is sold at four times the market value. To the left are the plates and other objects painted by the pupils of the Academy of Fine Arts at Turin; the stalls of Testolini and other Venetian workers in glass, with their myriad-shaped mirrors, transparent fire-screens, warranted to resist any amount of heat, and gaily dressed negroes supporting lamps, tables, etc., of the same admirably worked but brittle substance. Hence we can proceed past stands of minor interest to the strange and primitive articles manufactured in Umbria, but it will be better to return to the centre, and go up the main gallery. At our right we find, belonging to a Neapolitan company, vases and ornaments graced with flowers and fruit of natural size and colours, and grotesque groups. On our left is a show of Faenza ware, contributed by Farina and Son; a chimney-piece supports vases, busts, candelabra, and above is seen the *putto* that crowns the large vase (see Illustration), drawn and modelled for the Paris Exhibition, but destroyed in the baking—its subject, the Triumph of Bacchus—now a complete success, and exhibited by the children of the artist as a tribute to his memory. Behind it are two vases bought by the King, then brackets, plates, bottles, vases innumerable. Those who wish to see the processes of this ware can be gratified, for the furnaces of Messrs. Farina of Faenza, and Iyssel of Genoa, are at work in the mediæval village. Next appear the products of the famed Ginori factory at Florence; the centre piece is a splendid fountain; noble vases, repetitions of Luca della Robbia's medallions, elegantly formed tea and dinner services can also here be admired.



Majolica Doorway.
Designed by Musso Brothers. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

Again on the right, are two handsome doors in majolica (see Illustration), table, chiffoniere, etc., sent by Brothers Musso of Savona, beyond this the elegant though perhaps too elaborate ewer, entitled 'An Artist's Dream,' is seen towering above the other thoroughly graceful and artistic conceptions of the young painter, Mollica, who is sole designer and painter to his brothers' factory.

Crossing to the left to retrace our steps, we are first struck by the varied designs of ground glass in the centre of the gallery, and then by the difference of style in the domestic, farm-yard, and grotesque groups exhibited by Cacciapuoti of Naples. From the festoons of cards bearing purchasers' names, it is evident that the modest price of the articles and their rather realistic designs please the masses. Similar stands occupy this side, but the first is evidently the most popular; near the end are some mirrors in wonderful mosaic frames by Tommaso and Gelsomini of Venice, and then we pass the beautiful ware of Antonibon of Venice in rare forms and soft colouring, and are once more under the cupola. The gallery facing the entrance is occupied first by the artistically designed and exquisite textures, for dress and furniture, of Ghidini, Depetris, Chapuis, and Delleani of Turin, Bersanini of Zoagli and Como, followed by those of cloth from Biella. In carpets there is nothing particular, save prepared Manilla by a Florentine firm, and curtains and carpets made of jute and painted, sent by Balestreri of Lucca. Numerous cases of embroidery in silk, wool, gold and silver thread, surround us, but we must hasten on with a glance at Mussola's and Zeano's artificial flowers—France no longer bearing the palm in this branch of industrial art—Jesurum's display of Venetian lace, Martinotti's handsome gilt bedstead with satin drapery embroidered by hand, the drawing and dining-room suites, the low-priced fantastically carved woodwork from Venice, past the organs and pianos to the gallery where machinery in action makes us deaf and dizzy, though we stop a while to taste the torroni of Alba, and the chocolate dainties of Turin, and to look at the plants, begonias, etc., so perfectly imitated in metal. At the end we find Candiani's glass factory, and, if we do not mind heat, we go to see the molten glass assume the fairy forms and brilliant colours peculiar to Venice.



The Farina Vase. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

If we here emerge into the open space we see the fountain of the Porta Dante; on our right the tramways that enter from all parts of the town for the convenience of visitors, and different kiosques for the repose and refreshment of the weary and thirsty. To the left, the Didattica, to which the famous painter Michetti has sent drawings, though he exhibits no paintings; farther on are the galleries of cereals, preserved fruits, vegetables, wines, liqueurs and sausages, all arranged; some of the *salame* are three yards and a half in length; one *mortadella* from Modena weighs over two hundredweight, with a taste we should have deemed scarcely possible in such materials: Cinzano's trophy of Vermouth and wines, as well as those of Martini and Rossi, Bellardi, and Cora, is artistic in colouring and form. Leaving these we pass two monster pines, one from Belluno over forty-six metres long, another from Camaldoli the same length and nearly six feet in diameter, age two hundred and twenty years.

Another refreshment-room, in the shape of a tun that rivals that of Heidelberg, is near here as we descend to the marine department (outside of which are sections of the *Duilio* and other ironclads), and admire the numerous models, great and small, as well as of these of the world-famous *Bucentaur* and a trireme of olden days. Ascending a slope we approach the hunter's lodge and aquarium, where are the implements and arms necessary for the chase. In the principal room the walls are adorned with the heads and antlers of stags, chamois, etc., some shot by the late king, whose tent is at the Alpine chalêt not far off, guarded by his huntsman and his faithful dog. Samples of the different trees which grow in Italy are here. A few steps more and we are before the Alpine chalêt, with its mountain treasures, its garden of Alpine plants and a model of the Alps done by one of the engineers of the Upper Italy railways. At a little distance is the Nuraga, copied from the curious buildings so-called in Sardinia. These erections are still a puzzle, as they were to Padre Bresciani, who says some consider them habitations of shepherds, others sepulchral monuments. The etymology of the name is not yet decided, but many places in Sardinia, as Nuora, Nuraminis, Nurra, a part where are many Nuraghe, evidently allude to these buildings. Bearing to the left we see the oriental looking Birreria Dreher, designed by Eng. Santonè, as we take our way to the entrance of the mediæval village, which promises here, as at the Health Exhibition in London, to be the chief attraction. On entering we seem suddenly transported to another land and feel our modern garb out of place. We pass under the painted gateway, and on the right find the bakery, the farrier's and the fountain, to the left the hospice for pilgrims, beneath the porticoes, the smithy. Painted on the first house is a dance of jesters, on the other side a dance of fools. Then come the potter's furnace and shop, the coppersmith's and the carpenter's, the weaver's and the chemist's. Next is the façade of the church with quaint frescoes, copied from some still existing in Piedmont; opposite is the hostel of St. George, where, going through the kitchen with its ample chimney, we can lunch and dine in ancient or modern fashion, while enjoying the charming view of the river and hills beyond it (see Illustration at page 164).

Returning to the village we find the castle above us, and soon ascend to the drawbridge, where we pass the gateway and enter the guard-room, thence to the kitchen and dining-

hall: re-entering the courtyard on the right a stair leads to the dungeons, and in front of us is the principal staircase conducting to the chief rooms and the covered galleries that run round the building. All is furnished and decorated according to the epoch; in the hostel and village all the attendants are in mediæval costumes, and we can reconstruct for ourselves the life of four centuries since.

And now glancing at the African tents from Assab and the Chinese kiosque, we enter the handsome building ornamented with Etruscan designs and appropriated to the Fine Arts. The works here are so numerous that we can but cite the best known. In the central saloon a Bacchanal or Carnival scene by Stratta; 'Christus Imperat:' early Christians destroying idols, by Laicetti; 'Roma, 1849,' the corpse of the patriot Manara in a room of the church where he fell, by Pagliano; Alberto Pasini's views in the Alhambra, Venice, and the East, one of which has been bought by the King: in the north saloon three landscapes, by Boggiani, winner of last year's gold medal at Rome; 'Ora pro ea,' by Dall 'Oca; 'Casamicciola,' by R. Morgari; 'Scene in a Convent,' by Grosso: in the south saloon, dogs by P. Morgari; 'The Fight in a Wineshop,' by Nani; 'Slave Market,' by Russo, and a group in plaster of the punishment of a negress, most painful to look at. Three galleries traverse these principal rooms, divided into thirty-four rooms. They contain 'The Knife,' by Bottero, which attracts much attention; a mourner on the steps inside a church, a view of a stream and houses, and six other paintings by Rubens Santoro; a small picture called 'In a Garret,' by Lazzaro Pasini, which has usually a crowd round it; Gilardi's 'Hodie tibi cras mihi;' Pollonera's 'Sower;' 'Cows in the water,' by Pittara; scene at Venice, by Jacovacci; Gabrielli's view of the London National Gallery; Favretto's 'Modern Susanna;' 'Boys out of School,' by Di Chirico; 'A Potter's Boy,' by Di Caprili. From the north to the south saloon runs a circular colonnade in which the sculpture is placed, which is not considered equal to that exhibited in 1880. Those that please most are Tabacchi's 'Cica, cica' a female figure, with both hands above her head making the sign against the evil eye; Ambrosio's study for a statue to Marochetti, who was a Turinese; and Gianotti's 'Manzoni' and his 'Lucretia.' Returning from the Fine Arts, we pass the splendid concert-room, the Royal Pavilion, and many more galleries, where are stored innumerable artistic treasures, carved woodwork from Venice, marbles and bronzes from Florence and Milan, furniture, and iron work. E. M. STEVENS.



Pear-tree Cabinet. Designed by Cav. G. Quartara. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.*

THE births in the month of August include—1st, Richard Wilson, R.A., at Pinegas, Montgomeryshire, 1714, and Jan van Schoorel, at Schoorl, 1495: 2nd, Auguste Hyacinthe Debay, the sculptor, at Nantes, 1804: 4th, Thomas Oldham Barlow, A.R.A., the engraver, at Oldham, near Manchester, 1824: 8th, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Bt., at Lubeck, 1646, and Joshua Cristall, the water-colour painter, at Truro, 1768: 10th, Matteo Rosselli, at Florence, 1578: 11th, Joseph Nollekens, R.A., the sculptor, at Soho, London, 1737: 14th, Charles Joseph Vernet, the marine painter, at Avignon, 1714, and Briton Riviere, R.A., at London, 1840: 15th, Theodore Gudin, marine painter, at Paris, 1802: 16th, Agostino Carracci, at Bologna, 1558: 17th, Thomas Stothard, R.A., at London, 1755; 19th, Gerbrandt van der Eeckhout, at Amsterdam, 1621, and Jan Fyt, baptized in the St. Jakobskerk, Antwerp, 1609: 21st, Jean Baptiste Greuze, at Tournus, in Burgundy, 1725: 22nd, Leon Cogniet, at Paris, 1795 (or 29th): 25th, Constantin Troyon, at Sèvres, 1810, and Louis Galloche, at Paris, 1670: 29th, Emile Lévy, at Paris, 1826: 31st, Jacques Louis David, at Paris, 1758. Aelbert Cuijp was also born this month, at Dort, 1605, day unknown.

Among the deaths are the following—2nd, Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., at London, 1788, buried at Kew, near Joshua Kirby: 3rd, Grinling Gibbons, the sculptor and wood-carver, at London, 1721, and Bernardo Strozzi, at Venice, 1644: 5th, Gilbert Stuart Newton, R.A., at Chelsea, 1835: 6th, Andrea Palladio, the architect, at Vicenza, 1583, buried in the church of Sta. Croce: 7th, Don Diego Velasquez, at Madrid, 1660 (1666 also given), buried in the church of San Juan: 8th, Sassoferrato, at Rome, 1685: 12th, Philippe de

* Continued from page 220.

Champaigne, at Paris, 1674, and William Blake, painter and poet, in 1827: 14th, Jean Baptiste Descamps, painter and writer on Art, at Rouen, 1791: 17th, Patrick Nasmyth, at Lambeth, 1831: 18th, Guido Reni, at Bologna, 1642, buried in the church of S. Domenico: 19th, Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A., at Brighton, 1850: 20th, Fransz Hals, at Haarlem, 1660 (or 24th): Antonio Canale, called Canaletti, at Venice, 1768: Taddeo Gaddi, in 1366, and Matthieu le Nain, in 1677: 21st, Dr. William Rimmer, the American sculptor, at South Milford, Massachusetts, 1879: 22nd, Jean Honoré Fragonard, at Paris, 1680: 24th, Parmigiano, at Casal Maggiore, 1540: 27th, Tiziano Vecelli, commonly called Titian, at Venice, 1576; Kornelys Bega (properly Begyn), at Haarlem, 1664, and J. H. Foley, R.A., the sculptor, at Hampstead, 1874. Cornelis Poelenberg died this month, at Utrecht, 1667.

August 12th, 1391, is the earliest date in connection with the Communauté de St. Luc; on the 30th, 1850, the foundation stone of the National Gallery of Scotland, at Edinburgh, was laid by the Prince Consort. The use of the Louvre as a Museum of the Arts was decreed on August 26th, 1791, and the gallery opened in 1793.

ALFRED BEAVER.

ARCHITECTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE architectural drawings at the Royal Academy never fully represent the architecture of the day. Many architects of the first ability refrain on principle from contributing illustrations of their works—Mr. Eden Nesfield, Mr. Bentley, Mr. Philip Webb, and others; amongst whom we must now, it is to be feared, class Mr. Bodley. Others exhibit but now and then. Mr. Pearson has sent nothing this year, nor Professor Jackson, while Mr. J. J. Stevenson, Mr. E. R. Robson and Mr. Collcutt have sent "nothing to speak of." It is true that Mr. Norman Shaw and Mr. Waterhouse, both members of the Academy, are loyal in their constant service; and fortunately so. But this year Mr. Shaw sends only a single subject, and Mr. Waterhouse's more numerous contributions comprise nothing of any great importance—or, it must be said, of special excellence as architecture. The real value of the exhibition lies in the indication it furnishes as to the ability of the younger men in the profession, and the direction which architectural Art is to take in the near future.

To begin with the works of their elders: the large and careful design for the decoration of St. Paul's, by Mr. J. G. Crace (No. 1345), deserves respectful consideration as the work of an artist who has spent a long life in the study and practice of this particular department of Art. It is to our mind extremely doubtful whether this, or, indeed, any scheme of chromatic decoration, would not rob our metropolitan cathedral of its special charms, for the loss of which no wealth of colour could atone. In any case the imitation of coloured marbles in panels as here proposed, simply for the sake of the colour, cannot be entertained.

The happy union of breadth of general effect with a peculiar delicacy and refinement of detail is accomplished without apparent effort in all Mr. J. Brooks's ecclesiastical designs, and his 'Church of St. Michael, Coppenhall, Crewe' (No. 1263), is no exception to the rule. The brilliant drawing of 'SS. Peter and Paul, Northleach' (No. 1246), shows the restoration of a remarkably fine Perpendicular church; but how much of its beauty is due to Mr. Brooks, and how much is to be ascribed to our forefathers, there is nothing to show.

Mr. G. G. Scott's fine interior view of the Roman Catholic Church, now erecting for the Duke of Norfolk at Norwich (No. 1340), is one of the strongest works of the year, and we hope that he will in future exhibitions be more fully represented.

Nothing in this branch of Art is more conspicuous than the advance which recent years have witnessed in the places of worship erected by the great Nonconformist bodies. But the other day a "dissenting chapel" was a synonym for all that was inartistic. Let our readers look at Mr. Sulman's design for the new Presbyterian chapel at Stoke Newington (No. 1223), and admit that it will compare most favourably with designs for the structures of other creeds.

In domestic architecture the beautiful 'Dawpool,' Cheshire, by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., distances all rivals; and Mr. Ernest George, an artist of great power, sends two characteristic designs in the style which he has made his own. We must also notice some clever designs for domestic work by Mr. Halsey Ricardo, Mr. Aston Webb, Mr. Newton, and Mr. E. J. May.

Civic architecture is well represented by Mr. Oldham's very remarkable design for the proposed municipal buildings at Nottingham (No. 1292), picturesque and effective in grouping and full of restrained and educated fancy in the detail.

An unusual amount of wall space is this year devoted to students' drawings submitted in competition for the rewards of the Academy and the Institute of British Architects. The more excellent of these are No. 1324, by Mr. Leonard Stokes, 'Design for an Academy of Arts,' and No. 1293, 'A Design for a Royal Staircase,' by E. W. Poley.

In actual draughtsmanship the exhibition has seldom or never been stronger than it is this year. The exquisite pen-and-ink sketches, by Mr. Jeaffreson Jackson (Nos. 1212 and 1269); the patient and truthful studies in pencil, by Mr. R. T. Blomfield (Nos. 1241 and 1257); Mr. Atwood Salter's magnificent pen drawing—free almost to audacity (No. 1291), can scarcely be surpassed. Whilst Mr. J. Langham's 'Old Manor House' (No. 1234) is one of the most refined and poetical renderings of a charming subject that we have ever seen. Nor should we omit to mention Mr. W. R. Lethaby's drawings of Mr. Shaw's manly designs, nor Mr. Groom's conscientious and beautiful rendering of Mr. James Fergusson's learned restoration of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

We have no room for a more detailed examination of what is, with all its shortcomings, a very interesting collection of drawings. Next year the architects are to have a gallery all to themselves. That they may not be too literally left all to themselves we trust that there will be no absentees amongst those who are the really representative men of the profession: that all will unite in seconding the efforts of the Academy and make the architectural gallery a real exponent of contemporary Art.

FRENCH ICONOGRAPHY IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.*

DURING almost the whole of the sixteenth century, and for a considerable part of the seventeenth, there existed in France a mania for the collection of chalk and pencil portraits, which may be compared to the *furore* excited in this country by the small photographs we call *cartes de visite*, when they were introduced some five-and-twenty years ago. All those whose means allowed them to indulge in such a luxury, kept a book into which they gathered the heads of their acquaintance, prefaced, as a rule, by portraits of the king and his family, just as a modern young lady puts the Queen and the Princess of Wales on the first page of her album. The fashion began with collecting pencil heads of the chief people of the country, drawn by able artists, but as the demand increased, inferior skill was called in to keep pace with it. Portraits were repeated with a haste that is sufficient evidence of the rapidity with which they had to be done. The portraits of kings and great princes were sown broadcast among their courtiers and dependents. Vast numbers were drawn from a single type, sometimes with slight changes, sometimes with none, which explains why so many portraits of the sixteenth century are by painters who flourished after the death of the originals. Such a custom must once have flooded the hotels and châteaux of the French nobility with these little works of Art, but their existence was precarious; in most cases their artistic value was small, the books in which they were kept were easy to lose, and most of those that were still extant seem to have disappeared in the troubles of the great Revolution. The list of examples now forthcoming is very short. A few public galleries possess collections, and a few private families. Perhaps the most interesting of those in private hands is the collection at Castle Howard, to which attention has been called by the labours of Lord Ronald Gower.† There seem to be some grounds for believing it to be identical with the album mentioned by the great connoisseur, Mariette, which was bought by Horace Walpole at the sale of his collection in 1775-6. The number of the lot in Basan's catalogue of the sale is 1414. According to Mariette this album was annotated by Brantôme, and it does, in fact, contain notes in a writing somewhat resembling that of the French chronicler, but M. Bouchot, whose elaborate catalogue supplies a text for these remarks, says that it is not his. The great collection of some fifteen hundred portraits in the French National Library is mainly composed of the *débris* of a large number of these albums, and smaller gatherings exist in the Louvre, in the library of the *Arts et Métiers*, in the town library at Arras, and in the Museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. The first person to grasp the real value of all these drawings was the late M. Niel. Before his time they were looked at on their weakest side, the artistic, and as few soared above mediocrity, they were, as a whole, despised both by the student of Art and the lover of beauty. When by chance a collection was sold, the drawings it contained were ascribed to Clouet as a matter of course. The connoisseurs of a generation ago seem to have believed that he was the only draughtsman of his century. As M. Bouchot tells us, they thought nothing of assigning to him drawings bearing dates nearly a hundred years apart. Here we find the name placed beneath a marvel of design, there under the attempt of some feeble amateur. From such a chaos as this few additions could be made to the history of Art, and to M. Niel belongs the credit of having inaugurated their study from an iconographical point of view. The publication of his book, "Portraits des Personages Français les plus illustres du XVI^e^. Siècle," was completed in 1856, and since then not much had been done to add to the stores it contained until the issue of M. Bouchot's work. This is an elaborate *catalogue raisonné* of all the chalk and pencil portraits in the French National Library, preceded by an exhaustive historical introduction, and followed by lists of French portraits in other collections. Excellently arranged, and printed with great care, it will be of the greatest value to future students of French Iconography. There are two illustrations, fac-similes respectively from a poor portrait of Henri IV., and from an exquisite drawing of the head of Marie Touchet, the youthful mistress of Charles IX.

* "Les portraits aux crayons des XVI^e^ et XVII^e^ siècles conservés à la Bibliothèque nationale;" notice, etc., par Henri Bouchot. (Paris; Oudin et Cie., 1884).

† "Three hundred'French Portraits representing Personages of the Courts of Francis I., Henry II., and Francis II." By Clouet. (Folio; London; Sampson Low, 1875.)

LOAN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

THERE has been opened in the Royal Scottish Academy Galleries at Edinburgh a valuable and artistically interesting Loan Collection of Portraits. In the course of last year an unknown donor offered the sum of £10,000 as the nucleus of a Scottish National Portrait Gallery, conditionally on a like sum being voted by Parliament, and on steps being within a certain date taken to establish such a gallery. The gift was accepted and the vote obtained, and one stage in the organization of the gallery was recently taken by the appointment of Mr. John M. Gray as Curator. Following on this beginning, and in succession to the excellent Loan Exhibition of Old Masters and Scottish Portraits last summer, the Board of Trustees in Scotland, who control the National Gallery, and who have been charged with the care of the new Portrait Gallery, arranged to hold a special Loan Exhibition, consisting of Scottish portraits alone. Above seven hundred exhibits in all have been lent, embracing a number of busts and Tassie medallions, with a few engraved portraits, and

seventy casts of portrait medals lent by the British Museum. The series ranges from the earliest known portraits to subjects recently deceased, and is the most complete historical collection of Scottish portraits yet brought together.

The earliest portraits of importance are those of James V. and Mary of Guise, shown in one wide frame, and lent by the Marquis of Hartington, artist unknown. This painting, which is engraved, is in good condition, and is distinguished by the elaborate detail in embroidery, lace, and gems characteristic of this early art. Other prominent portraits are the "Fraser Tytler" Mary Stuart, from the National Portrait Gallery in London, various portraits of James VI., his queen, his son Prince Henry, and George Heriot (from the Hospital), besides many portraits illustrating the sixteenth century and beginning of seventeenth. In point of Art, much interest is excited by a portrait titled as Regent Arran, and ascribed by its owner (Miss Nisbet Hamilton) to F. Zucchero. There seems no reason to doubt that another hand is here, for in the masterly head and in the fine technique of the dark dress the work of Sir Antonio More is, it is thought, recognisable beyond doubt. Small portraits of Mark Ker, Abbot of Newbattle, and his wife, by More, hang near, as do cabinet likenesses of James IV. and his queen, Margaret Tudor, by Holbein; and the resemblance of style in the Arran picture is too manifest to be neglected. To another portrait, Lady Napier, wife of the first Lord Napier, the name of Jamesone is attached, but the general style and the elaborate detail cannot readily be held as from his pencil. Lady Arabella Stuart, by Garrard, is an excellent work; and Mary Beaton, by an unknown hand, is also full of masterly detail. The second room is largely occupied by later seventeenth-century portraits, the handiwork of Vandyke, Lely, and Sir John de Medina being largely illustrated. Amongst notable portraits not publicly known may be named Archbishop Sharpe, by Lely; General Dalzell, of Binns, attributed to Janssen; De Medina's Earl and Countess of Buchan, and Earl of Perth; Lely's Grahame of Claverhouse and David Leslie (both shown last year); and Vandyck's triple portrait of Charles I. (a front and two profiles), sent to Rome as models for a bust, and subsequently presented to Lord Strafford.

The great room contains eighteenth-century portraits, trenching on the present century. In artistic value this room is high, and in this view may be named Hoppner's Sir Ralph Abercrombie, Lawrence's Sir John Moore and Erskine of Torrie, A. Nasmyth's fine landscape-portrait of Dugald Stewart and his wife and child, a lovely work; Lady Minto, by Reynolds, and Romney's Duchess of Gordon and her son —erroneously attributed by its owner to Reynolds—but named to Romney in the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition in 1882. In addition to these there is a brilliant display of Raeburn's works, embracing many fine portraits shown in the Raeburn Exhibition, and some of great excellence not then exhibited. Of these may be named the magnificent portrait of Mr. Macdonald, of St. Martin's, painted for the Highland and Agricultural Society, to commemorate thirty years of service as secretary and treasurer. A large portrait of Mrs. Chalmers (wife of Dr. Thomas Chalmers), by Geddes, possesses high artistic merit; and the same artist's oblong reclining portrait of Patrick Brydone ("Tour through Sicily") well known in the engraving, is another acceptable addition to the collection.

The south octagon brings the series to a later period, and contains many literary and artistic portraits. Of these, Watson Gordon's Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Herdman's very fine portrait of David Laing, and Macnee's George Combe, are worthy of mention. Sir Francis Grant's portrait of the late Duke of Buccleuch, belonging to the Royal Archers (Queen's Bodyguard for Scotland), is one of the most important works in this room, which contains portraits of Carlyle, Edward Irving, Sir James Simpson, Lord Chancellor Campbell, Joseph Hume, Rev. John Home ("Douglas"), Dr. John Browne ("Rab"), Sir Charles Napier, Lord Clyde, Dean Ramsay, Charles Mackay ("Bailie Nicol Jarvie"), Lord Jeffrey, and other Scotsmen more or less distinguished. The last room shows on a screen some of Nicholson's delightful cabinet portraits in water colour; and on the walls, many interesting portraits. The busts, thirty-five in number, are of varied interest, embracing Patric Park's Sir J. Y. Simpson, and Professor Aytoun; Sir John Steell's Chalmers, De Quincy, and Sir John McNeill; a quaint and life-like bust of Gillespie (founder of a valued educational endowment in Edinburgh), by a sculptor named Robert Burns; H. Weeke's stately bust of Sir Roderick Murchison; and Chantrey's James Watt. The works shown have been gathered from a wide area and with a few exceptions, taken from last year's Loan Exhibition and the Raeburn Exhibition, the works are new in their present connection. While a great intellectual and artistic feast has been provided, and an excellent idea is conveyed to the public of what a National Portrait Gallery might be, it is obvious that the galleries and private collections in Scotland have barely been touched upon, and that in subsequent years exhibitions of not less interest might be brought together. The present collection has been hung with great judgment by Mr. Gourley Steell, R.S.A., Curator of the Scottish National Gallery; while a fully annotated catalogue has been prepared by Mr. Gray.

ART NOTES.

PARIS.—The Decorative Art Exhibition, which opens this month in the Champs Elysées, will embrace Art objects in stone, wood, pottery, ceramic wares, enamels, glass, crystal, and mosaics.

BRIGHTON.—A Loan Exhibition of Paintings and other objects of Art will be held here in the autumn. A strong committee has been formed, so that there is little doubt of its success. Its object is to clear off a debt of £4,000 upon the Brighton and Hove School of Art, which cost £12,000 in its erection, and which, it is hoped, the profits from the Loan Exhibition will cover.

NEW YORK.—Notwithstanding the very strong remonstrances of the Governments of France, Belgium, Italy, and Austria against the duty of 30 per cent. now being levied on imported foreign works of Art, Congress has not as yet done anything to repeal the tax.

SALE OF FRENCH PICTURES TO AMERICA.—It is stated that the following are the amounts of the sales which have been

made by American buyers at the Salon at Paris during the past seven years :—

1877	. . . .	701,000 dollars.
1878	. . . .	630,000 ,,
1879	. . . .	1,051,000 ,,
1880	. . . .	1,392,000 ,,
1881	. . . .	1,668,000 ,,
1882	. . . .	1,937,000 ,,
1883	. . . .	1,754,000 ,,

These aggregate to close on two million pounds of English money. The figures seem incredible, but are vouched for on good authority. It would be interesting to ascertain how many dollars have been spent by similar buyers at the Royal Academy of London. Probably not one-hundreth part. And why not? The answer is not far to seek. 1st. French artists open their studios not only to American artists but to American visitors. English painters, with one or two exceptions, do neither. The few who do, have, to our knowledge, derived a considerable benefit therefrom. Next, the picture trade in America is entirely in the hands of French and German dealers, who naturally favour their own countrymen. Whether any dealer could, so long as the tariff is maintained at its present high figure, venture to start in opposition thereto is questionable. 3rd. The price asked for their works by English artists is a decided preventive; as compared with those of either the French or German schools the scale is almost doubled for work of identical merit.

NEW SOUTH WALES.—A deputation of the trustees of the Sydney Art Gallery recently waited on the Colonial Minister of Public Instruction, to urge the necessity for providing a proper building for the Art Gallery in lieu of the present temporary and inconvenient structure in the Botanic Gardens, which has been used since the burning of the Garden Palace. The value of the collection is between £40,000 and £50,000; one of the trustees mentioned that on a recent visit to England, he had been promised donations of pictures if they could get a proper building. The Hon. Mr. Trickett, the Minister, asked for the views of the deputation on the subject of site, kind of building and its probable cost, and the trustees having given their suggestions, said that the building would not cost more than £8,000. Mr. Trickett promised to do his utmost to obtain that sum from the Colonial Parliament, and meanwhile suggested that the £6,000 already voted for a temporary building should be kept for the purpose of erecting the new gallery.

MR. GEORGE P. BOYCE has called our attention to an inaccuracy in our Number for May last, in an article by Mr. W. M. Rossetti. The water colour by Dante Rossetti named 'Bonifazio's (or Fazio's) Mistress,' is proper, not to the year 1852, but to 1860: it belongs to Mr. Boyce. The title also, as inscribed by the painter, is properly 'Bonifazio's Mistress.' Mr. W. M. Rossetti wrote with some degree of inadvertence consequent upon the fact that the first notion of this composition, although not the finished water colour, belonged to an early date—1852, or even 1850.

OBITUARY.

THE death of Edward Thomas Rogers, at Cairo, on the 10th July, from dysentery, deprives us of a distinguished Orientalist, and, in his own department, an unrivalled antiquary. Those who remember the long series of articles on the "Land of Egypt," and the mosques and other monuments of Cairo, in *The Art Journal* of 1879—80, are aware of the wide learning and Oriental scholarship of the writer, while his various papers in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society, and in the *Numismatic Chronicle*, on Arabic coins and glass weights, showed his rare attainments as a numismatist. Besides these, he contributed to the *Bulletin* of the Egyptian Institute, of which he was Vice-President, a very curious treatise on Heraldry among the Saracens, which deservedly attracted a good deal of notice. But writing was not Rogers Bey's profession; he was a man of action, and an indefatigable public official. He served the British government as consul at Damascus, and subsequently at Cairo, until the latter consulate was abolished, or rather amalgamated with that of Alexandria, when he accepted the post of Agent of the Khedive's Government in London. He was afterwards appointed Under-Secretary of Public Instruction, Director of the Bureau for the Sale of State Lands, and Inspector in the Ministry of the Interior, holding the last post till his death. Both the ex-Khedive and the reigning Khedive had a high appreciation of his services, for which he was created a Bey, and an officer of the Order of the Osmanieh. But the work with which his name will always be most honourably associated is that of the preservation of the monuments of Cairo. He was the guiding spirit of the Commission, whose labours we shall describe next month, and his intimate knowledge of the people, his extraordinary linguistic powers, which enabled him to speak and write Arabic (and most of the languages used in the Levant) like a native, besides his remarkable topographical and historical familiarity with the monuments of Cairo, made him invaluable in the counsels of the Commission. His place there cannot adequately be filled, and at home, as well as in Cairo, there will be many who will lament the early death of Rogers Bey.

REVIEWS.

"ARTISTS' HOMES." By Maurice B. Adams, A.R.I.B.A. (B. T. Batsford, High Holborn.)—As might be expected, Mr. Adams's book is written and illustrated in a fashion which appeals to the architectural rather than to the artistic reader. The reproductions of designs of artists' houses, to which many pages are devoted, and which have appeared before in the *Building News*, will not prove very attractive to eyes used to the finer illustrations which have familiarised the public with every charming cranny and corner of the homes of great contemporary painters; but they answer their purpose admirably, and are accompanied by ground plans and sectional drawings of interest to the technical student of building. Similarly in the letterpress, Mr. Adams does not attempt to describe the homes of artists in a manner likely to be very interesting to any but members of his own profession. The houses embrace those of Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Mr. Holl (an especially fine one), Mr. Edwin Long, Mr. Norman Shaw, Mr. Pettie, and all the dwellers in Melbury

Road. "Those artists," says Mr. Adams, "who have been able to build houses for their own occupation, have had the opportunity of practically embodying special ideas of what 'Art at Home' really means, as they have introduced, with more or less success, their own individualities into their dwellings." Such autograph houses — and they form the majority of those in this collection — must always have an almost human interest of their own.

"ARTISTS AT HOME." Parts I. to III. (Sampson Low and Co.)—This publication does hardly more than the one just mentioned to admit the public into the real sanctuaries of the life artistic. True, a large and in some cases skilful photograph, taken by Mr. Mayall, and reproduced by photo-engraving, accompanies the notice of each artist which Mr. F. G. Stephens has written. But these plates do not show us the artists really at home; or, at least, they show them only as they are at home to the photographer. All the handsome furniture has been piled into that part of the room which is represented in the plate, while the owner of the studio has posed himself gracefully at the right point. The portraits of Mr. Millais and Mr. Marcus Stone are excellent likenesses, but those of Mr. Alma-Tadema and Mr. Pettie somehow miss the distinguishing characteristics of the two men.

"OUTLINES OF HISTORIC ORNAMENT." Edited by Gilbert R. Redgrave (Chapman & Hall.)—This little volume may be said to have serious claims on the attention of the architect, dealing, as it does, with the history and development of various periods of ornament. The author, who is a German, and whose work has been here translated, describes the origin of ornament among savage races, and tracks its progress through the ages of stone and of bronze to the days of the great builders of Greece and Rome. The volume is profusely illustrated in a quite unpretentious style, and it certainly ought to do what Mr. Gilbert Redgrave hopes it will do, "occupy a vacant place among our elementary Art manuals."

"THE BIOGRAPHY OF W. L. LEITCH" (Blackie and Son), which Mr. A. Macgeorge has written, possesses the interest which always belongs to records of struggles from poverty to affluence, and from obscurity to fame. First a workman, then a scene painter in a provincial theatre at a salary of a few shillings a-week, then instructor of painting to the Queen and her children and Vice-President of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Mr. W. L. Leitch was always a popular man with his comrades. In spite of terrible headaches, which finally killed him, he was able to do a large amount of work, and the number of his sketches was so great as to form, a few months ago, the larger part of the seven hundred lots offered for sale after his death. But perhaps he will be longest remembered as the favourite preceptor of the royal family, which yielded him at least one pupil, the Princess Alice, with enough artistic intelligence to repay a teacher's skill and care.

"THE CENTURY GUILD HOBBY HORSE."(G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington.)—In the preface to this magnificent specimen of Mr. Allen's skill as a printer — skill on which Professor Ruskin has made comparatively small demands—we are told what the Century Guild is. Its members are all artists of one craft or another; and are anxious, apparently, to become artists in words, as well as on canvas or in stone. There is some rich and suggestive writing in this first number of the "Hobby," as well as some that is empty, though sonorous sounding. "Like the grim grey statues on Paul's porch pediments we (the members of the Guild) stand; each firm set on self-wrought pedestal, free background of sky behind; and above, nothing but boundless height of heaven's intense inane." But inanity is anything but heavenly in literature, a truism which some of the ardent young hobbyists should take to heart. As for the frontispiece, it may claim at least the praise due, in a prosaic age, to anything which is, or aims at being, a work of imagination.

"TALES AND POEMS OF EDGAR ALLEN POE." Four vols. (John C. Nimmo.)—To this new edition of Poe's works Mr. John H. Ingram contributes a preface; but his praises of the eccentric man, ingenious poet, and weird story-teller, are not greater than the homage paid to Poe by the publisher, who has devoted to him four volumes, beautifully printed, beautifully illustrated, and beautifully bound. M. Damman, a rising French etcher, contributes the frontispiece, a portrait of Poe, who is made to look something rather incongruous, not unlike Mr. Swinburne, with an added dash of the great Napoleon. A number of subject etchings, scattered through the volumes, show feeling quite in keeping with that of the author, whose works, and especially his poems, have not always been fortunate in the illustrators.

MR. ROBINSON has long been famous for his works on gardening, and his "ENGLISH FLOWER GARDEN" (John Murray), which is brimful of capital engravings, will add to his popularity as the guide, philosopher, and friend of those who love and cultivate flowers.

In the "TEMPLE OF THE ANDES" (Vincent Brooks), Mr. Richard Inwards gives an interesting account of the ancient Temple of Tiahuanaco in Bolivia, tracing in its architecture the history and traditions of the Peruvian people. It is always a fascinating study to read in ruins the human interest of a people's story, a study to which Professor Ruskin has lent additional charm. The interest of the volume is enhanced by the very suggestive illustrations.

"WALKS IN FLORENCE AND ITS ENVIRONS"—Two vols. By Susan and Joanna Horner (Smith, Elder & Co.)—has reached a second edition, into which the authors have taken pains to put a good deal of new and interesting matter. The work is illustrated by simple but effective woodcuts.

WHEN so many books, not distinctly artistic books, are beautifully brought out, it is a little disappointing to find a volume which appeals to artists and art lovers, printed and bound without beauty or finish. Mr. J. S. M'Caig has shown his intelligent taste by making "NOTES ON PAINTERS AND PAINTING" (J. & R. Parlane, Paisley). He should, however, have suppressed the poetical introduction to his book; and he might well have made up for this omission by throwing a little more poetry into his prose. The style is hardly glowing enough for the treatment of gorgeous old masters of Florence and Rome. The "PRACTICAL GUIDE TO PHOTOGRAPHY," which has been both written and published by Marion & Co., will be found to be invaluable to the large army of the amateurs of the camera.

THE PORT OF LEITH.

THE Port of Leith, or Inverleith, as it was anciently styled, derives its name from the stream at whose junction with the Frith of Forth it is situated. This "Water of Leith" is characterized by Fynes Moryson, a sixteenth century traveller, as a "ditch of water (yet not running from the Inland but rising of springs), which is carried to Lethe, and so to the sea." Yet even now, spite of the pollutions of mills and factories, it is a pleasant stream enough, having its source among the pastoral solitudes of the Pentland Hills to the south of Edinburgh, skirting the north-west side of the city, attaining its one moment of most perfect beauty as it flows over a rocky bed past the picturesque gables and quaint red roofs of the Water of Leith village, beneath the noble arches of the Dean Bridge, and through a picturesque glen with bold slopes, terraced, richly wooded, and crowned by the imposing structures of Ainslie and Moray Places. Then the stream grows tame again; it flows in sober course, driving flour-mills and supplying water to tanneries, till between banks of blackest mud, it reaches the Port of Leith, and forms the beginning of its harbour.

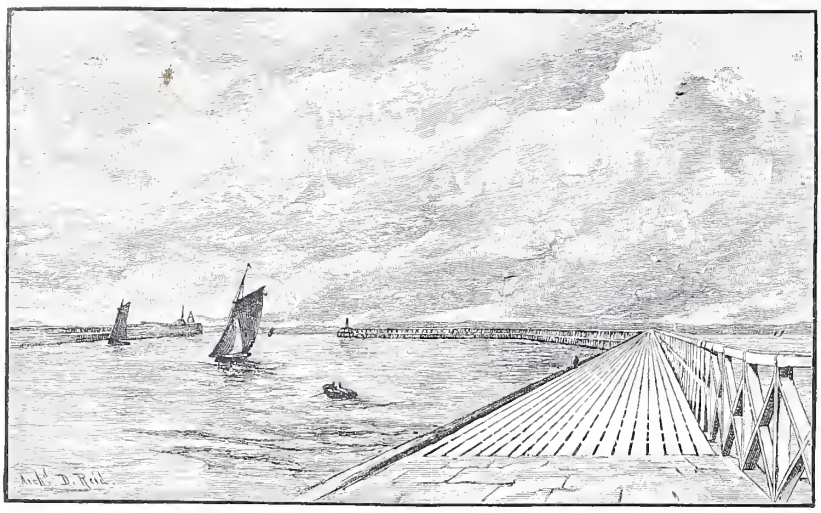


No. 1.—Signs on the Quay, Leith. Engraved by J. C. Griffiths.

Leith would appear to have been known to the Romans, for their remains have been discovered on the site of the citadel, and traces of a Roman road still exist in the neighbourhood: but the first reference to the place occurs in the charter of Holyrood House, dated 1128, in which the lands of Inverleith are granted by David I., along with other possessions, for the support of the Abbey. In 1329, King Robert Bruce assigned the superiority of the Harbour and Mills of Leith to the City of Edinburgh, for a yearly payment of 52 merks; and at this period began the violent disputes between the two towns, which lasted till 1838, when the harbour customs were restored to the Town Council of Leith, and an independent Dock Commission was appointed. The powers possessed by the citizens of Edinburgh appear to have been exercised in a most despotic and illiberal fashion. We even find them enacting that no native should be permitted to carry on any kind of commerce in his own town, or to keep a shop, inn, or warehouse; and further that no Edinburgh merchant should, under heavy penalties, admit an inhabitant of Leith into partnership with him. It is little wonder that the Leithers were continually rebelling against this tyranny, and petitioning the Lords of Session and the Crown for something like independence.

But, spite of all harsh restrictions, the town and its trade rapidly became important. The Church of St. Mary is supposed to have been founded in 1483, and ten years later Robert Ballantyne, Abbot of Holyrood, erected St. Ninians Chapel, and connected North and South Leith by a substantial stone bridge, which survived till the present century. Soon we begin to hear of the naval exploits of the Leith sailors, especially of the Bartons, a celebrated family of privateers and sea-captains, and of Sir Andrew Wood, who did notable service against the English in the reigns of James III. and his successor. Wood was created Lord High Admiral of the Seas by James IV., and appointed to the command of the *Great Michael*, a mighty ship of war which the

king had built at Newhaven, a mile west of Leith, where he had founded a chapel and constructed a harbour. In his history, Lindsay of Pittscottie gives a curiously grandiloquent account of this vessel,—"the greatest ship, and of most strength, that ever sailed in England or France; for this ship was of so great stature, and took so much timber, that, except Falkland, she wasted all the woods of Fife, bye [besides] all the timber that was gotten out of Norway. . . . . This great ship cumbered Scotland to get her to sea." She appears to have been impregnable to the artillery of the day, for we are told she had "boards on every side so stark and so thick, that no cannon could go through her." And her capabilities in this way was put to the test; "when this ship passed to sea, and was lying in the road of Leith, the king gart shoot a cannon at her, to essay if she was wight; but I heard say it deared her nocht, and did little skaith."

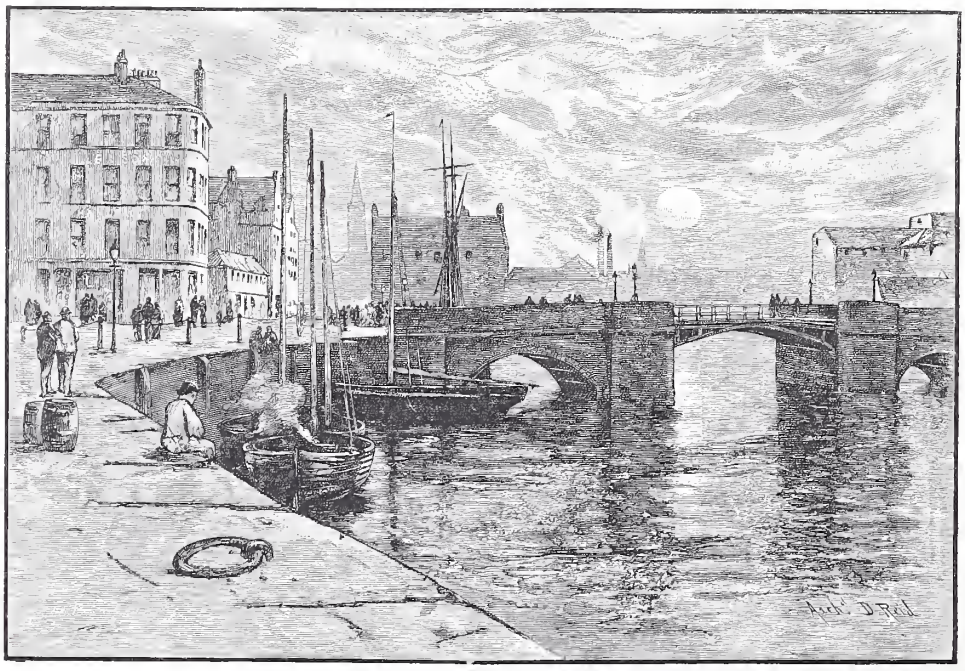


No. 2.—The East Pier, Leith. Engraved by H. S. Percy.

In 1544, Leith was captured and burnt by the English army dispatched by Henry VIII. to revenge the refusal of the Scots to contract their infant Queen Mary to his son; and three years later it suffered from a similar invasion. In 1554 it was fortified by the French allies of Mary of Guise, and in 1559-60 the stout-hearted Queen Regent held the town against the Lords of the Congregation.

The subsequent history is comparatively uneventful. During the reign of James VI., we have harrowing accounts of the trials and executions of witches; legends which have been recently embodied by Mr. Robert Buchanan, in his spirited ballad, "The Lights of Leith." In 1645, the town was visited by a severe plague and famine; and, as a contemporary Act of Parliament records: "the number of the deid exceeded the number of the leiving." In 1653, the Citadel was erected by order of Cromwell; and in 1698, we find that the five frigates of the ill-fated Darien Expedition started from Leith Roads. The year 1822 is memorable in the history of the town as the date when George IV. made his celebrated visit to his Scottish dominions. It was proposed at the time that the King should land at Granton; but the inhabitants of Leith successfully maintained their right to welcome the sovereign in their ancient port, which had witnessed so many royal progresses; where Queen Magdalene had knelt and kissed the ground of her adopted land, which in a few weeks was to furnish her with a grave; where Mary Stuart had arrived from France on the lowering and "dolourous" day which was to Knox an omen of the woe that she brought to Scotland; and where James VI. landed with his Danish bride, after he had braved—with a touch of quite unwonted courage—the storms of the North Sea, for her sake, and been wedded to her at Upsal by David Lindsay, the stout and loyal minister of the South Leith Kirk.

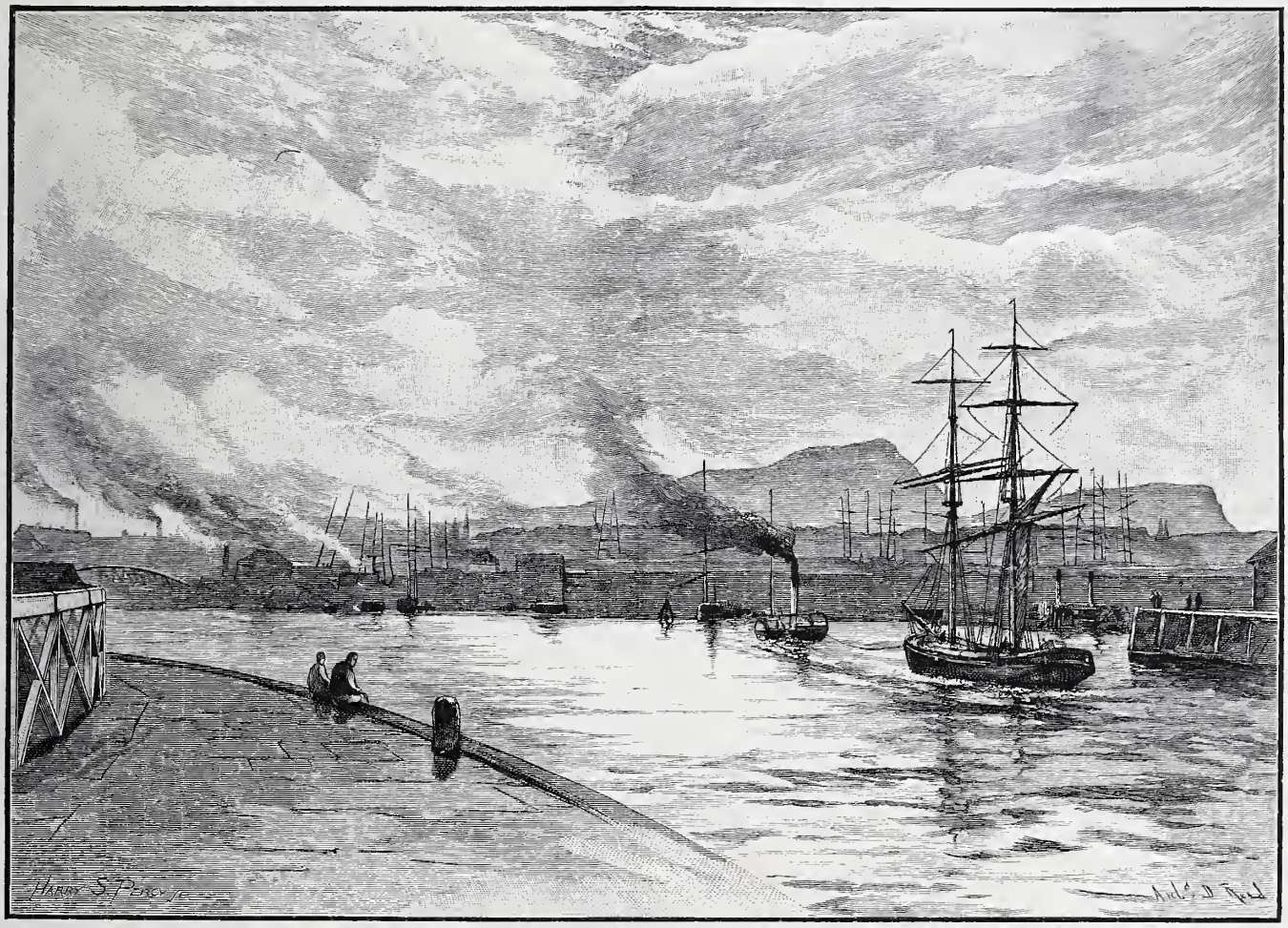
Turning from the ancient history to the present aspect of the port of Leith, we find that it exhibits all the bustle and activity of a prosperous maritime town. During the last forty years its population has increased from twenty-six to fifty-eight thousand. It contains flour-mills, breweries, distilleries, glass-works, sugar refineries, and rope and canvas factories of some importance. Its docks cover an extent of over forty acres; an active trade is maintained with the Baltic and other parts of Europe, with the West Indies, and with America. Vessels of over 974,000 aggregate tonnage entered the port in 1881, and the tonnage of those leaving it during the same year amounted to 971,000.



No. 3.—The Wharf, Leith. Engraved by H. S. Percy.

As we walk along the wharfs (Illustrations Nos. 1 and 3), the scene that meets our eye is full of animation and busy life. The quays are crowded with great ships, and the sky overhead is chequered with the picturesque intricacies of their masts and yards and cordage. The sharp clink of the steam crane strikes on our ear; vast bales of Russian hemp, sacks of Hungarian flour, planks of Norwegian pine, are being swung into the sunlight from the depths of cavernous holds. Porters of mighty thews are staggering along under enormous burdens, which are piled in warehouses, to be speedily transported by the railway that is carried through the docks. Here we have modern labour in one of its most wholesome and manly phases, an aspect infinitely pleasanter to contemplate than that which meets us in the darkened and deafening atmosphere of the great city factories, amid the pale human beings, half machines themselves, that wait upon the revolving wheels.

Turning from this scene of bustling activity, we approach the East Pier (Illustration No. 2), which extends in a curved line for more than a mile into the water, and forms, along with the West Pier, a thoroughly secure and sheltered harbour. Pacing its length, and reaching its final lighthouse, we turn round to enjoy the fresh sea-breeze, and to survey the striking prospects that stretch on every side. Above us is the quiet amplitude of the sky, around us the expanse of sparkling and sunlit water, marked here and there by the passing figure of a yacht or fishing boat, or by the statelier forms of brigs and steamers. To the south is the Port of

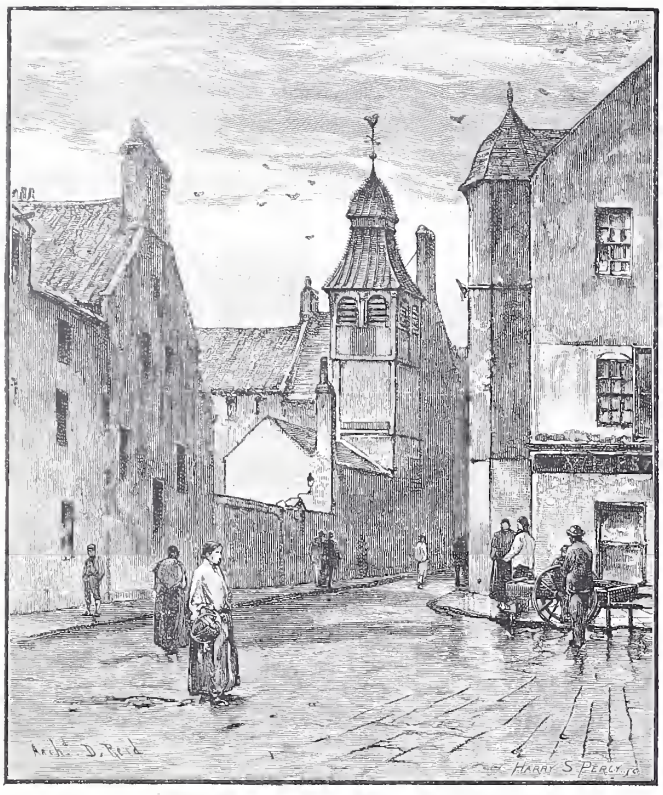


No. 4.—Leith, with Arthur's Seat in the distance. Engraved by H. S. Percy.

Leith (Illustration No. 4), with a forest of masts for foreground; its low harbour sheds and tall warehouses; the windings of its streets; the quaint circular domes of the glass houses to the east, relieved against the smoke-haze of Edinburgh, through which, mellowed and made blue by distance, appear the slopes of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags; the classic pillars that top the Calton Hill; the Castle Rock and its crowning bastions; and, farthest off of all, the fainter blue line of the undulating Pentlands. To the west the eye follows the coast-line to Newhaven, the chain-pier of Trinity, and the busy harbour of Granton; beyond which we may catch a glimpse of the guard-ship "Lord Warden," which commonly lies off South Queensferry; and then sight fails in distance, but our imagination can still trace the course of the Forth, and, striking up stream, can picture its endless mazy windings as it waters the Vale of Stirling, till it and our imagination together are beside Ben Lomond and among the Highland hills. Not less beautiful is the view of the Fife coast that meets our eye as we look across the five miles of the Frith; a coast green and fertile, richly wooded between Aberdour and the thriving port of Burntisland, and rising in pleasant slopes of tilled uplands, till westwards it reaches the rocks of Kinghorn, the crags over which Alexander III., riding home one dark night, six hundred years ago, fell to meet his fate. Then we look eastwards to the "blue breadth of sea without a break" which stretches straight to Denmark, and note on one side the little Martello Tower that used to be thought defence enough for the port; and on the other, the island of Inchkeith, which

only the other year was thoroughly fortified and planted with powerful guns commanding the harbour.

Retracing our steps, and entering the town itself, we find that a few of the more modern thoroughfares, like Constitution Street, Bernard Street, and Baltic Street, are broad and airy, and contain offices and warehouses of importance; but always we feel that use, and not beauty, is the first consideration in Leith; even its large public buildings—the Custom House,



No. 5.—St. Ninian's Tower, Leith. Engraved by H. S. Percy.

the City Hall, the Trinity House—have a substantial, unpretentious, square-cut look about them which evidently "means business." To the west of the town are the "Links," where Charles I. was golfing when he received the news of the Irish rebellion of 1642, and where the "ancient and royal game" is still actively engaged in. Here, too, may be seen the earthen mounds thrown up by the English army when they laid siege to Leith. Fronting the Links are a few houses and villas of the better class, standing in their own pleasant plots of garden-ground; but most of the wealthy merchants reside in Edinburgh, and so give little care to the beautifying of the town in which their fortunes are amassed. Leith is distinctly their workshop, and they are little given to "carving bas-reliefs on mill-stones." To them, as to the ideal trader of Browning's poem—

> "Shop is shop only; household stuff?
> What do they want with comforts there?
> Walls, ceiling, floor, stay blank and rough,
> So goods on sale show rich and rare!
> '*Sell and scud home*,' be shop's affair."

Business hours being ended, the Leith merchants wash the dust of the place from their fingers, and betake themselves to the spacious retirement of their dwellings in the west end of Edinburgh, leaving their inferior employés to "herd obscurely" in the dingy and dilapidated back streets of the ancient port. Among the windings of these the lover of the picturesque will find much to interest him in the variety of line and of weather-beaten hue with which time never fails to serve the artist's need, ennobling ancient buildings and aged faces which in their prime may have been commonplace enough. Frequently an entry, or "pend," as it is styled in Scotland, is carried straight through a house-front, on arched masonry or on great oaken beams which bend beneath the weight they have sustained for centuries: and penetrating into such passages one seldom fails to be rewarded by a glimpse of some quaint arrangement of antique gables or circular turrets enclosing winding stairs. There is food too for the antiquary in richly-sculptured lintels and tablets—sometimes still adorning their original doorways, oftener reverently preserved in the walls of more modern structures—carvings of arms and monograms and pious texts, many of which have been figured by Dr. Robertson in his "Sculptured Stones of Leith." Spite of their picturesqueness, it must be confessed that these old-world streets have a most evil odour, and that the sight of them would cause the heart of a sanitary reformer to sink within him. It is quite touching to see the efforts of some of the inhabitants of this quarter to bring, with boxes of mignonette and other homely flowers, some suggestion of green fields and blossoming gardens into the midst of the surrounding squalor. In an ancient and dilapidated house—a dwelling evidently of the very poorest of the poor—we saw at the windows no fewer than three cages, each with its singing bird.

One of the most interesting of the old buildings of the town is that at the Coalhill, overlooking the Water of Leith, a tall structure, retaining in its projecting casements and the decorated dormers which break the line of its steep-pitched roof, some traces of its bygone dignity. Tradition asserts that it was erected by Mary of Guise as a council-house, and was used for a like purpose by the Regent Lennox. Immediately opposite, on the north bank of the stream, may be noticed a tower of more than ordinary picturesqueness (Illustration No. 5), terminating in windows of latticed wood, and surmounted by a metal-covered roof, odd in shape, and quaintly decorated. This, with a small portion of the walls beneath, is all that remains of the church of St. Ninian. The tower is interesting as being an almost unique surviving specimen of a type common in Scotland three hundred years ago, of which other examples were to be found in the old Tron Church of Edinburgh and the old College of Glasgow. Near it is the ancient graveyard of the church, separated from it now by great blocks of intervening warehouses; a desolate space of rough untended grass, sloping down to the black banks of the river, containing curious tombstones of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and far more desolate in its proximity to the busy labour from which it is yet shut off, than are those lonely graveyards that one sees in southern Scotland, high among the green hills, quiet upland folds, to which, when evening comes, the dead are gathered.

In the Kirkgate is situated the Trinity House, interesting to the visitor for its little collection of marine models, and for the Raeburn and other portraits which it contains. Here too is preserved the 'Vasco de Gama' of David Scott, R.S.A., which occupies an entire side of the spacious Board Room. This colossal and most powerful painting represents the Portuguese navigator and his crew rounding the Cape and confronted by the Spirit of the Storm. It is a splendidly imaginative embodiment of the dangers which are the lot of those who "go down to the sea in ships," and as such, it has found a fitting resting place in the Trinity House of the Port of Leith.

J. M. GRAY.



THE VISION OF ST HELENA

ETCHED BY C W SHERBORN, AFTER PAUL VERONESE

LONDON J S VIRTUE & Co LIMITED

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.*

AMONG the births in September are—on the 1st, Taddeo Zucchero, at Sant' Angelo, in Vado, 1529, and the Rev. John Thomson, of Duddingston, R.S.A., at Dailly, Ayrshire, 1778: 6th, Friedrich Wilhelm Schadow, at Berlin, 1789: 10th, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, etcher and writer upon Art, at Laneside, Lancashire, 1834: 12th, Ludovico Cardo, at Cigoli, 1559, and William Bell Scott, at Edinburgh, 1811: 13th, Benvenuto da Siena, at Siena, 1436: Félix Joseph Barrias, at Paris, 1822, and Henry Stacy Marks, R.A., at London, 1829: 15th, Ernest Crofts, A.R.A., at Leeds, 1847: 16th, Peter von Cornelius, at Dusseldorf, 1787: 17th, Thomas Stothard, R.A., at London, 1755, and Frederick Goodall, R.A., at London, 1822: 18th, William Collins, R.A., at London, 1788: 19th, Jan Fyt, baptized at Antwerp, 1609: 21st, Walter William Ouless, R.A., at St. Helier's, Jersey, 1848: 24th, Antoine Louis Barye, the sculptor, at Paris, 1795: 26th, Thomas Sidney Cooper, R.A., at Canterbury, 1803, and J. L. A. T. Géricault, at Rouen, 1791: 27th, George Cruikshank, in 1792: 28th, Alexandre Cabanel, at Montpellier, 1828, and C. B. Birch, A.R.A., sculptor, at Brixton, 1832: 29th, Andrea Achenbach, at Cassel, 1815: 30th, Robert W. Macbeth, at Glasgow, 1848. Niklaas Berchem was also born this month, 1620, day unknown.

The deaths include—on the 2nd, Taddeo Zucchero, at Rome, 1566: 5th, Louis Elle Ferdinand, at Rennes, 1717: 6th, Benvenuto Garofalo, in 1559, and Carlo Cignani, at Forli, near Ravenna, 1719: 9th, John Singleton Copley, R.A., in 1815, and William Morris Hunt, American painter and writer upon Art, at Appledore Island, U.S.A., 1879: 13th, Andrea Mantegna, at Mantua, 1506 (18th also given), and Ciro Ferri, at Rome, 1689: 14th, Nicholas Lancret, at Paris, 1743, and A. W. N. Pugin, the architect, at Ramsgate, 1852: 17th, Patrick Nasmyth, at Lambeth, 1831: 18th, Hubert van Eyck, at Flecken Maeseyck, 1426: 19th, Jean Baptiste van Loo, at Aix, 1745: Fransz Snyders, at Antwerp, 1657, and John Jones, R.A., at London, 1869: 20th, Jan Weenix, at Amsterdam, 1719: 23rd, Richard Parkes Bonington, at London, 1828: 28th, Jan van der Heijden, at Amsterdam, 1712: Federigo Barocci, at Urbino, 1612. Taddeo di Bartolo also died this month, in 1422, day unknown.

The 25th of this month, 1856, is the date of the acquisition of the Turner collection by the National Gallery.

ALFRED BEAVER.

ART SALES.

THE British Gallery of Mr. Cox, in Pall Mall, was sold by Messrs. Christie on February 9th, the principal lots being Frith's 'Salon d'Or, Homburg,' R. A., 1871, bought by Mr. Cox in 1875 for 1,900 gs., which now realised 770 gs. only; F. Holl, R.A., 'Going Home,' 240 gs.; Philip H. Calderon, R. A., 'Burial of John Hampden,' 210 gs.; and Murillo, 'Adoration of St. Antony of Padua,' from the Capucine convent at Cadiz, 200 gs.

Several Turner drawings, the property of Mr. Cosmo Orme, made for Whitaker's "Richmondshire," 1823, were sold on the 7th of March: 'The Crook of Lune,' 1,100 gs.; 'Kirby Lonsdale Churchyard,' 820 gs.; 'Simmer Lake,' 650 gs.; 'Wycliff, near Rokeby,' 590 gs. A drawing by G. Barrett, 'Classical River Scene,' 270 gs. Two other Turner drawings were sold on the following day at Edinburgh, 'The Rialto, Venice,' 225 gs.; 'Berwick-on-Tweed,' 190 gs.

Mr. E. Sutton's water colours were sold at Christie's on the 8th, and included two works of J. Holland, 'Venice,' 270 gs., and 'Venetian Canal, with Church of Sta. Maria della Salute,' 260 gs.; also P. De Wint, 'Welsh River, Peasants, and Cattle,' 170 gs.; A. C. Gow, 'The Alchemists,' 165 gs.

The Marquis of Donegall's porcelain was dispersed on the 12th—three coloured Menecy groups of children, £200 (A. Bignold); Eventail jardinière, bleu de Vincennes ground, painted with exotic birds, 8½ inches high, from the Prince de Beaume's collection, 480 gs.; turquoise vase, gilt festoons of flowers and painted medallion, 14 inches high, 150 gs. (Wilson); small Louis XVI. cabinet, inlaid with Sèvres plaques, £190 (Duveen); Louis XVI. cabinet, inlaid with circular plaques painted with baskets of flowers, 200 gs. (West).

The sale of the remaining works of the late W. L. Leitch occupied from the 13th to 17th; 'Lago di Gardo,' 105 gs., was the highest price obtained: total, £8,437 13s.

Messrs. Earp and Huggins, of Derby, sold the collection from Osmaston Hall on the 14th: Murillo's 'Magdalen,' bought direct from the ex-Queen of Spain, went for 1,900 gs.; Ansdell's 'Fight for the Standard,' R.A., 1848, Eden sale, 1874, 900 gs., now went for 800 gs.; Cima da Conegliano, 'Christ bearing His Cross,' 400 gs.

The important collection of Mr. E. C. Potter, late of Rusholme House, near Manchester, was brought to the hammer on the 21st and 22nd—turquoise bottle, with arabesques in colours, 115 gs. (Boore); turquoise vase, with birds, foliage, and ornaments in colours, 105 gs. (Agnew); tripod incense burner and cover, 29 inches high, 105 gs. (Grindlay); a fine pilgrim bottle, with dragon in relief on black ground, 205 gs.

* Continued from page 251.

(Wertheimer); a pair of circular tripod incense burners, 41 inches high, from the Paris Exhibition, 1878, 110 gs. (Davis). The pictures attracted great attention; D. Cox, 'The Church at Bettws-y-Coed,' 1857, by many considered to be his masterpiece, from the Norman-Wilkinson and Levy collections, 2,550 gs. (Agnew); 'The Skirts of the Forest,' finer in colour, painted for Mr. W. Roberts, sold for 2,205 gs. at the Gillott sale, 1872, was relatively cheap at 1,350 gs.; as were also 'Darley Dale Churchyard,' 1850, from the Bullock collection, 460 gs., and 'The Coming Storm,' 1850, 300 gs. Two pictures by Hook, R.A., 'Wise Saws,' 1875, 1,200 gs. (White); 'A Cornish Gift,' Houldsworth sale, 1881, 800 gs., now 850 gs. (Agnew). Sir F. Leighton's 'Mermaid,' painted in Italy for Signor Mario, 340 gs.; and 'Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon,' 1869, 900 gs. Millais's fine pair, 'Vanessa' and 'Stella,' from the Mendel sale, 1,300 gs. and 1,400 gs. respectively. Eleven *chefs-d'œuvre* of Briton Riviere, R.A., 'Let Sleeping Dogs lie,' 1880, 1,050 gs. (Agnew); 'Cupboard Love,' 1881, 1,050 gs.; 'Come Back,' 1871, 710 gs.; 'Lions roaring after their Prey,' 1876, 850 gs.; 'Pallas Athene and the Herdsman's Dogs,' 1876, 950 gs. (Agnew); 'Daniel,' 1872 (medal, Paris, 1878), 2,500 gs. (Agnew); 'Persepolis,' 1878, 1,000 gs. (Agnew); 'All that was left of the Homeward Bound,' 1873, 1,100 gs.; and 'Legend of St. Patrick,' 1877, 930 gs. Two Romneys, 'Lady Hamilton as a Sibyl,' called the 'Comic Muse' in the catalogue, a replica of the picture in the National Portrait Gallery, but not so fine, 530 gs.: and 'Mrs. Jordan, miscalled 'Lady Hamilton' in the catalogue, 700 gs. (Agnew). Only two of the foreign pictures realised a noteworthy price, Gallait's 'Columbus in Prison,' 1865, Mendel sale, 850 gs., C. Kurtz sale, 1881, 480 gs., further declined to 400 gs.; and A. Scheffer's 'Hebe,' 530 gs. (Agnew). Probably several of the foregoing were not sold.

Amongst a number of water colours sold on the 25th were by W. Hunt, 'The First Cigar,' 'The Aspirant,' and 'Used Up,' 240 gs. (W. Smith); Turner, 'Fluëlen,' 400 gs. (bought in); and in the Dent collection, P. De Wint, 'The Dimple, Derbyshire, Harvest Time,' signed, 155 gs. (Agnew); and 'Waltham Abbey, Haymaking,' 215 gs.; D. Cox, 'Going to Market, North Wales,' 1836, 130 gs. (Permain).

The prints collected by Mr. St. John Dent were disposed of on the 28th at Sotheby's. This collection was well known to consist largely of rare states in fine condition; Botticelli, 'Assumption of the Virgin,' in two states, £860, bought for the Malcolm collection; F. von Bocholt, 'Judgment of Solomon,' first state before the plate was re-worked, £350; Albrecht Dürer, 'Adam and Eve,' £125; R. Elstracke, 'Mary, Queen of Scots, with Lord Darnley at her side,' £150; Mair of Landshut, 'A Balcony with a Gallant, three Ladies, and a Buffoon,' £159; G. Mocetto, 'Baptism of Christ,' unique state, £325; Rembrandt, 'The Three Trees,' £121; Franz Stoss, 'Raising of Lazarus,' £182; J. Wechtlin, 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' unedited state, £141. A number of the finest lots were obtained by Continental buyers.

The 29th brought the sale of Mr. W. E. Sibeth's choice collection of water colours; the prices obtained were, almost without exception, below current value: Carl Haag (of whom there were twelve fine specimens), 'Tyrolese Huntsman and Mountain Girl,' 1858, retouched 1876 (Cafe sale, and Quilter, 1875, 500 gs.), 400 gs. (Vokins); 'Kaheen Amran reading the Pentateuch,' 1869, 480 gs. (Vokins); 'Allahu Akbar,' 1873, 570 gs. (Vokins); 'Wandering Arab Family,' 1866, 320 gs. (Vokins). Louis Haghe, 'Cromwell and Ireton,' 1843, 70 gs. (Vokins). W. Hunt, 'Purple and White Grapes, with Sprig of Holly' (Wade sale), 355 gs. (Vokins); 'Quinces and Hips' (Wade sale), 270 gs. (Permain); 'Basket of Plums, Blue and White Jar, with Rose and Lobelia' (Wade sale), 265 gs. (Vokins); 'Lilacs and Bird's Nest,' the only occasion on which he painted this flower (James sale), 300 gs. (Agnew). A very fine R. Thorne Whaite, 'Hop Pickers,' for which £250 had been given, only reached 110 gs. (Vokins).

On April 2nd a large number of etchings and engravings from Turner's "Liber Studiorum" were sold; sixty-six plates of various states, collected by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, brought £298 12s. A set (from the Turner sale), first states except three, 430 gs.; another set, 300 gs. Of the separate plates 'Solway Moss,' engraver's proof, £94; 'Æsacus and Hesperié,' engraver's proof, worked on by Turner (Stokes collection), 48 gs.; 'Glaucus and Scylla,' engraver's proof, signed, 41 gs.; and 'Apuleius and Apuleia,' 39 gs.

Some modern pictures, sold on April 5th, included Sir J. Gilbert's 'Baron's Raid,' 1883, 275 gs. (Jackson); T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Farm in East Kent,' 1883, 415 gs. (Ellis); J. Linnell, Senr., 'The Piping Shepherd,' 1872, 370 gs. (Ellis); D. Maclise, R.A., 'The Installation of Captain Rock,' 1834, Gillott sale, 1872, 385 gs., 150 gs.

The collection of Mr. G. F. Lees, of Berry Hill Hall, Mansfield, was brought under the hammer on the 26th: E. Detaille, 'Scots Guards returning from Exercise, Hyde Park,' 1,070 gs. (Agnew). Oils—G. D. Leslie, R.A., 'The School Door,' 1876, 250 gs.; Creswick and Ansdell, 'The South Downs,' Wells sale, 1860, 125 gs., Wallis, 1861, 122 gs., now went for 450 gs.; T. Faed, R.A., 'She never told her love,' 1876, Brogden sale, 1878, 480 gs., now reached 650 gs.; Cecil van Haanen, 'The Cobbler's Shop,' R.A., 1882, 580 gs.; E. Long, R.A., 'Esther,' study of a head, 270 gs.; H. W. B. Davis, R.A., 'In Ross-shire, 1882, 1,200 gs. (Agnew); Peter Graham, R.A., 'A Highland Drove,' 1880, 1,300 gs. (Agnew); J. E. Millais, R.A., 'The Cuckoo,' 1880, 1,900 gs. (Heath). Among the pictures from the Mendel collection—G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., 'A Ruffling Breeze,' Grosvenor Gallery, 1877, 420 gs.; P. Graham, R.A., 'A Mountain Torrent,' 325 gs.; and 'The Sea-bird's Home,' 375 gs. (Agnew). Anonymous properties—B. Riviere, R.A., 'The Night Watch,' 1881, 750 gs.; J. C. Hook, R.A., 'A Passing Cloud,' 1856, Wells sale, 1860, 270 gs., Gillott, 1872, 600 gs., 670 gs.; W. Müller, 'The Money Changers, Siout,' 950 gs.; J. C. Hook, R.A., 'Ill blows the wind that benefits nobody,' 1881, 1,280 gs.; and 'The Fisherman's Child,' 1874, 280 gs.; B. W. Leader, 'The Babbling Brook,' 1880, H. Lovatt sale, 1881, 410 gs., now 450 gs.; J. Linnell, Senr., 'View in Oxfordshire,' 1817, 1883, 440 gs.; Rosa Bonheur, 'Cattle in a Landscape,' 470 gs.

The collection of the late Mr. Henry Wilson, of Oaklands, Eccles, near Manchester, included 'The Cross Bow,' B. Foster, 295 gs.; Copley Fielding, 'Glen Falloch, Argyleshire,' 345 gs.; J. Linnell, Senr., 'English Road Scene,' 1864, 760 gs. (Agnew); D. Roberts, R.A., 'View on the Tiber,' 1863, 355 gs.; C. Stanfield, R.A., 'Chioggia, Bay of Naples,' 305 gs.; C. Creswick, R.A., 'Under the Beech Trees,' 330 gs. A number of these were bought in.

The collection of Albert Levy, sold on May 3rd, included "Old" Crome's 'Hautbois Common,' known as 'The Clump of Trees,' from the Sherrington collection (International Exhibition, 1862), 415 gs. (Lesser); Romney, 'Mrs. Robinson, Perdita,' 490 gs. (Permain); N. Maes, 'An Interior, with woman arranging a child's hair,' Novar sale, 1878, 550 gs.,

now 305 gs.; Cuyp, 'Sunny Landscape, with peasants and miller's waggon,' Novar sale, 430 gs., now 360 gs.; J. Steen, 'The Sick Lady,' from Van Loon collection, 315 gs. (M. Colnaghi); J. Ruysdael, 'Fishing Boats, Men-of-war, two men on the shore to the right,' 760 gs.; Rembrandt, 'Portrait of the Artist,' 1635, exhibited by the Earl of Portarlington at Burlington House, 1878, 1,800 gs. (M. Colnaghi). Other properties—J. Steen, 'Tric-trac Players,' Foster of Clewer Manor sale, 1876, 721 gs., now 400 gs.; 'Portrait of Edward VI.,' a most interesting picture, ascribed to Guillim Stretes, 470 gs.; C. Jansen, 'John Milton, æt. 10,' 330 gs.; Gainsborough, 'Henry Beaufoy, Esq., M.P.,' whole length, 750 gs.

May 6th, various collections—Audubon's 'Birds of America,' 193 gs.; Turner, 'Liber Studiorum,' with three unpublished plates, 300 gs.; T. Bewick, the wood blocks for the illustrations to the "History of British Birds," 658 blocks; "The History of Quadrupeds," 332 blocks; "Æsop's Fables," 321 blocks; "Life of Bewick," 54 blocks, and 2 copper plates; sold in one lot, 2,350 gs. (Messrs. Ward, of Newcastle).

Lady Otho Fitzgerald's plate and pictures, sold May 8—10. J. F. Herring, 'English Homestead,' 1852, 350 gs. (Nathan); D. Roberts, R.A., 'The Grand Canal, Venice,' R.A., 1853, 940 gs. (Agnew); C. Stanfield, R.A., 'A Guarda Costa off Fuentarabia,' R.A., 1856, 1,900 gs. (Agnew); Landseer, 'The Monarch of the Glen,' the well-known masterpiece, R.A., 1851, engraved by his brother, Thomas Landseer, A.R.A., bought by Lord Londesborough for 350 gs., now realised 6,200 gs. (Mr. Eaton, M.P.). Various properties also sold on May 10th—Creswick, J. S. Cooper, and Frith, 'Coming Summer,' R.A., 1859, 750 gs. (Shepherd); T. Faed, 'Reading the Bible,' with copyright, 1,650 gs. (Davis); Benczur, 'Versailles, Oct. 6, 1789,' for which 800 gs. had been paid, 490 gs.; H. MacCulloch, R.S.A., 'Loch Katrine,' Paris, 1867, 430 gs. (Denison); J. Durham, A.R.A., 'At the Spring,' life size, 155 gs. (Ansdell); W. Hilton, R.A., 'Nature blowing Bubbles for her Children,' R.A., 1821, 290 gs. (Sir J. Goldsmid); Turner, 'Dunstanborough,' painted for Mr. William Penn, of Stoke Park, exhibited at the International Exhibition, 1862, by Mr. C. Burchall, engraved in 'Liber Studiorum,' last sold for 2,200 gs., now 900 gs. (Scott).

Copley Fielding's 'Scarborough,' 1849, from the collection of the late Mr. Robert Hanbury, of Poles, Ware, sold for 460 gs. (Vokins) on the 13th.

Among the decorative objects collected by the late Hon. William Ashley, and sold on the 15th, were a pair of camels (Dresden), from the Duchesse de Berri collection, 196 gs. (Grindlay); shepherd and shepherdess (Chelsea), 17 inches high, 345 gs. (Heath); Cupid and Psyche (Chelsea), 126 gs. (Heath); Louis XVI. clock, Sèvres and ormoulu, 16½ inches high, 200 gs. (Ellis); square plateau, with two shepherdesses, Sèvres, 160 gs. (Currie); pair of candelabra, ormoulu and Dresden, 150 gs., formerly the property of Princess Sophia (Boore); Louis XV. clock, ormoulu and black and gold lac, 158 gs. (Wertheimer); Louis XVI. secretaire, ormoulu, parqueterie, and white marble, 195 gs.; pair of black buhl cabinets, ormoulu and marble, formerly the property of the Princess Sophia, 300 gs. (Wertheimer).

The works of the late H. Brittan Willis, R.W.S., sold on the 16th, realised £1,502 19s. 6d., the highest price being 250 gs. for 'Horses and Cattle on the Essex Marshes' (Chevalier).

Anonymous properties sold on the 17th—P. Graham, R.A., 'Waiting for the Fishing Boats,' 410 gs. (Wilson); J. Brett, A.R.A., 'Welsh Dragons,' R.A., 1883, 470 gs. (Hills), and 'The Stronghold of the Seison,' R.A., 1879, 290 gs. (Hill); 'Remnants of an Army,' R.A., 1879, 530 gs. (Willis); P. F. Poole, R.A., 'Job i., 14—16,' Northwick sale, 1859, 510 gs., sold again, 1860, 490 gs., J. Marshall sale, 1881, 700 gs., now 155 gs. (Stodart); J. C. Hook, R.A., 'Kelp Burners,' 1874, 950 gs.; also 'Fishing Haven,' R.A, 1873, 950 gs., and 'Song and Accompaniment,' R.A., 1873, 900 gs.; Creswick, 'A Beck where the Trout lie,' 480 gs.; J. Phillip, R.A., 'A Chat round the Brasero,' 1,290 gs.; J. Linnell, Sen., 'Barley Harvesting,' 1874, 960 gs.; D. Cox, 'Changing Pasture,' 1850–51, Hermon sale, 1882, 1,400 gs., now 1,200 gs.; and 'Going to the Hayfield,' 1849, 1,950 gs.; J. Israels, 'The First Sail,' 410 gs.

Two large panels of old Beauvais tapestry were sold on the 21st, the one, Oriental figures in a boat, with Mars and Cupids in the clouds, 14 feet by 16 feet; the other, Venus in a chariot, etc., 14 feet by 14 feet 6 inches, signed respectively "J. V. Duplessis, invenit 1724 and 1725," both made for the Duc de Bourbon, 730 gs. (Lowengard). Other decorative objects included a pair of gros bleu vases and covers, painted with medallions of Cupids and trophies, mounted in ormoulu, 16½ inches high, 810 gs. (Gibbs); Louis XVI. clock, Sèvres and ormoulu, 18 inches high, £150 (Agnew). These were the property of the Dowager Lady Sandwich. Old Sèvres ewer and bowl, medallions of flowers, from the Marchioness of Londonderry collection, 400 gs. (Gibbs); a pair of old Sèvres jardinières, with oval medallions by Dudin after Teniers, 1,550 gs. (Gibbs); three old Chelsea vases, with pastoral groups, £305 (Wareham); ecuelle, cover and stand, in picque work, signed "Sarao a Napoli," £360 (Wertheimer); old Sèvres jardinière, with medallion of fruit, presented by Louis XV. to Tippoo Sultan, in 1783, obtained by General Richardson at Seringapatam, in 1799, 590 gs. (Gibbs).

The collection of plate, porcelain, and pictures, formed by the late Mr. Charles Skipper, of Russell Square, was sold May 22–4:—D. Cox, 'Brough Castle, near Kendal,' water colour, 260 gs. (Agnew); C. Fielding, 'The South Downs,' 1848, 370 gs.; S. Prout, 'Porch of S. Maclou, Rouen,' 310 gs. (Vokins); R. Ansdell, R.A., 'The Victor,' 1859, 450 gs. (Agnew); Calcott, 'Dutch Fishing Boats running Foul,' 1826, 610 gs. (M'Lean); W. Collins, R.A., 'Selling Fish,' Bicknell collection, 850 gs. (Agnew); Creswick, 'Over the Sands,' 400 gs. (Agnew); J. C. Hook, R.A., 'Milk for the Schooner,' 610 gs. (Agnew); Landseer, 'The Pensioners,' two old horses, R.A., 1864, 15½ inches by 23 inches, 1,250 gs. (Agnew); Linnell, Sen., 'Contemplation,' 450 gs.; W. Muller, 'Little Waders,' 1853, 400 gs.; P. Nasmyth, 'View in Hampshire, woman hanging out clothes,' 1822, 440 gs. (Vokins); J. Phillip, R.A., 'The Promenade,' 1859, 510 gs. (Permain); C. Stanfield, R.A., 'On the Holland's Diep, near Willemstadt,' R.A., 1858, 950 gs., and 'Mazorbo and Torcello, Gulf of Naples,' R.A., 1843, 730 gs. (Agnew); Turner, 'Rosenau,' R.A., 1841, bought from the artist by the late Mr. J. Gillott, 880 gs.

The collection of General Sir G. Buller, G.C.B., sold on June 7th, included a Marieschi, 'View of Venice,' 185 gs. (Sir J. Goldsmid); on the same day a Snyders, 'A Dish of Fruit on a Chair, with a Monkey, Parrot, and Dog,' 330 gs. (Whitehead); and Van Goyen, 'Town and River, with Ferry Boat,' 195 gs. (M. Colnaghi). The plate of Major T. Woodhouse, R.A., included two Louis XVI. soup tureens, with ram's head handles, with festoons of flowers, the cover surmounted with a group of a bird and dog: this was presented to Colonel

Thornton, of Falconer's Hall, Yorkshire, by the York regiment, 1795, £900 (Wertheimer).

On June 14th, W. Collins's 'Prawn Fishing,' R.A., 1829, from the collection of John Holden, of Aston Hall, 400 gs. (Naylor); J. C. Horsley, R.A., 'The Poet's Theme,' 490 gs. (Agnew); Linnell, Sen., 'The Flight into Egypt,' 1849—67, 700 gs. (Agnew). On the 21st, water colours:—C. Fielding, 'Coast Scene, fishing boats and figures, 1841, 155 gs. (Scott); Turner, 'Wolverhampton,' 140 gs. (Cox), and 'Rialto, Venice, engraved in Hakewill's "Italy," from the Novar collection, 250 gs.

The sale of the Leigh Court gallery, the property of Sir P. Miles, Bart., was one of the events of the season:—G. Bellini, 'Adoration of the Magi,' 365 gs. (The National Gallery); A. Carracci, 'Diana and Acteon,' 440 gs. (Dyer); M. Cerezo, 'Virgin in Adoration,' 650 gs. (Phillips); C. Dolci, 'The Virgin,' 13 inches by 11 inches, 365 gs. (J. Aird); Domenichino, 'St. John in a Vision,' bought by Mr. Miles for £10,000—now 900 gs. (Phillips); F. Guardi, 'The Procession of the Doge, Venice,' 405 gs. (Agnew), and 'The Rialto,' 210 gs. (Phillips); Hogarth, 'Miss Fenton, Duchess of Bolton, the original "Polly Peachem,"' 800 gs. (the National Gallery), and 'The Shrimp Girl,' 256 gs. (the National Gallery); Claude, 'The Sacrifice to Apollo,' painted by Signor Angelino, 1668, 5,800 gs. (Agnew); 'The Landing of Æneas,' 1675, 3,800 gs. (Agnew): these famous pictures, the "Altieri Claudes," were purchased from the prince of that name by Mr. Fagan, were for some time at Fonthill, and afterwards sold by Mr. R. H. Davies, M.P., to Mr. Miles for £12,000. Also by Claude, 'Herdman driving Cattle through a River,' painted for Signor F. Papiera in 1670, subsequently in the collections of J. Barnard and Walsh Porter, 1,950 gs. (Agnew); 'A Seaport, Evening,' Hope collection, 500 gs. (Wertheimer); and another 'Seaport,' 500 gs. (Phillips); Murillo, 'Holy Family,' collection of M. de Colonne, 1795, 510 gs., Bryan collection, 1798, £304 10s., bought by Mr. Hope, now sold for 3,000 gs. (Agnew); also 'A Riposo,' 725 gs. (Prankerd), and 'The Martyrdom of St. Andrew,' 370 gs. (Agnew); Paul Potter, 'Three Cows at Pasture,' 430 gs. (Wertheimer); G. Poussin, 'The Calling of Abraham,' from the Colonni Palace, afterwards in the collections of Chevalier Rossi, Mr. Beckford, and Mr. R. H. Davies, 1,900 gs. (the National Gallery); also by the same, 'Landscape, figures in the foreground, water in middle distance,' 360 gs. (Agnew); 'Cascatellas of Tivoli,' collections of Mr. Beckford and Mr. R. H. Davies, 450 gs. (Agnew); and 'Cascade at Tivoli,' 400 gs. (Agnew); N. Poussin, 'Plague of Athens,' 400 gs. (Phillips); Raphael, 'Christ bearing His Cross,' 1505, the predella of the altar-piece painted for the nuns of Perugia, now in the National Gallery (not exhibited); the present picture was in the Orleans collection, and sold to Mr. G. Hibbert for 150 gs., it now obtained 560 gs. (Agnew); also one of the several variations on the Loretto Madonna, claiming to be the original picture, which disappeared during the French Revolution, and has not since been recognised, 600 gs. (Phillips); Rubens, 'The Holy Family,' 5,000 gs. (Phillips); the 'Woman taken in Adultery,' from the Canon Knuyf and Hope collections, 1,700 gs. (Phillips); and the 'Conversion of Saul,' 8 feet by 11 feet, purchased from the Montesquieu Gallery by Mr. Delahante, afterwards in the collection of Mr. Hastings Elwyn, who sold it to Mr. R. H. Davies for 4,000 gs., now sold for 3,300 gs. (Phillips); T. Stothard, R.A., 'The Canterbury Pilgrims,' the well-known engraved picture, of which there is a replica, 420 gs. (the National Gallery); Titian, 'Venus and Adonis,' from the collection of B. West, P.R.A., 1,600 gs. (Phillips); two pictures of the school of L. da Vinci, 'St. John,' Hope collection, 200 gs. (Lesser), and 'Creator Mundi,' an impressive conception, engraved by W. Hollar and Felsing, imported by Mr. Bryan from Paris, and sold to Rev. Mr. Hamilton, 500 gs. (Lesser). Total, £44,191 17s. Mr. Phillips bought in for the family.

ALFRED BEAVER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'THE VISION OF ST. HELENA.' Etched by E. W. Sherborn, after Paul Veronese. The mother of Constantine, the legend tells us, when a victory was gained by the Emperor, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to recover the very wood of which she had seen a mysterious symbol. Having reached the sacred city, she caused the soil of Calvary to be excavated, because the Jews were accustomed to bury the instruments of execution upon the spot where they had been used. There the Empress St. Helena found three crosses, and that one which was the holy cross was distinguished from the others by the healing of a "lady of quality" who was sick—we are quoting the tradition as preserved in Rome. The Empress divided the true cross into three parts, giving one of them to the Bishop of Jerusalem, another to the Church at Constantinople. The third she brought to Rome, where she built for it the great basilica which stands now so solitary between Rome and the hills. Paul Veronese's lovely picture is in our National Gallery, and is one of England's recent acquisitions from the rich later Art of Venice.

'THE RIVALS.' Engraved by W. J. Alais, after the painting by C. T. Garland. We have many painters here and abroad of children as they appear in modern life—the difference between them usually being that foreigners generally choose to study them in poverty and in the simplicity of the peasant, while Englishmen place them amid the cushions and ribbons and dainty toys of comfortable life. Mr. Garland places his little models neither in the sabots of M. Israels, nor in the sashes and short petticoats dear to Mr. Millais, but in the pretty disguise of bygone costume. In the present instance his scene is in the open air, and the landscape of England happily seldom varies with the century; but the three children who are playing their little drama of untimely love and jealousy, have their beauty heightened by their old-time dress. Evidently the little fisher-lover is of the simple class to which the fickle maiden belongs, and resents with all the jealousy of caste the success of his rival. With her feminine instinct for peace, the girl seems to be soothing masculine passion with the plea of the hapless heroine of "Enoch Arden," who promised, when her boy lovers quarrelled, that she would be "little wife to both," and so tragically kept her word.

Our third plate is described further on.



PAINTED BY C.T. GARLAND

ENGRAVED BY W.J. ALAIS

THE RIVALS

LONDON: J. S VIRTUE & Co LIMITED

JOHN R. REID.

IT is not easy rightly to define the position of an artist who has only been some dozen years before the public, who has not yet approached middle age, and who has still youthful enthusiasm and vigour enough to carry him far beyond past performance. By birth Mr. Reid is a Scotsman, having been born in Edinburgh in 1851, but his early years were spent in London, afterwards to be his home and the scene of his later work. Regarded from a Scotsman's point of view, his career may be instanced as another example of the evils of that centralisation which continues to drain Scotland, and Edinburgh especially, of its best artistic blood. He is a younger member of that band which includes Orchardson, Pettie, MacWhirter, Peter Graham, and Colin Hunter, all of them true Scots, and almost all of them of Edinburgh training. But in Reid's case it may be conceded that the change to south country life was a necessity of his artistic vitality. Differing from some of those just mentioned, he has shown himself in full sympathy with the country of his adoption, and it were as hard to conceive him a painter of the hills and glens of Scotland, as to imagine a Graham or a MacWhirter devoted to the softer moods of English landscape. But in one important respect, at least, his career has hitherto been characteristically Scotch. From the beginning it has been one long-continued effort of struggle and perseverance. The path was laid down clearly at the outset, and there has been no faltering step, no compromise with difficulty. The battles that he has fought have often been against odds that would have disheartened less courageous men.

The bias which was to become the main influence of his life showed itself at an age when other children are still busied with their toys. Fortunately for him there were no parental inclinations to combat; indeed, his artistic tastes were clearly imbibed from his father, and it was decided very early that he should be an artist, if only the means could be found. But the means were not readily obtainable, and much hard work and effort had to be undergone before the goal could be reached. By way of compromise, we may suppose, he was apprenticed, at the age of sixteen, to a firm of house painters in Edinburgh, and, like John Phillip of Spanish fame, or Alphonse Legros, he learned to use his brush in a fashion, though it was not the right one. Three years of this were irksome enough to a youth with a career mapped out for himself; so this house painting became unbearable at length, and the young artist declared his intention of going off to sea. But wiser counsels prevailed, and some of his youthful sketches were sent to an Edinburgh artist of note, who was asked to pronounce whether the boy had talent enough to warrant his studying to be a painter. The opinion was favourable, so it was decided that he should attend the School of Art in the evenings, after the labour of the day was over.

The next years were devoted to study, until at last, by dint of hard saving, Reid found himself in a position to throw off the trammels of trade and give himself up entirely to Art. But all the troubles were not quite past yet, and though in due season he was admitted a student at the Royal Scottish Academy, it was still necessary that he should do much thankless and badly remunerated labour.

Reid's first recorded picture is an unpretending sketch of Craigmillar Castle, which was exhibited in 1868. Of helpers at this time most of all was Reid indebted to William McTaggart, R.S.A., and to the late George Paul Chalmers, the great Scottish colourist. From the first of these he got his rudimentary lessons in technical expression; from the second, a never-ceasing fund of enthusiasm and sympathy. Unbounded enthusiasm for his art was Chalmers's greatest and most easily discerned characteristic, and he infected all with whom he came in contact. To this day Reid's life and work bear the impress of the mind which dominated him at this critical period, controlled and regulated by that perseverance and common sense which may, in a measure, be ascribed to the influence of the more complete artist, his other master, Mr. McTaggart. If those days of Academic study were successful in nought else, they were at least fortunate beyond estimate in the men who guided them. Artists are not made by schools, but instances



J. R. Reid. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

abound of painters whose inspiration has not stood the test of unsympathetic or indiscriminate training. Reid was fortunate also in his associates of this time. Of the half-dozen fellow-students with whom he was then more intimately connected, almost all have achieved some measure of fame. There are no more important influences about an Art student than the opinions and theories of his fellow-workers. It is this which gives so much life in Parisian studios, and in Reid's case the influences — differing somewhat from the French ones — were altogether for good.

But the pictures of this time were not an index of later work. The attractiveness of antique habit and incident had for the moment affected him, and it seemed as though he might become a painter of "costume pictures." To this period, 1873, belong the one or two works which brought him first into notice, a fortune-telling incident with the title, 'A Peep into Futurity,' and 'The Emperor's Rehearsal,' a family of mountebanks.

But a visit in the following year to Shere, in Surrey, entirely changed the inclination of his work, and finally set him in the track which he has since pursued. In opposition to the accepted, though by no means invariable rule, that painters of pastoral life should be country bred, Reid had lived hitherto in the hurry and bustle of a great city, and doubtless it was the strong contrast of this "Sleepy Hollow" of Surrey that first attracted him. Added to this, the people and their costumes were new to him, and it was here that he settled down for the first time to paint figures out of doors. It had been mostly studio work before, and this new experiment came to him as a revelation. So all the autumn months were spent in a struggle with those out-of-door tones and values, which had now become to him the absolute essential and foundation of realistic painting. Since then his studio has been in the open air, and instead of painting his landscapes out of doors, and patching in his figures afterwards, as is the too common practice, his entire subjects have been painted wholly outside. Reid's pictures vindicate this method. On the walls of an exhibition they stand out from their surroundings by reason of their truth of tone and peculiar charm of out-of-door light. No matter how broad may be the detail, these "impressionist" qualities give them a sense of completeness from the beginning, although, it should be added, they have much more than the "impressionist" regard for elaboration and finish. In his method Reid, in many ways, follows the great Frenchman, Bastien-Lepage, and may be said to stand midway between him and the impressionists. His goal is not "finish," so called, nor is it a mere arrangement of "values." Rather we may take it to be a combination of the two, in which completeness of detail is subordinate to breadth and truth of tone, and in which he gives us as much of the first as is compatible with the due observance of the second. At the Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition of 1877 was exhibited the first fruits of the artist's new mode of study, 'The Country Spelling Bee,' in every respect a fresh and honest bit of work. Though of no great depth in narrative power, the picture gave a pleasant phase of the now exploded "Spelling Bee" mania, and showed us a family group, grandfather, young mother and children, in a sunny Sussex orchard, parodying the village school. In the same year his first picture went to the Royal Academy, where it was well hung. Inspired by this success, Reid settled down in the following autumn to a more important canvas, and the result, 'A Country Cricket Match' (Illustration No. 4), appeared at the Academy in 1878. Since then he has always been prominently placed at Burlington House; in 1879 'Toil and Pleasure' was purchased under the terms of the Chantrey bequest; in 1880, 'Mary the



No. 2.—Jack's Yarn. Grosvenor Gallery, 1883. *Engraved by J. C. Griffiths.*

Maid of the Inn' (Illustration No. 3); in 1881, 'Peace and War;' in 1882, 'Homewards and Homeless;' in 1883, 'A Spill;' and at the Grosvenor Gallery a nautical subject, 'Jack's Yarn,' which is our Illustration No. 2.

In the exhibitions just past, Mr. Reid was represented by two powerful coast subjects, painted in Cornwall, 'The Rival Grandfathers,' at the Grosvenor Gallery, and 'An Ugly Customer,' at the Academy. In some respects the first was the more complete picture, pleasant in its narrative and admirable in its appreciation of character; but a study of two children in the Academy subject went far to make it the best work that Mr. Reid has painted.

If the tendency of Mr. Reid's work were to be characterized in one word, it might be described in loose conventional phraseology as "healthy." As yet he has not deeply concerned himself with the humble routine of rustic life, with the tragedy of Israels or the grim naturalism of Millet. Man, it is true, and his works and pastimes, have always been his theme; but from choice, it has been the brighter side of life, with its pleasant occasions of colour and sunlight, not the darker side with its pains and problems, that has appealed to him for interpretation. It is the villager in his holiday coat, perhaps the seldom recurring travelling show, perhaps the still less frequent visit of the huntsmen or any other of the simple diversions which break the wonted monotony of country life.



No. 3.—Mary, the Maid of the Inn. R. Academy, 1881. Engraved by J. C. Griffiths.

It was a motive such as this which prompted his picture 'A Country Cricket Match,' (engraved on the next page,) with its group of ancient rustics fighting their battles again over their pipes and ale. The pathos of suffering and age has not been ignored altogether, but his attitude towards it is that of the artist. However real his sympathy may be it is its artistic phase that concerns him most. He contrasts here with play, or there with the unthinking and unsympathetic gambols of youth; it is only a foil to brighter things, only a shadow that the light may be greater. Thus we find him in his 'Homeless and Homewards' of two years ago, painting his little band of school children with more than common insight and tenderness. There was much of this pathos, if there was also just a touch of artificiality, in the group of vagrant players on the river's bank. The chilly old flutist, with the deepest chill of all at his heart, was a piece of most excellent character drawing, and graceful and thoughtful too was the little child clinging furtively to her sister's skirts. But the artist's true abandonment was most clearly felt in the group of merry school children, not "creeping like snails unwillingly to school," but thoughtless and forgetting, happy that their tasks are left behind. His path has thus lain on the brighter side of humanity because the answering chord of brightness and gaiety is in his heart, and he has painted the things that he sees most and feels most in his own healthy atmosphere. Nor is this view of a painter's vogue more superficial because it is more pleasant, so long as it does not descend to mere triviality, and this Reid's work never does. Now and again he may have been betrayed into the commonplace in invention, now and again he may have laid himself open to the charge of undue emphasis of insignificant and unattractive details, and a too obvious disregard of beauty for its own sake, but he is always workmanlike and honest, and of serious purpose too, though his theme may be never so light. But above all things he is not a painter of one idea. His theory is that an artist finds his theme at his elbow, no matter where he is. And this task is, after all, the true painter's task. To concern himself with the truths of the physical life around him is the one method to obtain absolute originality in the expression of the soul within. For it is only to the uncompromising realist that Nature will yield her secrets. The conventional peasant, for example, with rosy cheek and stereotyped grin, has fled before the stern realism of the Millets and Walkers, who looked for themselves, and in looking, learned to see a beauty more deep than the overlying one of picturesque sentiment; one which neither required the invention of pathetic incident nor domestic episode to give it interest.

Only once hitherto has Mr. Reid set himself the task of expressing great emotion, and then only as an interpreter of another man's thought. His 'Mary the Maid of the Inn' (Illustration No. 3) has been this one effort in a tragic vein, and so much of it as was his, and his only, was a success; but it was the success of a painter—not a psychologist. The picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1880, and the artist speaks of it as giving him more thought and pain, and, consequently, more knowledge, than any of his works before or since. It is successful, as we have said, in all that concerns the painter. Admirable in colour and draughtsmanship; admirable also in its general adequacy of conception and in its quite masterly exhibition of brushwork, but only successful in a measure in the realisation of its fundamental intention. This was sufficiently earnest and pathetic to inspire a great work, but here, it is difficult to exactly say why, it is the skilful landscape, or the still more skilful foreground, that affects us first, and the human motive comes afterwards. The aim was high enough but not single enough, and from the outset it has been weakened in the elaboration of the accessories. And this mainly because there was not a sufficiently thorough neglect of all insignificant sources of attraction. Our sympathies were to have been enlisted primarily by the pathos of madness in a young and beautiful girl, but we are forced to see how excellently well the figure is painted in relation to the background, and how extremely clever is the sense of out-of-



No. 4.—The Country Cricket Match. Royal Academy, 1878. Engraved by J. C. Griffiths.

door light. The picture might have been an epic of human trial, but it has become an episode only. We can admit that it is a pathetic story, but no more. We are judging Mr. Reid on high ground now, but he courted such criticism in painting this picture.

As regards Mr. Reid's future, where progress may be looked for is in the increase of power which much study must inevitably bring with it, a larger perception of refinement and grace, and a wider sympathy in choice of theme. It is in this last requisite of an artist, that Mr. Reid's most vulnerable point may be said to lie. Such tasks as he has set himself heretofore have scarcely been worthy of his powers as a painter, whilst his position as a literalist lays him open to the serious danger of a too consistent disregard of the qualities which go to make a great picture. The present rebound from all false classicism and romanticism is healthy enough if it does not go to the other extreme. In a desire to throw aside conventional aids, and to rely solely upon nature, the essentials of a work of Art may be forgotten altogether. Not alone in strict adherence to the real and the literal are those to be found, but rather in the expression of that loftier truth which comes from the soul itself, bearing with it a message of beauty and a wider significance to all men.

GEORGE R. HALKETT.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE MONUMENTS OF CAIRO.

AMONG all the cities of the world few are dearer to the artist than Cairo. It is not merely the picturesque charm of the street scenes, or the grace of the architectural forms, or the soft warmth of the colouring, that makes "Kahirah the Guarded" pre-eminently a city of the artist; it is also the circumstance that Cairo contains within her walls a veritable history of one specially beautiful development of Art. In the mosques and palaces of the Egyptian capital we can trace the gradual growth of Saracenic Art in its purest form and with extraordinary wealth of detail. We may point to the great mosque of Damascus as a wonderful example of the same Art in its Syrian development; we may admire the fine buildings of Kairowán and Fez; above all we must do homage to the marvellous perfection of Cordova, and of Granada's Alhambra. But nowhere do we find the same almost bewildering richness of materials for constructing a history of any branch of Saracenic Art that is presented in the monuments of Cairo. As a whole, the mosques of Cairo excel any other collection of Mohammadan monuments contained within a single city; and besides this completeness, they may lay claim to priority of date to any other group in the East. Setting aside such early but restored buildings as the Mosque of 'Amr, it is possible to trace the history of Saracenic Art in Cairo from its first decisively individual expression in the great mosque of Túlún, in the ninth century, through the scanty vestiges of Fátimy Art, and the buildings of the house of Saladin, to the golden age of the Memlúk Sultans, when Cairo became one vast museum of architectural gems, and when the greater part of the magnificent buildings whose decay we now deplore were in the full perfection of their original beauty. With some inevitable intervals of either artistic paralysis or else exceptional exposure to destruction, the history of Cairene Art can be read upon the monuments from the ninth to the sixteenth century, when the Ottoman Turks, in singular contrast to their predecessors the Memlúks (who were also Turks and Circassians), brought about the change in the government of Egypt which heralded the gradual decline of Art. The anarchy that succeeded upon the Turkish conquest could hardly have been more disastrous than the confusion which marked the brief and ever-changing reigns of the Slave Kings, the Bahry and Burjy Memlúks; yet the latter found opportunities in their troubled careers to build the noblest monuments that any eastern city can show, while with very few exceptions the rule of the Ottoman Turks in Egypt has been distinguished by a total absence of artistic effort, and the erections of their period only illustrate the gradual but sure deterioration which finally reached the level of the buildings of the present dynasty.

Nor is the Art of which the history can thus be traced for seven centuries interesting only for its continuity. On the contrary the Art of Cairo is, in the opinion of the best judges, the highest and purest expression of all that makes Saracenic Art the wonderful and enchanting thing it is. In the Cairo styles we have the beautiful outlines of Alhambra without the excessive and almost wearisome detail of the Moresque development. The mosques of Cairo form the "Early English" period of Saracenic architecture, while the monuments of the Moors in Spain may be called illustrations of the "Decorated" and "Perpendicular" periods. In Cairo we have the perfection of the style within the limits of simplicity; in Alhambra the simplicity is gone, and is replaced by a richness of colour and an elaboration of details which give a peculiar but distinct charm, more intense but less refined than that of the Cairene style. We cannot afford to neglect any development of Saracenic Art, which had its special and distinguishing features in each country that came under the influence of the conquering Saracens, and yet retained in each certain peculiar and distinctive characteristics common to every development; but if there is one branch that can be spared less than any other, it is the Art of the monuments of Cairo.

In spite of the importance of these monuments, both for their intrinsic beauty and on the score of their value in the history of Art, it is a lamentable fact that no group of works of Art has so grievously suffered at the hands of time and his allies, the tourist and the collector. "Guarded" is indeed an ironical epithet for Kahirah, for no city so sorely needs protection, and none has been so wantonly exposed to the outrages of travelled thieves. Every year brings some fresh addition to the list of monuments that have disappeared, and of details of ornament, mosaics, carvings, and all the delicate refinements of the Cairene architect, that have been torn down and carried off to Paris or New York, not to mention places nearer home. The fine collection of carvings and other objects of Saracenic Art, lately acquired by the South Kensington Museum from M. Victor de St. Maurice, is an instance in point. I do not for a moment intend to accuse the late Khedive's Master of the Horse of any illicit mode of acquiring the beautiful objects which I rejoice to see safely stored in the South Kensington Museum; but whoever first obtained these objects, before M. de St. Maurice purchased them, must in many cases have used questionable means in their acquisition. The bronze plates from mosque doors, the carved panels from pulpits, the rare mosaics from some rich dado or kibleh, seem only too probably to be the acquisitions of violence, the spoils of the bow and spear of the East—bakhsheesh—by which alone it became possible to tear them from their places in the sanctuaries of Islam.

Stories like this of destruction and vandalism are such ancient tales that I should not venture even to refer to the subject if I were not in a position to supplement it by an altogether novel feature, a strange and surprising phenomenon in Egypt, nothing less than the existence of well-considered and really operative measures for the preservation of the

monuments of Cairo. This seems so thoroughly preposterous a statement that I feel bound to substantiate it by a detailed examination of the work of the "Commission for the Preservation of the Monuments of Arab Art," to which this revolution is due. Before going further, however, it is necessary to say that although I am myself a member of the Commission I am no more to be credited with its merits than charged with its faults, since my own share in its labours have thus far been confined to accompanying a sub-committee on some of its tours of inspection, and even when I did this I was not a member of the Commission. I am therefore as free to judge of the work of the Commission without prejudice, as any one who is completely outside, while I have had special opportunities for forming such judgment. I think I can honestly say that the honour of belonging to the Commission does not in any way bias my opinion of its action.

The "Commission for the Preservation of the Monuments of Arab Art" was instituted by the Khedive's decree of 18th December, 1881, and its first meeting was held under the presidency of the Minister of "Wakfs," or Religious Trusts, in the following February. The duties of the Commission according to the decree are these:—

1. To draw up an inventory of the monuments that possess an artistic or historical value;
2. To watch over the maintenance and conservation of these monuments by advising the Minister of Wakfs what works should be executed, and pointing out the most urgent;
3. To examine and approve the proposals and plans for the repair of these monuments, and to see that they are strictly carried out;
4. To insure the preservation in the archives of the Ministry of Wakfs of the plans of all the works executed, and to indicate those fragments of monuments which, in the interests of their preservation, should be transferred to the National Museum of Arab Art.

With the view of carrying out this programme, the Commission appointed, or rather resolved itself into, two sub-committees, one of which was intrusted with the task of drawing up the inventory of monuments, the other with the duty of inspecting those which were indicated as in need of repair. The Commission was to sit once a month to hear the reports of these sub-committees and to approve and authorize the suggested repairs. As a matter of fact it did not sit again, after February, till the end of 1882, for excellent reasons, as any one may assure himself who considers the condition of Egypt during that eventful year. From December, 1882, to November, 1883, it sat seven times, from which it is clear that it does not strictly adhere to the excellent rules at first laid down for its guidance. This, however, is a trifling matter, as, so long as the sub-committees do their work efficiently, it does not signify how seldom the general Commission sits, provided it be sufficiently often for the recommendations of the sub-committees to be carried into effect. Moreover the architect of the Wakfs, Franz Bey, after Rogers Bey the chief worker on the Commission, was intrusted with discretionary powers to execute small repairs without direct sanction, and this enabled the work to go on during the intervals of repose which a Commission is compelled to take. Of the composition of the body, it is enough to say that it included such well-known lovers of Cairene art as Rogers Bey; M. J. Bourgoin, the author of "Les Arts Arabes;" Franz Bey, who contributed the section on Cairene Architecture to Baedeker's "Egypt," and whose position as architect to the Wakfs gives him a predominant influence in all things appertaining to mosques; M. Baudry, and the universally popular Tigrane Pasha and Yakúb Artin Pasha.

It will at once be hinted that Commissions are only a convenient method of shelving a subject, and that Egyptian Commissions are not likely to prove an exception to a rule that has been so frequently verified. My reply is found in the first report of the Commission which has recently been published, and the report of the "Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings," which can scarcely be accused of undue indulgence towards the failings of restorers, and is extremely unlikely to take an over-enthusiastic view of the work of any Commission for the preservation of any monuments; yet its report contains many expressions of complete satisfaction with the doings of the Commission, and sums up in these words:—

"We feel no hesitation in saying that all interested in the invaluable mediæval monuments and specimens of Arab Art in Egypt owe a debt of gratitude to the present Khedive, through whose enlightened care measures have at length been adopted for the efficient protection and preservation of what has been allowed to endure to the present day, for the benefit of the present and of future generations. We are happy also to be able to express our belief that in many, perhaps in most instances, the methods adopted for strengthening, supporting, or otherwise maintaining defective portions of buildings, are such as not only may be expected to prove effectual for the purpose, but are also in general conformity with the sound principles which the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings desires to propagate among the public of this and other countries."

The mode of operation adopted in the Commission is as follows: at the general sitting various suggestions are made by the different members as to certain monuments that have come under their notice as being in need of support or repair, and Franz Bey, who has the best opportunities, as architect to the Wakfs, of knowing what is really most in need of attention, brings forward a list of such monuments as he thinks most urgent; the Commission then authorises the second sub-committee to visit the monuments in question and to report on their condition and the best means to be taken for their preservation. This sub-committee is really the working part of the machinery, and the most active members of the Commission, whether or not they belong to the sub-committee, generally attend its tours of inspection. Saturday afternoons are supposed to be devoted to these inspections, but as there are only eight reports, referring to ten visits, and as there were fifty-two Saturdays in the year covered by the reports, it is clear that these visits of inspection do not take place once a month, still less once a week. It is easy to blame the sub-committee for want of punctuality, but it must be remembered that its members are for the most part busy men with official duties to attend to; that their work on the Commission is entirely honorary and can only be done in leisure moments; and that the climate of Cairo is not always favourable to drives in the dusty suburbs, where many of the most interesting mosques stand. Nevertheless, it is much to be wished that the visits of the sub-committee should be more regular and more frequent. It is not as though there were any dearth of material for their examination. Omitting late and unimportant buildings, there are at least five hundred monuments that require their inspection, and require it at once, for every year

plays fresh havoc with the fragile remains of Cairene Art. The reports from December, 1882, to December, 1883 (including Rogers Bey's * admirable report on the Tombs of the 'Abbásy Khalifs, which is not printed with the others), deal with little over thirty monuments, which gives an average of three for each inspection. At this rate it would take the Commission some twenty years to deal with the buildings of Cairo; and who knows where the Commission or the monuments may be in twenty years? There ought to be little difficulty in increasing the number of visits, and perhaps including, on an average, four or five monuments in the afternoon's work. If thirty Saturdays in the year were devoted to the inspections, leaving an interval for the hot season, and if five monuments were inspected at each visit, we should see the practical conclusion of the work in three or four years, though there would still be always plenty for the Commission to do.

The work done during the year 1882-3, though it might well have been more, is at least good and well-considered. The thirty monuments reported upon include some of the most important mosques in Cairo. Every lover of the "Mother of the World," as her citizens affectionately call her, will rejoice to hear that the noble court of the great mosque of Ibn-Túlún is to be cleared of the sheds and rubbish that have so long encumbered it, and that the unsightly partitions on the asylum side are to be demolished, when demolition is possible without injury to the arches which they deface. The ceilings are to be repaired and the carved inscriptions, which now hang in a ruinous state from the walls, are to be fastened in their places. Another famous monument which has been reported upon is the tomb-mosque of Barkúk in the Eastern Cemetery, which has been for some time in a dangerous condition, but has now by the care of the Commission been propped and strengthened in its weak places. The minarets, however, remain to be stayed, before the mosque can be said to be in a complete state of security. Several smaller mosques have been put into a better condition, such as that of Burdeyny, of Abu-l-'Olá at Búlák, and of Sheykh 'Aly el-Bekry; while the minaret or Mibkharah of the Tekiyeh El-Kádiríyeh, the Záwiyet el Mihmindár, the mosque of Sheykhú, and various other monuments, have been repaired and strengthened. Of the thirty monuments reported by the sub-committee as requiring attention, nine have been repaired, seven are in hand, and six are either under negotiation with tenants or the Ministry of Works, or have not been begun; while four were reported too late for the recommendations to be carried into effect before the printing of the *Procès-verbaux*. Franz Bey's account of work done (pp. xxvii.—xxx.) is on the whole very satisfactory; and his plans for protecting and strengthening the monuments of the Eastern Cemetery by walls of enclosure, iron tie-rods and supports, and other aids, and for a general cleaning of the interiors, which are choked with rubbish, are admirable; though we do not observe that he provides for the removal of the powder magazines from their dangerous situation in the mosques of Inál and Yúsuf. Surely gunpowder is an unnecessary luxury in Egypt after recent experiences of the firing qualities of the Egyptian army; and to blow up the group of mosques round Káit Bey in order to enable a whole wilderness of fellaheen to imperil the lives of their officers would indeed be a ruthless sacrifice.

* Since this was written the lamentable news has come from Cairo of the death of this distinguished scholar. A brief notice has been given of him in this Journal; but I must here record my dismay, as a member of the Commission, at the loss of our leader and counsellor, and my personal sorrow, as a friend, at the early death of a man of singular talent and many generous and kindly qualities.—S. L. P.

The *Procès-verbaux* thus shows that the reports are being acted upon as funds and time permit; and I can bear personal testimony to the minute care with which the official inspections are made, and also to the fact that they are often very promptly carried into effect. I was invited to join two of these tours of inspection, on February 24th, and March 3rd, 1883. On the former occasion we visited seven monuments before nightfall, none of the highest class, but all of some degree of interest as records of the history of Art in Cairo. I found the sub-committee scrupulously alive to the smallest indication of artistic or historical value in the most inconsiderable monuments, and even a late and insignificant záwiyeh of the Turkish period was treated with respect. Of the seven monuments, one alone was condemned, and that was a small mosque which consisted of nothing but ruined walls fallen to within fifteen feet of the ground, and enclosing heaps of rubbish. The walls were ordered to be closed with a locked gate, and any specimens of mosaic, etc., that might be found among the debris was to be removed to the Museum of Arab Art. In another case a wall was sinking, and a buttress was ordered to be built to support it without altering a single stone of the building. Similar steps were proposed for the other buildings. A few days afterwards I had an opportunity of seeing that some of the recommendations of the sub-committee had already been put into effect, and the reports now before me show that all have either been done or are in process of accomplishment.

Thus both the report of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the official statements of the Commission, and the personal experience of an onlooker, show that the Commission is really doing an excellent work, not as fast as it might, but still honestly and efficiently; that the suggestions of the visiting sub-committee are not simply waste paper as was at first anticipated; and that the repairs are carried out with proper respect to the monuments. And this has been effected in the face of considerable difficulties. In the first place the Commission begins its work at least a century too late. The mosques and private buildings of Cairo have too long been neglected for perfect restoration to be possible. The materials of which they are built are too often perishable stucco and wood, and they needed constant and watchful care for the last century or two to keep them in anything like their pristine perfection. The Commission recognises this fact, and wisely abstains from any thought of restoration (with, perhaps, one or two regrettable exceptions) and confines its efforts to the quite sufficiently difficult task of preservation. If it can maintain the mosques of Cairo in their present condition, it will have succeeded in an almost superhuman achievement. But it must expect to be always patching and mending, for the monuments are too far gone to stand long without attention. Constant care and nursing is the only prescription for the invalid monuments of Cairo. It is a long and troublesome case, but it is worth all the pains expended upon it. To preserve as long as possible what remains to us of the Art of the Egyptian Saracens is a work in which any one may be proud to take part.

Another serious difficulty that the Commission has had to encounter is the opposition of the Cairene Board of Works. Ever since Ismail Pasha instilled into the Egyptian official mind the love of straight lines, the one aim of the officials who correspond to our Board of Works has been to make every street in Cairo as straight as the surveyor's line can make it; and if it should happen that a noble monument of

Art projects ever so little into the frontage, they endeavour to get it pulled down. One of the first notices in these reports relates to the Báb Zuweyleh, one of the most interesting monuments in Cairo. Some stones had fallen into the street, and the Ministry of Works immediately recommended the demolition of this magnificent archway. The Commission interposed, and an examination of the gate showed that it was in a perfectly safe state, and that the stones in question fell from some tenements that had obtruded themselves upon the top of the gate, and not from the noble arch itself. These are therefore to be removed, and, thanks to the action of the Commission, the Báb Zuweyleh will still form one of the most picturesque sights in Cairo. The actual removal of the superincumbent tenements has not, I believe, taken place yet, owing to the fact, stated in the *Procès-verbaux*, that the letter from the Minister of Wakfs to the Minister of Works, who alone has power to carry out the decision in a non-religious building, has remained unanswered for a whole year.

Another example of the ideas that governed the Department of Works before the advent of Colonel Scott Moncrieff is found in the Minister 'Aly Pasha Mubárak's proposal that the sebíl or fountain close to the Báb Zuweyleh should be removed to give more room for the carriage way—as if carriages had any business in Cairo. The Commission replied with much sense that it was not appointed to destroy but to preserve monuments, and the sebíl in question had already been signalised by its visiting sub-committee as a valuable historical monument. But the climax was reached when the Prefecture of Police wrote to demand the demolition of twelve buildings which were considered dangerous to the public safety, and included in his list of proscription the Mosque of the Sultan El-Ashraf, the Mosque of Barkúk, some halls of Kait Bey, and other monuments of priceless value in the Eastern Cemetery. The demand to knock down Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London, in order to cut a new railway, would not be more monstrous. "La demande de la Préfecture n'a pu être acceptée," records the *procès-verbal*, "et les monuments en question sont actuellement en cours de reparation ou d'étayage provisoire."

Instances like this show that it is essential that the Commission be armed with full powers to protect even monuments that do not come within their special province, the possessions of the Wakfs. Sometimes a neighbouring shop or private house is as important as a mosque, either for its own artistic merits, or because the mosque depends upon it for support. The Commission must have power to prevent any demolitions that can in any way affect the monuments, and they must also exercise some influence over private houses. The domestic architecture of Cairo is only less important than the mosques; but as far as these reports go, there seem to have been only two houses, or rather palaces, that of Zeyneb Khánum and that of the Emir Táz, that have been inspected, though several encroachments upon mosque property by private persons have been successfully resisted, and portions of mosques that had been diverted to private uses have been reclaimed. Every year sees some more or less valuable part of the decoration or woodwork of private houses torn down and carried away, and it is of the first importance to maintain whatever does remain in as perfect a state as possible. Would it not be feasible to buy up such private mansions as are left from the Memlúk times—they are unhappily very few, and probably very cheap—and keep them unoccupied, or use them for the collections of the Arab Museum? At all events, two or three typical palaces of the old style should be purchased and preserved as records of a branch of Saracenic Art that is rapidly disappearing before the plate glass and French windows of the modern bricklayer. And some powers should be given to the Commission to check the demolition of houses by their ignorant owners, and to discourage the reckless dismemberment of beautiful rooms and courtyards to gratify the insatiable craving for bakhsheesh. Except for exhibition in public museums, no specimens of Cairene Art ought to be allowed to leave the country, and a special order ought to be required before any one could sell or buy such objects.

There are several other considerations that are suggested by the reading of the reports of the Commission, such as the proposal to found a school of Arab—I wish they would give it the less confusing name of Saracenic—design, in connection with the Museum at Cairo, which was approved by the Commission; the organization of an efficient body of mosque-guards, to replace the present venal set of Bowwábs; and the scheme which has been mooted of converting the Commission into a Ministry of Fine Art, in connection with M. Maspero and his colleagues, and paying the extra charges by the levying of fixed fees on all visitors to the mosques. But one point I wish especially to press, and this is a more complete survey and description of the monuments. It seems a pity that the Commission, with its unrivalled opportunities for studying the mosques and other buildings, should confine its records to a bare inventory. Why should they not draw up careful descriptions, with measurements, plans, drawings in colour, and photographs, of each monument as they examine and report upon it? The photographing, at least, would not add much to their labour, and the addition of one or two paid artists would soon produce a record of the monuments which would prove of incalculable value to students, and might be published in parts from time to time, as a sufficient number of monuments were completed. I believe that Rogers Bey and Franz Bey were lately engaged upon a careful description, with historical notes, of the principal mosques: why should not this work form part of the labours of the Commission? Such a work must be done before long, before the monuments have faded and crumbled further; and it must, above all things, be profusely illustrated. If it were merely a question of funds, I believe there are enough lovers of the art in England to support the expense of employing the necessary artists and surveyors. It would be a fitting crown to the labours of a Commission which is for the first time devoting to the monuments of Cairo the reverential care that they deserve. The French Commission of Savants, at the beginning of this century, ended their researches by the publication of the immortal "Description de l'Egypte:" why should not the Commission for the Preservation of the Monuments of Cairo cover themselves with a like glory by an English "Description of Cairo?"

STANLEY LANE-POOLE,
Honorary Member of the Commission.

DELFT.



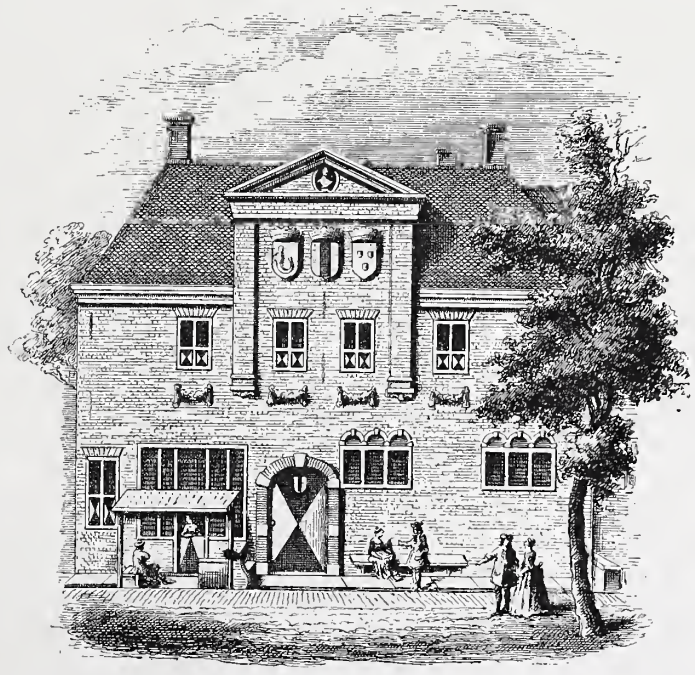
No. 1.—Apprentices' Trial Pieces.

THE ancient town of Delft is situated between the Hague and Rotterdam, and few names are better known, especially to the collectors of pottery.

In the sixteenth century Delft was celebrated throughout Europe for its exeellent beer, which was attributed in a great degree to the quality of the water. There were nearly three hundred breweries along the sides of the canal; all these were destroyed in the great fire which devastated the town in 1536; but owing to the consideration shown to them by Charles V., in relieving the brewers from all taxes on the materials they employed, for twenty years, they were quickly reinstated, and in fifty years the trade became more flourishing than ever. The opulence of the brewers of Delft was proverbial.

It was destined, however, to give way to an industry of a more artistic character, but how the change was effected must remain a mystery. The brewers, with the trades in connection, such as coopers, boatmen, etc., numbered more than one-third of the entire population. In the commencement of the seventeenth century the celebrated breweries of Delft were gradually discontinued, and by 1640 they had all closed one after the other.

Bleswick ("Beschryvinge der Stadt Delft, etc." Delft, 1677) styles the Delft ware *Delfsche porceleyn*, by which term it was always known, being the nearest approach to the Oriental or true porcelain made at the time he wrote, and usually imitating the Japanese designs. The intercourse with Japan was carried on solely by the Dutch vessels which constantly arrived from Decima to the East India Company's depôt at Delft, the cargoes being largely supplemented by quantities of Japanese wares; from thence they were dispersed throughout Europe. The cities of Delft and Rotterdam each contributed a sixth of the capital of this celebrated Company. The brilliant actions of the Dutch mariners have been extolled by many writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The exploits of one of their vessels, called "The Devil of Delft," are mentioned by Dudley Carleton; this vessel engaged and captured a vast amount of treasure from the Spanish galleons. "Les Delices de Pays-bas, 1679," relates that Admiral Piet Hein, a native of Delft, captured in one year "Sept millions, deux cent mille livres, d'argent; trois millions, six cent mille livres, de marchandises; quatre millions en canons et autre equipages. Cette année là, les associés de la Compagnie reçurent cinq cents pour cent de leur mise, et encore n'eurent-ils que la moitié des tresors capturés."



No. 2.—The Gildhouse of St. Luc, Delft.

It is to the end of the sixteenth century that the first attempts to make fayence can be traced, and in the commencement of the seventeenth century it assumed a commercial aspect. Hence the origin of Delft fayence may be fixed about 1600. Bleswick says:—"C'est à l'epoque où les brasseries si renommés de Delft declinèrent et disparurent, que les faienceries commencèrent à fleurir."

This brings us to the consideration of the origin of the manufacture of fayence at Delft. All the books which treat of the industries of the Netherlands are silent as to the fayence of Delft before 1650, and it is not until 1667 that Bleswick mentions it, and he evidently considered it of small importance, for out of nine hundred pages he only devotes to it about fourteen lines. The "Delices des Pay Bas," in 1678, is also silent as to the importance of this manufacture.

M. Havard, "Histoire de la Fayence de Delft," to whom we are indebted for the most complete history yet written, and whose instructive and beautifully illustrated work is now before us, has thrown considerable light upon its hitherto obscure origin, and by his perseverance has furnished us with a biography of all the ceramists of Delft. He has, moreover, corrected many errors and exaggerations which have been advanced without due consideration or authority, and which rest entirely on the crude and imaginative remarks of persons unqualified to reason with discretion or prudence, yet arbitrary and partial in the highest degree.

M. Havard refutes the absurd pretensions and gross errors of an author who endeavours to assign to the fifteenth century the introduction of fayence into Delft. The proofs M. Demmin adduces ("Guide de l'amateur de Faience, &c.,") are two pieces of Delft fayence: one represents a horse fully caparisoned and saddled, painted in colours; on this he finds the letters I.H.F. and under them the number 1480,

which he mistakes for a date, for there is nothing in the piece indicating an earlier period than the eighteenth century, and the Arabic numerals which he erroneously imagines were used in the fifteenth century are merely the ordinal number of a fabrique called "The Fortune," I.H.F. signifying *In het Fortuyn*, where the practice was to mark their pieces in that way. A mark of the same fabrique has the number 1185; according to this method of reasoning he might have fixed it at the twelfth century.

Great exaggerations have been made by authors as regards the population of Delft; it was for a century and a half the most important manufacturing town in Europe. In the year 1680, when at its greatest prosperity, the population did not exceed 24,000, and the number of persons employed in the fayence fabriques were not more than 1,500 or 2,000 at most, and the number of fabriques did not exceed thirty. In 1659 and 1764 the official documents in the archives only mention 23. In 1780 they were reduced to half that number, and in 1794 to ten. In 1808 there were only eight: the Lampetkan, the Porceleyne Fles, Bloempot, Klaauw, the Greekse A, Drie



No. 3.—The Hague Gateway, Delft. From a Delft Plate.

Klokken and the Roos; by degrees these also disappeared, the Lampetkan in 1810, the Bloempot in 1816, the Greekse A, and the others a few years later.

We may here also allude to the erroneous statements of prices paid to decorators of fayence. M. Havard says:—"Every body has read the gross exaggerations of the prices paid to these clever artists. It will be seen by the following document, it was by *sous* and not *florins* that the decoration of various objects was computed, and in the same ratio we need not be surprised at the low prices named in their tarif. A very fine polychrome bottle belonging to M. Fetis of Brussels, is inscribed "G. N. H. 7.st.:" this, which at the present day would realise perhaps as many pounds, was actually sold for seven stivers, that is seven Dutch sous, equal to fourteen sous of the present day. An order is quoted, from a dealer at Tournay to Zacharias Dextra, of the *Drie Astonnen*, in 1758, whose fine works are well known, thus:—for decorated pieces the prices were as follows per dozen.

	sols.
6 douzaines de grand plate fon bleu at en couleur des nouveaux dessains à	50
6 douzaines dito moien plat bleu et en coulour à .	40
2 douzaines Salladier a cartiez den bleux à . . .	50
2 douzaines Salladier a cartiez den bleux à . . .	34
100 douzaines de tasse à caffée bleux est en couleur rouge	8

In an early register preserved at Delft, the only person whose name appears as *plateelbacker* (master potter), is an entry on the 1st September, 1584, of the marriage of Herman Pietersz, fayence maker, widower, born at Haarlem, with Anna Cornelisz. He had doubtless learned his trade at Haarlem, where many potters then resided, making a coarse description of pottery, so indeed was all that was made in the sixteenth century, viz.—a red ware covered with lead glaze. The true Delft fayence of yellow biscuit, with stanniferous enamel, which constitutes real Delft, was not known until the seventeenth century.

The source from which M. Havard derives his information as to the names of the *plateelbackers*, or master potters, who had passed their examination and received a diploma, is from the *Meesterboek* of the Gild of St. Luc, in which their names are enrolled. It forms two volumes and was recently discovered in the Royal Library at the Hague, and contains entries from 1611 to 1715. In addition to this there is a list of marks deposited in 1680, by a decree of the Magistrates of Delft; a list of master potters made in 1759; and a Register of potters' marks deposited in 1764, all of which are in the Archives at Delft. Our diligent author, M. Havard, has also searched the Registers of Births and Marriages in Delft, from 1575 to 1808, contained in more than 150 volumes, to complete his Biography of all the Ceramists of Delft.

This *Meesterboek* of St. Luc commenced in 1613, and the first eight names mentioned are:—1st. Herman Pietersz, 2nd Pauwels Bouseth, 3rd Cornelis Rochus Van der Hoek, 4th Egbert Huygens, 5th Michiel Noutsz, 6th Thomas Jansz, 7th Abraham Davitsz, and 8th Symon Thonisz.

It was doubtless between 1596 and 1611, the epoch in which the Gild of St. Luc was founded, that the origin of the fayence of Delft may be traced, and that Herman Pietersz was the great promoter of it.

In the *Recueil Delft* no mention is made of *Plateelbackers*. In 1596 there is a list of all the professions allowed and exercised within the walls of Delft, but in that, no mention is made of makers of fayence. The *Meesterboek* of St. Luc must therefore be our starting point of information.

The Gild of St. Luc consisted of eight bodies of artists and workmen grouped together in rather a heterogeneous manner;—1. Painters of every kind, whether in oil or water, pencil, or otherwise; no distinction apparently is made between the artist and the whitewasher or house painter; 2. The painters and engravers upon glass, glass makers and glaziers; 3. The fayence makers, and painters upon fayence; 4. Upholsterers and makers of tapestry; 5. Sculptors in wood, stone, and all other substances; 6. Sheath or case makers, who at this time were real artists; 7. Art printers, and librarians; and lastly 8. Dealers in paintings and engravings. All the trades which involved the arts of design were here represented.

The Gild had absolute power over every article produced by these trades; no person could execute, or cause to be executed, any object appertaining to them, without the authority of the Syndics, and every infraction of their rules was visited by a fine of ten florins, and forfeiture of the object

executed. Any unauthorised person attempting to work at any of these trades, even putting in a pane of glass, for instance, was subject to a fine of twelve florins and confiscation. Nobody could sell a painting, a glass, or a piece of fayence, without being a member of the corporation. Before becoming a master potter every person had to serve an apprenticeship of six years, and at the end of every two years the contract had to be renewed until the full term was completed, which involved a fresh payment; this course being accomplished, the apprentice had to submit proofs of his capability, in order to pass his examination. In fayence the painter, *plateel schilder*, and the thrower, *plateel drayer*, were required, before obtaining their diplomas, the former to decorate a dozen large dishes, and a fruit dish, entirely covered with ornament; the latter to throw upon the wheel an ewer (sirooppot, see Illustration No. 1) a salad bowl, and a salt-cellar with a hollow foot out of a single piece of clay, in the presence of two deacons of the craft, and was locked up in a room while at work; then both thrower and painter had to form and paint a pile of thirty small plates; if not approved, they had to serve a year and six weeks longer, before they could again offer themselves for election. The *droits de Maitrise* were heavy for the period: for a native of Delft 6 florins, for a stranger 12 florins, for the son of a potter 3 florins. M. Havard relates that Jan Van der Meer and Pieter de Hooch, the two celebrated painters of the Dutch school, not being able to pay the charge, were forced to solicit the indulgence of the Burgomaster, and pay by instalments, their friends becoming surety.

There were several good points in the management of the Gild. A school of design was established, which all the apprentices were obliged to frequent, and annual meetings for the distribution of prizes to the most efficient. As early as the middle of the seventeenth century, each trade raised a fund for mutual help to the sick and needy, and almshouses for those incapable of work.

In 1764 an edict was issued, compelling all master potters to send into the Gild of St. Luc a description of their sign, with the mark they were accustomed to place upon their wares, and prohibiting any persons, under a fine of six hundred florins, from counterfeiting the marks of other potters. These were entered in a register which is still preserved, and this was until recently the only official document known relating to the history of the *Plateel backers* of Delft, except a short list of marks sent by some potters in 1680 to protect themselves against counterfeits.

Scarcely any of the most talented ceramists who took the lead in this movement were natives of Delft; neither Aelbrecht de Keizer, who was the first syndic of the trade, nor Abraham de Kooge, nor Frytom, nor Fictoors, nor Kleynoven, were natives. Among the families which form a sort of dynasty of potters, there are not more than five or six of Delft origin, the Mesch, De Milde, Kam, Brouwer, and one or two others. The two Cleffius' were from Amsterdam; the Hoppestein, the Eenhoorn, and the Pynacker families did not belong to Delft, and in becoming master potters were obliged to acquire the right of citizenship; and, in 1680, of the seven potters who deposited their marks to protect themselves from counterfeits, only two were natives of Delft.

There is a difficulty in tracing the genealogy of many of the potters. M. Havard says:—"In those times, indeed, the workmen, the labourers, and others of low condition, were not accustomed to retain their family name distinct; they restricted themselves, according to the custom in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to making their Christian names precede that of their father." Thus, in the case of Herman Pietersz, founder or promoter of the Gild of St. Luc, in 1611, Herman being the son of Peter was called Herman Pieterszoon, or Pietersz by abbreviation. The son of Herman, christened Gerrit, was styled Gerrit Hermansz; and his children, Herman and Annetje, were styled, for the same reason, Herman Gerritszoon and Annetje Gerritsdochter; that is, the son or daughter of Gerrit, and by abbreviation, Herman and Annetje Gerritsz. But if good fortune arrived, or there was some motive for distinguishing themselves from the common, they adopted a surname, which was chosen from their profession, or from physical or moral qualities, a colour, a talent; or they appended to their prenomen the place of their birth, or their property. In looking over the *Meesterboek*, out of the thirty names which first occur, we shall scarcely find six which are anything else than direct patronymic indications. In artistic professions, on the other hand, the surname was generally used; so that in the registers of St. Luc, the names of painters, librarians, glass and tapestry makers, have a sort of aristocratic appearance, while the modest potters seem to be disinherited.

In the middle of the seventeenth century all this was changed. The trade had increased and their prosperity was at its height; Delft fayence became celebrated and orders were received from all countries. It was then that the master potters became great and influential, and took upon themselves some distinctive surname. Thus Jacob Wemmertsz added the high-sounding name of Hoppestein; Pieter Jansz styled himself Van Kessel, Jacob Jacobszoon became Dukerton, and so on of twenty others. Some sonorous appellation was chosen when fortune or reputation made them distinguished. In 1650, when Quiering Aldersz married and was elected master potter, he was content to use that name alone, but when he became Syndic in 1659, he was transformed into M. Van Kleynoven.

WILLIAM CHAFFERS.

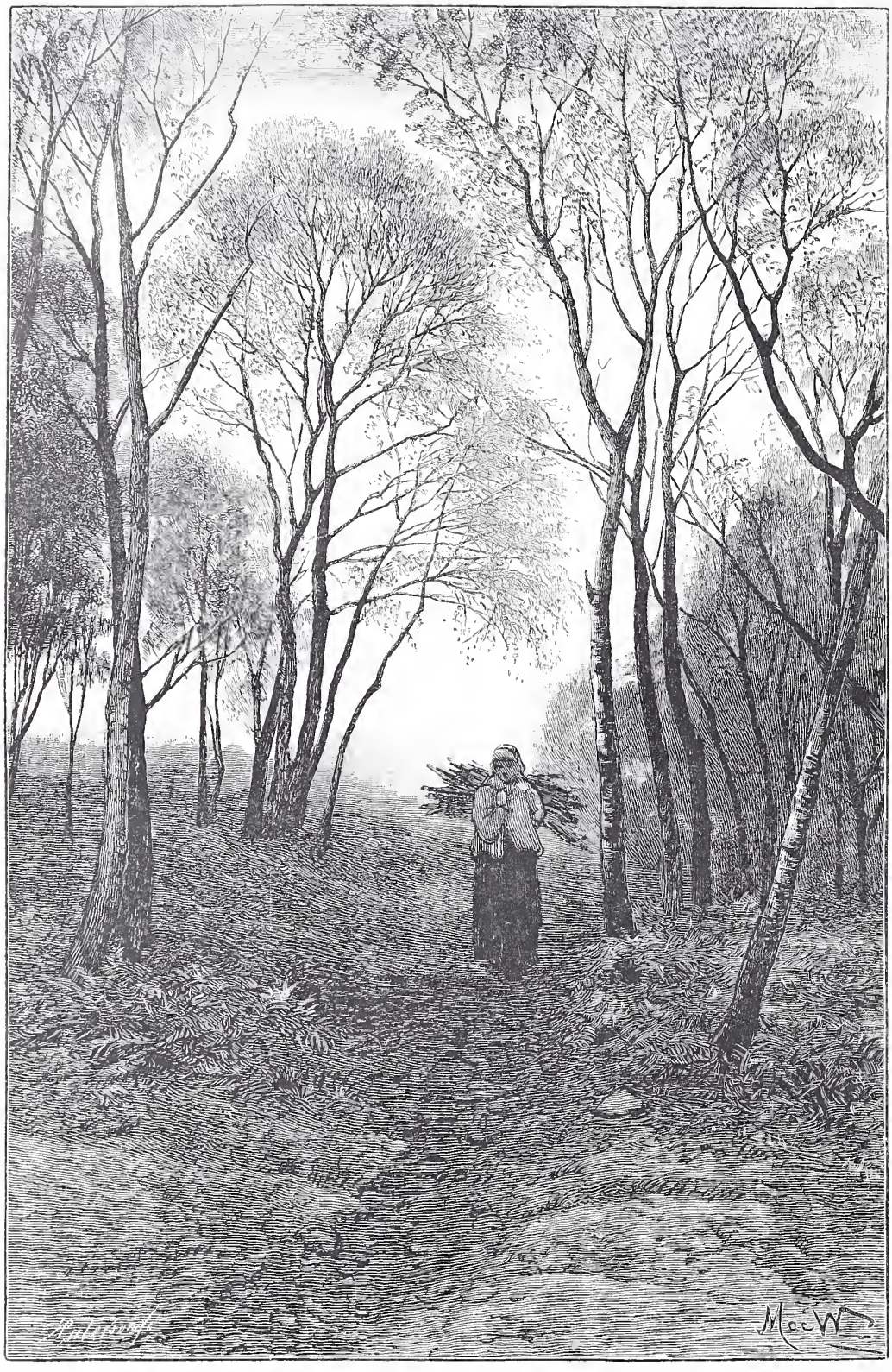
(*To be continued.*)

'SHADOWS OF THE SILVER BIRK.'

BY J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A.

THE art of the painter would be superfluous if it were possible for the mind to exhaust, or the pen to interpret, every thought called to life by his brush. Allowing ourselves to give to a much-abused word its correct signification, we may explain shortly and well at once the fact of the difference and the inter-dependence of painting and poetry. A painting prevents the imagination; it incites contemplation. A poem, on the other hand, arrests contemplation, whilst it liberates and incites the imagination. A picture, happily for Art, is not yet understood to be a puzzle, admitting only of one solution,

"adjudged correct." Rather it is a meeting-point and a resting-place for quiet and unquiet minds. How different, in different men, are the feelings awakened by such a scene as this. A homely woman, faggot-laden, turns to her rest. How familiar to one, how strange to another.



"Shadows of the Silver Birk." By J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

Town-wearied, perhaps, we lie there in the bracken. Overhead, in the darkening trees, is the faintest murmur. Old memories and new desires, homeless this long while, find quiet resting in the mind. In our ears are the great words of Aurelius, "Thou seest how few the things are, the which, if a man lays hold of, he is able to live a life which flows in quiet, and is like the existence of the gods." The plodding figure is seen but as a part of a perfect whole; it is comprehended in the vision, but not distinguished nor understood. For once we are at Wordsworth's height—

> "Nature is silent as a resting wheel."

It is but a passing mood—a moment, and we feel with Touchstone, "In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life." A sudden vision is obtruded of that great city Babylon. What social opportunities are we squandering here? of public dinners and speeches, of private theatricals and private "views," of fancy dress balls and flirtation? We are stiff in the knees as we rise; "in respect that it is not in the court, it is tedious," we say with decision. Our thought, after all, was rather of town's disquiet than of this present peace. The world is too much with us: we are rusticated, but not rural.

* * * *

Let us look at our picture again. At the skirt of a birch wood; it is evening. Our thoughts go quicker than those slow steps. A short walk, by a pleasant path, and we are in the home. For Art, no less than Nature, demands that there, through the trees, should be home. How happy the theme!

Yet is there some outcast—an Ishmael—stranger to home, to whom such a picture, by its fulness of peace, brings stinging reproaches and bitter tears. Still sadder, some woman—a Hagar—may look, and remember a day when she passed the low portal for ever, and wandered nowhither, away from the homestead, away from the sun, till pitying "hands unseen" hung night around her in the birchen glade.

THE APPREHENSION OF PICTURES.

IT is unfortunate for the painter's art, that those who should best be able to speak and write about it want the time, or the power, or the will, to do so. Their time, they know, is better spent with the brush than with the pen, for their power is in the first and not in the second; and that their silence is wise on the whole is clear enough. But with what interest should we read what they might tell us if they would. A very few have written, and from their success we may infer that a far larger number want nothing to enable them also to write about their art, except the will. Why they should not have the will is not obvious, perhaps, but seems to the writer to be due to a certain rational or instinctive feeling that talk about their art is bad for it, that explanation of the mechanism of painting is harmful to the painter's best purpose, which is to produce by artificial means the same movements in the mind of the beholder as those which are inspired by the spectacle of which the picture is a replacement.

Art knowledge would be good for all if it did not interfere with this purpose; nor does it, where it consists in acquaintance with pictures and the retention of them in the memory. But to become further acquainted with the technical side of painting, necessary as it must be to such as wish themselves to paint, is a serious injury in all cases to the faculty for the enjoyment of pictures. The mind is called off from effects to efficient causes; the viewer becomes critical instead of receptive, flies to discussion instead of absorbing, and, like the man who could not see the wood for the trees, he cannot see the picture for the paint.

The Apprehension of Pictures which we feel to be present in the minds of children and uneducated persons, however dim and slender in degree, is, for all that, of the right kind.

These are the simple folk who, in the theatres, amuse and surprise with their shuddering and weeping, him whom education has hardened into a critic; proceeding, finally, to his astonishment, to pay the finest possible compliment to the actor of the villain's part in the play, by greeting him with a storm of hisses when he comes before the curtain for applause.

This impressibility has nothing to do with stupidity. The stupid are not impressible. It prevails among children and the uneducated, not because they are such, but because they are not critics. It is a force rather than a feebleness of the mind, and should by all means be fostered, and not crushed out. And, indeed, it would grow proportionately with the growth of our wits, if we were not studious to get rid of it, and to get credit for cunning rather than for feeling. The mind will be the more impressible, that is, sensitive to pressure or touch, when it has more nerves brought into working order, or, what is the same thing, a larger bundle of ideas.

It is this impressibility which gives to pictures their right hold upon us. It exists in larger measure the more we extend our acquaintance with the things which are summoned by them to the imagination of the beholder. The mind which is stored with reminiscences from life and from literature, the mind which muses of men and manners, of wanderings by land and sea, in wild places or cities, of joys and sorrows, of all the delights of sense, of the endless things of which life is made up, this mind it is to which the picture speaks, and not to one saturated with the gossip of connoisseurs and Art critics.

The true kind of impressibility, rudimentary in the young or simpler sort, perfected in the maturity of the highest natures, where influences have not been inclement, may belong in fair proportion to each grade of the scale between these extremes. It cannot be imparted suddenly or by "cram," so to speak, where it is wanting, unless the whole man could be smelted down, like the lead that he resembles, and converted by alchemy into a nobler metal. To make a connoisseur or critic that may pass with many for genuine, who can talk in a safe way about *chiaroscuro*, or *breadth*, or *impasto*, or what not, is a trifling feat. To make a man see a picture is impossible. Words then have little weight except to misdirect, and the painter does not love them. He minds his business, and trusts his work to speak for itself, when he can at last get it to articulate anything. He penetrates farther and farther into the things that he must know if he will ever be partly able to display to a very few, how he stands affected by these or those visible things. And it is as the breath of his life to find by meeting with favour that others are affected alike.

Where this unison of feeling between the painter and the beholder of his picture is a reality of the heart, and not a fiction of the lips, what need is there of words? The sources of perception, or those at least which touch the painter's theme, are already common to both. Their feelings are coincident; a harmony has been struck; and that concord which words, howsoever fitly spoken, only seem to bring about, is already wrought. No dictation or "coaching" on the part of the painter, or of any of his upholders, has ever placed between souls this true sympathy. It subsists between minds that have been bred alike; which have had like experiences, reflections, reveries; and which, mutually unknown otherwise, discern through some common language their friendly approach to one another. The language which the painter uses has for its elements, forms and colours, lights and shadows. With these he makes, it is true, but the imitations of ideas of visible things. But in the language of words, still less is possible in the dealing with such ideas; for epithets and predicates can imitate nothing, being but tokens or counters for ideas; varying, furthermore, in value as often as they are used; and, worse still, varying on each occasion without the knowledge of those who exchange them. But while on the one hand the painter speaks more vividly through his materials than in written language to minds predisposed to grasp his meaning, it must be confessed that such close mental correspondence is rare, where the painter's work has its birth otherwise than in the tritest and shallowest impulses.

It is certain, besides, that the same picture may operate differently, though still happily, on different minds, just as the same aspects of the phenomenal world fall with different or

even opposite effects on each of us. In such cases the painter and he who views the picture, though too different in temperament to experience like feelings from the same theme, are in such relationship to each other that there need be no quarrel. Or again, the painter need not feel aggrieved if his picture presents itself more fully to some beholders than it, or what it portrays, ever did or could present itself to his own mind; wherein nothing was active except a wish to imitate and make a living thereby; for it is not every one who can paint a yellow primrose, that can also make it a point of departure for a higher train of thought, which a Wordsworth might do, though unable to paint its likeness. A Gerard Dow, out of simple love of making perfect mimicry, may spend several whole days over a broomstick, while a Jonathan Swift will moralise curiously over the same homely bit of timber.

A painter, in a word, may produce work with more in it than he knows; but with this limitation, namely, that he must be strictly guided from without, and paint what has composed itself, imitating honestly what he has taken for his pattern; for thus, when he copies faithfully what lies in common for all to see, his pictures, alike with those objects of which it is a replacement, may affect other minds in ways wherein his own remains insensible.

A picture is a transcript from an *idea* or semblance of something in the painter's mind; procured by the sight of his eyes with the aid of memory, and the power to select and combine. It is a transcript from something in nature, that is for the painter the total of phenomena; it is selected from actual, or possible, or conceivable appearances. No picture should be spoken of contemptuously as a "mere transcript," for it cannot be anything higher. And the more nearly he applies himself to nature the truer will be his ideas.

We have here for a moment glanced at what may be labelled the "mere transcript" fallacy. It seems important to point it out, for it is much in vogue at present among sciolists, and tends to rally opinions against what is by far the most healthy and promising branch of modern painting. A branch unclassified by name, though there are only too numerous classifications already made out for painters; but it may be thus described. It is the branch of painting which stands somewhat in the same relation to the rest of the art as genius to scholarship; as originality to authority; as ocular proof to hearsay; as Radical to Tory; as hope to memory; as enthusiasm to formality; as sceptism to faith; as eclectic to gregarious opinion; as eccentricity to fashion; as restlessness to acquiescence. It is the very essence of this branch that it makes no school, but belongs to men who work each from his own direct perception, and are so far from being associated as to have any kind or degree of hostilities possible among themselves. The one thing common to them all is *vivida vis animi*, keenness of intuition. Over each his own fancy is supreme. To each his own perceptions are his only law. There are among them painters of great things, and of the infinitely little; and no subjects are without some transcriber. The department of landscape has in our time mainly fallen into the hands of such men; for it is a fine field for direct perceptions, because from its comparative novelty it is easy to turn up fresh truths; nor is there any discouraging comparison with old painters to be faced except with a smile. But as a set-off against the pleasure to the painter in first-hand work must be counted the immense unfitness as yet of the many to be grateful for it. His new investigations are disregarded or scouted. When at last they have struggled into use and grown in time into faded commonplaces, recognition feebly sets in; and the followers, not the leader, get the praise and reward.

We shall consider further the causes for the failure of the painter's hopes.

It is but to be expected that those pictures should be most attractive to the greatest number which are comprehensible to the simplest; pictures demanding for their appreciation only such faculties as all possess; familiar objects painted with exhaustive finish so as to seem very close, and of this class especially those into which what is called "the human interest" enters.

The word "human" is *objective*, as grammarians call it. But were it used *subjectively*, that is, so as to mean the interest which human beings feel, those pictures which contain human figures would not be supposed to contain this interest exclusively. To confine the phrase to the interest which we feel in the sight of our species, is really to exclude that interest which is peculiarly and distinctively human (when we contrast ourselves with the lower animals), viz., the interest in things outside and beyond our own kind.

It thus works adversely to the motives of the pure landscape painter. For misused as shown above, the phrase helps to sustain the old notion that landscape painting is somehow of inferior dignity to figure painting, precisely as the tree or rock is inferior to the man. The painter displays a picture full of human interest in the nobler sense. His critic says it should have a human figure or two put in to give it human interest. The painter feels that to do so would be to reduce the whole range of the picture, by calling the mind away from a potentiality for any thought, to limit it to the *particular* thought created by an obtrusive figure. By the addition of the figure the picture contains, it may be, an added evidence of technical skill; and further it may have gained in beauty; but it has lost something of its power, if it no longer seems to accompany the wanderings of the mind like music, but fixes it instead to a single contemplation which grows stale directly.

The scribbled or blotted look which is often noticeable in the figures introduced into landscape, seems to the writer to be a more or less intentional device of the painter to repel the direct regard of the eye; the ill-drawn figure looking faultless when seen ever so little outside the direct line of sight, if only it has the colouring and illumination that belong to its distance and situation.

The law of demand and supply has full sway in the production of pictures; and as would be true of this law in other things, the taste of majorities receives a proportionately larger supply than that of minorities. The majority want what they mean by the human interest; and the painters who feel their own peculiar promptings outside this kind of interest must give way or sell nothing. They are discouraged from painting representations of things which people walk by without noticing. The commonplace with the popular human interest in it is acceptable enough. But in respect to inanimate nature most men are interested only in curious or outlandish or episodical sights in pictures as in the realities around them, and do not care to see things represented except they would stop to look at and have to tell about afterwards. The most common (*i.e.* universal) sensibilities, then, are those which enter with pleasure into representations of human faces and figures engaged in some exciting performance, serious or jocose. The demand for these pictures is by far the largest. They are almost the

only kind from which large engravings are made, which is just because they alone are sought for enough to make a profit for the publisher. For one man who will hang on his wall a picture of a nook in a forest there are a hundred who will hang a cock-fight or a little Redridinghood.

In figure pictures there is an ascending scale, the difficulty of apprehension increasing; the number of the qualified proportionately decreasing.

The kind called genre pictures, genera-types, can be read at once. The figures explain themselves. They are engaged in some part of the routine of life; eating and drinking, buying and selling, wooing, flirting, fighting, gambling, begging, or loafing. When pictures of such groups are painted with skill and truthfulness, as they were by the seventeenth century Dutchmen, none can escape their fascination, which grows greater and greater to the cultivated as the progress of time adds to them an antiquarian interest. When, however, they are new, and the aspect and occupations of the persons represented are taken from the familiar scenes of the current time, they yield a larger and more unperplexed pleasure to the greatest number than all the rest of painters' themes united.

An increased demand upon the intellect of the beholder is made when bygone folk and their ways are depicted as in antique genre; and still a little more, when, the generic becoming special, not typical but particular scenes are given, and the kind called historical is reached.

Beyond this mark in our ascending scale, many more will pass out of their depth, and must pause and return to the shallows of genre if they wish to be happy and safe.

With classical and allegorical representations the depth increases, to continue the metaphor, and the wader who has held out so far with one toe on the bottom must part here from the swimmers. It would be well if, like the wader, each visitor to the gallery were able to perceive his own limit and to keep for safety within it. It would be well if he could perceive that there are here some regions of thought which lie outside his boundaries, and modestly refrain from intrusion. But unhappily it is not so. Too many assume to be critics, not suspecting that the true vein for this office is not in them. And when, as often happens, such men have an affluence of literary phraseology, they are powerful to misdirect opinion.

Few are qualified to judge of propriety in a picture if it be not prescriptive and conventional. When it is so, the critic is really measuring and comparing it with other works of the same kind.

Every new work painted on some routine plan, applauded and warranted by authority, makes the attempt to derive anything fresh from nature more arduous. Certain aspects, which are but few out of an endless number, which visible things assume, and not the most beautiful, come to be stereotyped, as one might say, and passed on by painters to one another. The strongest suspicion is awakened that the Art school, the atelier, and the picture gallery are to many painters the nursing mothers of their muse. But it is chiefly due to the stupidity of those who are to buy his work that the painter is forced to follow warranted examples and innovate sparingly.

The power of convention has received in modern times many rude shocks from the originality which bends to no other control than that of nature. The best stereotyped work of our day is at least not the calm contradiction of the report of our sight which the painters steadfastly combined in old times to maintain on their canvases. It now consists of fairly honest representation of certain well-known appearances. A picture of this class is often only detected to be conventional by those who, noting its mechanical similarity to scores of other pictures by the same and other hands, are forced to believe that infinitely changeful nature could never have immediately prompted them all.

He alone escapes convention who takes fresh measures with each work, submitting himself anew to fresh hints from nature, instead of dragging in mechanically some previously settled and reiterated scheme of treatment. If the impulse combined with ability to paint thus be naturally rare (as the highest power in all things must be), it is certain to be still further restricted by the discouragement which it meets with when it submits fresh truths to eyes unfit to receive them.

Unfit from several causes. Partly through insensibility to the pleasure which the painter feels in the total look of things, for the particular points or parts of that total alone engage the attention of ordinary persons, while the proportion of the parts to each other and to the whole area of vision makes no impression, and is neither welcomed nor missed in the painted representation. Partly also through the common tendency of cautious dulness to turn away from all novelties because some have been impostures.

The painter of landscape works in a branch of Art wherein things are portrayed which until recently remained almost universally uninteresting. Few as yet grasp its intent in a degree satisfactory to the painter's claims. The visible things of space, distance, immensity, duration; of fitfulness, transition, obscurity, perplexity; the things before which the forms and doings of men shrink into littleness: these have indeed affected meditative men from the first, but have only come within the painter's scope since his art had gained skill to dare to aspire so high.

But doubtless there are many who, with minds stored with all or more than ever painter expressed or even felt, turn from pictures in disappointment, who are fit to enter in the fullest communion with the spirit of the painter but for a rupture somewhere in the chain of connection. And this rupture discovers itself often to lie in faulty sight. Not dimness or shortness of sight is meant here (for incapacity through these causes requires no mention), but a kind of depravity of the eye in respect to the perception of resemblance. Those afflicted with it are unaware of their defect and plaintively reproach the painter. Such persons, while they stroll round the galleries, seem to see some merit here and there in works from which experter eyes turn with horror; and are, on the other hand, in perfect sincerity unable to conceive that some of the best representations of sights perfectly familiar to their eyes are not the works of bunglers, madmen, or impostors. They miss the picture in the coloured surface through want of visual suppleness. To see a picture aright we tax our eyes in a peculiar and, so to speak, unnatural way. The whole array of objects in the picture is seen at one focal length of the sight, counterfeiting a set of things, which, standing at various distances in nature, require as many re-adjustments of the focal length. The incapable eye will not lend itself to the delusion of the pretended distance. It craves for a distinctness that would belong to the distance at which the painted surface stands, and will not put up with the faintness which the pretended distance rightly gives. To take the illusion of a flat surface for solid things set here and there in space is a far less natural faculty than is commonly supposed. In no case is it attained in a high degree without adding much practice to a strong natural predisposition. Some eyes arrive at the faculty early

and easily; and the possessors of such eyes, from the delightful look of reality which their visual trick or knack confers on pictures are greatly taken by them from childhood onward, becoming painters more or less against all obstacles. This trick consists in some measure in the power to focus the eye at pleasure far or near, irrespectively of the distance of the point towards which the eye is directed. Coupled with this should be the habit of removing the stereoscopic or binocular effect of natural objects by attending to the sight of either eye singly; and this every one can do by shutting one. With these habits, aided by a liberal imagination, the picture and the natural view are reduced, so to speak, to their greatest common measure. He who catches the picture fully, feels as if he were looking not at a canvas three or four feet or yards off, but through a window or four-sided boundary of some sort, right off into a space with objects in it farther or nearer. He finds that when he removes his eye from the foreground or nearer objects in the picture to the background or remoter, he re-arranges the focal length of his sight unconsciously in obedience to the delusion of his imagination that the counterfeits are real. To recognise with approval the representations of things under some conditions is so easy that nothing is required beyond untutored sight; notably where objects are painted to look as if almost or quite as close to the eye as the surface of the panel itself; for example, life-sized portraits, or fruit, flowers, game and other pretty things on tables. Objects represented with their visibility weakened by distance or darkness, or mist, seem to the generality to be simply unfinished. They see such effects repeated until they learn to accept them as conventions, but cannot personally and directly perceive the truth of them. They cannot see why everything should not be equally plain from corner to corner in a picture which is to be considered finished. They will not allow the painter the right to fix what is the point of the picture to which the eye should be directed, gathering up the remainder obliquely. Nor do they accept for true the account the best painters give of the relative feebleness of some appearances; as, for example, of the leaves of a tree in twilight, or far away, or with the light behind it; or of the tenuity of other things, as of the separate hairs of the head or beard of a man, or of the coats of other animals, or of the single blade of grass in a field. In pure ignorance of the nature of sight it is often deemed high finish to paint upon an object what is totally invisible at the distance it is supposed to be or fine beyond all possibility of imitation. Thus faces of men far off marked as in miniatures are the delight of many to espy, and have often sold a picture, while, it may be, its real excellence in essential things is all unheeded. In truth, there are not a few to whom a little model of a tree, for example, painted so as to seem to lie on the surface of the canvas like a specimen of sea-weed on the page of an album, would alone seem a true likeness of the tree. And lest such a degree of absurdity should seem impossible, we recommend a glance at the tree painting prevalent among the old masters or modern beginners. The highest finish is the highest resemblance.

A faculty for comparison, a sense of proportion, is necessary for seeing what is and what is not finish, and is necessary not to the painter alone, but to him also who will appreciate his work. Without this the nicest kind of finish is mistaken for blankness; while a palpably elaborate but really coarse and senseless manipulation is praised as high refinement. The infinitely better finish made in compendious ways by a more masterly hand and eye is thought to be cheap work hurried through to prove that the painter has no soul for petty accuracies, or that his works are in too great request to be kept long in hand. The cleverness of masterly work somehow gets to be known by those who cannot see its truth, and the connoisseurs often take it up, unconcerned about everything in it except what they have been instructed to regard as good manipulation; the goodness being merely the resemblance to approved styles. A half-mystified scrutiny of coloured surfaces is what engages them while they crush about the galleries, in sociable parties, making jokes and withering remarks upon the pictures, disposing of them at the rate of five or six a minute.

He who has the genuine pictorial sense, of which not even the idea can be given to those who have not got it, is quickly discovered by those who have the same gift. They will detect him in the gallery by many signs. He is guided by instinct to stand at the right distance from the picture; which is not a mere matter of taste as most folk think, but the distance at which the picture has the same expanse to the eye as the real objects replaced by it would have. A little nearer or a little farther he feels the picture bearing falsely. Falsely when things are represented which in the real view would alter (as the picture objects cannot) in their mutual effects by advancing towards or retreating from them. His eye goes right to the heart of the picture; the spot made to be such by the artifice of the painter. He is in no hurry to look elsewhere. He looks towards one point, but he sees the rest sufficiently without peeping about. His consciousness takes in the whole simultaneously, and for awhile he examines nothing; forgets that he sees a picture, and feels the quickening within of the thoughts which such a scene might stir up. He can presently put aside all this and criticise if he cares to do so, just as the musician can cease from his tune and look to the strings or stops. For he is curious about the mechanism of the delightful delusion, as the musician or the most enraptured of his audience may care to look into the arrangement of a musical instrument. But the picture like the violin is not in operation at all while it is being examined.

In conclusion, a word of advice. In the whole field of Art pretence and duplicity abound. To substitute for them sincerity and simplicity would be the best reform indeed, but is not practicable. The next best aim remaining to the reformer is to point out what is the highest and wisest kind of hypocrisy. If hypocrisy is the homage paid to virtue, the hypocrite is most commendable who pays his respects to the nobler rather than to the meaner graces of the soul.

It is also more enviable to be happy than to be in pain; and it is wiser and saner for a man to pretend to enjoy, than to pretend to feel displeasure when he is neutral.

The former pretence will conciliate the nobler sort of minds to the pretender. The latter pretence will not even conciliate the meaner. The eye and not the tongue should be industrious. Let a man but endure to leave off his smartness and he may at last find out the secret that there is something else far better.

RICHARD W. WEST.

CAMBRIDGE PORTRAITS.

IT is in all probability hardly realised by the ordinary visitor, or even by the less observant student at the University of Cambridge, that one of the largest collections of portraits to be found anywhere is preserved in the various colleges. In the University library a certain number are hung, but the large majority have to be sought for from college to college, in halls, combination-rooms, chapels, and even porters' lodges; nor must the eager student consider his search at an end till he has hunted through the most private recesses of some of the Masters' lodges. In the college hall and combination-room the portraits of members of the college more or less famous for birth and attainments will usually be found, whilst every Master's lodge contains its series of late Masters, and in all probability a few pictures of the chief benefactors to the foundation.

The oldest picture in Cambridge is undoubtedly one in the University library, which, until fifteen years ago, went for a portrait of Erasmus. It has lately been carefully cleaned, a considerable mass of repainting removed from the surface, and the diapered gold background laid bare. It has recently been suggested, and there is little doubt that the suggestion is true, that this is none other than Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. The background is gilt and diapered, and the whole work is done in tempera on panel. The artist undoubtedly belonged to the Flemish school; his style to a certain extent recalls that of Roger van der Weyden. It is not known whence or at what time the picture came into the library.



Lady Margaret, Mother of Henry VII.

Side by side with Duke Philip hangs an excellent portrait of Dr. Yonge at the age of sixty-seven. It bears a false inscription stating that he died 7th April, 1579; as a matter of fact he was alive in October, 1580. He was Vice-chancellor of the University in Queen Mary's time, and was deprived on the accession of Queen Elizabeth. The portrait is exceedingly mellow and pleasant in tone, though the face has become rather yellow and the background very dark indeed; the surface texture may almost be described as waxy. The artist was certainly some follower of Holbein, by no means wanting in insight or power.

In a communication to the Cambridge Antiquarian Society* Mr. Henry Bradshaw has collected a considerable amount of information about the seven portraits still in the library which were in the possession of the University before the Civil War. Some of these were shown in the National Portrait Exhibition, and photographs of them may be found amongst the complete series taken at the time.†

The portrait of Archbishop Parker, the first to be presented to the University, has since disappeared, unless it be, as Mr. Bradshaw surmises, identical with one of those that now hang in the Master's lodge at Corpus; indeed, between the Corpus portraits and those in the University library there is a connection too close to be accidental. In the Master's lodge are a whole set of copies all in similar frames and of about the same size, many of them from pictures in the library; whilst of two pictures representing Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, who became Chancellor in February, 1600-1, one hanging in the library and the other at Corpus, I am inclined to consider the latter the original.

The pictures of Lady Margaret, the Earl of Leicester, and Lord Burghley are interesting copies, and that of Queen Elizabeth is of more than usual excellence, but we must not pause over them. Two full-lengths of James I. and Prince Charles deserve a longer notice. They are painted in oil on canvas in the style characteristic of the early seventeenth century—abundance of ruffs and lace and jewels, brocaded silk of the richest kind cut into bodies with tiniest waists and doublets of extraordinary capacity; and (scarcely visible within the mass of human upholstery) some likeness

* Vol. iii., June 3rd, 1872. P. 275.
† Galleries and Bays, etc. London, 1867, 4to.

to a face and pair of hands hastily and carelessly painted as matters of quite secondary importance. Prince Charles went up to Cambridge on the 3rd of March, 1612—13, and there received the degree of Master of Arts. In commemoration of the auspicious event the University paid Robert Peake the sum of "Thirtene Pounds sixe shillings and eightpence," to paint a picture of the Prince—so we learn from the original voucher still preserved in the Registry. Of this Robert Peake, Peacham, in his treatise on "Drawing and Limning," says: "Nor must I be ungratefully unmindful of my own countrymen, who have been and are able to equal the best, if occasion served, as . . . . my good friend Mr. Peake and Mr. Marquis for oyll colours, and many more unknown to me." Walpole did not know much about him, knew, in fact, not a single picture from his hand, but had found an entry "in the books of the Lord Harrington, treasurer of the chambers," under date 4th October, 1612, of a payment to him "for three several pictures made at the commandment of the Duke of York, and given away and disposed of by the Duke's grace." Walpole further says that "Peake was originally a picture seller by Holborn Bridge, and had the honour of being Faithorne's master, and—what, perhaps, he thought a greater honour—was knighted at Oxford March 28, 1645." He afterwards fought on behalf of the King and was made a lieutenant-colonel.*

In the portrait Prince Charles stands by a table, on which his right arm rests. Two yellow silk curtains shut off the top corners of the canvas, the one on the left bearing a paper with an inscription recording the occasion in memory of which the painting was done. The Prince is elaborately dressed in the fashion of the time. His legs, encased in tight pink silk stockings, are remarkably anatomical and ugly, bones and muscles showing with great distinctness. The face is without expression or any great attractiveness, it is that of a rather dull boy; the features are clearly but stupidly drawn and are entirely without animation. The painter has devoted the whole of his attention to the embroidered stuff of the garment, and has succeeded in rendering the texture of it fairly; but his colours were not good and have become very dull in time. The portrait of James I. is clearly by the same hand and does not call for further remark. It seems to have been copied more than once, one such copy being preserved in the Master's lodge at Corpus.

By far the most interesting and on the whole the finest portrait in Cambridge is that of Oliver Cromwell in the Master's lodge at Sidney—the Protector's own college. It is a drawing in chalk upon paper affixed to panel. The drawing has suffered somewhat through the cracking of the paper and the fading of the colours. Only the head is represented, turned three-quarters to the right, and set off against its long hair. Those to whose minds the man Cromwell is in any sense a pictured reality, will find in this portrait a complete realisation of their idea of him.

The drawing is said to have been made by the artist Cooper—the friend of Milton, whose portrait he also painted. In the Royal Collection at Windsor and elsewhere are miniatures of Cromwell, known to be by Cooper, and strongly recalling the Cambridge drawing.

The Master of Sidney kindly gave me the following information about the history of the drawing. In his possession are three letters. The first is as follows:—

"An Englishman, an Assertor of Liberty, Citizen of the World, is desirous of having the honour to present an original Portrait in Crayons of the Head of O. Cromwell, Protector, drawn by Cooper, to Sidney Sussex College, in Cambridge. London, January 15, 1766." Then follow three lines from Andrew Marvell. A second letter from the same gentleman conveys the information that the picture has been sent off "by the Cambridge waggon from the Green Dragon in Bishopsgate Street."

As good fortune has it, the memoir of the well-known Thomas Hollis (by Brand Hollis, 2 vols., 4to) has been published, containing a considerable part of his diaries. We thus learn that it was he who presented his drawing of Cromwell, by Cooper, to Sidney Sussex College in 1766. The three lines from Marvell also appear in the same entry. Whether Cooper made the drawing or not, it is, at all events, clear that a man of no slight powers of criticism, in the year 1766, thought that he had done so.

Amongst other portraits in the same college are no less than four of Frances Sidney, Countess of Sussex, one of which, at any rate, is of no little value.

Of foundresses and benefactresses to the University and colleges, none is more frequently to be met with amongst the Cambridge portraits than the Lady Margaret, Henry VII.'s most pious mother.

She was always portrayed in conventual dress, because, though four times married, she twice took vows of widowhood. Of her numerous acts of beneficence towards Cambridge, it is sufficient to mention the foundation of the Lady Margaret Professorship of Divinity, also of a Preachership, then in 1505 the refounding of Christ's College, and lastly, by her will, the founding of St. John's College. She died in the Abbey of Westminster, June 29, 1509. Of portraits of her in Cambridge, the oldest is said to be that in the chapel of Christ's College. It is a standing full-length figure, the face turned three-quarters to the left; she holds a book in both hands. Her face seems younger than in the remaining portraits; the features are firmly drawn, but they lack expression. The head-dress is of the usual many-folded kind, but the folds being badly painted, it looks very wooden. The picture hangs high, and is hard to see. It is possible it may be "the original work of *Harry Maynert* . . . . done for Christ's College, at the expense of Lady Margaret's executors." * Maynert was one of the witnesses to Holbein's will. From this portrait were copied two half-figures, one in the University library, presented to it by Dr. Edward Grant in 1580, and the other in the St. John's lodge, both possibly the work of John Wolff, but of no pictorial excellence.

A far more interesting group of portraits of the same lady are those in which she is represented kneeling. The original of all these is either a picture at Knowsley, which I have not seen, or one in the Combination-room at St. John's, found only a few years ago lying in a neglected state in a storeroom, and here engraved. The lady is represented kneeling under an embroidered gold canopy at a gold-covered table. Behind her was a hanging of cloth of gold, embroidered in green with portcullises, and wreathed; this has almost disappeared. The lady is dressed as in the Christ's College picture. The whole has been a good deal restored, not always very skil-

* Walpole—"Anecdotes of Painting," vol. i. p. 220, ed. Wornum, 8vo, London, 1849—quoted by Mr. Bradshaw.

* See for further information about this portrait, and all the portraits in St. John's College, a very interesting and valuable set of papers by Mr. Freeman, published in the *Eagle* (College Magazine), vol. xi., Nos. 61, 62, 64, and 65, to whom I am further indebted for much information.

fully; the hands have been particularly badly treated. The painting is done in tempera on panel; it has all the look of fifteenth-century work, and I have no doubt is either an original or a contemporary copy. The face is very characteristically treated, and appears to be a good likeness.

Of this picture copies, with more or fewer alterations, are to be seen in the Master's lodge and the college hall * of St. John's, in the hall at Christ's, and painted on glass in the window north of the altar in the chapel of the same college.

Amongst the worthies whose portraits are most frequently met with in Cambridge none is more notable than Erasmus. The University library was, till quite recently, under the impression that it possessed a representation of the lineaments of the great humanist in the picture which, as we have seen, there is more reason to suppose gives us those of Philip the Good. Of course Queen's, the college at which Erasmus resided, is best supplied with portraits of him. The most interesting of the three preserved in the President's lodge is the small half-figure done in tempera on wood, and now in very bad condition. The little man, who is turned three-quarters to the left, wears his accustomed black cap and a black cloak, with a portion of the red lining visible. The face is a really good likeness, though wanting in animation. The nose, with its keen point, is finely drawn; the mouth is expressive of humour, whilst the eyes seem rather lazy, and the cheeks are, as usual, sunk in below the cheek bones. In another picture the student is represented with almost an anxious expression of countenance, the mouth being rather drawn and the cheek very hollow, modelled with dark shadows. On the upper lip is a short moustache. The eyes are set deep under clear-cut brows. The tradition in the college is that this portrait was the work of Holbein, but such can hardly be the case. A third portrait, half-figure, three-quarters to the left, which hangs in the Long Gallery, and is likewise painted on wood, is of less merit than the other two.

A very noteworthy picture of Erasmus is that which hangs in the Combination-room of Corpus, and was painted nobody knows when or by whom. It is a half-figure larger than life, the face being turned three-quarters to the right. In this case the colouring is very pleasing, and by no means unlike much of Holbein's work, though I should certainly hesitate to ascribe the picture to that artist. The face has plenty of expression—thoughtful, kind eyes, and mouth ready to smile. The large black cap confining the silver-grey hair, and the fur-trimmed coat and cloak, are well-known features of the student's costume.

A companion to this hangs by it, scarcely inferior in execution, and represents the strongly characteristic features of Colet, Erasmus's learned contemporary and friend. The very widely opened eyes, narrow mouth, with sharply accentuated corners, thin moustache, close-shaven cheeks and chin, are all easily recognisable features. They appear again in a much inferior picture that hangs in the University library.

Hardly any of the colleges is without one or more portraits of considerable interest, had we but space to refer to them. At Pembroke are some which ought by all means to be mentioned. One of Poet Gray, for instance, represented as a most dapper and precise man, very possibly by Sir Joshua; another of Gray's biographer, Mason, an undoubted Sir Joshua, showing a massive, intelligent face, not without signs of a ponderous humour; the small mouth precisely closed, and the small eyes being the most characteristic features. Of Spencer, too, there is a fair, comparatively modern copy of some older portrait, by no means without interest. The handsome, courtly man, with his prettily embroidered and belaced collar, holding his head so well above his shoulders, sits there in all patience for us to look at.

At Caius also the visitor may spend a by no means unprofitable time. He will find there two portraits of the enlightened founder, Dr. Caius. The first is in the hall, a contemporary portrait, in all probability, the face and hands being repainted. He holds a pink in his hand in old-fashioned style. The second portrait, a profile to the left, in the Combination-room, seems to be an eighteenth-century copy of an earlier work, and is by no means uninteresting. On the same wall as this hang two portraits of Holbein's school, and also an authentic likeness of "Circulation" Harvey. The best picture of the great physiologist is in the hall (could one but see it), and the two together suffice to show, if it had not been shown before, that a fine portrait in the Combination-room at Jesus is falsely christened.

The Jesus College picture is painted by Dutchman Maes, and clearly represents some countryman of his own. In the same room are other portraits worth mention (had we space enough)—Henry VIII., Scottish Mary, Cranmer, Bishop Johannes Alcock, the founder, with mitre and crozier, and some others.

The above brief notices must be considered sufficient for the present. With the names of portraits contained in Trinity and St. John's Colleges, as well as those at King's and elsewhere, we have not room to deal; perhaps on some future occasion we may be able to return to them again.

W. M. Conway.

* Bone, in his MS. catalogue made in the year 1834, says that this copy was made by Roland Lockey at the expense of Juliana Clippesbey, of Norfolk.

SPRING AND LOVE.

A DRAWING OF "THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE" SERIES, BY MR. BURNE-JONES.

THE genius of all things which bud and sing—
The new year's first and fairest king—
Comes treading o'er the snow that warm winds melt—
Warm winds, whose low, light carols call
The snowdrops and the violets from the screening earth;
He comes—and with his subtle alchemies scarce felt,
O'er winter ruins makes high festival;
And Nature quivers in the great and mystic joys of birth.

With sunlight in his van and flowers in wake
He moves, while all sweet birds the soft air shake
For noise of wings and sound of hymned delight,
Around him cloudwise clustering.
Love leads he by the hand—the re-arisen god,
With fresh-uncurlèd leaves bedeckt and fair as light.
He smiles; but Love is sad, that doth forebode
How many human hearts shall curse him ere the death of Spring.

Francis Earle.

AN AUSTRALIAN CASKET.

THE City of Adelaide, ever one of the foremost of our colonial centres in genuine expressions of loyalty and in all matters that concern Art. has recently, in a noble manner, commemorated the visit to that city of the sons of the Prince of Wales. Their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and Prince George of Wales, arrived on the 11th of June, 1881, and on the 17th, on the occasion of a state ball given in their honour, the Mayor of Adelaide, Mr. E. T. Smith, who served the office for three consecutive years, presented to them an address, on behalf of the corporation; which address, it was wisely determined, should afterwards be enclosed in a suitable casket and forwarded to England for their acceptance. Of the casket thus prepared we give an engraving, and we do so with more than ordinary satisfaction, as affording a striking example of colonial skill in the working of the precious metals.

The casket is made of sterling silver, lined very massively with colonial gold, and measures nineteen inches in length and sixteen inches in height. It rests upon four stands made of colonial black-wood. The oblong front of the body of the casket is divided into two panels, on one of which, in high relief in silver, are the royal arms of England, and on the other, in like manner, those of the City of Adelaide. The back is, as the front, divided into two compartments, on the one of which, standing out clear from the surface, is a group of the Sturt Pea (the emblem of the colony), fern-leaves, and fruit; and on the other a corresponding group of ferns, ears of corn, and leaves of the grape-vine, etc.; the whole indica-



tive of the natural products of the colony. At each end of the casket are characteristic and cleverly modelled heads of the aborigines of the country, executed in oxidized silver.

The lid, which is elaborately chased over its entire surface with foliage, bears on its front a shield, on which are engraved the words:—"From the Mayor and Corporation of the City of Adelaide, South Australia, to their Royal Highnesses the Prince Albert Victor of Wales and the Prince George of Wales, June 17th, 1881." On the top of the lid, from a raised plateau, rise two tree-ferns (which in Australia grow to a considerable height), whose foliage overshadows a group of natives. The modelling of these figures and of the fern is masterly and effective. At each corner of the casket is an elegant pillar with capital and base, upon which the lid is made to rest. The preparation of this specimen of colonial skill was intrusted to Mr. Steiner, of the City of Adelaide, by whom the whole was executed in a manner that gave entire satisfaction.

Our engraving is made from a photograph furnished by Mr. Worsnop, town clerk of Adelaide. It may be of interest to add that in the year of the "Jubilee" of South Australia, which will be reached in 1886, a "thoroughly International Exhibition, which shall educate both inventor and tradesman, mechanic and citizen, shall stimulate the inventive faculties, expose deficiencies in taste and skill, encourage progress, develop and refine the public taste, and promote commerce and advance the well-being of the community," will be held. If this be done, Adelaide need fear but few competitors in the art of working in precious metals.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.

THE WAR OFFICE AND ADMIRALTY COMPETITION DESIGNS.

THE selected competitors for the second and final competition for the above-named building, whose designs are now on view to the public in Spring Gardens, have certainly fairly earned for themselves a high position, which no one of the members of their profession will grudge, and which we hope will be of service to all of them in their future careers.

We shall consider their designs as comparable among themselves, and not in relation to what might have been reasonably hoped and expected, when so momentous and national a stake was at issue. At the same time we feel bound to declare that this competition has been a misfortune both to the profession and the public. It has been so manipulated that the whole number—and it cannot be denied that there is a number of architects who have proved, by their works, their capacity to have done justice to such an occasion—have been eliminated from the final list of competitors, and thus the profession has been injured. But the public disaster is worse, in that the greatest national work of the day has thus fallen into the hands of men who cannot have had sufficient experience for it.

It is not, however, our present purpose to try to divine the motives of the promoters, or the reasoning of the judges, which have led to this unfortunate result; but, accepting the facts of the case, to discuss fairly the designs before the public on their own merits, such as they are. They have a strange family likeness in one important particular, leading to the conclusion that this common feature must have helped to their good fortune in the selection. This is an arrangement of plan by which rooms are disposed on one side only of the corridors, an unusual one to say the least, and one which, if intended as a requirement on the part of the promoters of the competition, should have been set forth as such in the conditions. It is, however, a problem which never should have been made a test point, for the character of plan it involves is radically a bad one, as it compels a greater space to be traversed than necessary between rooms of departments which should be in as close communication as possible, by which means valuable time of public servants is wasted. It is, besides, obviously costly in construction. Corridors can be properly lighted otherwise and better than, as in these plans, from small interior courts twenty-five feet wide only, which, in buildings of such height, resolve themselves into deep dark well-holes. If con-compliance with this absurd, and apparently concealed requirement caused the exclusion of the designs of the few architects of experience who joined in a competition that seemed framed to repel them, they have grave grounds for complaint, for no architect of experience would have adopted a plan leading to such a dilemma.

In the plan placed first—that by Messrs. Leeming & Leeming—this double corridor arrangement has made the principal courtyard too small and narrow for health, convenience, or effect. Much has been said as to the beauty of their drawings; this is, however, simply of a mechanical, and not of an artistic nature, and should have had no influence on the choice. The treatment of the architectural details of the design is decidedly weak, and is the reverse of scholarly. Appropriate scale and rhythm are conspicuously absent from them. The lofty Corinthian order adopted and stilted on piers below, with the figures above, give a preponderant effect of verticality over horizontality out of keeping with the style, and rusticated and panelled work are incongruously mixed. There is, however, from the principal point of view from the park a continuity of effect which gives the design something of stately dignity, and the absence of any marked concentration of the architectural features has an appearance of safe quietness which, notwithstanding that it is monotonous, has, with their rigid adherence to the double corridor block system of the plan, obtained for its authors the commission to carry out, we hope from an entirely new design, the projected building.

Whether Messrs. Aston Webb and Ingress Bell, or Messrs. Verity and Hunt were placed second by the judges, we contend that the design by the former firm is the better of the two, and in our opinion it is far preferable to that which has been placed first. It is, in fact, the only really able architectural composition among the series. The plan is a striking one from the scale and form of the cruciform central courtyard, which would be a grand and desirable feature. The space lost by it, perhaps compelled too great height in the building in the judges' view, but so many buildings now exceed that height, that this does not seem sufficient reason to have set aside a design which proves its authors to have been by far the best men among the finally selected competitors to have received what must virtually be a new commission. At any rate it does not appear that they would have to go to school again to learn the first elements of architectural detail. The French Renaissance adopted is well and soberly treated. The composition is picturesquely grouped, and centralized towards the Park. Towards Whitehall the centre is recessed between wings in a manner to enable it to be well visible from the street. The corner halls, salient points of the design as regards the space they occupy, are shown by a fine perspective drawing, which is the best interior view exhibited.

Messrs. Verity and Hunt, whose design stands, in our opinion, third in excellence, is simple as to plan, with double corridor blocks carried round a main courtyard of fair proportion. Their elevation next Whitehall is symmetrical, but the central and end projecting features too similar, and the somewhat commonplace spaces between them make it look too much like an ordinary hotel. But the composition towards the park is lacking altogether in dignity, and a bay-window projection in the centre of its principal façade is objectionable as out of keeping with all the rest.

Messrs. Glover and Salter, have, in the spirit of Don Quixote, tilted, with a gothic design, at the neo-classic taste of the day; but their weapon lacks the power of that of Burges, from whom they borrowed it. Their building is double the height of that architect's for the Law Courts, and has even greater elaboration of detail. This is somewhat wearisome in such a mass, the composition of which lacks concentration. Still their design is clever and meritorious, not only in the gothic dress, but in the alternative one of a somewhat pseudo-classic character with which they have

striven to effect a compromise with the fashion of the day.

Messrs. Maxwell and Tuke's design is certainly a grandiose one, of considerable merit, having one sufficiently large, and several smaller courts. It has a very well concentrated mass in the middle of the Whitehall front, and its corner dome-roofed pavilions are its principal external features, and are striking in effect for the character of the building.

Messrs. Hall and Powell have a good point in their recessed entrance block in the Whitehall front, leading into a fine, though comparatively narrow, central courtyard, surrounded by the inevitable double-corridor block, which is also carried round the subordinate courts. The general architectural effect of this design is too hotel-like, and lacks the dignity desirable for its purpose.

Messrs. Spaulding and Auld have produced an architectural burlesque, by their unrestrained detail, but their general plan is not without merit in several points, one of which is the double-carriage entrances provided from the Whitehall side.

Mr. Porter's design is somewhat eccentric in its composition, and the variety of the treatment of the sky-line of his towers. His plan is peculiar in having the largest central court at the rear, next the Park, with another at right angles to it on the Whitehall side.

Messrs. Stark and Lindsay have contributed a pleasing and effective composition, particularly as seen in perspective from St. James's Park. The composition is there well graduated towards the Horse Guards, so as to avoid crushing it in effect, and this is a desirable point for after consideration. Their detail is over ornate, and yet undeniably cleverly worked out.

It is but in a few instances, however, that these designs rise above the commonplace; and they are certainly an inadequate response to the invitation given to the profession on this occasion. The experiment the Government seems to have made in order to discover whether or not vast stores of architectural genius lie hidden in provincial towns, "far from the madding crowd," has not been a successful one. Architecture doubtless is better understood than it was throughout the country; but there, as elsewhere, real talent will come to the front in due time, without such adventitious call for it. What is wanted in the case of the few public buildings that England can, or chooses to afford to build, is scholarly training, to insure excellence throughout the work. This it is that has been lost sight of by the framers of most competitions, and of this one in particular. This it is which is signally absent from the majority of the designs now on exhibition in Spring Gardens, not omitting that of the architects chosen to carry out the work. We trust, however, opportunity will now be given to Messrs. Leeming and Leeming to revise and improve, or, still better, to re-design the building; so that it may eventually be a credit to them, and to the country which is about to employ them. S.

THE INTERNATIONAL FORESTRY EXHIBITION.

THE large and interesting Exhibition now open at Edinburgh does not present any striking features in relation to architecture, but in many points it illustrates the application of wood to the purposes of Art, and especially of internal decoration. The absence of direct interest as regards architecture is easily accounted for, as the erection of timber buildings is associated either with very primitive times, or with works of a temporary and unimportant character. The building in which the Exhibition is held is, in its conception, plain and inartistic to the last degree. The architect, Mr. Morham, City Architect in Edinburgh, was restricted as to cost, and, practically, a plain wooden shed, roofed with black felt, was all he had to work upon. Yet some skill has been displayed in applying such simple materials, and while the mass of the erection helps to give it a certain dignity, the three transepts present gabled and windowed ends, with a range of round-headed doorways, which break up and lighten the otherwise bare sides. The principal roof timbers of the interior take a semi-circular form, and are coloured light blue —the only use of colour so far as the structure is concerned— and the interior effect is good, giving an idea of space and lightness suitable for such a place of popular resort. The nave or central area is 630 feet long, and is crossed by three transepts of 200 feet, the central intersection being covered by a lofty dome, ogee-shaped, while the side intersections have octagonal pinnacles. So far as concerns the interior generally the Exhibition has been left to decorate itself, and on the north side of the centre of the nave, where Norway and Sweden have their exhibits, a novel and effective decoration has been made by J. Dickson and Co., of Gottenburg. A range of pillars, the height of the nave, and fourteen in number, has been built up of ordinary white-wood deals, consisting each of twelve deals ranged edge outwards round a central polygon of wood. Aided by bronzed capitals and bases the effect, at a distance, is that of substantial fluted pillars, while a thoroughly practical exhibit of the timber, as imported ready for use, is made.

In the open ground behind the Exhibition building (eight acres in extent), Her Majesty the Queen shows an attractive exhibit, intended to indicate the use of Scots fir for constructive and decorative purposes. The walls of the royal *chalêt* are framed in rough pine logs, in the bark, with moss filling up the spaces; while the interior, and the articles of furniture and ornament shown there, consist entirely of the same wood dressed and varnished. There is shown a table-top of inlaid pieces from the root of the tree, nicely marked. Another interesting outside exhibit is the primitive wooden house, and rough log stable, erected as a model farm-house by the Canadian Pacific Railway, illustrating life in Manitoba, while a shed behind shows the timber and timber products of the region.

One value of the Exhibition is seen in the number and variety of woods suitable for furniture or general decoration, some of them practically unknown in this country. The exhibit of the Californian Redwood Company, in the nave and first transept, may be named. The wood of the sequoia-tree being obtainable in very large logs devoid of knots, the wood is coming into favour for panelling, and here its adaptability for furniture is well shown.

The Indian section, filling the centre transept and part of

the nave, is full of fine examples of native carved wood; notably, a large gong-stand from Burmah, carved in teak, in an elaborate foliaginous and zoomorphic design. Some very fine decorative woods are shown from the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, and have attracted much attention. The notable woods are: the Padowk (of which some examples of a rich crimson colour are shown); Thingan wood, white in colour; Poon, mahogany-coloured wood; Marble wood, a curiously-mixed black and grey timber.

The Japan exhibits occupy the entire eastern transept, and are most varied and attractive. There is in the collection, besides the fact of various woodland products which are comparatively unknown in Europe, a remarkable manifestation of that skill in manipulation which have made the decorative art of the eastern island empire so popular of late years for domestic ornament. As a contribution to Art is offered a block of the loquat-tree from South Africa, put forward as a substitute for box in wood engraving. The tree was felled in March this year, and is not well seasoned as yet. But a block is shown engraved, with an impression in ink, which points to possible usefulness.

Amongst general exhibits are found many illustrations of the use of native wood for inlaying or for artistically-designed furniture. Thus the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire estate furnishes a table and writing-table, etc., from well-marked elm. Taylor and Sons, of Edinburgh, show a massive slab of walnut from a gigantic tree blown down at Otterstone, in Fifeshire, with an elegant sideboard from the same tree. Mr. Adams, also of Edinburgh, fills a bay in the annexes with oak furniture, including a chimney-piece and a hall or billiard-room settee, in boldly-carved designs, displaying fine feeling and splendid execution. A doorway, with five spirited panels, is specially notable. A chimney-piece in oak, by Mr. J. S. Gibson, of Edinburgh, is the chief amongst an exhibit of high class by that carver. Designed in a rich Italian style, the panel above displays a battle-piece between the Gauls and Romans, while large and effective reproductions of Michel Angelo's figures, 'Sleeping' and 'Waking,' fill niches at the sides. The stand of inlaid veneers, by Mougenot of Paris, has attracted much notice; and scattered through the loan and general collections are many tasteful and artistic applications of wood and wood products.

ART NOTES.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The 116th Exhibition closed, as usual, on the August Bank Holiday. Of 1,664 pictures exhibited, 203 have been sold "at the table" for the sum of £11,813 8s.; and of the 191 pieces of sculpture, 5 have found purchasers at £139 13s. The prices for the pictures ranged from £1,000 to a guinea, there being one sold for £1,000 (T. Faed's 'Of what is the wee Lassie thinking?'), 1 for over £500, 1 over £400, 4 over £300, 10 over £200, and 16 over £100. It should be added that these figures are scarcely a fair criterion of the success of the Academy, as many pictures are sold before being exhibited.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.—The twenty-eighth meeting will be held in Birmingham from the 17th to the 24th September. The special questions to be considered in the Art Department are, "How can a love and appreciation of Art be best developed among the masses of the people?" and "Ought elementary instruction in drawing to be made an essential part of the national education?"

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—We understand that a small collection of drawings of the English school, of exceptional interest, is under consideration for purchase by the Science and Art Department of South Kensington. It consists of drawings on the wood by Sir F. Leighton and Messrs. Millais, Watts, Poynter, Burne Jones, F. Walker, and others. These were executed just at the moment when photography came to the aid of the woodcutter, and by its means saved the destruction of the drawing. They are probably unique, because all work executed on the block prior to that time has disappeared under the cutter's hand, and all subsequent hereto has been drawn on paper. The variety in the methods of work is an additional feature from an educational point of view: whilst the President and Mr. Millais's drawings were done in pen and ink, Frederick Walker combined washes in black and Chinese white with pen-and-ink work.

THE TURNERS' COMPANY.—This Company proposes, as usual, to award prizes to workmen in the trade for the best examples of hand turning in wood, pottery, and precious stones. The principal qualities which will be considered in awarding the prizes in the wood competition are, beauty of design, symmetry of shape, utility and general excellence of workmanship, exact copying, and novelty in application of turnery or in design. In pottery the prizes will be awarded for the best piece thrown on the wheel in one piece, and not afterwards turned; for the best piece thrown and turned; and for the best piece ornamented by the runner or other hand tool. In the competition for works in precious stones and for engraving in intaglio and cameo, the qualities chiefly considered will be symmetry of form and proportion, brilliancy of polish and accuracy in the finish of the facets, form and relative proportion of facets, perfectness of edge, skill in overcoming difficulties inherent to the material, and judgment displayed in choice of style and arrangement of facets, so as to hide natural defects in the stone, while producing its maximum beauty. The wood and pottery specimens are to be delivered at the Mansion House, London, and the precious stones to Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, 156, New Bond Street, during the week ending October 25th; and the whole will be on exhibition at the Mansion House on October 28th, 29th, and 30th.

STATUE OF BURNS.—On July 26th the Earl of Rosebery unveiled a statue of Robert Burns, the Scottish peasant poet, on the Thames Embankment. The statue is the gift of Mr. John Gordon Crawford, of London, and is of similar design to the Burns statues in New York and Dundee. There are few important statues in the world of which two replicas exist, and its reproduction says much for the merit of Sir John Steell's design. *The Art Journal* for March, 1881 (page 71), contained an engraving of the work.

American Exhibition in London.—It is intended to hold an American Exhibition in London in 1886, opening on the 1st of May. As an affair of this kind would be nothing unless it celebrated an anniversary, one has been found for it, namely, the one hundred and first since the first minister of the United States presented his credentials to King George III. It is stated that the largest American manufacturers and producers have expressed their approval of the scheme. This almost goes without saying. One cannot walk down any of the principal streets in London without observing that the Americans are bent on establishing themselves in London just as much as the French or any other energetic nation; and invitations to buy watches, pianos, and such like, at prices far below the English ones, are sown broadcast; and all this without fear of retaliation, thanks to the protective tariff whereby they are hedged in. The probable results of the exhibition are stated to be an increase of capital in American enterprises, and an increased export trade from America. It is anticipated that the Federal Government, the United States War and Agricultural Departments, will contribute. The prospectus also promises, amongst its miscellanies, Californian wine shops, ice drink pavilions, an elevated railway, negro minstrelsy, revolver practice, and an American military force!

Copyright.—The Copyright Bill has again been shelved, and matters must continue for another year at least in their present most unsatisfactory condition. We had occasion last week to visit a private gallery which had been formed at a cost of £80,000. On speaking of the reproduction of certain of the pictures, we found that in not one single case had copyright ever been mentioned, whether the picture had been bought of the artist, at public exhibition, in the sale-room, or of a dealer. Whilst such apathy as to valuable rights is the rule with the public and the profession, it is useless to expect energy or interest on the part of our legislators. Meantime the pirates increase daily in their traffic in what can by no possible stretch of communism be called their property.

Bough Exhibition.—Mr. Wilson, of Edinburgh, has had for two months in his gallery a collection of one hundred choice works of the late Sam Bough, R.S.A. About one-third of the number were in oils, embracing four large works, 'Cattle Crossing the Solway,' 'West Wemyss—Sunrise,' 'The Tower of London,' and the 'Royal Volunteer Review, 1860.' In these, as in the lesser works, are shown many excellent points, with an instinctive knowledge of effect, forcible passages of colour, and subtle knowledge of aerial perspective, but joined with a fixed mannerism which suggests that here the artist was not dealing with his strongest hand. In the drawings, however, we see the work of a man who stood face to face with nature and caught her most subtle features, rendering them with striking fidelity. He never suggests the art of "composing" a picture, but gives a bold, direct, and incisive rescript, in which he seems to teach that nature needs no arrangement to make her picturesque and artistic.

Scarborough.—On August 6th an Art Exhibition was opened in the new School of Art. It includes drawings from the National Gallery by Turner, a selection of water-colour drawings by the great English masters from South Kensington, paintings from the Royal Academy, Grosvenor, and Water-colour Exhibitions, and many other works by the foremost artists of the day, exhibited for the first time; also a collection of Art pottery and goldsmiths' work from South Kensington. The exhibition will remain open during the months of August and September.

Bradford.—The first exhibition of the Bradford Art Guild embraces one hundred and seventy-two works in water colours, oil colours, and designs in black and white. The Guild was founded last year, and is now in a decidedly prosperous condition. The catalogue of the exhibition is illustrated with over thirty sketches by the members.

New South Wales.—The copyright law does not seem to be in much better plight in the colonies than it is in England. At present it appears the legislature has no power to veto the copying of any of the pictures in the National Museum, with the result that Mr. Luke Fildes' 'The Widower' has been pounced upon by an enterprising tradesman for reproduction after the Council had sold the copyright for a considerable sum to a firm in England. It is understood that an Act to remedy this state of things will at once be introduced, and probably passed.

A SOUVENIR OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

Engraved by T. W. Hunt from the Statue by C. Brunin.

In Italy the forms of the "half-draped model" may still be studied in better conditions than those which surround the victim of the studios, whose skin is blanched by the habit of thick clothing and congested to unwholesome red by sudden exposure and the studio stove, and whose action, moreover, is inevitably and invariably the action of a man unused to feel his arms and chest free to the air. The facchino of Genoa, labouring in the noise and tumult of the port, between the whistle of the steam-engine and the chiming of the church-bells that ring their *Angelus* thrice a day, little heeded now, over the lovely waters of the Gulf; the Neapolitan by his sapphire sea; the gentler Tuscan digging new roads through the dreamy vineyards by the walls of Florence; and, less often, the porter who plies his work on the quays of Venice—all these Italians of various races are accustomed to bare their thin and strong brown limbs to the sun. Italy is for this reason, among so many others, dearer to artists, whether painters or sculptors, than are those countries where the labourer toils, as in England, in shapeless corduroy, or, as in America, in an old dress-coat! The sculptor of 'A Souvenir of St. Mark's' has taken his hard-working model in the freest phase of his déshabillé, and in one of those gentle moments which occur in the daily lives of all Italians. A member of the famous flock of pigeons in the Piazza has perched on his shoulder, tempted by the flower which he holds between his fingers.



A SOUVENIR OF St MARKS VENICE

ENGRAVED BY T W HUNT FROM THE STATUE BY C BRUNIN



ON THE MEDWAY

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY R. S. CHATTOCK

LONDON J. S. VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED

JULES BRETON, PAINTER AND POET.

"I DEFY," says one of the most thoughtful of living painters, "any one to explain to me what is meant by this phrase, 'There is sentiment in such and such a picture.'"

Does not the difficulty chiefly lie in the use of a word so vague and equivocal as "sentiment?" Is not what is called the sentiment of a picture the expression of the effect that the soul of Nature has produced on the soul of the artist? And if so, would it not be simpler language if we said boldly, "There is soul in such and such a picture?"

In a poem by the artist we are about to consider, Theodore Rousseau is painting an old oak in a forest. A rustic comes upon him, and, staring at the picture, says wonderingly, "Why do you make that oak when it is already made?" The painter bursts into a laugh, but, says the poet, the rustic's only mistake was in asking such a question of Rousseau. For unless a painter has put into his subject that which is not visible to any eyes but his own, he has done little more than a photograph could do, and it would not be risking much to prophesy that the time will come when Science will know how to supersede such Art. The artist whose position science can never reach, is he whose soul enters into relation with that of his subject, and who knows how to be its interpreter.

Rarely does an opportunity occur of illustrating this thesis like that afforded by the works of Jules Breton. For few painters have lived in closer union with Nature, and among such it is rare to find one who has given us a double opportunity of understanding him, by repeating in verse what he has sought to express on canvas.

Jules Breton's poems relate to the same subjects as his paintings, and are handled, so to speak, in the same manner. Sunset, sunrise, twilight, noon, the varied seasons, and the rural work they bring with them—all the simple incidents of rustic life; these are the subjects that move him, and which he paints with words and phrases as picturesque as the forms and colours of which he is such a master.

If it is true that the essential characteristics of poetry are simplicity, sensuousness, and forcible expression, then Jules Breton is a true poet, for these are just the points which distinguish his verses, illustrating his own ideal of Art:—

"La clarté
Suprême s'affirmant au milieu du mystère."



La Saint-Jean. By Jules Breton.

That modern French Art should have given birth to two painters, both exceptionally simple and sincere, who should have taken rural life for their field, and that each, from temperament, should have chosen exactly the opposite point of view, is a most interesting fact, and full of suggestiveness. François Millet and Jules Breton are names that must ever be linked together; if the work of the former is more profound, the poetry more touching, the motive one that appeals more

directly to the conscience, the balance is made up in that of the latter, by its power to interest an infinitely larger number of hearts. Jules Breton is as simply and truly humanitarian as Millet, for both regard the toilers of the world with that religious veneration which is due to those who suffer for others and set them an example. If to make us feel the former was the thought of Millet, it is the work of Breton, both in painting and in verse, to impress us with the latter. It is not one poem alone which bears this characteristic, it is instinct in all he writes.

Yet this reverence for Humanity does not make him forget that the particular form which he chiefly studies is wild as Nature, and too often as Nature fickle, thoughtless, cruel, and liable to the vilest corruption.

Doubtless, in both painters, this religious veneration extends far beyond Humanity, taking in all nature. He of whom we are now speaking drew his first inspirations in Art from that school which, perhaps more than any other, owes its existence to the pantheistic mysticism of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, represented in its highest form by the Dominican philosopher, Master Eckhardt. "Memling, l'illuminé des Bruges, Memling," Breton cries, "c'est à toi que mon esprit recule."

May my readers pardon me for leading them into such depths, but we shall never feel how true to nature is the sentiment that pervades both the poems and the pictures of Jules Breton unless we trace it to its source. Clear and distinct in his imagery, defined and masterly in his forms, both poems and pictures are penetrated with that mystery which is the most characteristic note in Nature. He loves, as Millet, the morning and evening twilight—

"Puis le mystère
Austère
Tombe et se répand lentement."

This insight is partly explained by the story of his life, which reveals a man whom none of the great separating forces have yet been able to sever from the common mother.

Jules Breton was born at a village in the Pas de Calais, in the year 1827. In the year 1884 he is still dwelling in this same village of Courrières. Out of the fifty-seven years he has lived, almost half a century has been spent on one spot. And this spot would probably be one of the last the searcher after the picturesque would choose. Vast monotonous plains, very sparsely wooded, and only broken by small rivers and a low chain of hills: to be attracted by the country in which Courrières is situated, a man must feel satisfied with the most common but least material aspects of Nature, with the imagery depending on changes in atmosphere, the daily revelations of sunrise and sunset, the subtle varieties in the morning and evening twilight. Still more, he must find his highest happiness in sympathy with his kind, for the Pas de Calais is not the region to indulge a love of solitude; a rich agricultural country, it is one of the most populous departments in France. It is clear then that an artist who clings tenaciously through a long life to such a spot, must love that in it which is most spiritual, most immaterial. He must have preserved singularly intact his unity with the soul of Nature. And this every poem Jules Breton has written would show, even if the facts of his life did not afford the explanation.

That life is truly idyllic. The child of a family looked up to as quite the first in Courrières, his father and uncle enjoyed the esteem and affection of their neighbours. The Municipal Council of the village chose the father as their *maire*, and after his death elected his brother to the post, although the latter was penniless, and had the reputation of being simply a very learned and benevolent person; and now in our day, the painter's youngest brother fills this almost ancestral office.

To the brothers of the previous generation the triad who now inherit their name and repute at Courrières owe, humanly speaking, nearly everything. For Jules Breton was but four years old when he lost his mother, the two other children, Emile and Louis, being infants. The father and uncle vied with each other in devotion to the "mitherless" brood. The uncle was a persistent but desultory reader, imbued with the principles of '89, and consequently a great lover of justice. When the death of the elder Breton, about 1848, was followed by certain pecuniary disasters, which swept away not only the paternal property, but even the mother's dowry, this simple and philosophic man threw aside his love of retirement and, aided by his neighbours, took a brewery that happened to be for disposal in Courrières, and proved himself quite a man of business.

Female influence, however, had its share in the education of the *enfant de Courrières*. In a delightful poem dedicated to his master, Felix de Vigne, Jules Breton has recalled his juvenile reminiscences. His mother was a vision of infancy, chiefly realised to him through *la vieille Catherine*, the wife of an aged labourer. She was intensely loved by the little orphan. "Toujours," he says, "l'age très-tendre aime l'age très-vieux" Almost doubled with labour and years, with her kindly wrinkles and still luminous eye, old Catherine left a profound impression, which comes out, a little idealised probably, in the poet's best and most perfectly drawn character, *la vieille Angèle*, the real heroine of the poem called "Jeanne."

To the influence of his grandmother he owed his first experience in school life. A woman of strong character, she had had, when quite a girl, the courage to throw ashes in the eyes of certain sons of Belial, who, in the Great Revolution, sought to desecrate the parish church; and to preserve its patron saint from insult, she had carried off its image and hid it under her mattress. For thus wilfully daring to set herself against the popular current she went to prison, and this juvenile martyrdom rendered her faith all the more intense. It was in conformity with her ideas, and against those of his uncle, that Jules was sent to a clerical establishment to be educated.

The little caged eaglet found a vent for his humour in sketching, of which he and his brother were very fond, covering the walls at home with their childish efforts. One day he was so unlucky as to make a drawing in school hours of a great black dog, known to the boys as Coco. Jules represented him on his hind legs, with an open book in his paws and a cassock on his back. "The abbé Coco reading his breviary," was the title of this famous picture. Going the round of the class it caught the master's eye, and was impounded. In his wrath he dragged the young delinquent before the head master. "Is this," said the worthy ecclesiastic, "the result of impiety, or a desire to throw ridicule on your master?" The little caricaturist confessed to impiety, thinking, no doubt, that it would be considered the lesser offence. Horror-struck at such precocious depravity, the head master seized a whip and flogged the offender without mercy. It was not the worst thing that could have happened, for

Jules was taken away from the school and sent to college at St. Omer.

The artistic faculty in Breton was of slow growth. When Felix Devigne, a distinguished Belgian painter, came to see the elder Breton, the boy's drawings were shown him, but he did not think them particularly clever. He was nevertheless induced to try him as a pupil, and Jules won not only his confidence as an artist, but the hand of his daughter.

His success in Paris, where he went after leaving the atelier in Ghent, exhibited the same gradual development of genius. At the Beaux Arts he was distinguished by a courageous determination to express what was in him, rather than for any remarkable achievements.

When we read that his first Salon picture, exhibited in 1849, was entitled 'Misère et Desespoir,' we pretty well know where he was—politically and socially. Like the élite of his countrymen he was greatly moved by 1848.

Each year now found him making steady progress. In the Salon of 1850 he had a picture called 'Hunger;' in that of 1853 he exhibited 'The Return of the Reapers,' and in that of 1857 appeared the picture which now shines so resplendently on the walls of the Luxembourg: 'Blessing the Corn-fields." This picture will make Courrières historic, for not only does it give the neighbourhood in its happiest moment, but all the figures are portraits.

That the young painter was superior to the temptations of popularity and its material rewards, was shown by the fact that instead of mechanically devoting himself to the reproduction of paintings bathed in light, his next picture was almost a monochrome. But how else could the poet of "Les Deux Croix" treat such a subject as the 'Planting of a Calvary?' For it is impossible to one who, like Breton, feels the soul of things, to regard the religion of the poor and simple, except with profound and reverent sympathy. This picture is in the Musée at Lille.

'Monday,' a painting of the same date, exhibited Breton as



Le Rappel des Glaneuses. By Jules Breton.

not unwilling to become the French Hogarth, if thereby he could shame the more drunken among his countrymen into habits of sobriety.

But the finest picture of this date (1859) was 'Le Rappel des Glaneuses.' The poem entitled "Les Glaneuses" is the best commentary it is possible to have on this picture, and those who would enjoy both painting and poem, should take the volume entitled "Les Champs et la Mer" to the Luxembourg and look at the picture in the light of the painter's own description. The stanzas that describe the moment chosen for the painting are towards the end.

"Le grand ciel s'illumine
Et déjà le soleil,
Dans le couchant vermeil,
Tombe sur la colline.

"Tout défile à la fois;
Les mains sur chaque joue,
Le garde qui s'enroue,
S'est fait un porte voix;

"Il sonne la retraite;
On l'entend retentir:
Allons! il faut partir
Car la journée est faite.

"Et courant en avant,
Les enfants sont superbes
Couverts de grosse gerbes
Qui s'agitent au vent.

"Sous l'immense coupole,
Eternel ostensoir,
L'orbe rouge du soir
Éteint son auréole;

"Le groupe vague et noir
Monte vers le village
Dont le clocher surnage
Dans le brume du soir;

"Et dans le ciel qui borne
Un long nuage d'or
La lune, pâle encor,
Luit sur un grand bicorne."

In an earlier part of the same poem there is a description of his favourite figure, the Woman of Artois, whom he has not only made the principal figure in this painting, but who is the sole subject of two others. One of these, entitled 'La Glaneuse,' is in the Luxembourg.

'Le Rappel des Glaneuses' is a good example of Breton's work, which defies cataloguing either under the head of figure subjects or landscapes, for the interest is not so centred in the human portion as to make the landscape merely accessory, nor are the figures there simply to enliven the landscape. The interest exists in that which is common to both, the soul of Nature, which it is, as I have said, the especial function of

the painter to make us feel. And this soul Jules Breton expects most of all to find in that mysterious hour which is neither day nor night:—

"Quand la nature se repose,
Lasse de jour et de splendeur,
Elle ouvre son âme," . . .

as he says, in a lovely poem called "Crépuscule," a poem which landscape-painters would read with delight, filled as it is with the most tender, true, and exquisite painting.

Of the perfect manner in which Nature reveals herself when sought in this spirit 'La Saint-Jean' is a fine example.

Dancing round bonfires on St. John the Baptist's Eve seems to have been a custom handed down from prehistoric times, being probably a relic of fire-worship. The painter has conceived it in its most simple, may I not say, typical form.

As the reader has an engraving of the picture before him I will use the painter's own poem as a description, which, of itself, is sufficient to enable us to realise the scene. We see the dark heads of the dancers standing out against the lingering light of the afterglow, the outlines softening each moment and becoming more and more mysterious. As the whirling circle flies round, voices and feet in unison, their song has for undertone a music rising and falling, the distant multitudinous voice of the people, swarming out of the village to enjoy the balmy deliciousness of this midsummer eve, while its cadence is strengthened and emphasized by the evening bell, or by the tremulous quaver of some ancient woman who, from the gloom, shrills out a few sharp notes. No one who was not himself in something like primitive unity with Nature could thus depict this scene.

The painter has divined, as only a poet can divine, the source of the superstitions of the agricultural poor; he has made us feel that they are the shadows of an elder faith, which, driven out of the world by fire and sword, took refuge in the hearts of the defeated, henceforth bowed to the earth in body and soul. Living in mental twilight, where the feeble lights of the new world struggle with ever increasing obscurities, twilight is the moment of the day when their faith is most potent, and when the unseen powers are most to be dreaded. This the poem, "Vieux Hameaux des Côtes du Finistère," teaches us the sentiment of the picture 'Evening in the Hamlets of Finisterre,' exhibited at last year's Salon, and of which an etching was published in *The Art Journal* last year.

Thus as a figure-painter Jules Breton has almost entirely devoted himself to that part of humanity which remains scarcely separated from Nature, and he has seen it in a light the direct opposite, but not contradictory, to that in which it appeared to Millet. For Breton's soul is set in the key of Milton's "L'Allegro." It is so full of sunshine that even the poor toilers around him appear "robed in flames and amber light." In his eyes the great king of the skies shines on them with special fondness, caressing the waving tresses of their hair, and lighting up with its flashes their fine profiles.

It is perhaps presumptuous in me to attempt any definite criticism of a foreign poet, but it will help to give some idea of the nature of Breton's genius if I describe it as possessing some of the fine qualities of Crabbe and of Keats. There is the same intimate knowledge of the thoughts, habits, and surroundings of the poor—the same sympathy with their hard and often cruel lot which marks the elder poet; there is the same marvellous power of transmuting into words the poetry of Nature which was so peculiarly the gift of the later poet. While, however, Breton has more warmth, more colouring, and far more optimism than Crabbe, his range is more limited, and the only character he has drawn that can compare in completeness and fineness of touch with those of our English poet is that of Angèle; and this he appears to owe to the extraordinary impression made upon him by his earliest peasant friend.

Those who admire his paintings—and who does not?—and who are in sympathy with rural subjects and rural life, will find themselves well rewarded by the study of his two volumes of poems, for not only will they better comprehend and enjoy his paintings, not only will they better understand French rural life, but they will have the inestimable pleasure of making the acquaintance of a man singularly sincere, pure, and noble, and being permitted to see his richly-endowed soul working in harmony with Nature, and expressing by poetry and painting the thoughts of her happiest and most benign moods.

RICHARD HEATH.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'ON THE MEDWAY.' Drawn and etched by R. S. Chattock. The Medway cannot be called one of our most picturesque rivers, but the true artist is always able to find suitable subjects even in the most unpromising places. The boats laid up on the bank which the receding tide has left bare, the old English houses forming the background, with lines pleasantly broken by the masts and ropes of the vessels, the projecting buttresses of the old stone bridge, with the flowing river underneath, form an agreeable picture, and one over which the art of the etcher has thrown the charm of picturesqueness and beauty. This plate is of a similar character to the interesting series of etchings produced by Mr. Chattock which illustrate a recent *edition de luxe* of Wordsworth's "Duddon Sonnets."

'STUDY OF A HEAD.' By Albert Moore. There are few, if any, of our living painters, who expend so much time and pains upon studies which are preparatory to their pictures as Mr. Albert Moore. Oftentimes the drawings in crayon, or pencil, sketched now on brown paper, now on the walls of his studio, amount to dozens before the placing of a single fold of drapery is satisfactory to his fastidious eye. As a consequence, his work has a distinct individuality, and always asserts itself alongside of careless efforts. His steps, too, are invariably directed in the pursuit of beauty, an attribute which cannot be too highly commended nowadays. His conceptions appear unconsciously to have their origin in the best traditions of Greek Art. The head which is the subject of our reproduction is a chalk study for one of his pictures.

OUR third plate is described further on.



FAC-SIMILE OF A CHALK DRAWING BY ALBERT MOORE

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.*

IN the last paper about the Health Exhibition I dwelt on the features of its most popular part, Old London, and endeavoured to show, by a few words on old houses and old streets, how we had gained and how we had lost in our newer modes of living. Our gains seem to arise from our better sense of cleanliness and of practical usefulness, and both these tend towards healthiness. Our loss seems to arise from our stunted idea of beauty. When we call to mind much of our modern building, with its miles of chilling stucco, and its lines of gloomy brick; when we think of the dreary rooms which such walls enclose, we may long for the picturesqueness of the old London street, with its carving, and its gables, and its pleasing quaintness. We might be tempted even to prefer it in spite of all its uncleanly surroundings, so strong is man's sense for beauty, so helpful is Art towards the enjoyment of life.

But it is the aim of this paper to show that cleanliness and healthiness are compatible with beauty; that a sanitary house need not be ugly or uninteresting; that we may still enjoy the beauty our forefathers have left us without losing the utility which our own practical age has arrived at. And to realise this we have only to turn from old London, from Elbow Lane—the subject of the first engraving—charming as the glimpse is of artistic quaintness, to the large and encouraging show of objects supplied by the students of the South Kensington School of Design. The sight of these must fill lovers of Art with pleasure and with hope: pleasure that such an advance has been made in applying Art to every need of daily life, hope that the good work may increase and spread; as it will surely be impossible for any thoughtful person to see the effect of all this artistic decoration and to remain indifferent to the beauty, or to the want of beauty, of his own surroundings. In matters of Art, as in matters of literature, or, indeed, in matters of morality, it is of the highest importance to have a high standard of right and wrong. In the moral sphere we all have, or profess to have, such a standard, which we call a conscience. But we are too apt to apply our standard, our conscience, to matters of conduct only. This is a great and a widespread misfortune. We should always be eager to apply such a standard to literature and to Art—to gain what has been called by one of the greatest of our living writers a literary conscience. And to gain what I may call, for our present purpose, an artistic conscience, a sense that in things of beauty there is a standard of right and wrong, and that it is not seemly for those who have once awakened this sense to go on as before, satisfied with surroundings which are dulling and degrading, our nature must be developed, must have growth in all its capabilities, or we cannot reach our fullest perfection. We have instincts and needs which require satisfying, not only in matters of conduct but in matters of intellect, of beauty, of social life and manners. It is with the latter I would deal now, with our instinct for beauty and for social life and manners. *Mens sana in corpore sano:* A right mind in a healthy body. The end and aim of the Healtheries, to use a now popular term, is to help us all to this sanity and healthiness. It does so directly and professedly in showing us houses and house-fittings which are sanitary. These are for the body. It does so quite as directly in showing us house furniture and decoration which is artistic and beautiful. These are for the mind. The South Kensington School of Art and Design, one of the many good and civilising plans we owe to the Prince Consort, has, we trust, had a large influence in training artistic workmen in every branch of furnishing and decoration. We have only to read, on some of the designs, the place where the students were trained, places which, not so long ago, were given up wholly to an unrelieved and degrading ugliness, to realise what a work has been done in spreading a practical taste for Art through our manufacturing districts.

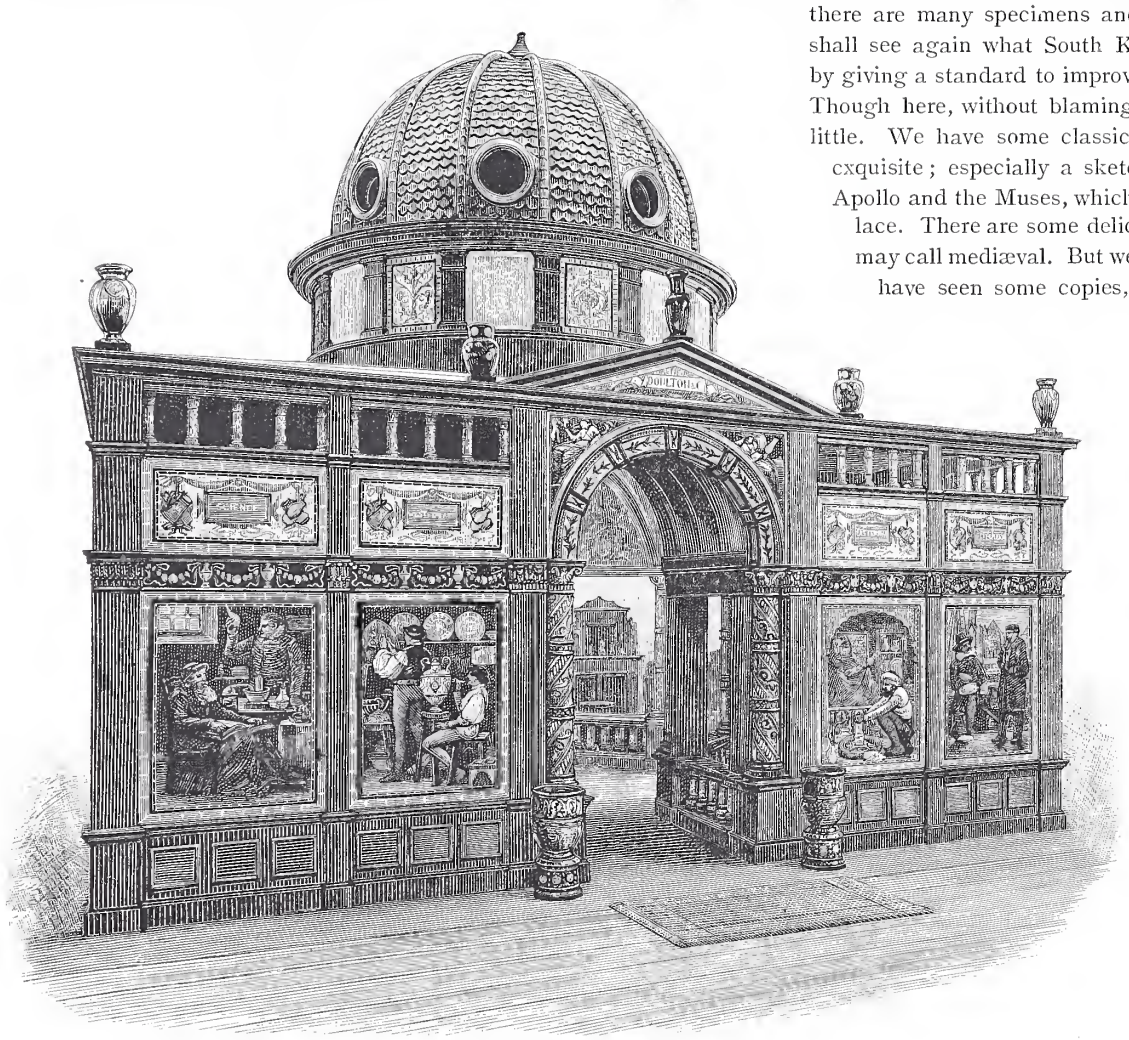


Elbow Lane. A portion of the old London Street. Drawn by H. Railton.

The largest and most imposing object in what may be

* Continued from page 164.

termed the Art annexe is the pavilion of tile-work, which Messrs. Doulton have set up; and which is the subject of our second and third engravings. And I take this first, not only because it is so considerable, but because, in no branch of household furniture has Art been more successfully or more needfully applied, than in those things which Messrs. Doulton have associated so peculiarly with their name. Besides, there are no objects in which sanitary science and artistic effect are so admirably blended as in many of their manufactures. I allude especially to such things as baths, filters, stoves, fire-places: all these are as beautiful as such practical appliances can be, while they are as perfect in their sanitary excellence. With regard to other things, which are rather decorative than sanitary, such



Messrs. Doulton and Co.'s Pavilion Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

as vases, pottery of all kinds, and tile-work, it is almost useless to speak, for Messrs. Doulton's wares are so well known. We have only to remember the kind of thing they have supplanted to appreciate their high quality, and to be grateful to the firm which has done so much for bringing Art into our houses. It is impossible to look at the tile-work pavilion, with all its wealth of rich colouring, and all its fairness of form and design, without feeling what a large share pottery should fill in house decoration. And when we see the delicate beauty of its effect, in the model rooms, which occupy each corner of the structure, we must wish it a much large application to house furniture than it has yet obtained. Tile-work might, with every advantage to beauty and to cleanliness, be applied far more generally to passages, to kitchens, to domestic offices, to all places where there are accumulations from dirt or from evaporation, because tiles are so durable, so easily cleaned, and they lend themselves so little to retaining such accumulations: while the effect of some of the tiled walls, especially of those which have a decorated frieze, is quite classical, quite graceful. The shapes too of the vases and domestic utensils which Messrs. Doulton give us, add, in no small measure, to the agreeableness of life. Though in praising their work thus, I do not mean to depreciate the beautiful exhibits of several other firms—of the Burmantoft and Wortley manufactures. It is indeed gratifying to see that the demand for pottery is so large, and so increasing; and that it is so worthily supplied.

If we leave the tile-work, and turn to the jewellery, of which there are many specimens and many sketches, we shall see again what South Kensington has done, by giving a standard to improve taste and designs. Though here, without blaming, we may criticise a little. We have some classical designs which are exquisite; especially a sketch by Mr. Wilson, of Apollo and the Muses, which is meant for a necklace. There are some delicate shapes, which we may call mediæval. But we should have liked to have seen some copies, or some adaptations, of the Greek and Trojan jewellery, Dr. Schlieman's jewellery, which was on loan at South Kensington not so long ago. The form of many bits of that old work was so simple, yet so perfect, that it made us think of the Elizabethan expression, "Jewels of Gold;" the fairness of form made up for the lack of gems.

But if we leave the jewellery, and consider the less precious metals, we shall find even more to encourage us than we did in the goldsmiths' work. Iron-workers seem now to have entered on a new sphere of usefulness and beauty; or rather, to have gone back to their old one. The South Kensington drawings show us some designs in iron-work which are almost lace-like in their delicate tracery; and there are others singularly bold, yet graceful, in their lines. I should praise especially the iron gates of the Worcester Guildhall, a fine building in real Queen Anne style, and the gates are an excellent reproduction of last century metal-work. Another excellent exhibit is that of Messrs. Singer, of Frome, Somerset, one of whose contributions we engrave in our fourth woodcut. In these matters we may go back with the greatest advantage to the ways and to the forms of our own middle ages; for no relics of old furniture are more quaint or more winning than

mediæval smiths' work. And so much has been done in the last two or three years towards imitating the old shapes, that we may look forward to the time when the smith will again be, truly, an artist, and his work beautiful; while in no branch of furnishing was a change more wanted. Lamps, grates, fenders, fire-irons, had an inconceivable meanness and commonplace in their moulded ugliness; whereas, if we turn to the Old London rooms, we shall see how various and how pleasing the forms of such things have been, and, we can now say, will be. For there is a smith's shop, not far from the South Kensington designers, where such objects are made, with all the quaintness and all the beauty of the old-world models. We cannot urge too strongly on all those who wish to encourage Art, who wish to add to the beauty of life, that artistic smiths' work should receive every help, and be used in our houses as much as possible. Example in these matters is unusually powerful, and we may be sure that the charm of beautiful iron-work will soon cause it to be largely used, if only it is once fairly tried; so that people may see how greatly it can add to the effect of their rooms. This love for hand-made metal-work should not be merely a passing fashion, because the demand for it cannot fail to produce artistic workmen, and to maintain a real love for beauty of form, we might add too, for honest, painstaking workmanship. Besides, if we consider the larger scope of metal-work, if we remember the classical bronzes, the mediæval screens, the renaissance gates, we shall see what Art has lost in the decay of this outlet for its expression; and we may be sure that the best way to restore the greater qualities of metal-workers is to encourage the industry of artistic workmen in these lesser branches of their trade—the making of objects of common household use; for by making these well they will gain a skill of hand, and a care for form, which may lead them on to rival the great works of other days. We cannot be too mindful of the serious loss to Art which has arisen from the want of well-trained workmen; such workmen as have had opportunities to bring out their own individual ideas. Perfection in work, finish, is the expression of the artist's personality; and it is only by encouraging individual workmen to increase their skill, and to improve their taste, to cultivate an artistic tone, that we can hope to restore the beauty of the older arts. This depends not only on the workmen themselves, but on those by whom they live: on the buyers of their productions. A demand for artistic work will soon raise up a generation of craftsmen.



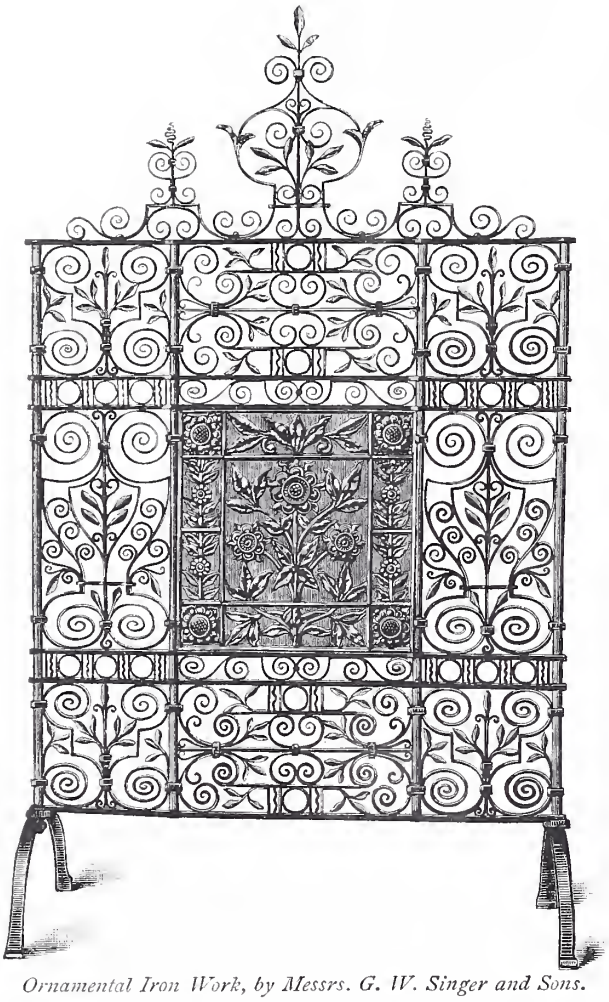
Eastern Potters, from Messrs. Doulton and Co.'s Pavilion. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

Perhaps no part of house furnishing has improved more than the patterns of wall-papers and of chintzes. In these, not only the more costly materials have become better, but the cheaper ones as well; and in these materials, as well as in carpets and curtains, a very large, almost an unlimited, field is open to designers. In all these fabrics, and in their patterns, there may be so much variety that it is impossible to say much about them. But we may be sure that a more artistic sense about lesser things, about iron-work, and furniture, and glass, and china, will help to improve still more the colours and the designs of all the textile fabrics, and of wall-papers.

Curtains and papers lead us on to another branch of decoration: tapestry. We can only praise the efforts of the Windsor tapestry works, and wish them every success in their art, which we may hope will grow and be largely encouraged. Though there is one word of caution that might be of service to the cause of tapestry. In these days pictorial subjects can be reproduced more cheaply and more pleasantly than by the needle or the loom; tapestry, too, was not always used as a picture is used; it was utilised for curtains, for hangings, and for screens. It is possible that if some examples of these were shown in tapestry, it would become more popular.

There is one other part of the South Kensington exhibits of which it is necessary *The Art Journal* should speak, for they concern it most. These are the Drawings. It is indeed consoling to see so many copies so well done. But there is one class of drawings of which we see too few examples, and what I have to say about this applies not only to the Drawings but to all the artistic things of which I have been writing. There are too few copies of classical models of Greek statues. We must never forget that in things of beauty Greece is always our fountain-head of inspiration. I would by no means wish to see all decoration classical; far from it; but we should always have Greek forms before us to correct our taste, to restrain our tendency towards grotesqueness and extravagance. The danger of artistic decoration, as we have it now, is that any phase of it may pander to a passing fashion. We have seen

Japanese furniture, Queen Anne mania, and mediæval decoration. The peculiar danger of the latter is that it may lead to a wild extravagance in all things, to complicated forms, to overluxuriance, till simple people become disgusted with artistic houses. The great corrective of this is to remember the exquisite simplicity of the most perfect Art; and we cannot remember this without thinking of those who, of all the children of men, have been the most beautiful and yet most simple. When I think of Greek bronzes, of Greek utensils, of Greek wall-decorations I cannot help feeling that we do not have these models before us sufficiently. I would not see them copied slavishly, or fanatically, or exclusively; but our Art designers should remember them as a restraint to possible extravagances. I say this in the interest of Art; as any extravagance in its application



Ornamental Iron Work, by Messrs. G. W. Singer and Sons.

will surely lead to a reaction towards ugliness. There is one other matter about which it may be useful to speak, as it chiefly concerns the public. The artists have done their part in giving good designs; the manufacturers and the craftsmen are doing theirs in copying them: it remains for the buyers, for all of us who are not professedly artists, to do ours. That is, to train in ourselves an artistic sense, to learn the difference between right and wrong; to learn, perhaps, that there is such a difference; to gain an artistic conscience. "The first consideration for us is not whether we are amused or pleased by a work of Art or mind, nor is it whether we are touched by it. What we seek above all to learn is, whether *we were right* in being amused with it, and in applauding it, and in being moved by it."

The tone of this quotation is the tone which we must all cultivate in ourselves, if we are to appreciate what Art is doing for us. Before we pass sweeping judgments on artistic work we must make some effort to guide our judgment right. The fault we find may sometimes be our own stunted sense for beauty, and not in what we condemn. To take an instance from the South Kensington sketches, Mr. Wilson's necklace of Apollo and the Muses remain excellent, whether we appreciate it or not: a parody of the Greek gods, in mediæval attire, remain not excellent, whether we are amused by it or not. There is such a parody not far from Mr. Wilson's necklace. We are right in liking the one; we are very far from right if we like the other.

Early in this paper I said I should discuss our instinct for beauty, and for social life and manners. The instinct of beauty I have already dealt with; and its connection with the other is obvious. We know, only too well, how the sordid unbeautiful lives of so many of our people have destroyed all sense for manners, and all social life, except a life which is degraded. To raise this low and inadequate ideal of life is the object of all who are really cultured. Their aim is not to make beauty and refinement exclusive; but to spread them; to make them accessible to those who have been untouched by their influence. A sense for beauty in small things, in home surroundings, must go a long way towards refining manners and life, towards improving those who are too little sensible of refinement. *Mens sana in corpore sano*—A right mind in a healthy body. To help this, I said, was our end in holding the Health Exhibition. Homes which are clean and healthy, homes which, as far as possible, are beautiful, must do very much for our moral improvement—for our social improvement. Much has been done of late for cleanliness; we have public baths and wash-houses; the desire for cleanliness is more widely spread. But there is another useful sphere as yet untouched; and some specimens near Messrs. Doulton's pavilion remind me of it—specimens of gymnastic apparatus. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* The training of the body must not be overlooked in the improvement of the mind; and the body must be strong as well as clean. Public gymnasiums should be founded as well as public baths. The use of gymnasiums too should be largely extended amongst all classes. In these days of mental strain, quick living, the race may suffer grievously if the powers of mind and body are not held in more perfect balance. Athletics do much for this; but London is now so large that many of us have neither time nor opportunity for athletic pursuits. Gymnasiums would therefore supply a large and serious want of our bodily needs. And here again we are looking towards our Greeks; our masters not only in the sphere of beauty, but in the sphere of practical life. Most of all though in the sphere of the intellectual life; but with this we have not to deal. Health, and taste, and refinement, and conduct are all closely allied, anything which helps to improve one of them, cannot fail to benefit the rest, to develop the whole and complete perfection of our human nature.

And with this thought let us leave Old London, with the chimes of its bells sounding in our ears, like the voice of a forgotten world calling us back to the true idea of all of us, to beauty, which, as we have seen, is goodness considered from another aspect. With the memory of its quaint old houses, so rich and so effective in their wood-carving, in their metal-work, in their tapestry. And they were rich and beautiful because those who lived in them encouraged a race of craftsmen who were interested in their work, who were able to give expression to their own individual striving for beauty, and for perfection in Art. That perfection which is only most effective when it is the expression of the artist's personality.

DOUGLAS GALTON.

COLOUR.*

AS it is impossible to exhaust so vast a subject as colour in one paper, even when its application to architecture is alone to be considered, I shall confine myself to colour applied to the outside of buildings. I propose to deal with the subject as follows:—To show the position colour holds in relation to man; the passionate love mankind has for it; its application, by means of natural and artificial objects, to the adornment of buildings; and its prevalence in former times for enhancing architectural beauty.

I shall also mention some modern examples of its application, and shall make a few remarks on the permanent coloured materials that can be safely used externally in London and the large manufacturing towns.

By the general consent of mankind, the arrangement of certain colours in certain proportions cause delight; in fact, for the bulk of mankind, nature has made almost every visible phase of earth, air, fire, and water beautiful by colour.

When we go into the country for delight, what is it we go for? I will not exclude the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, the murmuring of the sea, the babbling of brooks, the thunder of waterfalls, nor the sighing of trees; I will not omit the scent of the May blossom, of the traveller's joy, nor of new-mown hay; but it is mainly to feast our eyes on the beauty of colour. Every poet has sung and every rhapsodist descanted on the beauty of trees and flowers, meadows and mountains, of the sea and river, of the lake and waterfall; of the moon and the star-lit sky, of the sunshine and the clouds, from Homer's "rosy-fingered Aurora" to a "looming bastion fringed with fire" of the Poet Laureate. Shelley says, "Men hardly know how beautiful fire is;" and the teller of the Arabian Nights compares the violet to "sulphur burnt in the fire." Why have we so many of "those gilt gawds men-children run to see," but to satisfy the hunger after colour? Why are the painters courted, and the sculptors neglected, but because the former deal with colour that all know and love, and the latter with a white abstraction of "the human form divine" which most of us have hardly seen?

We love landscape painting because it preserves for our admiration those evanescent phases of nature's colour that strike us as most lovely. In Turner's picture of 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' though we have the golden galleys and the coloured dresses, the main beauty is in the ocean, in the mountains, and in the sky, ribbed with the flaming spokes of the setting sun.

We love figure painting mainly because it gives us the harmonies of the exquisite and subtle tones of flesh with the colour of hair and eyes, with lovely and gorgeous robes, with armour, with the sky, with water, trees, or architecture.

All of us have admired the labourer's whitewashed cottage, latticed with rose-trees, with their green and golden leaves and pale yellow, white, or blush roses; or a red brick cottage trellised with roses, the fire thorn, or the purple jasmine of Japan; with clematis, Westaria, the scarlet-runner, or the passion-flower. Either cottage is beautifully ornamented when covered with the grape-vine, full of bunches of green, purple, or black grapes; not to speak of those houses wholly green with ivy, or glowing with the red leaves of the Virginia creeper.

It is only for the last century, and at occasional epochs, that buildings have been left to the monotone of one material; and we must not forget that the word "monotonous" does not convey admiration nor delight.

The Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Etruscans, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Mexicans, the Peruvians, the Arabs, Moors, and Turks, all enriched their buildings with colour; nay, I believe the Gauls, the Germans, the Scandinavians, the Goths, Huns, and Vandals did the same; and all that group of western nations whom we call the mediævals, made their buildings striking at least by the aid of colour.

We naturally ask, why has colour disappeared from the outside of modern buildings? for till quite lately we only allowed ourselves whitewash, green outside shutters, a red chimney-pot, and a gilded weathercock; and though in this country Puritanism may have something to answer for, in Italy Palladio had more, who said "white was more acceptable to the gods." Beyond these two factors, I believe the main reason to be that this adornment was mostly perishable, and in bad times was not renewed, so that many generations have grown up without ever seeing a coloured building, and any novelty shocks mankind's conservative instincts. I can remember the storm aroused by Owen Jones's colouring of the Exhibition Building of 1851. He had been to Egypt, and seen colour on a grand scale there, and had studied the colouring of the Moors; his critics knew no colouring but that detestable application of gold on white they had seen at Versailles, or perhaps some pale pea-green and gold in their own drawing-rooms.

Viollet-le-Duc says, in his article on Painting, "The Romans under the Empire seem to have been the first people who erected monuments of white marble or stone without colour; as to their stucco, this was always coloured, whether used inside or outside a building. . . . . During the Middle Ages decorative painting played an important part on the outside of buildings; the front of Notre Dame at Paris shows many traces of painting and gilding, not put on the bare walls, but upon the mouldings, columns, sculptured ornament, and figures. The same observations can be made on the porch of the Cathedral of Amiens; and the ornaments placed in 1257 on the top of the transept gables of the Cathedral of Paris were gilt, with grounds of dull red and black. Outside colouring was much more vivid than that of the inside; there were bright red tones (vermillion glazed with brilliant red), crude green, orange, yellow-ochre, blacks, and pure

* Lecture delivered at the Royal Academy, 28th February, 1883.

whites, rarely blues; outside the brilliancy of direct light and shadow allowing a harshness of colouring which would not be supportable under the sifted and diffused light of the interior."

I may mention that the late Mr. Burges and I, in our travels together, found traces of colour on the porch of a church at Ville Neuve l'Archivêque.

Viollet-le-Duc goes on to say that "the whole front of Notre Dame, Paris, was not coloured, but only the three doorways with their voussoirs and tympanums, and the niches and statues that bind the doorways together; the Gallery of the Kings formed a long strip all coloured and gilt, and above the only parts painted were the great arcade, with the windows under the towers and the central rose window; the upper part lost in the air was left the colour of the stone." And he makes this reflection: "Why do we deprive ourselves of all these resources of Art? Why does the classic school pretend that coldness and monotony are the inseparable accompaniments of beauty, when the Greeks, whom they present to us as artists *par excellence*, always coloured their buildings inside and out; not timidly, but by the aid of colours of extreme brilliancy."

Mr. Watts saw a fragment of sculptured foliage at Halicarnassus, just dug up, painted with vermillion, turquoise green, and golden yellow. It is not to be supposed that figures in white marble, with a polished surface and of translucent substance, were covered with opaque distemper; the flesh, at least, was delicately glazed with transparent colour.

In many parts of Italy bas-reliefs are to be found painted exactly like pictures, not to speak of the coloured ware of Luca della Robbia and his school. The Ca d'Oro at Venice received its name from being gilt, and Signor G. Boni, in charge of the restorations at the Ducal Palace, found traces of gold and colour on the ornaments and tracery executed before 1500. Signor Molmenti, in his book on Venice, quotes Philip de Comines (Charles VIII.'s ambassador, who visited Venice in 1495) as saying, quite dazzled:—"The houses are very large and high, and of good stone, the old ones all painted; the others, built in the last hundred years, have their fronts of white marble, which comes from Istria, one hundred miles from there, with many great pieces of porphyry and serpentine on their fronts." You may see both these enrichments of the houses in Carpaccio's pictures. In 1854, when I was first at Venice, remains of the old painting and figure frescoes were still to be seen, and even now, at Brescia, there are the remains of fine bold figure frescoes in colour on many of the houses.

I hope that what I say may not merely afford you an innocent amusement for an hour, nor simply inform you on certain historical points of Art; but that it may bear fruit by turning your attention to the adornment of England; nay, of those widely spread colonies and dependencies to which some of you may go. We cannot revive a lost art successfully without knowing what those who have gone before us have done. Though I am a Londoner, born and bred, and therefore my fondest thoughts turn to the adornment of my native city, I hope that some of you may practise in countries where the sun is ever glorious, and not mostly hidden in clouds or mist. I think it best to speak of things I have seen, because, by that means, you can allow for what the astronomers call "my personal equation," yet I must speak of one country that I have not yet seen—Persia; because the most magnificent exposition of extreme colour applied externally is to be found there, and executed, too, in that splendid and imperishable material, enamelled earthenware. There, flat walls, cylindrical minarets and drums, bulbous domes, half-domes, and honeycomb work, are all covered with richly coloured tiles, painted or inlaid in the most beautiful and intricate patterns, and where white, blue, green, yellow, red, and black are used in their fullest intensity. Mr. C. Purdon Clarke, who has resided in Persia, and secured for England the Persian architects' pattern books, describes the effect of this coloured architecture as being splendid and satisfying to this degree: that he not only did not desire to see it altered, but could not see how the colour could be improved.

The examples are from Pascal Coste's work on "The Modern Monuments of Persia," and show the upper part of two minarets, and half the upper part of the entrance to the Mosque of Mesdjid-i-Chah, at Ispahan, built in the sixteenth century by Shah Abbas. The buildings surrounding the court-yard stand on a plinth of yellow marble resembling Siena, and are wholly covered with enamelled tiles; the body of the minaret is covered with a diaper of Greek crosses in dull red on a green ground; within these outlines, and parallel to them, are dotted lines with the green ground between them, the outside dotted lines being black, and the inside white. A little below the cornice, the green ground ends, and a horizontal band of yellow, with an inscription in black, forms the base of an arcade pattern in the same yellow; the arches filled in with a blue ground, with yellow and white ornament. The honeycomb cornice above is arcaded and coloured in the same manner, and bears a wooden colonnade and roof, with a wooden balustrade between the uprights; through this rises a smaller cylindrical shaft, with a bulbous dome of the same green ground as the minaret, with geometrical patterns in dull red and black, with white dots inside the black lines. The entrance to the sanctuary is bounded by a wide border, this has a yellow and red narrow fillet outside; the border has a blue ground and green foliage, with yellow four-petalled flowers in the middle, and red and white circular flowers at the sides, and is edged with narrow greenish white stripes ornamented with a cable of green leaves intertwining. The spandrils are bordered with a narrow yellow border, on which is a green meandering line, with green leaves on one side and red flowers on the other. The spandril has a blue ground, with green scrolls, and leaves with yellow buds and red and white flowers; and on the diagonal line, two large ornaments; the upper one yellow, with green leaves and a red flower, and the other dark green on a greenish-white ground. The archivolt within this has a blue ground enriched with a green meandering line with large yellow flowers on both sides, and small red ones between, and is edged with white next the semi-dome; the hollow half-dome is yellow with white lines above the honeycombed part, and is ornamented with a line of green scrolls with red flowers, and above light patterns in green and blue. Each honeycomb is edged with yellow, with a black line in the middle of it, and the centre is blue, with coloured flowers. The semi-dome is thus divided into two halves horizontally, the upper half yellow and the lower half blue, like the walls below.

Splendid colour is, as a rule, only to be found in the East, or has been got from it. I strongly suspect that all the fine colour in Europe came directly or indirectly from the East. First it filtered through to Constantinople, and skilled men were sent from there to execute works in different parts of Europe. The churches, mausoleums, and mosaics of Ravenna were, I believe, executed by architects and artists

from Constantinople, and probably the mosaics of the churches in Rome, Sicily, and elsewhere, and we know that St. Mark's and the mihrab of the mosque at Cordova were done by them.

The Crusades enabled the Westerns to see something of the glories of the East, and the plunder familiarised those at home with Eastern colour and workmanship; afterwards this impression was kept up by the traders who visited the East and trafficked in its goods, the Pisans, the Genoese, the Venetians, the Portuguese, and the Dutch. There is little doubt that that very effective method of outward adornment, horizontal stripes in different colours, was brought from the East. We see the red and black stripes on the buildings at Cairo repeated in the cathedral at Genoa, the buildings at Pisa, Florence, and Siena, though in Italy the bands are mostly of dark green serpentine alternating with white marble. St Mark's is wholly covered with slabs of Greek, African, verde antique, and other beautiful marbles. The shafts of its columns are of green and red porphyry, verde antique, grand antique, and other splendid marbles, and over its doorways are mosaics on a gold ground, while smaller pieces, as ornaments and borders, are interspersed on its façades. Its crockets are gilt, and at one time the bronze horses from Constantinople were gilt too.

You all know the delicate pink and white diaper of the Doge's Palace, from pictures if not from the palace itself, reminding us of the City of Irak in the Arabian Nights, whose walls were built with alternate silver and gold bricks. The Bell Tower at Florence and the cathedral are covered with pink and white marble, with borders and inlaid work of green serpentine. It is useless to speak of the effects of red brick with white stone, as they are too well known in the form of dressings, strings, cornices, stripes, and chequer work to need description. In many Italian buildings happy effects are got by filling in the ground of carved ornament with mosaic of green, gold, red, black, or other colours.

Perhaps the most striking example I know of modern external polychromy is a palace at Berlin; the walls are faced with black and red tiles in a diaper, the window dressings are in majolica, and the frieze is in coloured glass mosaic on a gold ground; and at the time I saw it, some eight or nine years ago, it was not pleasant to reflect that the tiles were probably English, the majolica Minton's, and the mosaic from the English company at Murano, and that no such complete attempt had been made in our own country.

In Paris we have the Opera House, where polychromy of a very delicate and dignified character is obtained by means of marbles, bronze, and gilding, with a very slight admixture of enamelled earthenware on the flanks. To borrow the words of M. Charles Garnier's dream of the future of Paris, "The grounds of the cornices will shine with eternal colours, the piers will be enriched with sparkling panels, gilded friezes will run along the buildings, the monuments will be clothed with marbles and enamels, and the mosaics will make all love movement and colour. There will be no longer a false and mean luxury, there will be opulence, there will be sincerity."

M. P. Sedille, one of the apostles of colour, has already enriched parts of France with buildings wholly or partially coloured, and he is now converting what the Romans called an "island" in Paris into one huge building for the sale of drapery, two sides of which are already built. The upper part of each of the towers flanking the façade, built of brilliant white stone, are panelled with glass mosaic on a gold ground; the scrolls are green and blue, with white and purple-brown flowers forming the ground for the owner's names, which are in pure white letters edged with black, and the stone frames to these panels are enriched with jewels in a gold setting. Each bay between the pilasters is wholly of glass, iron, and bronze—the iron painted dark grey and the bronze gilt; each story enriched with a frieze of gold mosaic and slabs of marble set in the bronze; the roof of zinc scales; the dormers and the ridge ornament, in cast iron, painted black and partly gilt; and the turrets above the domes of the towers gilt, and the balconies supporting gilt festoons—the whole looking most brilliant and satisfactory in the sunshine of Paris.

The front of the Turkish baths, by M. Parvillée, the author of "Architecture et Decoration Turques," is faced with enamelled tiles of Turkish patterns and colours. As you know, our brother architects in France are not wont to lavish praises on us, so I quote with all the more pleasure M. Sedille's flattering remarks:—"Certain new constructions in London are truly grand. Friezes ornamented with enamelled terra-cotta and mosaics on a gold ground, form the decoration of the fronts. Certain halls, too, of public establishments are completely covered with painted earthenware, combining decorative composition with true style."

Let us also celebrate the pioneers of colour in London when we know them, and endeavour to cull instruction from their works; and even if they have in our judgment failed, let us thank them for their daring in being the first to emancipate us from drab, and in opening for us that path which will eventually cover London with beautiful and imperishable colour. Hector Horreau put medallions of majolica in a house in the Avenue Road. S. S. Teulon designed the fountain at the corner of Great George Street, Westminster, once brilliant with colour, but now nearly black. Sir G. Scott the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. The front of a shop in Piccadilly is enriched with figure subjects in opaque glass. The St. James's restaurant is enriched with mosaics on a gold ground. Sir D. Wyatt designed a shop in Gracechurch Street of iron and encaustic tiles, now pulled down. Some of Messrs. Doulton's buildings are ornamented with glazed stoneware and jewels, and their name is on panels of enamelled ware enriched with a pattern in colours. A shop in Bond Street has a part of its front faced with encaustic tiles. A railway station in the Finchley Road is enriched with stoneware and jewels, and its passages and platforms are lined with white and grey bricks in bands. And lately two warehouses have been built in the City, one in Knightrider Street, wholly of glazed bricks and iron, the piers of greenish-white glazed bricks with grey bands, and plinths of dark brown; the walls above white, with grey bands; the architraves of the windows, string courses, and cornice in brown enamelled bricks, with impressed patterns; the shield and corbel sustaining the angle on the first floor over the rounded corner beneath, of the same colour; and joining the upper and lower windows are frames of grey glazed bricks with the edges moulded, panelled with brown glazed bricks with impressed patterns. The architect of another warehouse in Moorfields has not so frankly accepted the glazed ware. Yellow and red terra-cotta, Victoria and Portland stone, and blue Staffordshire bricks, are used in conjunction with dark red glazed bricks and tiles, with large glazed ornaments of a rich brown, and with white and grey glazed bricks.

Time alone will show how these different materials will work together. Even now the yellow terra-cotta cornice of the ground floor is getting black. I may say that both of these are rather prepossessing examples of polychromy in broad flat tints. Close by a rather startling, and not altogether unpleasing effect, is got by covering the upper half of a building with pure milk-white glazed bricks, done for the neighbours' light, while the lower half is red brick and stone.

At the present moment there is a very successful piece of partial polychromy in Lisson Grove. A warehouse built of white bricks, with terra-cotta pilasters, strings, and cornices, has a wide band of enamelled tiles round two fronts on the first floor. This band bears the owners' names and calling in dull blue ornamental letters on a white ground; the words are divided by the "two of diamonds," and where the letters do not fill up the space, a series of upright green scrolls are inserted, the whole enclosed by white borders, ornamented with grey lines and circles filled in with green leaves and red flowers. I say advisedly "at this moment," in a few years it may be out of tone—the white may be black.

There is some successful glazed earthenware in white and yellow outside the South Kensington Museum, and a garden wall in Springfield Road, N.W., is wholly of brown and red glazed bricks, with the capping and gate piers of glazed stoneware. I saw a beautiful little bit of colour in the suburbs. A red brick blank dormer was panelled with emerald green tiles—not the green of the paint but of the jewel—and on this was fixed the following legend in ornamental gold letters in relief, "The Old Eagle Tavern."

As regards painting, two very notable examples remain, a shop in Berner's Street, and a house by North Gate, Regent's Park; the pilasters of the former are red, ornamented in gold, with gilt capitals, with coloured and ornamented panels between, and the heads of musicians on a gold ground, in imitation of mosaic. The other house is that of Mr. Tadema, the front treated mainly in yellow and white, with yellow columns to the porch, a light-coloured Greek ornament on the dark blue background of its frieze. At the back two blank arched spaces have been treated by white and red lines, and small coloured forms on a black ground. The blank arches have windows at the top, whose splays and head have been left white, with ornament in the shape of coloured lines and jewels.

We can but regret that from our wretched leasehold tenures so little good work is done in London, and when it is done it is mostly in perishable materials. Had these houses been the proprietors' freehold, the work would probably have been executed in permanent materials, and it would have been a delight and an honour to London. It is too painful and too disgusting to think of these works perishing, not only on account of the loss of the skill and labour employed on them, but as the extinction of personal memorials of artists—artists who have been pioneers in the right way. It is like the story of some idiot who wanted a great sculptor to carve a statue in snow.

I must not omit the purple-red houses we see on every side, which look as if dipped in that "Little brook whose crimson'd wave yet lifts my hair with horror," though perhaps as a protest against drab they are to be welcomed. I might mention the sgraffito work at the South Kensington Museum, on a house by the Albert Hall, and on others by the river and elsewhere, as well as specimens of polychromy obtained by the use of different coloured stones—for instance, an office on this side of Blackfriars Bridge; but all rough materials so soon get blackened in London that it is almost waste of skill to use them as colour, and waste of time to describe them. The question now is, how can we redeem our buildings from their hideous monotony? looking, as they do in misty weather or in twilight, like ghastly grey spectres.

In England generally it is not very easy to preserve the colour you want, in the country on account of the damp, for all porous materials afford a footing for moss and lichens, and red roofs soon become green, yellow, or grey; and stone itself gets draped with lichens: but it is in London and the large manufacturing towns that our greatest difficulty arises, as colour in a glazed material, applied to buildings of rough and porous ones, soon gets out of tone, the glazed work standing out from their blackened surfaces like the teeth in a grinning negro. From the traffic there must be some dust, from artificial heat there must be some smoke and some pernicious gases, but we suffer mainly from the folly, indolence, and perverse ingenuity of man. His folly in not paving the streets with asphalte, his indolence in not even keeping this clean; his perverse ingenuity in using coal so that a large part is unburnt: the air being thus filled with soot which chokes his lungs and skin, and covers trees and buildings with a black pall.

It is useless to speak of the carbonic, sulphuric, and nitric acid with which this truly infernal atmosphere is charged. Cobbett called townsmen "Wen-devils,"* so we now have an atmosphere to suit us. No marble used outside will stand the climate. Look at the oriental jaspar columns of the Grosvenor Gallery, or the Breccia ones of a shop nearer Oxford Street, or any marble slab let into the front of a building. Red and green porphyry, and some of the granites, are the only natural materials that will stand. Bronze, I believe, stands pretty well; glass mosaic and glazed stoneware are practically imperishable. The white tiles once so largely used outside soon perish. Brown, pink, and grey polished granites, even in conjunction with the porphyries and bronze, make but a sombre building, and are imperial materials that only a nation, a town, or a very wealthy man can afford; and glass mosaic, too, is very costly, and I may say that a gold ground in a dark setting is too light and too cold, and should be more copper-coloured.

If the buildings in London and our large manufacturing towns are to be made clean, gay, and beautiful, we must, I think, rely solely on enamelled brick; and what a field does this afford for design in colour, in ornament, in landscape, and in figures; and fortunately there are two sides of the question from which we may get help. It will be a healthful material, for it will lighten our streets and keep them cleaner; and it will be cheap, for the tenants will only have to wash the fronts of their houses instead of painting them.

I conclude with an objection and its answer in the words of our illustrious brother, M. Sedille:—"If the objection be raised that this coloured glazed ware, even now so largely used, will only multiply bad examples, I reply that there are bad as well as good books, yet no one will deny the usefulness of printing. It will be the duty of our brother architects to set a good example, or at least to follow it."

G. AITCHISON.

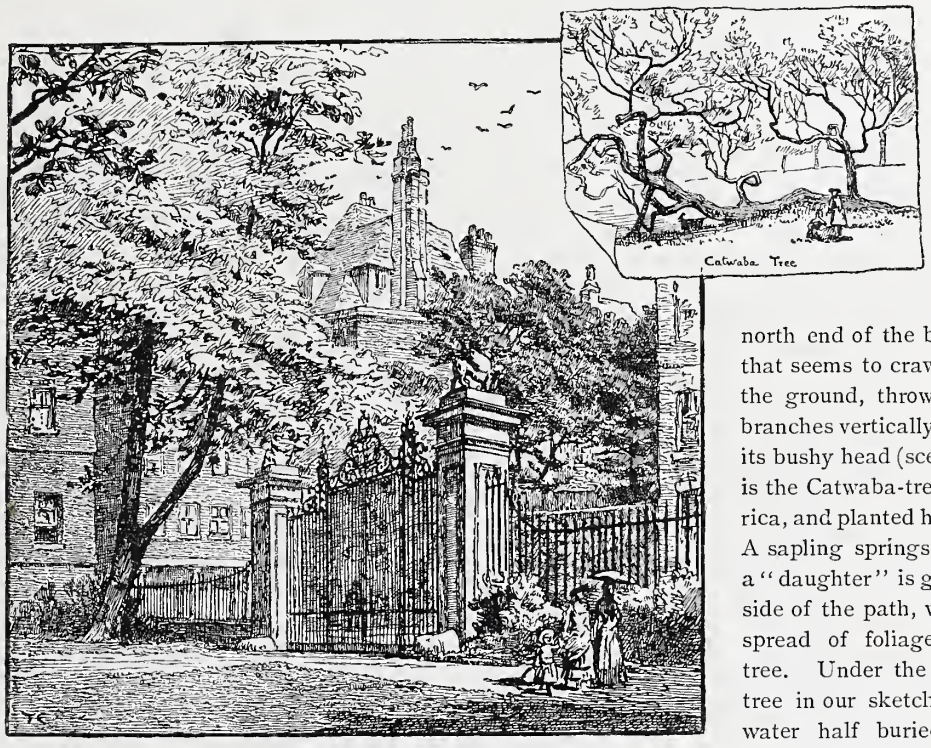
* Cobbet says a town is not a useful aggregation of men, but a morbid action drawing the useful inhabitants from country villages, and calls towns "wens," and their inhabitants "wen-devils."

LANDSCAPES IN LONDON;

OR SKETCHING-GROUNDS WITHIN THE CAB RADIUS.*

No. 6.—The Inns of Court and Temple.

THE retired, quiet, old-world look of the Inns of Court cannot fail to strike any one who enters their precincts for the first time. Until very lately they have remained practically the same as when they were built, and indeed the oldest of them, Gray's Inn, has not yet been "improved." The gardens belonging to it were laid out in the time of Elizabeth, and are still exactly as they were arranged by Lord Bacon, except where a few trees have been recently planted, to make up for those blown down in the gale of October, 1881. In former days these gardens were the resort of all the fashion of London. They were laid out with a broad walk in the middle, and terraces at the end and side, allowing space for the thronging folk, and facilities for each set to see the other at their leisure and convenience. At the south end there is the fine old iron gateway, which had to be renewed in 1723: the cut-stone pillars are surmounted by griffins. From this gate a broad walk, flanked by plane-trees, leads up to the terrace at the end. Just to the left stands "Addison's Tree." It is the finest of the old plane-trees, and its branches arch over all round till they nearly touch the ground, whilst a comfortable seat encircles the massive bole. Addison used to sit here when he wrote his polished papers for the *Spectator*.



Sketch 24.—*Gray's Inn Gates and the Catwaba Tree.*

Just beyond this tree, and on the slope of the second terrace on the west side, there is a capital view of the grand iron gates (Sketch 24). The red roofs of the brick buildings group very picturesquely, and contrast well with the rich green of the well-grown planes. Although the brickwork of the houses is so smoke-begrimed that the original warm yellow is entirely hid, yet a reddish tone covers all; this can be well given by light red mixed with sepia, for the lighter parts, and greyed with cobalt for the shadows. This will send them well back behind the black gates, that seem to have a touch of dark green in them by contrast—and also well behind the bright green plane-tree. As autumn comes round, the ordinary lemon yellow, aureolin, and French blue with which the green can be given, with a touch of burnt sienna in the shades, must be reinforced by middle cadmium, or some such strong orange. The grass is generally lower in tone and colour, and brilliancy in the picture must be sought in the bright dresses of the strollers in the gardens. The gate is now fastened up, but it formerly opened into Field Court, which is now entered by a small colonnade from South Square, next to Holborn; these columns can be seen through the railings on the left. The gardens themselves are not public. Any Bencher of Gray's Inn can give an order for "bearer and family," which will admit for the rest of the current year.

There is a curious tree at the north end of the broad central walk, that seems to crawl snake-like along the ground, throwing up only a few branches vertically, till at last it rears its bushy head (see Sketch 24). This is the Catwaba-tree, a native of America, and planted here by Lord Bacon. A sapling springs near its head, and a "daughter" is growing on the other side of the path, which has a larger spread of foliage than the parent tree. Under the original Catwaba-tree in our sketch there is a pail of water half buried in the ground, placed for the rooks to drink from. For there is an immense rookery in the gardens, and though few birds are seen by day, when the people have left at sunset the air is thick with rooks.

The only encroachment on the gardens is a row of chambers to the east, which are mentioned by Pepys as just having been built when he wrote. He objected to their situation since the land around was unoccupied and might have been chosen. Even as late as a hundred and twenty years ago London did not exist to the north of Gray's Inn, and Bedford Row was a market garden. The other parts of Gray's Inn scarcely lend themselves to landscape sketching, and though Staples Inn contains a fine gateway, yet its interest is purely architectural.

Lincoln's Inn, the largest of the Inns of Court, offers many more subjects.

* Continued from page 232.

Lincoln's Inn Fields adjoining it, contains splendid masses of luxuriant foliage (Sketch 25). The plane-trees appear to flourish in the midst of London smoke and fog, and give a deep cool shade in the summer. Lincoln's Inn Square is the largest in London that is not intersected by roads; its area is the same as the base of the Great Pyramid in Egypt. The gardens are very well kept up, and there is a kind of open summer-house which is shown on the right of the sketch, and nearly above it we catch sight of the pinnacled ventilator of the Great Hall of Lincoln's Inn. The subject is more or less a study of foliage, and depends considerably upon beauty and finish of drawing for its interest. A very good sketch may be made from the centre of the road on the south side of the square, looking through the entrance-gate to the Inn, but this is rather too public a place for the artist's comfort. A long blank wall runs at the east side of the square, and the Great Hall and Library rise above it. A good exterior view of these may be obtained from within the gardens of "The Fields."

As we enter the principal gateway of Lincoln's Inn, we find at once that "subjects" and "bits" are scattered everywhere, and the open spaces are large enough and sufficiently numerous to allow us some glimpses of comparative distance. It is surprising how few loiterers are about, though the place is a thoroughfare, and it is possible to sketch almost anywhere without the least annoyance. (Sketch 26). Our illustration is taken from the steps leading to the Great Hall. Through the hazy atmosphere in the distance can be seen two of the towers and a good deal of the roof of the New Law Courts. In front of them there stretches a row of venerable-looking buildings of the Queen Anne period. Their colour is good, together with their red roofs, but they are too plain to look well, if they were not partly masked by the garden in front of them. They form the south side of Lincoln's Inn Square, that has only three sides, and it is from what would be the fourth or north side that we obtain the view.



SKETCH 25.—*Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

The afternoon is the best time for this subject as the sun falls low, so that the terrace where the figures are walking, and the foreground foliage are thrown into deep shadow by the Great Hall, and look black against the sunlit garden beyond, where the white figures come in. Behind us is the garden proper of Lincoln's Inn, which very much resembles that of Gray's Inn, described above, only it is not so good for sketching purposes. There is a similar raised terrace, which here overlooks the Fields, and forms a remarkably nice and dry promenade in winter. In the small courts and squares to the east, several interesting architectural sketches may be made, but all of a rather limited description.

It may be worth while to say a few words about the New Law Courts, since they form an important addition to the view in Sketch 26. This truly Gothic building is remarkable for variety of outline. The sides of the towers are never alike, and great thought has been expended in getting each thing and every pattern a little different in the front and back elevations. No two windows are exactly alike; bosses and other ornaments are not put exactly over openings or beneath windows, and these are never put centrally over doors. By this means all stiffness is avoided and the true feeling of the Gothic art is retained. Yet this is not obtrusively done, nor is there any effect of looseness or carelessness in the design.

A number of architectural "bits" might be taken from this building, such as the clock tower against the sunset sky, sketched from the little alley to the east of the Law Courts, or from the interior of the east quadrangle. But these would be beyond the powers of amateurs.

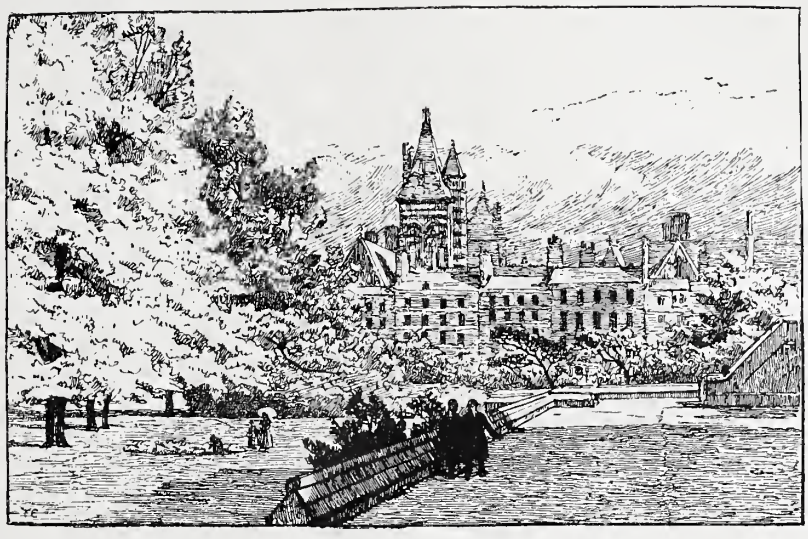
On walking towards the Temple, if we pass down Searle Street it is worth while to look through the entrance gate of New Chambers, close to the Law Courts. The building is of red brick with terra-cotta dressings. When the sun shines on it and also on the green turf and shrubs in the centre of the quadrangle, the proximity of this mass of red gives an almost unearthly vividness to the green. It is a good example of the advantage of contrast in colours, for one can scarcely persuade one's self that the grass is not far greener here by nature than anywhere else in the world.

The Temple is now in the hands of the restorers, and while in this transition state it is not as good a sketching ground as it was before the Embankment was made, or as it will probably be by-and by.

Fountain Court used to be a perfect thing in its way, with its old iron gates and low flight of steps leading to the platform upon which the fountain played. Now the old gates are gone, and the south side where they stood is opened out to afford a view of part of the Temple Gardens and the Thames beyond. Although this is a distinct advantage gained, yet it is hardly great enough to compensate for the removal of the former picturesque entrance to the Court.

Sketch No. 28 is taken from the upper or north side of Fountain Court, at the right side of the top of the short flight of steps leading to the upper platform. Fountain Court remains a beautiful and retired spot as it has always been,

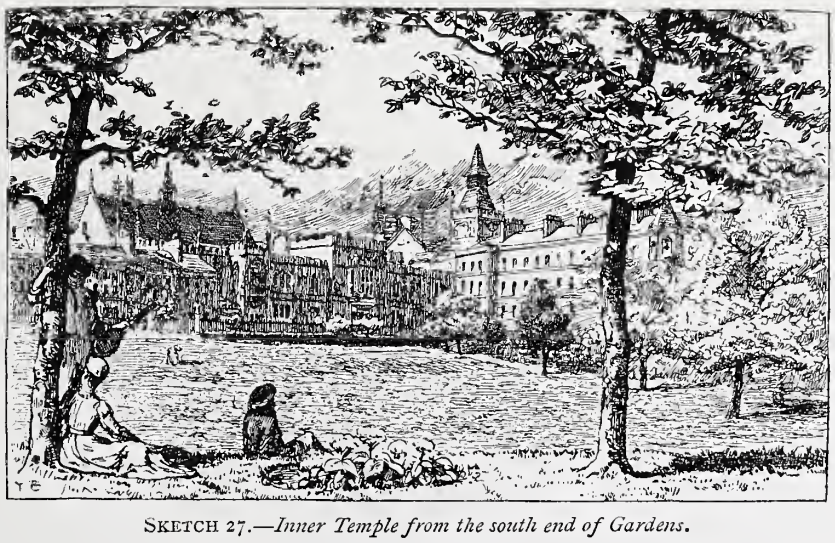
the high buildings shutting out the noise even of the noisy Strand, and the splash of the water is the chief sound to be heard, although the court is used as a thoroughfare. The few seats placed here and there are always occupied by old or quiet people, who read their book or paper, or snatch half-an-hour's rest and sleep during the day. The modern stonework of the fountain in the centre is already so much worn by the running water that it is difficult to make out the original design; it seems to consist of a vase supported by three swans. Probably the constant play of the water—unlike other London fountains, which are much more economical—has helped to dilapidate the stonework in the small space of ten years. Formerly there was only a single jet coming out of a short nozzle, and it was said by Halton, in Queen Anne's time, to have forced its stream "to a vast and almost incredible altitude." The present jet is about ten feet high. Just behind it, in Sketch 28 we see the end of the Middle Temple Library, a rather high, Gothic building, and a marked feature in any view of the Thames that includes the Temple. Its great slope of roof and high chimneys give it a strong character of its own. In the background to the left of it are some trees that border the Thames Embankment, and in the extreme distance we see some of the buildings on the Surrey side of the river. To the left again there is a portion of a very ornate building, the turreted corner being surmounted by a small crocketed dome. These are the new buildings of the Middle Temple, upon which a large amount of money has been spent. They stretch southward to the very limit of the old ground, so as to touch the new or "made" ground of the Thames Embankment, where it would have been scarcely safe to trust the foundations of such a massive building. Our foreground consists of a leafy bower of overhanging branches. These give a delicious shade to work in while sketching. The sun in shining through the leaves of the plane-trees gives them a preternaturally bright green colour that is far higher in tone than the distant landscape, and in sketching them great care has to be exercised so as to leave the spaces for the leaves white and clean. Then with a brush of pure transparent yellow-green fill up these spaces without going over the edges or leaving any whites. The leaves that are in shade are far darker than the distance, and thus they can be "relieved" from it without difficulty.



SKETCH 26.—*The New Law Courts from Lincoln's Inn.*

The new portion of the Middle Temple Gardens on the Thames Embankment stretch some hundred feet beyond the old line of quay. It has a raised terrace and two rows of young trees, which not only cut out the view of the grounds from the road but also entirely destroy the well-known and beautiful view of the Temple from the river. However, the view of the Temple from the gardens is much improved on account of the increased distance owing to the added portion, whilst the peeps between the tree-stems are thrown still farther back in appearance by their aid. Sketch 27 will give an idea of this improvement.

The view is taken from the raised terrace next the Embankment, and we are looking through two of the young plane-trees that will one day form the side of a magnificent avenue along the south side of the gardens.



SKETCH 27.—*Inner Temple from the south end of Gardens.*

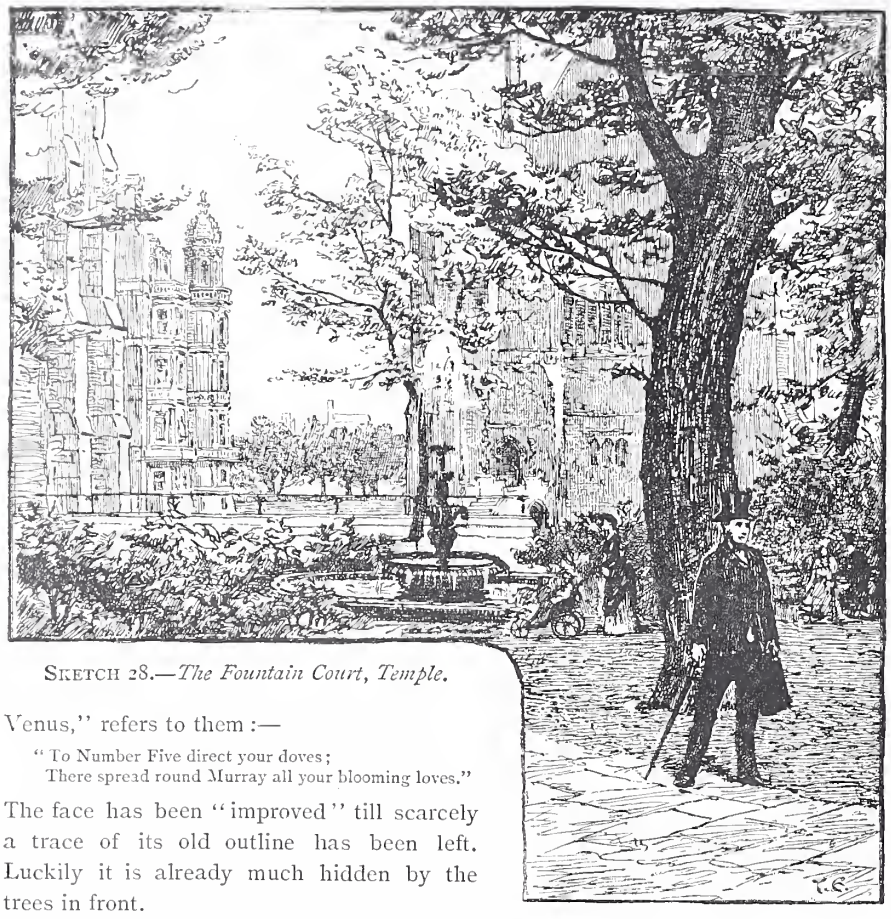
The group of buildings is very interesting. On the left we see the Great Hall of the Inner Temple, with its black ventilator. It was in this hall, on its completion, that Shakspere's *Twelfth Night* was first recited before the Queen. It was built in Elizabeth's reign to replace the still older hall. Above it we catch sight of the top of the tower of St. Dunstan's Church, one of the many erected by Wren. In front is the Inner Temple Library, that ends with the Clock Tower on the right. Just above the principal oriel window there is another ventilator, with a rather squat domed roof. This is over the new additions to the library, lately completed.

The row of modern houses towards the right is King's Bench Walk, where the celebrated Earl of Mansfield lived

when Mr. Murray had his chambers. Pope, in his "Ode to Venus," refers to them:—

"To Number Five direct your doves;
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves."

The face has been "improved" till scarcely a trace of its old outline has been left. Luckily it is already much hidden by the trees in front.



SKETCH 28.—*The Fountain Court, Temple.*

On the whole we consider this to be a pleasing picture. The grey of the stonework of the library and dining-hall may conveniently be made with cobalt and burnt sienna. The warmer tones, in the same plane, of Crown Office Row in front make a good background to the medium green of the lawn, enlivened by white-clothed figures playing at lawn tennis. The strong green of the young trees in front throws the whole well back. Between the trees are a series of flower-beds full of varied colours that greatly enhance the strength of the foreground and add brightness and piquancy to the picture. Some tennis-players in repose are in the foreground, and catch the flickering shadows from the trees. The dress of the young lady seated on the grass should be of a warm yellow-cream colour. The grass in front cannot well be made too bright; lemon yellow, aureolin and French blue will be required in all their force to keep its edge distinct from the middle-distance green, in which a little yellow-ochre may be mixed. The position of the man shows that there is a slope of ground where he is lying, which hides the flat part for some little distance. It is the sloping side of the south terrace mentioned above.

There are several nice "bits" about the Temple, particularly some picturesque old doors and doorways. Several sketches might be made near either end of King's Bench Walk, or again near the Temple Church, at the Fleet Street entrance to the Middle Temple. These are simply architectural subjects, and therefore require no further notice.

TRISTRAM ELLIS.

(*To be continued.*)

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

ENGRAVED BY C. E. THIBAULT, AFTER JEAN-ERNEST AUBERT.

IT is not often that an artist who commences his career as an engraver concludes it as a successful painter. M. Aubert was born in Paris in 1824, entered the École des Beaux Arts in 1841, and studied under Delaroche and Martinet. He spent five years in Italy, and turned his attention to engraving until 1853, when he commenced lithography. In 1861 he exhibited a painting called 'Confidence,' and two portraits; in 1863 'The Martyrs under Diocletian,' and since then he has been a frequent exhibitor at the Salon. Our graceful composition of a thirsty little Cupid drinking from the hands of a nymph (or is it his mother, Venus?) is a good example of how this painter treats themes suggested by classical poetry. Though essentially French in style, M. Aubert's taste is always regulated by refinement and modesty. He does not strive after Greek severity of pose or an Athenian type of beauty, but he is free from affectation and extravagance, and never fails to charm by the grace of his fancy and the pure sweetness of his sentiment. Though delighting in the beauty of female form, his delight is that of an artist—almost of a child. His preference is for slight girlish figures, simply but daintily draped. Their faces are always pretty, always innocent, their gestures and attitudes natural, but full of grace. It is a fair, sinless, summer world to which M. Aubert introduces us. As we write, we recollect that it is not always summer even in this world, for do we not recollect a picture by M. Aubert entitled 'L'Hiver,' in which a nymph and a Cupid were warming their hands over a brazier of hot coals? A picture this, however, which proves the rule.



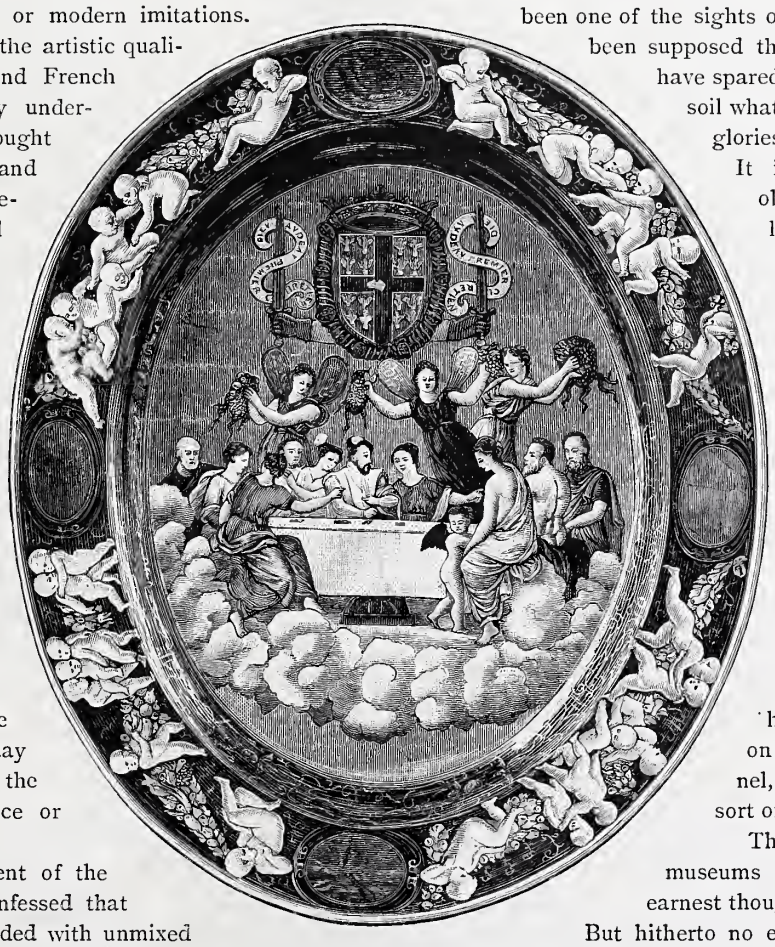
PAINTED BY JEAN ERNEST AUBERT.

ENGRAVED BY C.E. THIBAULT

AT THE FOUNTAIN

THE FOUNTAINE COLLECTION.

THE sale of the collection formed by Sir Andrew Fountaine at the beginning of the last century, and which has since remained at Narford Hall, Norfolk, will long be remembered as one of the artistic events of 1884. It will be cited in the future together with the sales of Strawberry Hill, of Mr. Bernal, the Duke of Hamilton, and other great historic collections, the result of the taste and love of Art of the patricians of the past, and which, no longer harmonizing with the inclinations and pursuits of their descendants, are now in process of dissolution. The distinctive character of the Narford Hall museum consisted in the limited range of its objects, embracing only majolica and enamels; for the miscellaneous articles forming the concluding lots were limited in number, and for the most part of minor interest. It must, however, be stated that a succeeding sale of drawings and engravings testified to the taste of the collector in another direction. Without saying that the majolica and enamels were absolutely peerless, at least it may be asserted that few private collections were richer in works of Art of these departments. Narford Hall also enjoyed the distinction of containing no counterfeits or modern imitations. Formed at a period when the artistic qualities of Italian majolica and French enamels were imperfectly understood, they were little sought after by connoisseurs, and hence there was no inducement for the forger and imitator to practise his nefarious pursuit. In the year 1700 Sir Andrew Fountaine could buy an Urbino dish or Limoges ewer with perfect confidence as to their authenticity; at the present day, unless his knowledge is sure and his eye keen, the amateur has the uncomfortable feeling that instead of adding to his cabinet a piece of genuine cinque-cento work, he may only be encouraging the secret industry of Florence or Paris.



No. 1.—A Large Oval Dish, by Limousin, date 1555.

Now that the excitement of the sale is over, it must be confessed that the event cannot be regarded with unmixed satisfaction. Of the crowds that filled the King Street rooms while the objects were on view, the prime motive was undoubtedly simple curiosity. The artistic interest influenced the few, but the fashionable mob went to see the "curiosities" that were to realise fabulous prices, and which were to be fought for by the collectors and dealers of all Europe. If the current criticism in the rooms did not evince any profound appreciation of the æsthetic qualities of the works, the crowd itself was in every respect unexceptionable. The same can scarcely be said of the one that lined the tables when the real business of the sale was transacted, and wherein the foreign Hebrew element strongly prevailed. The spectacle of some precious and delicate work of Art in the eager clutches of these gentlemen, though it may have had a humorous side, was certainly not agreeable. It would have been curious to know what would have been the feelings of the courtly Sir Andrew Fountaine could he have witnessed the scene at the final dispersion of his treasures. Probably had he been living now, his voice would have been against dispersal in any form. And if for certain reasons it was necessary his collection should leave the mansion where for more than a century and a half it had found shelter, it is from every point of view to be regretted it was not preserved intact and secured for the country—say for the public museum of Norwich. For this lengthened period the collection had been one of the sights of Norfolk; it might have been supposed that local patriotism would have spared no efforts to retain on the soil what had been one of the chief glories of the Eastern Counties. It is true the value of the objects was known to be large, yet doubtless the owners would have been willing to have parted with them under the conditions suggested on reasonable terms. At the recent death of a celebrated French connoisseur, his family, who could not afford to make a free gift of his collection to the nation, sold it to the Direction of the Louvre at a very low valuation, and it is hard to believe that we, on this side of the Channel, are deficient in the same sort of public spirit.

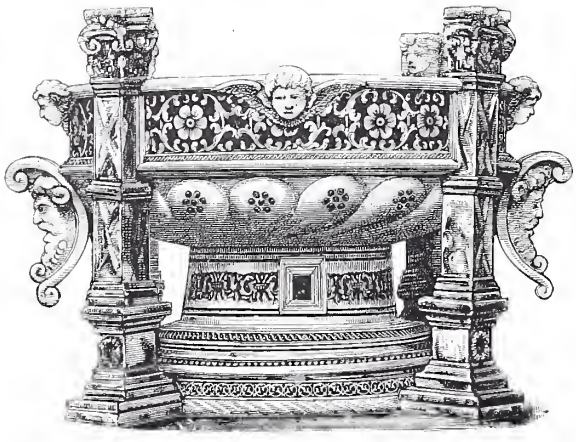
The formation of provincial museums has been the subject of earnest thought and discussion of late. But hitherto no efforts have been made to take advantage of the means that are nearest at hand and seem to be within reach of our great municipalities. Our forefathers, during the last century and at the beginning of the present one, literally swept the continent of galleries and collections of works of Art. With a carelessness and indifference which is positively incompre-

hensible, we are allowing them to leave our shores, and at the same time loudly protesting that the paramount need of our provincial towns is Art museums. Here was a selection of specimens of pottery and enamel, nearly all of which were masterpieces of Art; they were brought together at much trouble and expense; the collection was the outcome of considerable learning, taste, and research; if it had been permanently exhibited at such a town as Norwich it might have been instrumental in diffusing a sound knowledge of Art; it would have furnished constant objects of pleasure and delight and valuable examples for study; it might even have evoked emulation, and new artistic industries would then have been added to the town, furnishing employment to numbers of its skilled workmen, and permanently increasing its wealth and importance. All these advantages are now past recall, they have been allowed to slip away, presumably because there were none willing to come forward and take the initiative, either in raising a public subscription or in inducing the municipality itself to purchase the collection. The past season has furnished another instance of similar inability of the city of Bristol to establish a really important Town Gallery. For many years the Leigh Court Gallery conferred a sort of artistic distinction in the neighbourhood of Bristol. Connoisseurs knew that not all of the pictures were by the masters to whom they were attributed. The complacency of proprietorship retained names in the catalogue that the veriest tyro saw to be erroneous. Nevertheless, there were many important canvases whose genuineness could not be questioned. Here again the question of price might have been put forward in forbidding purchase. The owner, it is stated, commenced by asking £300,000 for his gallery. It fetched £44,000, and some of the principal pictures were bought in. Now surely in this case, if Bristol had been willing to purchase, it would have been possible to have arrived at the fair market price of the pictures, and for the city to have acquired them at that sum—no such extraordinary amount for the wealthy commercial capital of the west. Judging from the past the process of dispersal is likely to go on at an accelerated ratio in the future. The owners of these famous collections seem determined, as Mr. Max O'Rell quaintly puts it, "to patronize literature and art by scattering among their countrymen—for a consideration—the valuable libraries and Art treasures left them by their over-conservative forefathers." It is for the provincial municipalities to avail themselves of the obliging offers. Recent events have shown that the exaggerated estimate of owners of pictures and works of Art will have to be abated, and that it may be necessary to moderate demands that any expert would pronounce to be extravagant.



No. 2.—Limoges Ewer.

There are, however, other considerations besides those of a pecuniary nature that cannot lightly be ignored. The individual or family who sell an ancient collection rarely proposes to quit the country, they have no intention to sever their relations with their neighbours of the county. The collection itself has served as one of the links of relationship, and if it was felt there was a general desire to preserve it for the locality, there are few who would care to meet that wish with a refusal. It must also be supposed that in every case there will remain some regard for the collection, or at least for those who formed it and who have maintained it with pride and admiration. And this regard will most naturally be shown by welcoming an opportunity to preserve it intact and, as near as may be, in its old surroundings. If Norfolk was oblivious to the artistic value of the Fountaine collection, the same neglect must also be charged to the Government when it was brought to London. It was generally expected that the occasion would be seized to acquire a certain number of important objects for the national collections at Bloomsbury and South Kensington. At both those museums there were gaps in the departments of majolica and enamels that could be supplied from the Narford Hall collection, and the examples were of such excellence as to render them acquisitions highly desirable. As the period of the sale approached urgent representations were made to the Government, and the gentlemen who had selected the works of the same kind in the national collections placed themselves at its disposal. Mr. A. W. Franks and Mr. J. C. Robinson estimated that these objects might be secured for ten or twelve thousand pounds. This sum was refused. Why and by whom needs explanation. While there is no department of the Government dealing solely and directly with our national museums such mishaps must be of constant occurrence. In the case of the



No. 3.—Mortar in Henri II. Ware.

British Museum it would perhaps be impossible to say where the responsibility rests; in that of South Kensington it must be supposed to lie with the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, an active politician, and who has rendered good service to the country in the cause of primary education. Still, however eminent his abilities in that direction, it nowise follows that he has the requisite knowledge to be the last appeal in the case of an Art Museum. Indeed, the views Mr. Mundella is known to favour with respect to our national museums ought to preclude him from having any voice in the matter. The scheme in question is the proposal to send the contents of the national museums carcering about the country—which means simply the destruction of all serious study of Art in England. Fortunately the opposition it has encountered here and the unqualified disapproval it met with abroad, has dashed the hopes of its promoters, and has led them, we trust, to realise what would have been its disastrous results. Wherever the responsibility or whatever the motives of the refusal to grant a sum for the purchase of the necessary objects from the Fountaine collection, there was no time on the eve of the sale for discussion, and the course was adopted which had been followed on a previous occasion: a syndicate was formed who guaranteed a fund to buy such works as were deemed absolutely essential. Messrs. Franks and Robinson were requested to select and bid for those objects, with the result that thirty-one of the choicest specimens of majolica and enamel have been secured—rescued from the foreign dealers who would have carried them off to France and Germany.



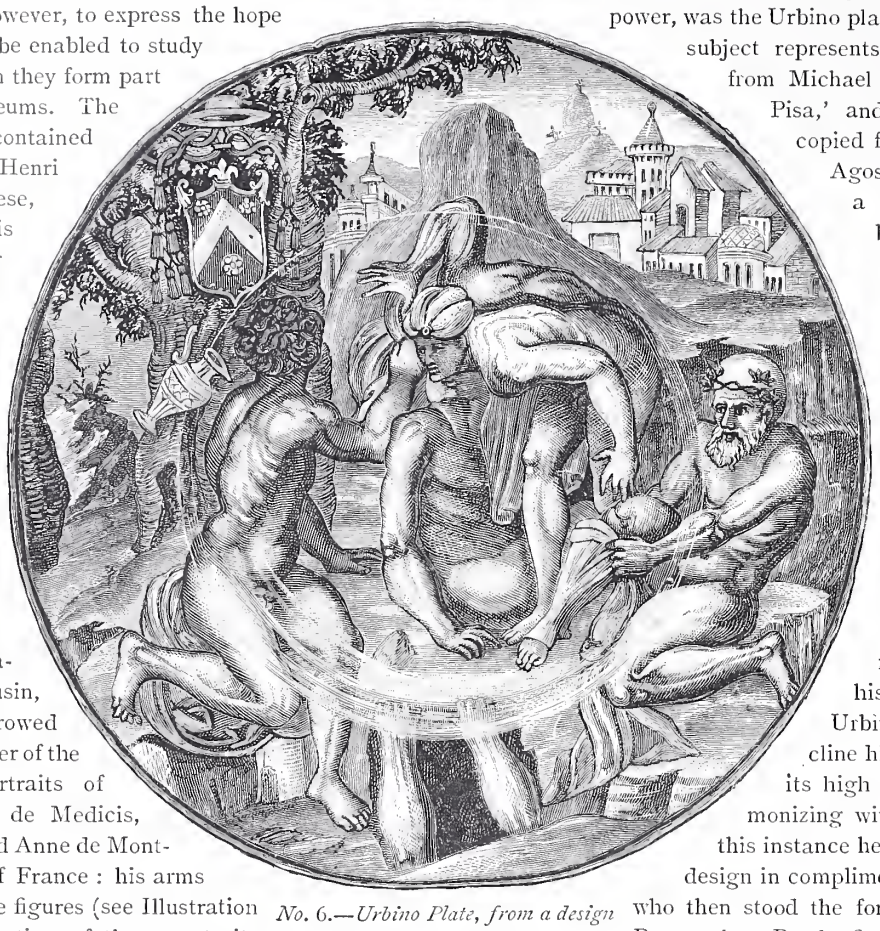
No. 4.—The Briot Ewer, from a design by Cellini.

Although few in number, the Syndicate examples of Urbino ware are of exceptional beauty. A large oval dish, for the most part covered with arabesque decoration on a cream colour ground, and having for subject in the centre, the 'Children of Israel gathering manna,' is a masterpiece of design. It is a perfect mine of wealth for the student, in respect of its exuberant invention, its flow of line, and delicate manipulation. In both subject and ornament a very high degree of finish has been attained, yet the touch of the artist is perceptible throughout; and in this particular it is in striking contrast to the painting of the later schools, where all distinctive execution is lost in an emasculated smoothness of surface, as insipid as it is untrue. The selection also contains a vase of the same style of decoration. Of Urbino plates wholly covered with a single subject, the most important is one embodying Raphael's design of the Conversion of St. Paul. The workshop in this instance had evidently made a great effort to produce a state piece; possibly it was a royal or princely commission. It is a work of Art that would give distinction to any collection, and could not fail in producing a stimulating effect on our own designers if placed in a public museum; at least, there would be little hope for the students who were insensible to its splendid qualities of handling and design. Another piece of equal size and of imaginative design owes its subject also to inventions from the hand of Raphael; its colouration is of almost Venetian richness. The specimens of enamel purchased by the Syndicate are relatively of no less importance than the majolica, and are more numerous. A set of grisaille plates, illustrating the story of Cupid and Psyche, are in themselves a perfect poem. Graceful and sprightly in design, the execution is essentially painter-like in quality; indeed, they show that Penicaud the third, to whom they are attributed, possessed artistic powers of the highest order. By the same artist there is also a large round dish, having for subject in its centre, Raphael's 'Supper of the Gods,' medallions of Cupids and masks being painted on the border. A similar subject in an oval dish is signed J. C. (Jean Courtois), and is an equally characteristic example of this master. Another of the Limoges artists, Pierre Raymond, is represented by an ewer of antique shape, and decorated with subjects from the Old Testament. The grisaille is relieved with gold ornamentation; both in the richness of the lights, and the transparency of the half-tones, this specimen



No. 5.—The large Oval Palissy Cistern.

shows exceptional technical skill (see Illustration No. 2). The exigencies of space forbid even the bare enumeration of the remaining enamels, and the rare examples of Palissey ware; we venture, however, to express the hope that our readers will be enabled to study them at leisure, when they form part of the National Museums. The Fountaine collection contained three specimens of Henri II. ware, one of these, the *mortier à cire*, is the subject of our illustration No. 3. Further illustrations comprise the Briot ewer (No. 4) from a design by Benvenuti Cellini, and a large cistern (No. 5), both of these being Palissey pottery. The sensational piece of the collection was the large oval dish in enamel by Leonard Limousin, which in a design borrowed from Raphael's 'Supper of the Gods,' contains portraits of Henri II., Catherine de Medicis, Diana of Poictiers, and Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France: his arms are painted above the figures (see Illustration No. 1). The substitution of these portraits for the mythological personages robs the design of its serious character, at the same time that it gives historical interest to the piece. From an artistic point of view the most valuable portion of the design is the border, with its graceful compositions of children. Another interesting historical piece, containing also a design of great power, was the Urbino plate here engraved. The subject represents a group of bathers from Michael Angelo's 'Cartoon of Pisa,' and has evidently been copied from the engraving by Agostino Veneziano. On a tree hangs a shield bearing the arms of Cardinal Bembo, and as he received the hat in 1539, and died in 1547, the date of the plate must fall between these years. On attaining the dignity of the Cardinalate, Bembo would doubtless have ordered a service for the adornment of his sideboard; his former residence at Urbino would naturally incline him to select that ware; its high artistic qualities harmonizing with his own taste. In this instance he may have selected the design in compliment to Michael Angelo, who then stood the foremost name in Art at Rome, where Bembo fixed his residence on becoming a Prince of the Church. Specimens decorated with designs by Michael Angelo are comparatively rare.



No. 6.—Urbino Plate, from a design by Michael Angelo.

HENRY WALLIS.

SAYINGS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"NATURE PUTS ME OUT."—It is not uncommon to meet with artists who, from a long neglect of cultivating intimacy with nature, do not even know her when they see her; she appearing a stranger to them, from their being so long habituated to their own representation of her. I have heard painters acknowledge, though in that acknowledgment no degradation of themselves was intended, that they could do better without nature than with her; or, as they expressed it themselves, "that it only put them out." A painter with such ideas and such habits is indeed in a most hopeless state. The art of seeing nature—or, in other words, the art of using models—is in reality the great object, the point to which all our studies are directed.

Nature is refined, subtle, and infinitely various, beyond the power and retention of memory; it is necessary, therefore, to have continual recourse to her.

THE TRUE TEST.—The true test of all the arts is not solely whether the production is a true copy of nature, but whether it answers the end of art, which is, to produce a pleasing effect upon the mind.

INVENTION.—Whenever a story is related, every man forms a picture in his mind of the action and expression of the persons employed. The power of representing this mental picture on canvas is what we call invention in a painter. And, as, in the conception of this ideal picture, the mind does not enter into the minute peculiarities of the dress, furniture, or scene of action, so, when the painter comes to represent it he contrives those little necessary concomitant circumstances in such a manner that they shall strike the spectator no more than they did himself in his first conception of the story.

Even in portraits, the grace—and, we may add, the likeness—consists more in taking the general air than in observing the exact similitude of every feature.

A painter must compensate the natural deficiencies of his art. He has but one sentence to utter, but one moment to exhibit. He has no other means of giving an idea of the dignity of the mind but by that external appearance which grandeur of thought does generally, though not always, impress on the countenance, and by that correspondence of figure to sentiment and situation which all men wish, but cannot command.

THE TECHNICAL COMMISSION AND INDUSTRIAL ART.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on Technical Education confirms the opinions of those who have not hesitated to pronounce as unsatisfactory in its results, the system of Art teaching, as applied to the industries of this kingdom, which has been pursued by the South Kensington authorities, during the last thirty years. The conclusions drawn by the Commissioners from the evidence which has been placed before them, and from the results of other systems of instruction which they have seen on the Continent, are expressed in studiously mild terms; yet they can only be accepted by the British public as a condemnation of the South Kensington system. I propose to consider in what points, as affecting industrial Art, that system is defective; and what are the remedies which should be adopted in order to improve it.

The section of the Health Exhibition which is occupied by the Science and Art Department has received considerable notice by the Press; and the writers have generally adopted a laudatory strain in describing it. This is not unnatural. A collection of works of industrial Art—which is described in a recent article in *The Times*, as: "The result of all the Art teaching which has been going on in England during the last forty years. . . . The outcome in English manufacture of the teaching and training of our schools of Art"—should certainly be one of large results, and of great public interest and importance, when we consider the amount of national money which has been expended, and the array of managers and teachers which has been employed on its production. But a perusal of articles such as that to which I allude, leads to the conclusion that the writers are but little acquainted with their subject, and that they bear evidence of having been inspired by some person in authority.

A few leading examples of success—such as Doulton's—are selected for praise; these examples being exactly those to which the objectors to the present system appeal as proofs of the excellent results which are obtained when the right methods are adopted. Unfortunately, these few successful results are well known to be the exceptions, and not the rule. There is also a degree of carelessness displayed by the writer of the above article (see *Times*, 5th June), when he states as a fact, and repeats the statement at the close of the article, that there are over 1,400 schools of Art in the kingdom, giving instruction to 68,581 students. The actual number of schools being (as per Science and Art Report, 1883, p. 275) 169 schools and 13 branches, with 33,729 students, of whom only 18,745 are artisans.

When we consider that elementary instruction in drawing is given to 863,000 children in our national schools and the Art classes connected with elementary training, and find that only about $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of the number go forward into the higher branches of artistic teaching, the result must be looked upon as most unsatisfactory; and as a proof either that the elementary instruction is simply time and money wasted, or that the tuition is of such a nature that no love of the work or sense of its value is implanted in the minds of a large majority of the pupils.

In order to estimate at their true value the works which are displayed in the Science and Art section of the Health Exhibition, we must remember that by the action of Parliament in subsidising this Department, it possesses a monopoly of Art instruction in the kingdom; and no working man who desires to learn to draw, can obtain instruction from any other source.

It is therefore evident that a large number of men who become designers and skilled artisans must necessarily pass through the schools at some period of their education. It is, however, by no means to be granted that the success which they afterwards achieve in the workshop should be credited to the teaching they have received at the schools. The true causes of success can only be gathered by ascertaining the personal experience of the men themselves, and of the firms for whom they work. As regards the former, it would be interesting to hear their opinion; as regards the latter, from inquiries which have been made in various parts of the kingdom, the opinion is general that the teaching of the schools is of no use beyond the elementary stages of drawing; and that as regards the application of Art to material, and to general trade purposes, the schools are utterly inefficient. Clever students are led away to what are considered the higher branches of pictorial Art, whilst the meaner requirements of trade are neglected or despised. I allude to the system as it has prevailed during the period of its existence to within the last year or two, the attention which a few writers have in recent years drawn to the subject, having imparted to the Department some glimmerings of the inefficiency of the system, and led to attempts at improvement.

I will now give a few quotations from the report of the Royal Commissioners on Technical Education, which bear on this subject. Vol. i., p. 519: "Without depreciating what has been done by the schools and classes of the Science and Art Department, your Commissioners cannot conceal from themselves the fact that their influence on industrial Art in this country are far from being so great as that of similar schools abroad. This is due, no doubt, to some extent, to the want of proper and sufficient preparation on the part of the students, owing to the inadequate instruction they have received in drawing in the elementary schools." With regard to "industrial designing," they say, "This, for a variety of reasons (the chief of which are the want of sufficient knowledge of manufactures on the part of the Art teachers, and the absence of sympathy evinced by proprietors of industrial works), has not received sufficient

attention in our schools and classes. In fact, there has been a great departure in this respect from the intention with which the 'Schools of Design' were originally founded, viz. the practical application of a knowledge of ornamental Art to the improvement of manufactures." The concluding sentence of this paragraph, as follows, cannot be too much commended: "Large grants of public money for teaching Art to artisans in such classes can scarcely be justified on any other ground than its industrial utility." No; for if we spend our money in raising the taste of the upper and middle classes, and do not at the same time instruct our artisans and designers in the practical application of Art to manufactures and handicrafts, we shall only cultivate a demand for productions which other countries, by their better system, produce more cheaply than we do.

From the above extracts, coupled with the high commendation which they award to the Art teaching as applied to trades and handicrafts in other countries, it is evident that the Commissioners are fully impressed with the fact that our system of Art instruction is not bearing the fruits which it should in the improvement of our industries.

In approaching the question of the points in which the system is defective, it becomes a matter for consideration whether improvements should be grafted upon the present modes of procedure, or whether the teaching of industrial Art should be conducted on entirely new lines. The Royal Commissioners in their suggestions appear to entertain the opinion that by a few alterations the present system may be made effective. I venture to recommend that a new departure should be made. The principal points in which the present system is defective, are—

1st. The want of any defined idea on the part of the teachers as to the requirements of the country as regards industrial Art. Having been trained in the narrow groove of the South Kensington course, they naturally continue to run in that groove in their methods of instruction. The regulations of the Department to insure payments on results occupy their first attention, and the requirements of trade are neglected.

2nd. The idea exists that the teaching of design is a final result, to be attained only after a long course of study and practice in other branches of Art.

3rd. There is an entire absence of any recognised manual of design, describing and illustrating by easy lessons how a knowledge of the principles of design and decorative Art may be easily and rapidly acquired.

4th. The regulations of the Department virtually exclude the students' employment upon *material*, and the early application of principles to actual work. The regulations also exclude from grants any teachers, however skilled they may be, who have not passed through the routine required for obtaining a third grade certificate.

There is the very large question also of the previous preparation of Students in the elementary schools and Art classes. The Department claims to be affording education in Art to nearly one million young persons, and it is no doubt their duty to see that those who are taught receive instruction which is worth the time and money devoted to the purpose of elementary training. Whilst it is desirable that practice in drawing, in modelling, and in elementary design, should be imparted in our national schools, we are at present so far from the right knowledge of what we want in our more advanced schools, and from the practice of efficient methods, that I do not propose in this article to go below the line marked out by the "Schools of Art"—the schools which offer instruction to those who have passed through their elementary education, and are already engaged in trade or some kind of occupation. Whilst there can be no manner of doubt as to the desirability of early training of the hand, of the eye, and of the brain, in the direction of industrial or ornamental Art, and whilst the student who begins with a smattering of right knowledge is better off than the entirely ignorant, still, I know it to be entirely practicable to impart the knowledge of decorative Art and of design by a direct process of instruction to boys and girls, and even to adults, who have had no previous training in this direction. I shall therefore confine myself to the considerations which I have laid down as affecting the higher knowledge, which, if attained, will be at once useful and profitable to the youths who are engaged in industrial pursuits.

It is the opinion of many persons of experience that decorative Art and design can be taught to intelligent students by skilled practical teachers, in a much shorter time than it now takes under the South Kensington system; and that these can be imparted without passing through the drudgery of highly finished studies, in the execution of which months, nay years, of valuable time have been wasted in many of the schools.

To effect this result with the present staff of teachers, unaided by practical men, would be impossible. As I have stated, they have been educated in the narrow groove of the South Kensington system. They may be good drawing masters, but they neither know nor understand the requirements of trade, or the mode of applying Art knowledge to materials. They look upon design as an accomplishment beyond their own reach, and consequently far beyond that of their pupils. I have been informed on good authority that not one out of ten of the present race of teachers can teach design, and I fully believe it. Many of these teachers no doubt do their best, but are satisfied with an arduous endeavour to teach what it is clear they do not understand; but I assert that if we are to have industrial Art taught in our schools, which is valuable to the trade of the country, it is necessary to have a staff of teachers who possess a thorough experience in the application of Art knowledge to materials, and that it is not necessary for such teachers to pass through the routine which is required in obtaining a third grade certificate.

Having obtained teachers of this description, and I doubt not that such may be found in this country, and others might be imported from abroad, we should get over my first and second points of defect in our system. Whether we ought to continue (in schools supported by the State) the present dilettante practice of our day classes, is a subsidiary question which I need not now discuss.

With regard to my third objection, as to the non-existence of a complete manual of design, I may state that I believe such a manual, if properly drawn up, and placed in the hands of every student, would greatly facilitate the work of the teachers, and the progress of the pupils. It should proceed by clear and easy stages. It should be printed in book form, and illustrated by carefully executed diagrams. It should also be published in large and bold sheets, and exhibited on the walls of every school-room, so that the teacher could at once explain what he means by a reference to the illustration of the subject in hand.

With regard to the last objection. Such teachers as I have alluded to would, I doubt not, agree in the opinion that so soon as the pupil has passed through a short course of lessons in the elementary principles of Art, he should at once begin to

apply his knowledge to the "material" of his trade, so far as this was practicable within the limits of a school. That it is practicable there is no doubt. I have seen boys in Wurtemberg who have passed through a short course of instruction in drawing, busily at work, chasing and engraving on metal, in the evening school.

The above suggestions exemplify the shortcomings of our present system and supply a notion of how they may be remedied.

Were schools, on such a principle as I have pointed out, established throughout the provinces, I believe that the apathy which now exists on the part both of masters and men would very soon be broken down, and that local efforts and large subscriptions would soon take the place of the present lack of interest as regards industrial Art teaching. The students would find out that they were obtaining an immediate and tangible result for the time and the money which they devoted, and would flock to the schools; and if trade jealousies did for a time shut up the pockets and prevent the co-operation of the masters, these results would be of short duration, for they would soon find that success in trade depended on the employment of skilled workmen, and that international competition rendered the support of such schools an absolute necessity for preserving the pre-eminence of this country.

I am aware that there is a strong feeling on the part of many persons that our schools of Art have effected much greater results on trade than I am willing to allow; they appeal to the shop windows and to the furniture and decoration of modern dwellings as proofs. I would ask them in their survey to exclude all work of Oriental and Japanese origin, and the imitations of such work; all the French, German, and Italian productions which are lavishly displayed, and from the remainder to exclude all the work of our great architects, R. N. Shaw, Waterhouse, Burges, and many others, who conscientiously descend to the detail of almost every portion of our dwellings and their fittings, and are eagerly imitated by others; also all the work of men like Morris, Rossetti, Burne Jones, De Morgan, of J. A. Heaton, M. Arnoux, and many others, who owe nothing to our schools, and acknowledge no benefits from them, must be excluded. When they have made these necessary deductions, they will, I fear, discover that the residuum of progress attributable to our schools of Art is so small that they will have great difficulty in finding it; and when they have discovered a few isolated examples, and made close inquiry into the facts, they will find in many cases that the student has had to unlearn much of the instruction he had received at the schools, when he came to the practical application of Art to industry. The same experience awaits the student from our schools when he goes to Paris to continue his education.

Besides the superior teaching and the more practical application of Art knowledge practised in the schools abroad, there are various accessory advantages provided in most countries, not only in metropolitan schools, but throughout the provinces, in which we are deficient. Whilst we have a magnificent collection of works of historical Art at the South Kensington Museum, and whilst there is no lack of willingness on the part of the authorities to send certain portions of those works occasionally into the provinces as temporary loans; yet this does not suffice.

Two courses only are open, first, to take the models to the students; second, to take the students to the models.

To carry out the first of these alternatives would involve the breaking up of the South Kensington Museum, and distributing it in separate collections in the centres of provincial industries, each centre receiving those objects which were best adapted to its manufactures. This course would excite so much opposition on the part of London and the nearer counties, and so much jealousy in the appropriation among the provincial centres, as well as incurring the objection that it would destroy a national monument—deservedly prized as such—that it may be abandoned as impracticable.

It is, however, absolutely necessary, if we are to encourage Art manufactures throughout the country, that provincial museums and collections aided by State grants should be made much more numerous and effective than they are at present. A modified course should be adopted, and the further enlargement of the Museum at South Kensington be suspended until many of the provincial centres of industry are provided with their museums. This work might at once be set on foot by the dispersion among the provinces of duplicate works from South Kensington, and by a large extension of the distribution of highly-finished casts and copies, which should be the work not of ordinary workmen, but of skilled artists.

We now come to my second alternative, "To take the students to the models." To effect this a considerable revolution in the present system would be necessary. It would involve an entire remodelling of the schools at South Kensington, and a rearrangement of the system of prizes now adopted throughout the country.

Whether a total abolition of the present plan of bribing—or encouraging—students by a great number of small prizes would be desirable I am not prepared to say; but to me it is repulsive to see students, who have received the benefits of State-aided teaching, coming up at the yearly distribution of awards to receive trumpery paint-boxes and parcels of books presented by the State, and to hear the laudatory remarks of noble and right hon. chairmen, respecting work the merit of which they do not understand, and which is, in many cases, of little or no service in the promotion of industrial Art in the country.

The real end at which the Art student at our schools should aim is, "excellence in work," and the prize should be "success in life." But as the weakness of human nature has to be considered, and the emulation for prizes may have some good result with the young, I plead rather for a reformation than a total abolition of the present system.

I would, however, suggest the substitution of certificates of merit and medals for the smaller prizes, with the addition, in cases of high attainment, of small grants of money. But all the prizes beyond these should be in the direction of solid encouragement and advancement in knowledge. I would make the South Kensington Museum and its schools the goal to be aimed at by all great talent, and for this purpose would extend the system of free scholarships for one year's study there; these scholarships to be competed for by students in industrial Art throughout the country, and awarded by judges of whose competency there should be no doubt or misgiving.

By such a system as this, I would aim at making South Kensington the great central "School of Design" for the whole kingdom, and let all the channels of provincial success lead up to it as the goal in the course of education in industrial Art.

I would go a step farther, and add the inducement of free travelling scholarships, in cases where the merit of the stu-

dent, and his means of availing himself of the advantage, rendered such a final aid practicable and desirable; these scholarships to be awarded after the course of study at South Kensington was completed. In some special cases the period of study might advantageously be extended to two, or even three years. From these students the future race of teachers would be selected.

I am so firmly persuaded of the fact that the British and the Irish artisan—if aided by helps such as exist in other countries—can equal, if not excel them all in his productions, that I have no hesitation in affirming that, by abandoning the narrow groove of Art teaching which prevails in England, and by a proper utilisation of the resources for instruction in applied Art, which we might within a few years bring to bear, and by making South Kensington our great central School of Design, in which, as in a great club, the proved talent of the country can be aggregated—where Art can be studied under easy circumstances and with magnificent surroundings and may then continue to amass without exciting provincial jealousy, we should create a race of designers who would equal those of any age and any country.

This great central school of industrial Art would have to be based on a wide foundation. It would include not only the teaching of the principle of Art as applied to industry, but the application of those principles to work.

The school-room and the workshop would be placed alongside each other, and as knowledge was gained in the former, it would be applied in the latter. The pencil and brush would be in close connection with the chisel, the hammer, and the graving tool. The student of textile design would carry out his creations in the loom; and the wood-carver and inlayer would prove the practicability of the efforts of his brain by their completion in wood or ivory. Over the students would preside skilled teachers, possessing thorough knowledge of applied Art; and the upper direction of the whole would be guided by one or more artists of fame, who would know how to lead the artistic tendencies of the teachers and the students into channels of usefulness, and of profit to the trades of the country.

The constant intercourse of minds of varied attainment and high ability, of men who, whilst at work together, were aiming at different ends, would cause a general increase of knowledge, and a spread of original ideas. The artist in brass or in iron would see the work of the designer of textile fabrics, and they would gather from each other, throughout the whole range of Art work in different materials, ideas adaptable to their own special departments.

The great museums of ornamental Art and of natural history would form a mine of wealth in which, day by day, they would gather knowledge from the products of Nature, and from the work of artists of bygone ages; and under such happy combinations of Art, Work, and Beauty, we might fairly hope, as a nation, to reap the results of our large expenditure, and of the care and experience which have been devoted in the amassing of our great collections.

A. HARRIS.

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.*

THE births in the month of October include the following:—4th, Francesco Solimena, at Nocera (Naples), 1657: 7th, Rosalba Carriera, at Venice, 1675: 9th, Harriet G. Hosmer, the American sculptor, at Washington, Massachusetts, 1830: 10th, Benjamin West, P.R.A., at Springfield, Pennsylvania, 1738; Antoine Watteau, at Valenciennes, 1684; and Munkácsy Mihály (the artist's own signature), at Munkács, Hungary, 1846: 11th, James Barry, R.A., at Cork, 1741: 14th, Mariotto Albertinelli, at Florence, 1474, and Jan Lievens, at Leyden, 1607: 15th, Wilhelm von Kaulbach, the German painter, in 1805: 16th, Jean Baptiste Joseph Debay, the sculptor, at Malines, 1779; 17th, James Holland, at Burslem, in 1800, and Cristoforo Allori, at Florence, 1577: 18th, Antonio Canale, called Canaletti, at Venice, 1697; Luca Cambiaso, at Moneglia, near Genoa, 1527, and Luke Fildes, A.R.A., in 1844: 19th, Charles Robert Leslie, R.A., of American parentage, at Clerkenwell, 1794, and Benedetto Gennari, at Cento, near Bologna, 1633: 20th, Nicolas Largillière, at Paris, 1656; Cornelius van Slingeland, at Leyden, 1640, and Sir Christopher Wren, at East Knoyle, Wilts, 1631: 21st, J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., at Chelsea, 1820; Domenico Zampieri, called Domenichino, at Bologna, 1581; John ("Old") Crome, at Norwich, 1769 (the 22nd also given): 22nd, Jan Lievens, at Leyden, 1607 (the 14th also given), and James Northcote, R.A., at Plymouth, 1746: 23rd, James Ward, R.A., in London, 1769: 24th, David Roberts, R.A., at Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, 1796; 25th, Richard Parkes Bonington, at Arnold, near Nottingham, 1801: 30th, Maria Angelica Kauffmann, R.A., at Coire, in the Grisons, in 1741, and C. W. E. Dietrich, at Weimar, 1712: 31st, P. J. de Loutherbourg, R.A., at Strasbourg, 1740. Also Johan Lingelbach, at Frankfort, 1625, and Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., in 1824.

Among the deaths are—1st, Sir Edwin Henry Landseer, at St. John's Wood, 1873, buried in St. Paul's; Franz de Vriendt, called Floris, at Antwerp, 1570, buried in the Church of the Recollets; Jan van Mabuse, in 1552, and Cornelius Dusart, at Haarlem (?), 1704: 4th, Francesco Albano, in 1660: 5th, Sir F. Grant, P.R.A., in 1875, and Henry Howard, R.A., at London, 1847: 6th, Fra Bartollomeo, at Florence, 1517: 8th, Fra Filippo Lippi, at Spoleto, 1469 (the 9th also given): 12th, Antonio Canova, the sculptor, at Venice, 1522: 14th, Joachim Sandrart, at Nuremberg, 1688; 15th, A. F. Van der Meulen, at Paris, 1690, and Simone Cantarini, called Pesarese, at Verona, 1648: 16th, Lucas Sunder, called Cranach, at Weimar, 1552 (or 3), and Jan Wildens, at Antwerp, 1584: 17th, Perino Buonacorsi, called Del Vaga, at Rome, 1547 (or 9): 18th, Jacques Jordaens, at Antwerp, 1678: 20th, Thomson of Duddingston, at Mee, 1840: 21st, François Hubert Drouais, at Paris, 1775, and Giovanni Paolo Pannini, at Rome, 1768: 22nd, C. H. Jeens, the engraver, in 1879: 23rd, Raphael Monti, the sculptor, at London, 1881: 25th, Francesco Vanni, at Siena, 1609: 26th, William Hogarth, at London, 1764 (the 28th also given): 27th, Sir Godfrey Kneller, at London, 1723: 29th, George Morland, at London, 1804. Also Rembrandt van Rhijn, at Amsterdam (the day variously given as 5th, 6th, and 8th), buried in the Westerkerk.

ALFRED BEAVER.

* Continued from page 252.

DELFT.*



THE early Ceramists of the seventeenth century are peculiar from the immense number of figures crowded into their compositions. One signed by TOMES JANSZ (1590, 1611), representing the last judgment, in the collection of M. Loudon of the Hague, is so intricate that M. Havard in his work, could find no means of reproducing the four hundred figures which compose the picture and its elaborate border. Two others by the son of HERMAN PIETERSZ (Gerrit Hermanszoon, 1614), are nearly as intricate. One is a charge of cavalry, in the Slaes Collection, dated 1634; the other a kermesse, dated 1640, is in the Evenepoel Collection. Some, however, are of a more quiet and harmonious character, and not so crowded, being mythological subjects after the paintings by Goltsius.

About 1650 a great change was made in the decoration of fayence, and painters of greater merit, as well as potters of a higher character, entered upon the scene, whose names we will briefly introduce to our readers, omitting for want of space those whose works are not so well known. The dates immediately following the names indicate their admission to the Gild of St. Luc as licensed potters.

ABRAHAM DE KOOGE, 1632, was a painter in oil, but he also painted on fayence. He produced those splendid plaques of landscapes in blue camaieu, which have never been surpassed. Examples of them are in the Loudon and Evenepoel Collections.

ALBRECHT CORNELIS DE KEIZER, 1642, was the first to imitate the designs on the Japanese porcelain, but he did not confine his talent to this particular style. His works are of very high finish, and usually painted in blue. A lofty *vase à Jacinthe* of elegant form, of his second period, *c.* 1660, is here given (No. 5), representing a garden scene and figures, and round the top a frieze of Cupids, 2 feet 10 inches high; it is an heirloom in the possession of Walter Moseley, Esq., of Buildwas Park, Shrewsbury. His son, CORNELIS DE KEIZER, and his sons-in-law, JACOB and ADRIAN PYNACKER, were equally eminent in carrying out his wonderful imitations of the Japanese porcelain.



No 5.—*Delft Vase, three feet high, painted in Blue Camaieu. By Albrecht De Keizer, c.* 1660.

FREDERICK VAN FRYTOM, 1658, an excellent artist, preferred blue camaieu to polychrome. A plaque representing an extensive landscape with figures is preserved in the Royal Hague Museum.

WOUTER VAN EENHOORN, established in 1658, and his sons, SAMUEL and LAMBARTUS, who succeeded him, devoted themselves to polychrome, in which they excelled.

The KAMS, numbering five fine artists, were accustomed more especially to paint in blue, with Japanese subjects.

PIET VIZEER, 1752, emulated the choice polychromes of Lambartus Van Eenhoorn. No potter, in fact, ever managed his colours so admirably *au grand feu*, nor infused so much vigour and intensity into his works.

GYSBRECHT VERHAAST, 1760, was a careful artist, and composed some fine tableaux upon a beautiful enamel. He painted Dutch scenes after Teniers and Brouwer.

The two DEXTRAS, ZACHARIAH, 1720, and JAN THEUNIS, 1769, both imitated the Dresden decoration, and excelled in fountains, tureens, and other important pieces, in polychrome and gilding.

Four members of a patrician family of Delft, the VAN DER HOEVES, were elected as *plateelbackers* in the Gild of St. Luc—CORNELIS ROCHUSZ VAN DER HOEVE, one of the founders, in 1611; JAN GERRITZ, admitted in 1649; and the two CORNELIS' in 1662 and 1698. This family bore in their arms three violins sable on a field argent. M. Havard suggests that these four ceramists desired to leave to posterity tangible emblems of their shield, which seems probable, as the only four genuine violins known are by different hands and of successive dates. We give an illustration (No. 6) of two of these violins.

AUGUSTIJN REYGENS, or REYGENSBURG, 1663. His productions were decorated with the beautiful red and gold so much in vogue; ALBRECHT DE KEIZER and JAN KULICK, who possessed the secret, being connected with him in the manufacture.

ARIJ JAN DE MILDE, 1658, was the maker of the red ware teapots so much then in use. They were of the Japanese form, and were also made at the manufactory of L. VAN EENHOORN, stamped with "The Unicorn," a rebus on his name; by M. GOUDA, of "The Roman," and others, and subsequently copied by the ELERS of Bradwell. BOTTCHER of Meissen produced similar articles about 1710.

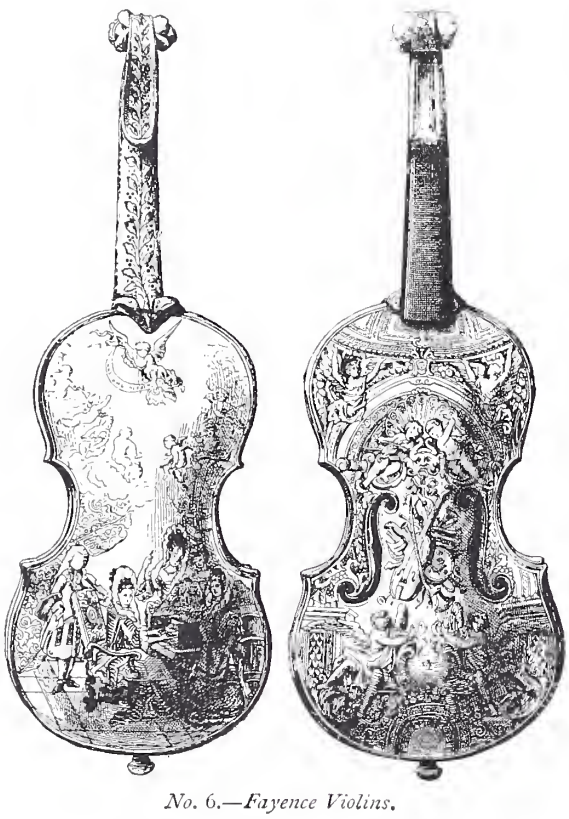
* Continued from page 275.

Louis Fictoor, 1689, was established at "the Dubbelde Schenkkan." His beautiful products soon attracted attention; his elegant bottles and jugs were frequently ribbed and richly decorated in colours with Oriental designs. One of his covered vases is illustrated in No. 7.

LIST OF POTTERS.

With dates of election to the Gild of St. Luc, and references to the annexed Table of Marks.

1. Gerrit Hermansz, 1614.
2. Isaac Junius, 1640.
3. Albrecht de Keizer, 1642.
4. Jan Gerrits Van der Hoeve, 1649.
5. Meynaert Garrebrantsz, 1616.
6. Quiring Alders Kleynoven, 1655.
7. Frederick Van Frytom, 1658.



No. 6.—Fayence Violins.

8. Jan Sicktis Van den Houk, 1659.
9. Jan Ariens Van Hammen, 1661.
10. Augustijn Reygens, 1663.
11. Jan Jans Kulick, 1662.
12. Jacob Cornelisz (Van den Burg), 1662.
13. Willem Kleftijus, 1663.
14. Arij Jans de Milde, 1658.
15. Piet Vizeer, 1752.
16. Gysbert Verhaast, 1760.
17. Arend de Haak, 1780.
18. Dirk Van Schie, 1679.
19. Pieter Poulisse, 1690.
20. Lucas Van Dale, 1692.
21. Cornelis Van der Kloot, 1695.
22. Jan Baan, 1660.
23. Jan Decker, 1698.
24. Arij Cornelis Brouwer, 1699.
25. Leonardus of Amsterdam, 1721.
26. Paulus Van der Stroom, 1725.

De Metale Pot.

This manufactory was founded in 1631 by P. J. Van Kessel, which soon became flourishing and assumed great importance. No. 8 shows the sign.

27. Jeronimus Pieters Van Kessel, 1655.
28. Lambertus Cleffius, 1678.
29. Lambartus Van Eenhoorn, 1691.
30. Factory mark.

De Griekse A (*The Greek A*).

Founded in 1645 by G. L. Kruyk.

31. Gisbrecht Lambrecht Kruyk, 1645.
32. Samuel Van Eenhoorn, 1674.
33. Adrianus Kocks, 1687.
34. Jan Van der Heul, 1701.
35. Jan Theunis Dextra, 1759.
36. Jacobus Halder, 1765.



No. 7.—Polychrome Vase and Cover. By Louis Fictoor, c. 1700.

Dubbelde Schenkkan (*The Double Bottle*).

Established by Samuel Pererius Van Berenvelt, 1648.

37. Factory mark (initials).
38. Amerensie Van Kessel, 1675.
39. Louis Fictoor, 1689.
40. Hendrik de Koning, 1721.

T'Hart (*The Stag*).

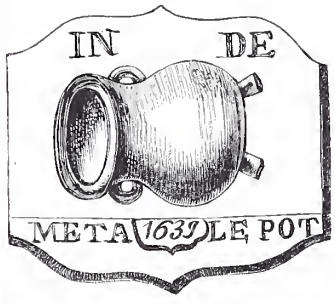
Founded in 1661 by Joris Mesch.

41. Factory mark.
42. Matheus Van Boegart, 1734.
43. Hendrick Van Middeldyk, 1764.

De Paaw, 1651 (*The Peacock*).

Founded by C. J. Meschert, and others.

44. Usual mark of the factory.



No. 8.—Sign of the Metal Pot.

T'Oude Moriaans Hofft (*The Old Moor's Head*).

Founded in 1648 by Abram de Kooge.

45. Rochus Jacobs Hoppestein, 1680.
46. Antoni Kruisweg, 1740.
47. Geertruij Verstelle, 1764.

De Klaew (*The Claw*).

Founded in 1662 by Cornelis Van der Hoeve—the mark is intended for the claw of a bird. Its productions, mostly in blue, had an extensive sale. Continued by the Schoen-

hoves from 1668 to 1705, when it passed to Pieter Oosterwick; in 1740 to Kornelis Van Dyk.

48. Lambertus Sanderus, 1764.

DE BOOT (*The Boat*).

Established in 1667 by Harmen Groothuysen.

49. Dirk Van der Kest, 1698.
50. Johannes den Appel, 1759.

DE DRIE KLOKKEN (*The Three Bells*).

Established by Simon Mesch in 1671.

51. The usual mark of the factory of the three bells.

DE ROMEYN (*The Roman*).

Established in 1671 by Martinus Gouda.

52. Reinier Hey, 1696.
53. Factory mark of Japanese characters.
54. Factory mark of Japanese characters.
55. Factory mark of Japanese characters.
56. Petrus Van Marum, 1759.
57. Johannes Van der Kloot, 1764.

DE 3 PORCELEYNE FLESSIES (*Three Porcelain Bottles*).

No. 10 shows the sign. Established in 1668 by Albrecht de Keizer, whose mark was AK in a monogram (Table, No. 3).

58. A tripartite mark of Cornelis de Keizer (GK in monogram) and his two sons-in-law, Jacob and Adrian Pynaker, deposited in the Gild in 1680.
59. Adrian Pynaker alone, 1690.

It passed eventually to Hugo Brouwer in 1764.

DE DRIE ASTONNEN (*Three Ash Barrels*).

Established 1674, by Gerrit Pieters Kam.

60. G. Pieters Kam.
61. Factory mark.



No. 10.—Sign of the Three Porcelain Bottles.

62. Zachariah Dextra, 1720.
63. Hendrick Van Hoorn, 1759.

DE PORCELEYNE SCHOTEL (*The Porcelain Plate*).

Established about 1700.

64. Johannes Pennis, 1725.
65. Jan Van Duijn, 1760.

DE ROOS (*The Rose*).

Established 1675 by Arendt Cosijn. The products of this factory are justly celebrated for richness of colour and elegant forms.

66. Factory mark.
67. Factory mark.
68. Dirck Van der Does, 1759.

DE PORCELEYNE BIJL (*The Porcelain Hatchet*).

In 1679 Huibrecht Brouwer was established here. The products of this factory are well known and very varied. The mark of a hatchet was invariably used, those of the potters being rarely added (No. 11.)

Joris Van Torenburg, 1697. Initials.

Justus Brouwer, 1759. Initials.

Hugo Brouwer, 1776. Initials.

69. The factory mark.

DE PORCELEYNE FLES (*The Porcelain Bottle*).

Founded by Jacobus Pynaker about 1680.

70. Johannes Knotter, 1698.
71. Pieter Van Doorne, 1759.



No. 9.—House Sign of the Fortune Factory.

Dirk Harlees, 1795.

DE STAR (*The Star*).

Established by Theodorus Witsenburg in 1690.

72. Factory mark.
73. Cornelis de Berg.
74. Jan Aalmes, 1731.
75. Justus de Berg, 1759.
76. Albertus Kiell, 1763.

T'FORTUIN (*Fortune*).

Founded in 1691 by Lucas Van Dale.

77. Factory mark.
78. Factory mark.
79. Factory mark.
80. Paul Van der Briel, 1740.
81. Paul Van der Briel, 1740.

VERGULDE BLOMPOT (*The Golden Flower Pot*).

Established in 1693 by P. Van der Strom.

82. Factory mark.
83. Matheus Van Bogaert.
84. Pieter Verburg.

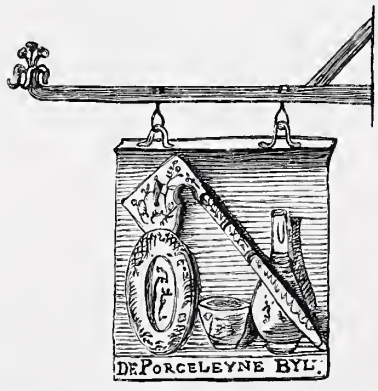
TWEE WILDEMANS (*The Two Savages*).

Established 1713.

85. Willem Van Beck, 1758.

TWEE SCHEPJES (*The Two Ships*).

86. Anthony Pennis, 1759.



No. 11.—Sign of the Porcelain Hatchet.

T'Jongue Moriaan's Hofft (*The Young Moor's Head*).

87. Johannes Verhagen, 1728.

De Lampetkan (*The Ewer*).

88. Gerrit Brouwer, 1756.
89. Abram Van der Keel, 1780.

Discontinued about 1813.

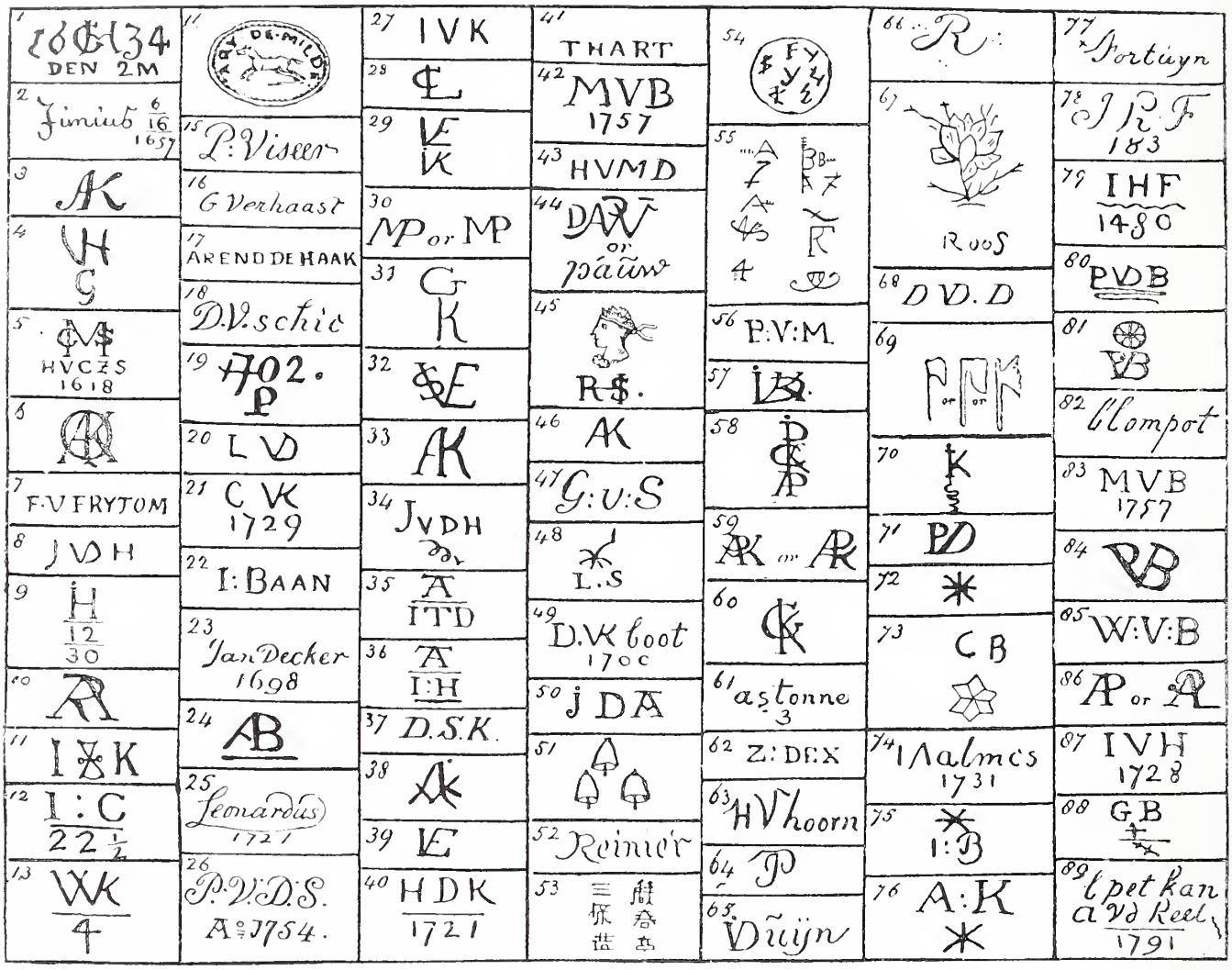
TABLE OF POTTERS' MARKS ON FAYENCE.

In the accompanying list of potters, and the table of their marks on fayence, there are many meriting more notice than the bare mention of their names. We will briefly point out several artists who have distinguished themselves, and are not previously noticed in our preliminary remarks, but whose works are diligently sought for by discriminating collectors.

No. 1.—Gerrit Hermansz. The pieces attributed to him are usually painted with battles and historical subjects, very crowded with figures, in blue camaieu.

No. 2.—Isaack Junius, originally a painter in oil, painted subsequently on fayence. Two of his plaques represent, in blue, the tomb of Guillaume le Taciturne, Prince of Orange, the first Stadtholder after the War of Independence, who was assassinated in 1584—whose tomb was visited in this year (1884), being the tercentenary of the expulsion of the Spanish from the Netherlands.

Nos. 66 & 67.—Arendt Cosijn, of the fabrique "à la Rose," is



celebrated for his vases, which may be ranked among the choicest products of Delft, being delicately and artistically decorated.

No. 69.—The products of "The Hatchet" are very varied and well known; usually painted in blue. The whale and herring fisheries, and subjects of an industrial character, frequently occur.

Nos. 35 & 62.—The two Dextras, Zachariah of the "Drie Astounen," and Jan Theunis of the "Griekse A," both imitated the Dresden decoration on large pieces, as fountains, tureens, and vases.

No. 19.—Pieter Poulisse, the manager of Adrian Pynaker's fabrique, introduced the vivid red and gold in his paintings with great effect. A superb piece, with pastoral scenes, is in the Loudon collections.

No. 28.—Lambertus Cleffius, of the "Metal Pot." *The Haarlem Gazette*, of 1678, announces that he had discovered the secret of imitating Oriental porcelain successfully.

No. 52.—Reinier Hey, of the "Roman," was a very talented artist. A plaque painted with shipping, after Van der Velde, is in the Loudon collection.

No. 89.—The "Lampetkan," or Ewer, and its last potter, Abraham Van der Keel, are noticeable as the last of the celebrated fabriques of Delft, being demolished about 1813.

William Chaffers.

AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.—The Arts Committee of the Liverpool Corporation, who have for many years been the pioneers in the progress of Art in the provinces, have inaugurated their additional galleries, recently erected, with a collection of contemporary Art, which for extent, variety, and excellence, has, we believe, never been equalled either in or out of London. The portion of the Walker Art Gallery devoted to the Autumn Exhibition comprises fourteen rooms all *en suite*, admirably lighted from the roof. On entering the first room the eye is gratified by a fountain. Looking along the vistas formed by the successive rooms, and getting glimpses of statuary, gilding, and draperies, the visitor feels that his surroundings are the results of liberal expenditure, judiciously employed, and methodical arrangement guided by judgment and good taste.

The invitation of the local Art Committee to the Art Societies of the metropolis and elsewhere, to hold representative exhibitions in rooms set apart for their exclusive use, has been warmly responded to, and the result shows that the idea was an admirable one. The opportunity of seeing in one building the works of the members of the leading Art bodies of the kingdom has never before been afforded. The energy and taste which have been displayed in carrying the scheme to a successful issue are manifest to all who are aware of the difficulties of the task essayed, in bringing together, in friendly rivalry, bodies having different aims, and, in some cases, conflicting interests. Two of them are, however, hardly of sufficient standing or importance to warrant being placed juxtaposition with the rest, and would probably not have found a place had their metropolitan status been known.

The Art Societies represented are the Royal Hibernian Academy, The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, The Institute of Painters in Oil, The Dudley Gallery Art Society, The Society of Painter Etchers, The Liverpool Academy, and the Grosvenor Gallery. Six galleries are devoted to what is known as the Autumn Exhibition proper. The arrangement of the works in the various exhibitions has been undertaken by specially deputed members of the respective societies.

A very noble gallery, the finest in the building, is filled by the works of the usual contributors to the Grosvenor Gallery, and includes Mr. P. H. Calderon's 'Aphrodite;' Mr. Julian Story's 'Æsop;' J. R. Reid's 'Rival Grandfathers;' Mr. Herkomer's portraits of 'My Father,' Archibald Forbes, C. Villiers Stanford, and Mrs. Forbes; Mr. Alma Tadema's 'An Audience;' and a portrait and three landscapes by the late Cecil Lawson; two portraits by Richmond, and important works by Watts, Henry Moore, Walter Crane, Lehmann, Nettleship, Macbeth, Keeley Halswelle, William Hughes, C. E. Hallé, A. Legros, E. J. Gregory, and Clara Montalba.

Next in importance amongst oil paintings are the three rooms devoted to this branch of Art in the general exhibition. Twenty-seven Members and Associates of the Royal Academy, including the President, are represented. Mr. Goodall contributes his 'New Light in the Harem,' and his 'Flight into Egypt;' Mr. Frith his 'Cruel Necessity;' Mr. Ph. Morris 'Startled,' and 'Crowns of Joy and Sorrow;' John Brett sends 'A North-Easterly Gale;' Mr. Boughton 'A Field Maiden;' Mr. Faed 'Seeing them off;' Mr. Holl a portrait of Mr. Rae. There are also important works by many notable artists who are not officially connected with the contributing societies, and the list of these includes such names as Hy. Holiday, Wm. Logsdail, J. C. Dollman, F. Morgan, E. Blair Leighton, and A. Forbes. Space will not permit of justice being done in describing the Institute of Painters in Oil collection, which is rich in striking and attractive works by its members, including Joseph Knight, Tom Lloyd, F. Barnard, Wm. Small, F. W. W. Topham, Colin Hunter, R.A., C. E. Johnson, T. Walter Wilson, E. J. Brewtnall, Geo. Clausen, Haynes Williams, J. D. Linton (President), J. Fulleylove, C. J. Staniland, Seymour Lucas, C. N. Kennedy, Ernest Parton.

The exhibition of the Society of Painter Etchers contains two hundred and sixty-three examples, and may, without any intention of a pun, be described as a "scratch" collection; the most satisfying works are, perhaps, those contributed by Jos. Knight. Not a few are interesting to the connoisseur, but as a whole the exhibition falls far short of being thoroughly representative of the Art, many notable etchers' works being conspicuous by their absence.

The most important and interesting feature in what may, without any exaggeration, be described as a magnificent Art display, is the collection of water-colour drawings. It may safely be said that never before in the history of Art has such a collection been brought together in one building. First we have the exhibition of what is familiarly known as "The Old Society," replete with gems by Carl Haag, Alma Tadema, R.A., E. J. Poynter, R.A., A. W. Hunt, Mrs. Allingham, G. P. Boyce, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., H. Clarence Whaite, J. W. North, Clara Montalba, Basil Bradley, J. D. Watson, Wilmot Pilsbury, and the secretary of the society, Mr. Alfred D. Fripp.

The vigorous Institute of Water-Colour Painters boldly puts forth its claims to favourable appreciation with nearly two hundred examples of the works of its members, which in very many instances command our admiration and satisfy the critical judgment.

The Dudley Gallery Art Society exhibits two hundred and ten works. Two rooms in the general exhibition are hung with water-colour drawings, and with the collections above alluded to form a display of this fascinating branch of Art which may truly be regarded as unique and unprecedented.

Very creditable displays are made by the Liverpool Academy and the Royal Hibernian Academy. There are also some good pieces of sculpture by H.S.H. Count Gleichen, Stirling Lee, Gilbert, Dallou, Callcott, and George Tinworth, and a small collection of architectural drawings mainly by local architects.

Lastly, we must not omit to mention that the whole of the expenditure upon the new rooms, amounting to £10,000, has been defrayed by the generous donor whose name the gallery bears.

THE MANCHESTER ART GALLERY.—The second annual exhibition was opened on September 5. The conversion of the Royal Institution into a City Art Gallery was marked by an improvement in the quality of last year's exhibition, the first held under the new order of things; and this year that improvement has been at least maintained. The debt of the Manchester Exhibition to the exhibitors at the Grosvenor Gallery is less considerable than it used to be some years ago; on the other hand, the number of notable pictures from the Royal Academy is much larger, and the fidelity of Mr. Watts to Manchester, where he has a circle of devoted admirers, greatly helps to conceal the comparative deficiency in the good things of the Grosvenorites.

Among the pictures which made their mark at the Royal Academy, and are now to be seen in Manchester, are Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Cymon and Iphigenia;' Mr. John Pettie's 'Site of an Early Christian Altar,' not a picture which shows the painter at his best; Mr. MacWhirter's 'Sermon by the Sea;' Mr. Phil. Morris's 'Sweethearts and Wives;' Mr. Colin Hunter's 'Herring Market at Sea;' and Mr. Alfred Parson's 'After Work.' The lovely ideal composition of the P.R.A. has been hung in the place of honour in the third room, where it is faced by Mr. Millais's astounding portrait of Cardinal Newman, lent to the gallery by Messrs. Agnew. The 'Cymon and Iphigenia' has excited great interest and admiration in Manchester, and though some doubts are expressed on technical points—the *bizarre* illumination above all—there is no difference of opinion as to the delightful poetical qualities of the work. This learned and esoteric art is happily contrasted with the realistic force of a portrait in which Mr. Millais has shown as much command of the vital elements of character as he has of technical resource. It is only to be regretted that the 'Cardinal Manning' of Mr. G. F. Watts, exhibited in Manchester two years ago, is not now also on the walls. Nothing could have been more interesting than to compare the treatment of identically the same colour-problem by two painters who only resemble each other in being both masters of their art. The lack of great sea-pieces in the rooms (Mr. Hook and even Mr. Brett being altogether absent, and Mr. Henry Moore not being so strongly represented as he often is in Manchester) is partly made good by Mr. Colin Hunter's 'Herring Market at Sea,' a picture revealing a sense of beauty infinitely finer and more poetical than even his admirers had expected of him. The Committee have secured this work for the permanent collection. They might do worse than seriously consider whether it would not be wise to take the same course with Mr. Alfred Parson's 'After Work;' few better landscapes have recently been painted than this study of a dull November day, with the blown trees and rain-charged sky, and serpentining river.

Other notable pictures of the year, now in Manchester, are Mr. Nettleship's 'In the Nick of Time;' Mr. Boughton's 'Dutch Village;' Mr. David Murray's 'My Love has gone a sailing'—the picture purchased under the Chantrey bequest; Mr. Ernest Croft's 'Wallenstein;' Mr. E. J. Gregory's 'Intruders;' and Mr. John Collier's portraits. Mr. E. J. Gregory, who has assisted the Art Gallery Committee this year in the selection and hanging of the pictures, has added to a reputation already great in Lancashire. He sends two oil paintings and two water colours, the 'Intruders' among the number, and it is difficult to decide which is most admirable in the painter's work, the rare refinement of the colour, or the vigorous grasp of reality—a grasp controlled but not weakened by a guiding sense of beauty—which it displays. Mr. John Collier's accomplished portrait of Mrs. Peck has won golden opinions. The strong colour of Mr. J. R. Reid's roughly painted but vigorous work, 'An Ugly Customer,' has not passed unnoticed; and Mr. Leslie Thomson's landscapes have confirmed the reputation which his refined but, in its exclusive preference for certain effects of colour, somewhat mannered work, gained him last year.

The Manchester artists figure honourably in the present exhibition. Mr. J. H. E. Partington's 'Rescue,' a picture of a life-boat engaged in saving the crew of a shipwrecked schooner off Ramsey, Isle of Man, is a powerful work. It is only a pity that it is painted in a key of colour so low—though not lower probably than the real circumstances of the scene would warrant—that by itself it hardly gives a fair idea of the technical capacity of the painter. Mr. Anderson Hague's highly generalised studies of light, and air, and sea, are notable this year for a strength and richness of colour to which the painter had not hitherto attained. Mr. Joseph Knight's 'Lifting Mist,' a picture of the Welsh hills, "always too bare to be perfectly beautiful, and always too low to be perfectly sublime," which he knows and loves so well, deserves the honour of having been purchased for the Gallery. Mr. R. G. Somerset's five pictures of Venice show a Venice rather grey and sober, but nevertheless abound in delicate harmonies of colour, and leave an abiding impression of the open air. Mr. E. Trevor's pictures are gathering strength in colour, and give every promise of future achievement. A dashing impressionist sketch by Mr. W. Meredith, which has been purchased for the gallery, displays, along with the defects inherent in an imperfect early training, and a breadth of generalisation premature because founded on an imperfect study of details, the genuine instinct for what makes a picture which has always distinguished the artist.

THE ROYAL BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.—The Autumn Exhibition is worthy of this old society. In the principal gallery one of the places of honour is given to the works of the President, a fine portrait of Mrs. Alma-Tadema, and a characteristic work entitled 'A Roman Emperor.' A prominent position is allotted to the full-length portrait of the Prince of Wales, by F. Holl, R.A. Another special feature is Sir F. Leighton's 'Samson;' and similar prominence is given to the picture by Seymour Lucas, 'After Culloden—Rebel Hunting.' Henry Moore's 'Summer Time, off Cornwall,' and 'A Martyr of the Sixteenth Century,' by William Geets, have, we understand, been purchased for presentation to the Corporation Art Gallery. Amongst works by members of the society, special mention should be made of a fine 'Forest Scene,' by F. H. Henshaw; 'Among the Missing,' by Walter Langley; 'His Model,' by W. J. Wainwright; ''Twas a Famous Victory,' by E. R. Taylor; two local portraits by H. T. Munns; a 'Portrait Group,' and 'Washed Ashore,' by Jonathan Pratt; and important landscapes by S. H. Baker, Oliver Baker, and Edwin Taylor. The associates and other young men exhibit some very good work. W. B. Fortescue has a capital picture of a Venetian coppersmith's shop; Claude Pratt makes a distinct advance with his 'Letter of Introduction;' Edwin Harris has two admirable works, 'Under the Blossom' and 'A Connoisseur;' E. S. Harper and F. Richards send good studies of 'A Fisherman;' and John Fullwood is strong in his landscape studies.

ART NOTES.

ONE of the galleries of the British Museum, formerly occupied by specimens of mammalia, has now been re-opened to exhibit a miscellaneous collection of enamels, carvings in ivory, arms and armour, ancient clocks and watches, and relics, many of them being of very second-rate importance, and quite unworthy of the prominent position assigned to them.

LONDON.—The designs for the decoration of the dome of St. Paul's are now *in situ*, and include not only that of Mr. E. J. Poynter and Sir F. Leighton, but one by Mr. Hugh Stannus. Our contemporary, *The Builder*, pithily draws this moral, after an exhaustive study of the subject, "Do not throw away fine painting by placing it where it can never be seen, or the whole grandeur and mystery of a dome by cutting it up into sections like an orange."—Under the authority of an Act of Parliament, the hideous bridge of the South-Eastern Railway at Charing Cross is not only to be duplicated, but to be connected with the existing structure by lateral bands. This, if possible, is worse than the barbarism being perpetrated at Blackfriars, where a second bridge is being built by the Chatham and Dover Company at a different elevation to either of the two other bridges which so closely adjoin it. At this rate, half a century hence will find the Thames nothing more or less than a covered in sewer. The bridge being erected at Putney at a cost of a quarter of a million, does not at present show any signs of architectural merit; its lineaments have, we presume, been accepted not only by both Houses of Parliament, but by the Metropolitan Board of Works.—A new departure has been made by the Rector of St. Jude's, Whitechapel. Having obtained the loan of Mr. E. R. Mullins's sculptured group of 'Isaac and Esau,' exhibited at the Royal Academy, he has placed it in his church, where, as we learn, it has not only attracted considerable attention, but been taken as the subject-matter for a sermon.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The number of works sent in to the last exhibition this spring reached the enormous total of 8,093, an increase of 811 on the number received last year. Of these 8,093 works only 761 were unreservedly accepted by the Council, 2,116 being made doubtful, and 5,216 being entirely rejected. The works exhibited were 1,856 altogether, and of these 1,656 were sent in by outsiders; the members of the Academy were represented by only 202 works, which comprised 166 paintings, 23 pieces of sculpture, 9 architectural drawings, and 4 engravings, against 906 paintings, 273 water-colour drawings, 169 pieces of sculpture, 134 architectural drawings, 47 miniatures and enamels, 28 crayon drawings, and 97 engravings and etchings, from the hands of non-members of the Royal Academy. 312,511 persons visited the exhibition.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS has received from her Majesty the distinction of a separate diploma for each of its members. The conferring of this honour removes another of the bars which stood in the way of its amalgamation with the elder society.

FRANCE.—The press are again lamenting the close of the parliamentary session without any increase being made in the votes for the national Museums.—The great staircase of the Louvre Museum, which has remained for many years in an incomplete state, is now to be finished at a cost of £200,000.—The Louvre has had the good fortune to acquire, for a sum of £600, a volume of original drawings by Jacopo Bellini; the British Museum purchased a somewhat similar collection in 1855.——In view of the recent report of the Commission on Technical Education the following figures are of interest. The City of Paris in 1874 maintained 203 Art schools and 80 masters, the number of pupils being 14,000, and the cost being £10,000. The number of schools at present is 437 with 182 masters. The pupils are 27,000, and the cost £37,500.—A quarter of a million is about to be spent on a new museum at Lille.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.—The fifth annual Exhibition of the Art Society was opened on the twelfth July, and was largely attended. The president, Mr. Edward Combes, C.M.G., gave an appropriate address in which he dwelt on the progress of the Society during the past year, the members having increased from 157 to 215, and the exhibits, numbering 380, evidencing decided improvement. Mr. Trickett, the Minister of Public Instruction, expressed his satisfaction at the very material progress which Art was making in the Colony. He took the opportunity of expressing his views in reference to the wood and iron structure in which the National Collection of pictures is at present domiciled, and stated that immediately he took office the inferior character of the building was brought under his notice by the Trustees, and that he at once fell into their views that something ought to be done and done promptly for the purpose of providing a more commodious and safer resting place for them.

There can be no question but the present collection, as a whole, exhibits very marked progress, and contains a very fair sprinkling of highly meritorious work; it is at the same time to be regretted that pecuniary considerations should have prevented the Selection Committee from exercising to a greater extent their right of rejection. Inasmuch as by the rules of the Society members only are permitted to exhibit, many enrol themselves with the sole object of seeing their pictures figuring on the walls of the Society.

Amongst the most noteworthy of the oil paintings are the figure subjects of Mr. Tremayne Lark, which are broadly painted and show considerable technical skill. This artist should, however, select a less plebeian model than that which does duty in so many of his pictures—this does not apply to his 'Nun,' one of the best works in the exhibition. The president exhibits a large canvas, 'Lachlan Swamps,' the sky is excellently painted, but the subject is not happily chosen, the gaunt naked gum-trees which form the most prominent objects in the picture are no doubt true to nature, but to nature in one of her ugliest forms, Mr. Combes shows to much greater advantage in his water-colour sketches, amongst which may be specially mentioned his 'Mail Track,' and 'Road to Forbes after rain,' which are excellent in every way. Mr. Andrews exhibits some clever marine views; Mrs. Stoddart two charming portraits; Mrs. Williamson two well executed studies of fruit; Mrs. Halligan

and Miss Combes some very good flower subjects. Miss Vintner has two good studies leading one to regret that she should be so ill advised as to exhibit such a very unsatisfactory production as her so-called portrait of Sir Alfred Stephen. Mr. Frank shows some highly coloured pictures, chiefly noticeable for some clever effects of light and shade. Signor Ferrarini contributes a crepuscule of considerable merit. Amongst other oil paintings worthy of special notice are those by Messrs. Ashton, Piguenit, Carse, Gibb, Henry, A. and G. Collingridge, Daplyn, De Mesure, &c.

The models for the statue of the Queen, about to be erected in King Street, have been received from the local sculptors commissioned by Mr. Stuart to compete in modelling designs. It is scarcely probable, from what is said of the opinions expressed by most of the Ministers, and by his Excellency the Governor, after examining the models, that any one of them will be accepted. There are four competitors—Signor Simonetti, Signor Sani, M. Henri, and Mr. Beere. The first named artist's model bears a fair likeness to the Queen, and the attitude of the figure is good, but it lacks the grace which is associated with that which is queenly, and does not fully satisfy the eye of a critic; it is, however, by far the best.

The Art Union of London.—The forty-eighth annual exhibition of the pictures selected by the prize-holders for this year was held in the galleries of the Art Union from August 12th to 30th. It cannot be said that the collection had any marked features, except that all were examples of what is termed popular Art. The landscapes were in nearly every case pleasing pictures, and had evidently been chosen in view of the care bestowed by the painters on the finishing touches. The artists were mostly comparatively unknown, so that the rule of winners selecting their own prizes is having the praiseworthy effect of patronising those who need patronage, instead of allowing the prize money to go to swell the pockets of the already successful artist. The engraving for 1884-5, presented to subscribers of one guinea, is nearly ready. It is called 'The Attack of the Vanguard' (1588), a picture painted by O. W. Brierly, R. W.S., and engraved by A. Willmore.

Nurnberg.—The preparations are far advanced for an international exhibition of goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work, with ornamental jewellery, bronzes, and other objects of artistic metal work, to be opened early in 1885. It is expected to be thoroughly representative of the Art of the time.

Correction.—We are requested by Lord Ronald Gower to state that the album of historic portraits referred to in our notice (at p. 253) of French Iconography as being at Castle Howard, is at Knowsley, the residence of Lord Derby. The volume was purchased by Horace Walpole at Mariette's sale in 1775-6.

REVIEWS.

"Notes on Pictures in the Old Pinakothek at Munich." By Charles L. Eastlake. With illustrations (Longmans & Co.).—Mr. Eastlake's volume has appeared later than was at first intended; for, when his manuscript was ready for the printer, the authorities of the Old Pinakothek decided—very inconveniently for Mr. Eastlake—to re-arrange and re-number their treasures; and until this was done it was useless to issue a guide-book destined to be a real aid, and not, like so many guide-books, a mere bewilderment to the visitor. Discrimination has been shown by Mr. Eastlake in the pictures he has selected for notice, and the book is one which may be depended upon for its information.

The "Encyclopædia Britannica," and other works of the same class, have had a large circulation in America, but it is not wonderful that Americans should wish to have a dictionary of the kind to themselves, in which their own interests are specially considered; nor need we be astonished that they are equal to the enterprise necessary for the fulfilment of so Herculean a task. The "Encyclopædia Americana" (J. M. Stoddart, New York and London), of which the first volume has reached us, is a gallant and apparently a successful attempt to supply the long-felt deficiency. It is intended not so much to supplant as to supplement the standard works already referred to; and the completeness with which it has been undertaken may be inferred from the fact that in a large volume of nearly eight hundred pages the first three letters of the alphabet have not yet been covered.

Photographs of Old London.—The London Stereoscopic Company have issued a series of photographs of the renowned street at the Health Exhibition, and very good they are. Had the operators been able to induce the prosaic policeman and other persons to withdraw, and to substitute for them mediæval personages, as they have done in their 'Butcher's Row,' where the iron-workers are introduced, the illusion of age would have been complete.

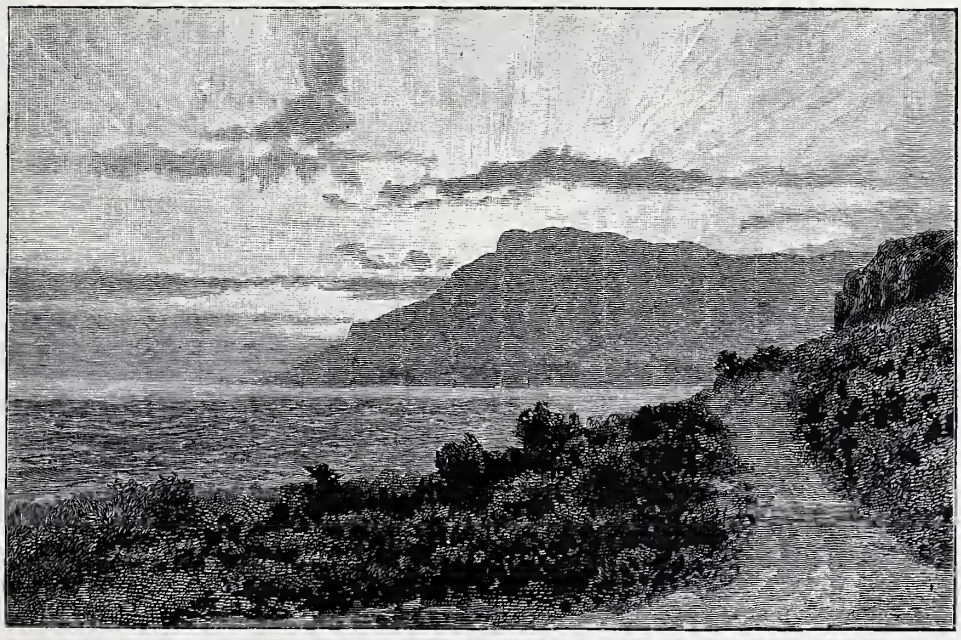
J. M. W. Turner's Vignette Drawings.—Almost without an exception the reproductions in colour which have hitherto been attempted of this artist's work have been signal failures. We therefore chronicle with much pleasure the publication of eight so-called "fac-similes" of the National Gallery vignettes, which certainly are far in advance of any previous efforts, and for those who cannot afford to purchase the copies of the same drawings made by Mr. Ward, under Mr. Ruskin's superintendence, they will be most effective substitutes. They include the lovely 'Loch Lomond,' the pleasant 'English Fair,' and the moonlight view of St. Herbert's Isle. The lithographer who has achieved this success is Mr. M. H. Long, and the publishers are Messrs. George Rowney and Son.

"Etchings of Rome."—Mr. J. M. Youngman has recently published, through Messrs. Dickinsons, a limited edition of thirteen etchings, from original sketches made by him in Rome. They are full of delicate and conscientious work, the best being the 'Forum, looking from the Capitol,' the 'Steps leading to the Capitol,' and the 'Via della Rupe Tarpeia.'

THE WESTERN RIVIERA.*

MENTONE, LA MORTOLA, AND VENTIMIGLIA.

MENTONE strikes a stranger as a dull place. Whether it is owing to the shadow of its lofty mountains brooding over its narrow strip of ground, or to the presence in its streets, when the sun shines, of so many faces on which the seal of death is set, certainly a kind of gloom pervades it, which is somewhat depressing. A well-known writer, whose own fate was to die and be buried there, called it "that stuffy Morgue, Mentone." Apart from this gloom, however, the situation of Mentone is exceptionally fine. Behind it rises a richly varied amphitheatre of olivè-clad slopes, bounded on the horizon by a series of bare rocky peaks, nearly four thousand feet high, remarkable for their weather-beaten hues and the beauty of their varied and irregular outline. This gigantic and continous screen of mountains shelters the town on the east, west, and north, so that it is exposed only to the sweet influences of the balmy south. The semicircle of rocky peaks is composed of oolitic limestone, while the space which it encloses consists of a coarse sandstone; and thus the limestone rocks reflecting the heat of the sun, and the sandy soil absorbing whatever moisture there is, the climate of Mentone is exceptionally mild and dry. The lemon, which is too tender a tree for Cannes and Nice, flourishes in great luxuriance in this spot: and with its paler foliage and golden fruit, greatly diversifies the more sombre tints of the olives and the pines amid which it grows. The old town is built on the spur of one of the mountains, where it runs down into the sea, forming a rocky promontory, and consists of a collection of lofty old houses, rising terrace above terrace; the highest point being crowned by a castle or palace of the feudal lords, now converted into the public cemetery. Among the houses, and rising above the steep narrow street by a flight of ninety-five steps, is the ancient church of St. Michel, with its two elegant spires, conspicuous from every quarter.



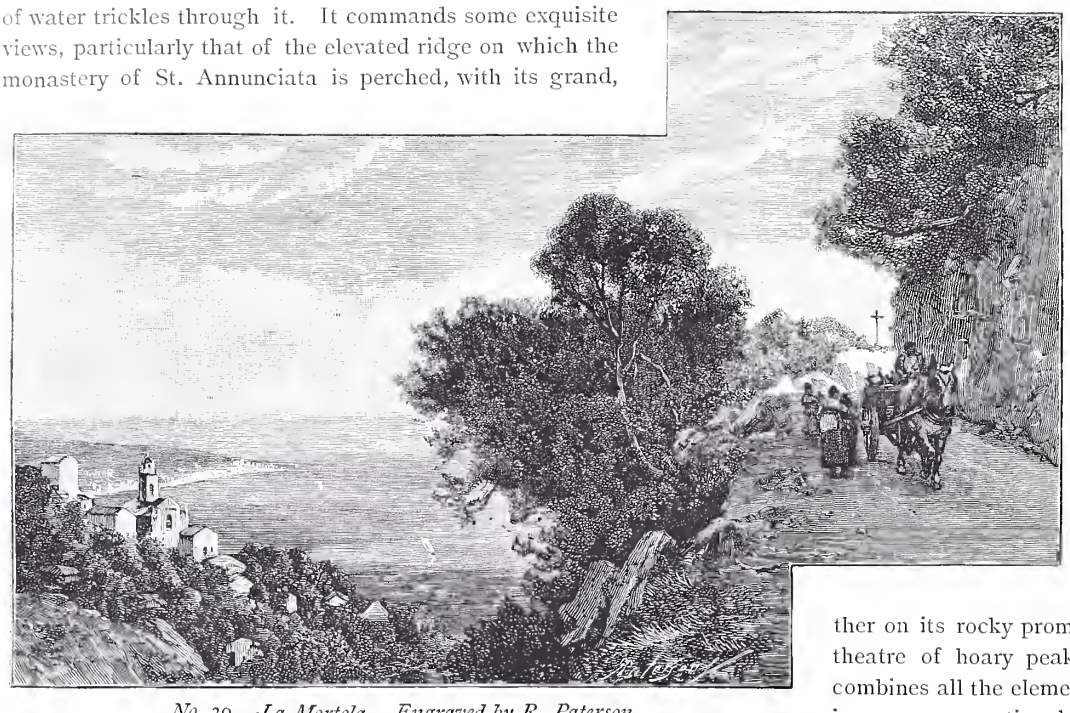
No. 38.—Tête du Chien, from Mentone. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

The walks and drives about Mentone are no less varied than beautiful. To the west, one of the most delightful is by the Monaco Road to Cape Martin, passing through fine old olive and carouba woods, with gnarled and much-divided trunks, and long fantastic branches interlacing overhead, and casting down cool quivering lights and shadows on the white road, and affording fine glimpses of the mighty Tête du Chien precipice (Illustration 38). The Arcadian slopes above are densely wooded, hiding in their recesses a fragment of the Via Julia Augusta, with the ruins of a large Roman patrician tomb near it, indicating the old Roman station of Lumone, mentioned in Antony's Itinerary; while the sea below forms beautiful cobalt-blue pools, and breaks in pale emerald and snowy wavelets among the jagged rocks. Near the point of the cape are the crumbling ruins of the convent of St. Martin, whose nuns, having once deceived the men of Mentone and Roccabruna by a false alarm, were carried off by the Saracens, having rung their bell for help in vain the second time. To the east, an interesting walk may be taken along the Garavan Promenade, by the main road to the lofty frowning rocks on the sea-shore, which bound the landscape of Mentone in that direction, called from their red colour, "Les Roches Rouges." They are picturesque in themselves, both in form and colour, and are shaggy with a wild growth of tree-euphorbias, rue, and rosemary; but they derive their chief interest from the famous bone-caves, which were exposed by the formation of the railway. In one of them—the largest—formed of very soft limestone, with huge stalactites depending from the roof, whose gradual growth had hermetically sealed the cave, there was found, nine feet below

* Continued from page 240.

the surface of the floor, a complete fossil human skeleton, which has given rise to much speculation. Dr. Rivière has given an admirable description of it and of the cave, in which numerous flint implements, and debris like the shell heaps in the north of Scotland, were found. The skeleton has been taken to Paris, but the other relics of the cave are exhibited in the Natural History Museum at Mentone.

There are three principal valleys, which open from the western bay towards the hills, and intersect the Mentonean amphitheatre from north to south. These are called the Carrei or Turin Valley, and parallel to it, farther west, the Boirigo and Gorbio Valleys, all of which have excellent carriage roads, and being well shaded by trees and sheltered by hills, are admirably adapted for invalids. The Carrei Valley is bordered for some distance by an avenue of plane-trees, and has at its lower part, on both sides, bright-looking villas embosomed among orange, lemon, and olive-trees. The bed of the torrent is wide and stony, and but a small quantity of water trickles through it. It commands some exquisite views, particularly that of the elevated ridge on which the monastery of St. Annunciata is perched, with its grand, rugged, mountain background, the aspect of which varies every hour with the course of the sun, as it illumines it with light or veils it with shadow. Farther up the valley, on a high eminence, are the church and straggling village of Monti; and about a mile beyond, in a narrow gorge on the eastern bank of the Carrei, are the cascades of the Gourg-d'Ora, which afford many a study to the artist and stanza for the poet. High up on the left is the Hermit's Cave, called the Balconetta, excavated in the eleventh century, in the side of the hill, in which Robert de Ferques, a crusader, died of grief for the loss of his young wife, Johanne de Leulinghem, who was killed by a fall from her horse. The road leads upwards and onwards to Castiglione and Sospello, through a little Switzerland. The air of the valley of Boirigo is sweet with the perfume of violets, which grow everywhere in vast profusion; while the side valleys which branch off it, called the Cabroles and Châtaigniers Valleys, abound in wild flowers, one being the pure white cephalanthera, and another the common primrose, which is rare in the Riviera, being found in only one other place in equal abundance, the Valley of the Var. The Gorbio Valley is still more charming, being narrower and more secluded, and there is more water in the stream that flows through it, making a delicious music over its rocky bed, and quickening all the scene with its baptism of refreshment. The town of Gorbio, from which the valley derives its name, crowns a lofty conical-shaped rock, about 1,400 feet high, hemmed in by olive-covered ridges on either side. Above its cluster of old stone houses, crowded closely together, towers one of the ruined castles of the Lascaris, which had been the scene of many a fight. But the grandest excursion of all is to the little mountain village of St. Agnese, 2,200 feet above the sea, and to the old Saracenic castle, about 300 feet higher up, so conspicuous from Mentone, both commanding a grand view of the mountains, with the steep Swiss-like Aiguille towering above them all, flushed with the rosy light of dawn and sunset. A romantic legend of a Moorish chief of the tenth century—who embraced Christianity in order to marry a beautiful maiden of Provence, whom he had carried away captive—is connected with the hoary old ruin. It is told at considerable length, and in tender poetic guise, by M. Abel Rendu, under the name of "Anna and Haroun."

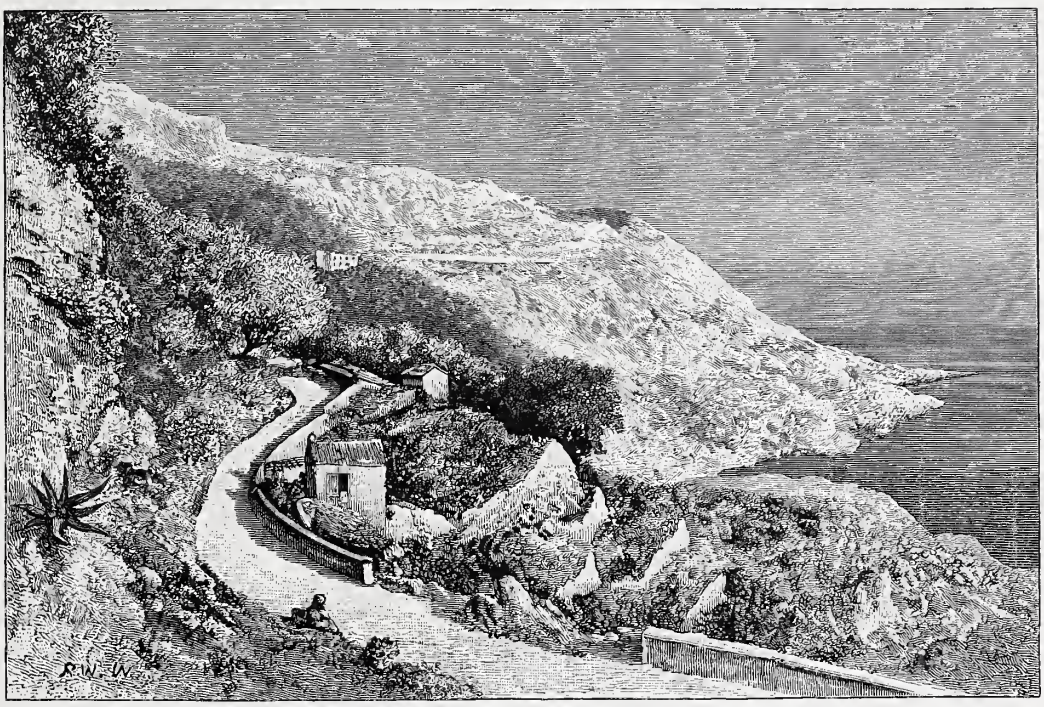


No. 39.—La Mortola. Engraved by R. Paterson.

From Mentone the Corniche Road ascends gradually from the seashore, and is carried over the Red Rocks containing the bone caverns. The view, looking back, of the white fringe of villas along the shore, the picturesque old town huddled together on its rocky promontory, and of the amphitheatre of hoary peaks that overhang the bay, combines all the elements of beauty and grandeur in a very exceptional manner. It looks in the distance like a scene of enchantment. About a mile and a half from Mentone the road crosses the gorge of St. Louis, formed between the mountains of the Berceau and the Belinda. This ravine is a narrow cleft about four hundred feet deep, through which an impetuous torrent roars and foams far below. It is spanned at a height of one hundred and fifty feet above the water by a modern substantial one-arched bridge, which looks very airy and picturesque when seen from a distance. The rocks, towering precipitately above it on either side, are remarkably bold and rugged, while the eye looks from the white arid heights above, bleached by the fierce glare of the sun, down over the parapets into the cold dark chasm with a shiver. This weird ravine now marks the appropriate and well-defined boundary between France and Italy. Standing in the middle of the bridge, one foot may be placed in the former country, and the other in the latter. The Italian douaniers have their station-house by the roadside a little beyond the bridge, perched prominently on the highest part of the precipitous rocks, which contain immediately beneath four of the principal bone caves already alluded to; while the French custom-

house is placed considerably nearer Mentone, so as to prevent all possibility of collision.

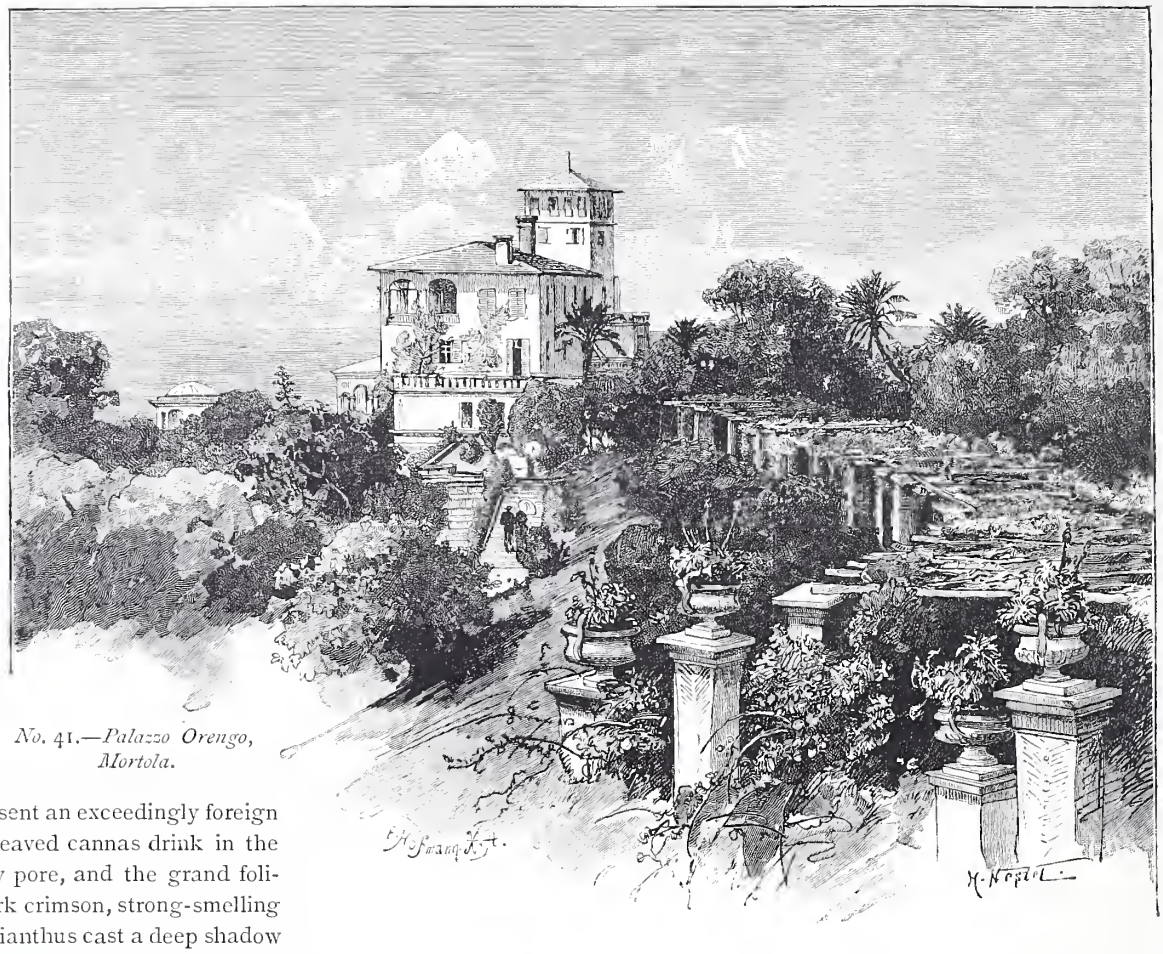
Beyond the Italian station a stony and much-frequented path branches off from the road, and leads up to the well-known garden of Dr. Bennet, who was the first to bring the claims and the charms of Mentone as a health resort to the notice of English visitors, so that he may be said to have made Mentone in the sense that Lord Brougham made Cannes, and Smollett Nice. The garden is laid out on the terraced sides of the steep mountain, and is a most remarkable example of the triumph of skill and perseverance over almost insuperable difficulties. Those difficulties Dr. Bennet has narrated in a very charming book entitled "Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean." The naked arid rocks, baking in the hot sunshine, have been made by elaborate irrigation and artificial soil to bloom and smile with the most varied and luxuriant exotic vegetation. The garden is open to all; and in the long avenues of vines and twining plants, whose forms, hues, and perfumes take all the senses captive, among the beds of rare and brilliant flowers, and beside a fountain embosomed in beauty, diffusing freshness and brightness around it by its murmurous drip, a couple of hours will fly away with magic swiftness. An old Saracenic tower in the grounds, once used as a watch-tower when the Barbary pirates were the terror of the inhabitants of this lonely coast, overlooks the whole vast panorama of Mentone and Monaco, whose varying loveliness of shape and hue, land and sea, fascinates the eye and holds the spectator spell-bound.



No. 40.—The Road to Ventimiglia. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

Nothing can exceed the naked barrenness of the brown mountain-side as it slopes down from the road to the sea beyond the Italian station-house. It looks as if a gigantic landslip had recently happened there, over which nature has not had time to spread her healing bloom. Hardly a tuft of grass or thyme, or a bush of rosemary or euphorbia, creeps over the scarred surface, which painfully reflects the glaring sunshine. One plant, however, has chosen these barren slopes for its habitat, the very rare *Moricandia arvensis*, being only found in Europe in the narrow strip of land between the Gorge of St. Louis and Ventimiglia. It is a fine tall cruciferous plant, and forms a redeeming feature in the desolate scenery by its rich purple flowers, waving in profusion over the dry rocks. A mile and a half beyond this point, rounding a long corner, we come in sight of the delightful little village of La Mortola (Illustration 39), embosomed among olive-trees, with its picturesque church and campanile standing out above the grey-green foliage and the red-tiled houses. On the slope of the hill below the village, extending to the sea-shore, are the famous terraced gardens of Mr. Thomas Hanbury, which form one of the principal show places of the Riviera, and to which the public are admitted on certain days by ticket. They occupy a position not unlike the projecting Cape of Monaco, and combine like that wonderful spot a great variety of scenery. Loveliness is enhanced by contrast with barrenness, and sublimity with beauty. The richest semi-tropical verdure is framed in a setting of the most arid and desolate rocks. Hoary mountains rise to a considerable height behind. To the west a deep rocky ravine descends from the top of the mountains to the sea, whose precipitous sides are fringed with gnarled pines and olives, and shaggy with a rich variety and profusion of wild plants, such as myrtle, oleander, lavender, rosemary, and the shrubby euphorbia, growing freely over the ledges and crevices. To the east lovely glimpses may be obtained, through the large patriarchal olive-trees that clothe the terraces, of the white towns and villages reflecting themselves in the charmed waters of the Mediterranean, and adding the one finishing-touch of perfection to the natural beauty of this enchanting coast. Mr. Hanbury, aided by his late brother, the celebrated pharmacologist, has succeeded in acclimatising here the most remarkable plants from the most diverse countries, and in realising the most harmonious combination of the beautiful native flora of this region with the strange vegetation of Central America, China, Japan, and India; each exotic species growing with a vigour and luxuriance unsurpassed in its native home. In Australian and South African forms the gardens are especially rich; and at every step through the extensive and intricate domain, laid out with consummate art, some wonderful unfamiliar tree, or flower, or shrub meets the eye and excites interest and admiration. Amid such a vast profusion and variety of exotic plants the feeling is one of absolute bewilderment. At the entrance-gates large casuarinas stand sentinel, with long, drooping, needle-like leaves, presenting a superficial resemblance to some antique pine-trees, but when closely examined repeating the old-world

pattern, down to the minutest detail, of the common equisetum, or horsetail, of our own waste places. Nowhere else in Europe are the agaves so magnificent, sending forth a thousand green flowers on their tall spikes, like gigantic vegetable candelabra. Enormous spindle-shaped heads or maces of blue echinus-blossoms arrest the astonished visitor on the terraced walks. Palms and acacias of different species mingle with lemon and orange-trees, fill the air with a rich perfume, and present an exceedingly foreign aspect. Broad-leaved cannas drink in the sunshine at every pore, and the grand foliage and huge dark crimson, strong-smelling spikes of the melianthus cast a deep shadow over the walks; while great leafless euphorbias rise up from the tangled mass of vegetation like church spires, and the arborescent composite kleinia unfolds its daisy-like blooms as luxuriantly as on its native trachyte at Teneriffe. Perhaps the most attractive feature of the gardens is the extensive pergola, or as it is locally called, *topia* —a long arcade covered with masses of gorgeous bougainvilleas, climbing-roses, passion-flowers, mesembryanthemums, and pelargoniums, creating a charming sheltered walk through which the sunshine is filtered in streams of gold, lighting up the brilliant colours of leaves and flowers like living jewels.



No. 41.—Palazzo Orengo, Mortola.

But the central point of attraction is the hospitable mansion of the magician who has created this exquisite Paradise in the wilderness, the Palazzo Orengo (Illustration 41), with its marble terraces and white round-domed summerhouse or temple, surrounded by date palms and agaves, and overlooking the dazzling blue sea, forming a most appropriate and effective picture. The house was originally a small monastic building with rough and ruinous terraces of orange and olive-trees on either side, which yielded a precarious livelihood. Round this primitive dwelling has gathered, at the spell of wealth and skill, all this wonderful and manifold loveliness. The site of the gardens is supposed to have been an ancient Roman cemetery, owing to the number of sepulchral remains that are constantly being turned up by the spades of the gardeners; and Julia Procilla, the mother of Agricola, one of the noblest women in history, is said to have been buried somewhere hereabouts. A part of the old Roman road, the Aurelian Way, still locally known as the Strada Romana, which formed for many centuries the ordinary route from Gaul to Italy, still traverses the lower part of the grounds and awakens a host of thrilling associations.

Beyond the Palazzo Orengo, on the road to Ventimiglia (Illustration 40), is the Val di Latte, one of the most romantic and fertile little nooks in the Riviera, formed by a stream of considerable size called La Bevera, which has broken here through the monotonous barrier of the mountain range along the shore. The slopes of the hills and the level space, or delta, with a cluster of houses situated on it at the junction of the stream with the sea, are thickly covered with very fine lemon-trees which bear abundant fruit, and Japanese medlars, which fill the air with the delicate perfume of their blossoms. Rocks of nummulitic limestone, worn into curious hollows by the action of the elements, present a wild and craggy appearance, and give the lemons and medlars the shelter from the winds and the reflected heat and light which they love. Here among the olive and lemon groves one may bring back in imagination the old Greek pastoral life; and every feature and incident in the landscape helps to reproduce the golden age which the poets so rapturously described. Passing from this quiet idyllic spot we are speedily ushered into the din and bustle of the frontier town of Ventimiglia. From the station, which has a number of very large tree-like castor-oil plants beside it, the old town is very well seen sloping up the hill, with its church and baptistery occupying a prominent position. The frowning fortress, higher up still, which used to guard the road leading from France to Italy, and which was such a dominating and impressive feature in

the scene, has, owing to the political arrangements made between the two countries, been destroyed within the past year, to the lasting regret of every lover of the picturesque. Near the cathedral there are several promenades exposed to the full sunshine, or shaded by fine full-foliaged plane-trees, and provided with benches, which command very extensive and lovely views, and are the favourite resorts of the inhabitants, especially in the evening.

The modern town consists of a long straight street running along the lower ground and terminating westward in the bridge that crosses the Roya. The bed of this torrent is as wide and stony as that of the Paillon at Nice, but it has a far larger body of water, which never fails, even in the driest season. Consequently the numerous rivulets which flow over its bed are lined with washerwomen, who carry on their useful avocation more satisfactorily here than anywhere else in the Riviera. The view from the bridge up the wide open valley of the Roya is magnificent, with village after village perched on successive heights, ending in the grand snowy peaks of the Col de Tenda range, which are seen here to greater advantage than from any other point, and seem apparently but a few miles distant. But while this feature adds to the sublimity of the landscape, it detracts from its salubrity, for piercingly cold winds often sweep down from the Alps, and prevent Ventimiglia from being ever selected as a health resort for invalids. For this reason the charming old town has been passed by, standing sullenly apart from all the fashion and gaiety of modern life on either side of it. One realises an old-world feeling here more thoroughly than in most other Italian towns of similar size and age. The ruins of an amphitheatre and forum about a mile eastward, and many other Roman remains recently exposed in the place, remind us that Ventimiglia was a flourishing station in the time of Augustus, supplied with all the luxurious accessories of Roman life. This amphitheatre (of which we hope shortly to give some illustrations) has been excavated by Professor Rossi from an immense sand-bank, which the winds of many centuries had accumulated over it, and from unmistakable signs appears to have been destroyed and rebuilt at a much later period. A cemetery has been disclosed beside it, in which five tombs have been opened, one being the last resting-place of Tranquillus, the prefect of the Roman soldiers, and the other containing a Christian epitaph. On Mount Magliocca, above Ventimiglia, there is a conspicuous old ruin which still bears the name of Castel d'Appio, having been erected by the Roman Consul, Appius Claudius, to secure the fruit of his victories over the Ligurians in this neigbourhood, two hundred years before Christ. Hannibal marched up the valley of the Roya in his famous passage over the Alps from the south of Gaul into Upper Italy; and the memory of the great Carthaginian general is still engraved upon the traditions of the neighbourhood, and the peasants often speak of the wonderful sight of the swarthy African legions thundering past in the days of their remote ancestors. HUGH MACMILLAN.

(*To be continued.*)

WILLIAM DAVIS, LANDSCAPE PAINTER, OF LIVERPOOL.

WHAT is called the Liverpool School of Landscape Painting is one of the latest survivals of the social state prevailing in England and on the continent ere railways were thought of, and when even stage coaches were comparatively few. Communications being tardy and costly, each county had its proper gentry, whose houses in the provincial cities attest their wealth, dignity, and pretensions, and were distinct from their rural mansions.

Many towns of importance had their little groups of artists, who supplied their portrait-seeking neighbours, acted as drawing-masters to the few young ladies who "had a taste," and, sad to say, were not scrupulous about "restoring" old masters by wholesale. Among these local professors almost the oldest in renown was Gandy of Exeter, to whom Reynolds owed not a little, and who inherited the technical traditions of Van Dyck himself. Barker of Bath; Russell, Hoare, and Gainsborough, of the same city; Stubbs of Liverpool, the very Cimabue of the Mersey; Wright of Derby, and R. Wilson, were of the same category. Cotman and Crome were East-Anglian painters, and strictly provincial, *i.e.* little known in the metropolis, whose most favoured types have flourished on the other side of the North Sea, where the modes of Ruysdael, Huysman, Hobbema, the Van de Veldes, and above all, De Koningh, had enriched the world with a realistic Art as delightful as it is original. The student notices the influence of these Low Country models on the Norfolk School, and does not omit to observe that Gainsborough, bred on the banks of the Stour, opened for himself lines of landscape Art which were quite different from those which prevailed on the Yare, and barely forty miles off, at Norwich; where, in a perfectly Dutch country, flourished, as I said before, an entirely Dutch school of painting. York had at least one Dick Tinto before Etty was born to charm the ancient city. Ibbotson was of Masham, Bewick flourished at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; even in far-off Kendal Romney found encouragement for awhile, and Bristol kept an artist or two, on hard terms indeed, but still alive.

From Stubbs's time until now artists of more or less note have "hailed" from the Mersey, and included in their company men who ably illustrated that curious survival to which I alluded at setting out. These men were, or are, W. Huggins, Robert Tonge, J. Wright Oakes, A. W. Hunt, W. L. Windus, J. Campbell, J. Whaite, and W. Davis, besides others I need not name.

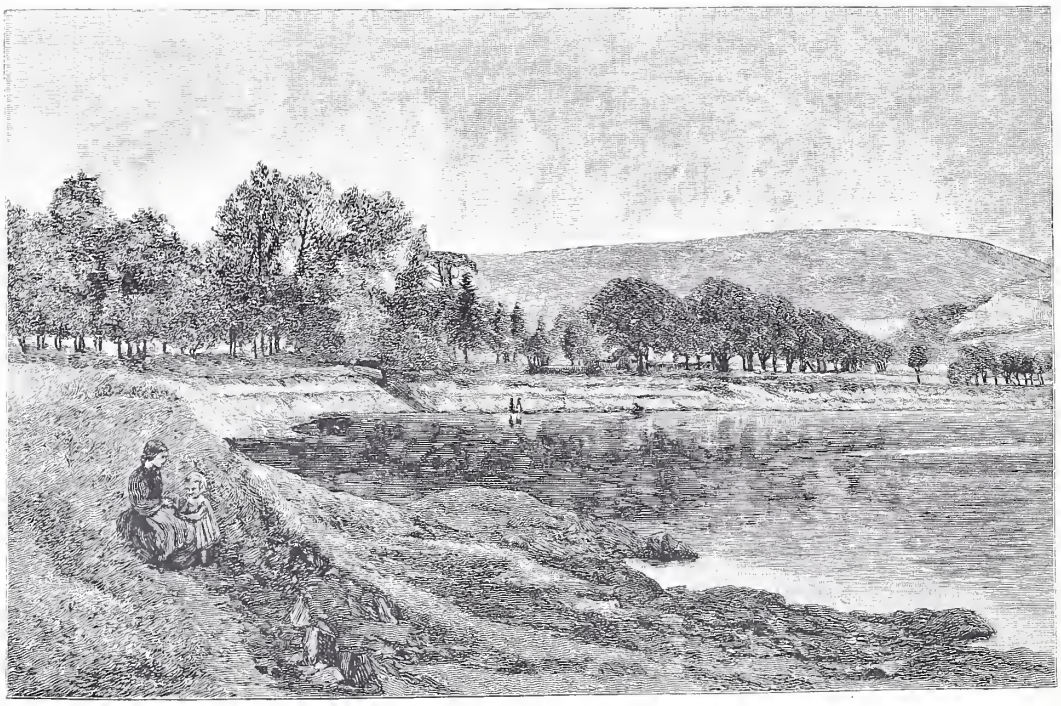
The painters of Liverpool—of whom Davis and the above-named men may be taken as superior representatives—affirmed a strong partiality for vigorous colour and splendour of illumination. All the artists I have just mentioned exercised or still exercise their powers in these respects, and make known their affinity by such means. Huggins was potent in dealing with the glowing hues of the Old Red Sandstone; Tonge did likewise, and affected pearly greys and greens flushed with sunlight; we know the many-tinted verdure, blue skies, and snowy clouds of Oakes, as thoroughly as we are acquainted with his bright seas and yellow sands. Windus,

specially a figure-painter, has always suggested to me something like a fragment of a magnificent old master. Davis's stretches of herbage are vividly yet harmoniously green, his glowing bands of silver melt with the horizon, and gain splendour by contrasting with the warmest grey of his cloud strata "brooding low, with shadow—streaks of rain." He likewise loved wide platforms of stony wastes ending on sea-sands; the ocean, dashed with flying shadows, or shining in sunlight, as in Mr. Rae's 'The Mersey, from Runcorn;' half-timbered houses with quaint red roofs, standing, so to say, knee-deep in foliage, and reflected in ponds where ducks and geese dabble and squabble; long low horizons dotted with trees and barred by hedges, and sloping, dark brown, newly ploughed fields, such as 'Harrowing,' here engraved by kind permission of Mr. Albert Wood, of Conway, displays. These were of late years the natural elements Davis delighted in. In them the splendid realism and sumptuous coloration of the Liverpool School had the aptest expression. Davis often painted with all the charm of verisimilitude, dashed only by imperfect sense of proportion, and limited knowledge of the human form:—

> ". . . an English home, grey twilight pour'd
> On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
> Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
> A haunt of ancient Peace.

Such is the thought of every one who knows his pictures and travels by rail or otherwise across the Cheshire promontory, and sees countless Davises on either side of the road.

Davis's art being thus mostly homelike, rather than merely homely, was often impressive and solemn in its restful grey or silvery lustre, and in displaying rain impending over meadows, lake shores, shaws, and ragged hedgerows. He was charming when combining something like the weird pathos of Millet and the naturalness of Mason, with, it must be owned, not much of the taste of the latter in devising English idyls with Italian sentiment. Mason's pictures are of the most delicate warp and woof, productions of an elegant English fancy, fastidiously educated, and delighting to clothe common things with the choicest and subtlest skill. Pictures of English fairy-land like Mason's were not so English as Davis's robust yet less cultured genius could give us. But, apart from these differences of training and fibre, there is more of Mason in Davis, and more of Davis in Mason, than takes the eye at first. The pictures of Robert Tonge, his friend and fellow-student, are nearer to Davis's than any other man's. Tonge died about a quarter of a century since. The nearest living painter to Davis is the better cultured, more widely sympathizing J. Wright Oakes, a master whose powers will obtain even higher recognition than they have yet received. Apart from technical matters, it is obvious that Davis always exhibited pathetic intentions, and whether his sunlight slept upon the rippling sea, rough ponds, or gaunt hedges, or whether it made gold in weedy ponds, pierced the sparse foliage of spindling trees, or sent vague and wan gleams between strata of dense vapours, thought and meaning are never absent from the works.



Landscape. The property of Mr. G. Rae. Engraved by J. D. Cooper, after W. Davis.

Of the career of this remarkable painter a few notes, more exact and numerous than have yet been published, may be added to this criticism and these analyses. Davis was born in Dublin early in August, 1812; his father was a solicitor, but, having some means, did not actively practise that profession; his mother was connected with the Shaws, Rogerses, and other well-known Irish families. He was originally intended for his father's profession, but a natural taste for Art was too strong for this kind of study, so that ere long he entered the schools of the Royal Dublin Society, which were then frequented by Foley, the sculptor, and some painters who have since obtained recognition. In this situation he showed considerable aptitude for modelling, and, like Linnell at the Royal Academy, he, although his previous studies were directed towards painting, competed for the modelling prizes and gained one of the second grade. He remembered Foley as a quiet lad in corduroy trousers. When his studies were

finished Davis set up in Dublin as a portrait-painter in oil. Meeting with small success in the Irish metropolis, he with somewhat better fortune shifted his easel to the bank of the Mersey, and in due time became a member of the Liverpool Academy, which then included Robert Tonge, James Campbell, W. Huggins, W. L. Windus (the painter of 'Burd Ellen'), and, as Secretary, J. W. Oakes, the above-mentioned living A.R.A. It was then beyond comparison the most important Art Society in the provinces. For some time later Davis continued chiefly, but not exclusively, a portrait-painter. His first appearance in London was at the Academy Exhibition of 1851, to which he sent 'Dead Game, Capercailzie, &c.,' and 'Dead Game.' These works were followed in the next year by a third picture of 'Dead Game' and that very successful work, 'The Canary,' comprising the figure of a young girl. About 1853, during a visit to Dublin with Robert Tonge, he found a wife, and not long afterwards, without absolutely abandoning portrait-painting, he, chiefly by Tonge's advice, adopted landscape as his customary theme and made an immediate success. Some years later his works and those of other landscape and figure-painters of Liverpool, attracted the admiration of the then newly-formed Hogarth Club, not the society now existing under that name, but a somewhat exclusive body of painters, sculptors, and architects, and men of letters. The original Hogarth Club included in its members Messrs. F. Madox Brown, D. G. Rossetti, G. E. Street, E. Burne Jones, William Morris of 'The Earthly Paradise,' G. F. Bodley, R. B. Martineau, R. W. Edis, G. Aitchison, and others of renown then enjoyed or since secured. A group of Liverpool artists, including A. W. Hunt, Windus, Camp-



"Harrowing." The Property of Mr. Albert Wood. Engraved by J. D. Cooper, after W. Davis.

bell, Oakes, and Davis, joined the club and frequently contributed their works to its gatherings of pictures.

After this time Davis was a frequent visitor to London, and sent the following pictures to the Academy:—'Early Spring Evening, Cheshire' (1855), 'Shotwick, on the Dee,' and 'Wallasey Mill, Cheshire' (1856), 'Summer Noon' and 'Evening' (1857), 'The Young Trespassers' (1858), 'Study of Fruit,' and 'Mary's Well, near St. Asaph, North Wales' (1859), 'Near West Derby' (1862), 'Spring' (1863), 'Ploughing on the Banks of the Conway' (1870), and 'At Moreton, Cheshire' (1872). This was his last appearance in London.

Besides contributing to the Royal Academy, and occasionally to the Manchester and Leeds Exhibitions, Davis, as was required from a member of the Liverpool society, most frequently appeared at the gallery in Old Post Office Place. Of course, he found patronage in Liverpool and its neighbourhood, where most of his works remain. It is related by a friend, as an illustration of his character and its vein of stiff resentment due to a sense of wrong because full success had not attended his efforts, that when my authority showed several pictures he had bought of Davis to a renowned dealer, the latter was enchanted by them, and exclaimed, "Who painted these? I will give him twenty commissions!" My informant, knowing that the artist sorely needed commissions, hurried from the room to the one adjoining, where Davis was gossiping with a lady, and, with friendly delight, cried, "Now, Davis, here is a chance for you; come and see a man in the next room who wants a score of your pictures." At first the painter's heart rejoiced, but second thoughts were not so happy. "And who," said he, "is going to buy them?" "Oh!" said the host, not without trepidation, for he knew the temper and ways of his man, "it's Mr. ——,

the famous dealer of London, come to see my Rossettis." "Indeed," replied the artist, wincing, and depressed, as if a chill blast had struck him, "don't you know I have never sold anything to a dealer, and am determined never to do so?" Nothing would, I am told, induce Davis to alter this resolution, by means of which one very promising road to fortune was closed against him. He was, nevertheless, a generous admirer of other men's works, and quite independent of popular judgment; accordingly he took a picture by Rossetti, then but little known, to a liberal and constant patron of his own, and induced him to buy it. We have to remember that until about forty years of age he was exclusively a figure-painter, and that Rossetti painted figures, while patrons were by no means too numerous in the Liverpool region and among the friends of Davis.

I have heard, but take the statement with qualifications due to the very obvious shortcomings of Davis as a figure-draughtsman, that when a young student in the Art School at Dublin he drew often and carefully from the antique. If such was the case the evidence of his own works affirms that he derived less profit from that severe method of training than might have been expected. It is averred that likewise in Dublin he copied pictures by the old masters in Lord Charlemont's collection. If so, it must have been due to some natural lack of power to appreciate the beauty of proportion in respect to the relative sizes of objects— which, if anything, is to be learnt from ancient pictures—that Davis occasionally erred in disposing figures of men and animals; boundaries, such as hedges; farm implements, such as ploughs and harrows; and even trees and houses, in due relationship to each other. It is obvious that he did not invariably rely on the laws of linear perspective.

It seems wisest, as well as kindest, to believe that in these respects his education was neglected, so that either by his own default, that of his teachers, or in consequence of living where something less than the highest technical standard was in vogue, such rudimentary elements of practical Art could be overlooked by one whose every touch was otherwise studiously judged and unflinchingly abolished if it did not satisfy a fastidious mind. It is incredible that a man whose delightful Art could balance the subtlest effects of light and shade, could harmonize the sweetest and most delicate tones, and, with the rarest tact, apply the most brilliant and the purest tints, could not remedy a faulty vanishing line, and was at sea when the relative sizes of a man and a plough had to be decided about. I presume he did not see the shortcomings in his pictures which are patent to every lay observer, and had a disastrous effect on the opinions of a few artists, before whom his works sometimes came for judgment. Such observers and critics ought to have recognised the splendour of the pictures' illumination, their exquisite tonality, the healthy freshness of their rural elements, their powerful verisimilitude, and at least some of their number might have been expected to appreciate the noble motives and exquisite pathos embodied in such examples.

Doubtless it was partly in consequence of a certain impracticable vein in him, lack of flexibility of temper, or some defect of foresight enabling him to be rid of such defects as I (here using the term in its old sense) have endeavoured to apologise for, that Davis was far from getting his meeds of honour and reward. Against the Royal Academy as a body he conceived no small resentment, and this grew strong when 'Harrowing,' which is here reproduced as well as the circumstances permit, was rejected by the Selecting or Hanging Committee in Trafalgar Square. Something more than consolation followed this large measure of distress when 'Harrowing' was hung well in that representative body of English pictures—the International Exhibition of 1862. The above list of his works shown by the R.A.'s proves that Davis contributed to the galleries in Trafalgar Square after this date.

In 1870 Davis removed to London, and changed his style of painting for a broader and more effective one, suited, as he judged, to the times and his own circumstances. Some of his admirers, not including the writer, thought these later works were superior to their less courageous forerunners. A sensitive man like Davis could not but suffer when ill-fortune struck him. The London journey was less fortunate than his hopes seemed to warrant, and disappointments were rifer than he could easily bear. These troubles culminated in the annoyance he felt at the hanging of one of his pictures at the so-called International Exhibition of 1873. His son, Mr. Val. Davis, to whom, as to other friends, I am indebted for some of the materials of this notice, tells me that "on the 22nd of April, 1873, he died, after two days' illness, of an attack of *angina pectoris*, aggravated by the treatment vouchsafed to the above-named painting."

That he was in indifferent circumstances is indicated by this narrative. That he had many friends in Liverpool was illustrated by the success of the exhibition held at Old Post Office Place, in the year of his death, an exhibition which comprised forty-six examples. A considerable subscription was made for the benefit of his widow, mother, and family of ten children, all of whom he had contrived to support. Further aid was obtained by an "Art Union" of shares for the disposal of many pictures remaining in his studio, and of works generously given by brother artists.

I throw together a few notes not embodied in the above narrative. Davis lived in Sheffield during some unascertained interval of time, and painted portraits there. When young he was spoken of as "the handsome Irishman," and known as an athlete, especially in regard to boxing, in which "science" or "art" he was proficient. At one time, before he came to London, his technical practice involved the use of a solid body of pure flake white, not "wet," laid on the canvas and rubbed as smooth as ivory. On this light-bearing ground he "floated" the pigments, using very old fat oil as a vehicle. It is obvious that most of his pigments were transparent or semi-opaque. This note is interesting because his work has, so far as I know, stood well, neither fading nor cracking. I have seen a considerable proportion of his pictures in excellent condition. It is evident that he did not paint "over and over again," loading pigment on pigment, till cracking was assured.

All Davis's pictures are in private hands, including the following:—Messrs. G. Rae, of Birkenhead (to whom this journal is indebted for the loan of the original of the smaller cut accompanying this paper); Albert Wood, of Bodlondeb, Conway; Mills, of Queen's Gate Terrace, Kensington; Vernon Lushington, of Kensington; Humphry Roberts, of the same locality; Coltart, Squarey, R. Dunnet, and Peter Stuart, of Liverpool, and Leathart, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

F. G. Stephens.

MARBLE AND MARBLE MOSAIC.*

MY last lecture was on Colour applied to the outsides of buildings (which is printed in *The Art Journal* for October, page 297). In this lecture I treat of the application of Colour to interiors. You must observe that the conditions are different; the light of day, not to speak of sunshine, destroys colour, and you may satisfy yourselves of this, by noticing painted tiles, which inside look fully coloured, but outside look white.

The most important contribution to colour in a building is by figure, landscape painting, and sculpture, and our buildings strongly demand them.

I consider it one of the disgraces of the age that our public and sumptuous private buildings are left bare of painting and sculpture, when there are so many able artists to supply this want.

Though architecture is the most magnificent and monumental of the arts, it lacks the human interest which painting and sculpture give; but these are both pure fine arts, and belong to the painter and the sculptor. If I ever have the opportunity of addressing you again, I mean to treat of painting and sculpture when they are used as integral parts of a building; but as I may never have that opportunity, I will just say a few words to the architects about them.

Much as I desire to see the three arts joined in one person, and necessary as it is that painters, sculptors, and architects should have some knowledge of the other two arts, if they are to work together, I would beg you to dispel the notion that a bad architect makes up for his deficiencies by being a bad painter, a bad sculptor, or both.

Architecture combines fine art, science, and common sense, and embraces so vast a field of requisite knowledge that it will tax the powers of the gifted and the industrious to master it. It loses much of its power by being too little studied and too little valued by its votaries. I mean pure architecture, which excludes freehand drawing altogether.

If you can plan wisely, construct soundly, and give noble proportions to your buildings; if you are the skilful general who can lead to success the great army of workmen and labourers, you are no ordinary man, and may be content to leave the rest to the sculptor, the painter, the glazier, the mosaicist, and the decorator. But if you possess the genius of a Brunelleschi, a Leonardo da Vinci, or a Michael Angelo, and are an excellent painter and sculptor, as well as an able architect, then carve your capitals, ornaments, bas-reliefs, and statues; paint your friezes and stained glass; and cover, with your own hand, the walls and ceilings of your buildings with mosaic of your own design. If you are a sculptor, you will find how impossible it is to make capitals precisely alike when you have to carve them yourself. We shall then get uniformity with variety; a repeating ornament will ever be varied, like that in the Medici Chapel, where Michael Angelo made no two masks alike.

To revert to colour, if you are to build beautifully with coloured materials, you must be a colourist; try by the imitation of pictures, stuffs, flowers, birds, and butterflies, if you possess this gift; for, if you do not, you will only produce what is ugly, vulgar, or excruciating; and it should be as much the duty of your friends to bind you over to keep the peace, as if you were to play a wind instrument without a fine ear.

The two divisions of coloured materials for interiors are, the opaque and the transparent; and to-night I treat of the opaque.

The perishable nature of his work, if executed in paint or distemper, is one of the griefs of the colourist; and this perishableness is due to natural and wilful extinction. The first of these is peculiarly rapid in London and the large manufacturing towns by reason of the soot, dust, and corroding vapours in the air. The second is by the hand of the whitewasher or house-painter. It is painful to see a piece of harmonious colour, that has given you infinite pains, disappear under what we are fain to call natural extinction; but it is maddening to see it disappear under the hand of the house-painter, because the owner cannot afford to have it renewed. The very thought of this paralyses your brain and hand, and saddens your heart; therefore, always try to have your art embodied in imperishable materials. Native coloured stones, stuccoes, and woods will last longer than paint or distemper; tiles and glass will last longer still; but marble is too noble and too costly a material to be treated with contempt, even if a new possessor of the building care nothing for colour or beauty.

Of opaque materials, marble is the most perfect, and it has also the merit of having the widest range of colour. Under marble, I include all opaque stones that will take a polish, and I use the term opaque in its common sense, for not only is marble translucent, but all materials are, when cut thin enough. Mr. Tadema has obtained beautiful effects by using thin films of marble as stained glass.

Marble being one of Nature's choice productions has many merits; it is strong, hard, and dense, will take delicate forms that are impossible in stone, and allow them to be seen. Much of the delicacy of Greek work arises from its use; it takes a high polish, affords little footing for dust, and is easily cleaned. It is variously and beautifully coloured, and in many cases the colouring has the highest attribute of Nature's handiwork, infinite variety. For this reason the use of marble is the simplest means of getting good coloured effects. Marble is so varied with vague but beautiful forms; has such harmonious colours, tones, and tints; has such sudden and brilliant surprises in its flowers, bands, stripes, and spots, that it is doubtful if human skill can surpass them by painted ornament or coloured inlay. The lustre, the restrained tone, the calm dignity of marble, when used in large masses, is unapproachable.

To me the mere contemplation of finely coloured marble is a delight. For there are mean-looking marbles as well as beautiful or splendid ones. There are forty coloured marbles at Siena, there are marbles in every division of the world's surface, in France alone six hundred have been catalogued, it would, therefore, be impossible to give you the

* Lecture at the Royal Academy, Monday, 18th February, 1884.

vaguest idea of their merits in a lecture, but I will dilate on a few.

First comes Imperial purple. This was of four kinds—the amethystine; the Tyrian, the colour of clotted blood; the Hysginian, or puce; and the crimson. The first in rank is the purple Egyptian porphyry, truly Imperial from its fine colour, hardness, and durability, and which takes a polish like glass. Both purple and green Egyptian porphyry may be seen on Henry III.'s tomb in Westminster Abbey. Lord Leconfield has two splendid table tops of this purple porphyry, formerly in Hamilton Palace. The altar-step of Lord Ripon's church is of it, and plenty may be found in the Roman churches. In St. Mark's there is much, mostly stolen from the East by pious Venetians.

Still more splendid in colour is red serpentine mottled with dark green and black, and flecked with gold, and no Imperial robe can rival the dappled blood-red Breccia, of Numidia, nor the griotte d'Italie, with its partridge eyes. The rosso antico, no longer antique since the quarries have been found in Greece, is of a deeper colour than the robin's breast, and looks as if light fingers had touched it before the colour was dry; Languedoc, of a more vivid red, powdered with flames of white; Greek red, with fragments of pink and yellow embedded in it; Cork red, speckled with white; the dusky red and grey of Rouge Royal and red Devonshire. After these come the soft coloured, mottled, yellowish pink of Emperor's red and Verona, the deeper pink of St. Juan fretted with pinkish white, the brilliant Devonshire spa mottled with violet pink or brownish red, Rose de Castile, and the red-veined alabasters, of which the much-coveted alleys of our boyhood were made; but more splendid alabaster is to be found in the English quarries tinted with purple, and there are the pink granites and porphyries.

For yellows we have the lordly Siena, its yellow and orange ground streaked with purple, veined with black, and here and there spotted with white; the pure yellow of Giallo Antico; the pale yellow of Ivorio Antico, the yellow Egyptian alabaster, with eddying veins of white; Brocatello, which you may class with yellow or red as in its fine brocade one or other predominates; the Rose du Var, light tawny yellow with red flames.

Nearly approaching the yellow are some of the marbles of Numidia, almost like glorified skins of lions.

Of all the greens except serpentine, the five Verdi Antichi are the noblest. Corsi names them the clear, the dark, the grey flowered, the small flowered, and the emerald.

We may see the grey flowered in inlays on chimney-pieces of the last century, and it harmonizes with the creamy white of old statuary better than any other inlay I have seen. This verde antique is a breccia, in which lumps of black and pebbles of subdued white are cemented together by emerald green. Perhaps the most superb is that whose field is emerald through which meander streams of milky white, enclosing black lines and fragments; the white again spreading out into lakes, with minute veins of the green passing through them. A table top of this is at Dorchester House.

Next comes Genoa green, looking like a black delta marbled by thin snow-filled valleys cut through by pale green rivers full of black fragments; Greek green from Laconia, dark green Vert de Corse, and Vert Maurin intersected with light green veins; Campan Vert, like almonds embedded in pistachio paste; Campan melangé, of a full green streaked with red and flowered with white; Cipollino, like a slice of onion, though its name is said to come from its smell in the working; Irish green, that varies from eddying streaks of grey, to the pale yellow green of spring leaves in a water meadow interspersed with spots of dark green, like sea-weed seen through pools—specimens of the yellow green may be seen at the Geological Museum; the cool green marble of Anglesea spotted with black and brindled with white; the green Egyptian and Irish porphyries; dark green serpentines, of which the dark bands on Italian buildings are made; the grey, green, and purple Purbeck and Petworth marbles, of which so many of the shafts in our Gothic cathedrals are made.

For white, we have Parian, Pentelic, Cararra, and Palombino; the blue-white Sicilian, from Cararra too, but so called because it was first brought to England by the good ship *Sicilia*; the white granites and snow-white alabaster, the pale and the deep-veined white marbles, the white Pavonazzetto, with purple veins, and the Peach Blossom, the two latter fit for a princess's boudoir.

For black, Nero Antico, Marmor Luculleum, Irish black, Belgian black, English black, black basalt, and black granite, though the last is grey.

For greys, the grey granites, Dove, Belgian grey, the lovely Bardilla, with its network of darker veins, and black rivulets; and Blue Imperial.

For black and white, we have Nero e Biancho, Hachette, and Grand Antique. A shaft of the latter shows one bit, polished by the shoulders of the faithful, in a doorway at St. Mark's; Belgian blue and Nero de Seravezza, both veined with white.

The most splendid marbles are those which can be put into no category of colour; the variegated, and, if you will allow the word, bigaroon marbles; to which belong the fawn-coloured Caserta, diapered with crimson, sometimes small like vine-leaves, with creamy white stalks and tendrils, and sometimes in large masses—parts of this marble nearly resemble the false jaspers; the violet breccia from Rondone, with large round patches of purple, grey, and yellowish white, bound together with grey and black veins; Mischiato, with its delicate tones of green, violet, and yellow pink, on a warm white ground; the breccia of Palermo, in which fragments of white, dark grey and pale yellow are embedded in a morone cement; the gorgeous antique breccia called Africano, where large masses of black, bluish grey and flesh colour are joined by veins of blood-red and jet black; the Sarrancolins, some grey, veined with red, and some mottled with yellow; the dark brown breccia of Belgium, with black patches and red spots, commonly called Breccia d'Herculaneo; the Breccias of Septimius Bassus, of which the late W. Burges, A.R.A., had a frustum; and all the antique breccias of Numidia, the Egyptian breccias, either with a green ground, or that in which green and purple pebbles start out from a golden ground, to be seen at St. Vitale, Ravenna, at the Campo Santo, Pisa, and as slabs on Louis Quatorze furniture; yellowish-white jaspers, with flaming bands of red, purple, and yellow across them; the red and white striped African, not unlike rare specimens of Rosso antico; the grey Tigrato di Corinto, brindled with dull yellow. Mr. Holford has a vase of this of choice quality; serpentines of inky blackness, spotted with pink, and others like a serpent's back—olive green and creamy white, and white with black spots like black peas on a tablecloth—deep flesh coloured, steel grey, red, crimson, pink, green and black porphyries, and the deep brown Californian Spa.

From these I have omitted the gems and precious stones,

lapis lazuli and malachite, coral, onyx, agate, real jasper, chalcedony, bloodstone, rock crystal and carnelian; all of which may be found in altar-pieces abroad. And let me say that onyx is as lovely in Mr. Tadema's windows as it is livid on a wall.

Thanks to Il Cavaliere Giovanni Battista, we can see at the Natural History Museum many of the famed marbles of Numidia; at Oxford we have Corsi's specimens, and at the Geological Museum his slab containing 1,012 specimens of antique marbles.

We want a marble museum, where we can find large polished specimens of all the known marbles in the world, so that when our people have shaken off their apathy for beauty we may see the riches we have to deal with. It would cost but a trifle to form a collection. Every civilised country at least would be pleased to exchange polished specimens of their own marbles for ours.

It is not surprising that a people fond of stately magnificence, like the Romans, should have been so passionately fond of marble that the whole world was ransacked for the finer varieties, that the emperors should have taken some quarries under their protection, and have restricted their products to imperial use, nor that vast sums should have been lavished on a single column. What does strike one as surprising is the insensibility to the beauty of marble the English have shown; we may say that till quite lately the use of marble has been restricted to hall floors, chimney-pieces, and the tops of wash-hand stands, if we except a few monumental slabs and statuary.

Marbles lose their effect when not used in large masses; small pieces are obliterated in the general tone of fully coloured rooms. This may be noticed in the case of chimney-pieces, and has tended to the frequent use of white, which truly attracts the eye, but destroys the harmony of the room; if the room be white, or of some very light tone, coloured marbles may be used effectively as jewels. Polished marble harmonizes with glazed tiles, burnished metal, polished woodwork, glass mosaic, and with the richer qualities of oil painting. Even when using the coloured marbles of one tone much moulding or ornament is thrown away, and their use is positively ludicrous when the marbles are variegated and of large figure. I may mention that though marble is one of the hardest materials it is one of the most treacherous; all variegated marbles are full of flaws, cracks, and vents. This does not matter when the marble is used for casing or for columns carrying no weight; but when we build monumentally, discard iron, and lath and plaster, and our columns carry real arches, vaults, and domes, no column should be used without careful examination and testing by the hydraulic press. Marble casing, too, should never be fixed solid against an external wall, but left hollow, to prevent a chill and the condensation which eventually destroys it. Until lately, if you wanted to see marble on a large scale you had to go to Versailles, to Genoa, to Venice, or to Rome. Coloured marbles were occasionally used in England in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries—in Queen Elizabeth's time, black and variegated marbles were used with alabaster, and Lord Chesterfield in the last century had a white marble staircase and screen.

In the second quarter of this century marble was used in the interior of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and at Dorchester House, where there is a magnificent marble staircase, and grand doorcases of Rondone and Africano.

In the third quarter of the century the staircase of Goldsmiths' Hall was rebuilt in marble, and the vestibule of the Fitzwilliam Museum. The late W. Burges lined his dining-room with red Devonshire, and about London and the country other marble halls may be found.

Of late, the great hotels and restaurants have been lavish in the use of marble; the splendid Venetian dining-room of the Holborn Restaurant, lined with pavonazzetto, vert Maurin, and black, is worthy of a visit. The Arab Hall of your President contains much marble, used in conjunction with Oriental tiles, mosaic, and polished woodwork.

In using marble as colour, the same principles are to be observed as in the use of other colours; we must employ monochrome or harmonious contrasts of few or of many colours. But we have two difficulties to contend with: restriction in the number of colours when the marbles are monochromes, and the difficulty of judging what the colour and tone is, in the variegated sorts; and more particularly does this difficulty occur when the different colours are wide apart in tone and large in size. In marble we have neither blue, indigo, nor true violet, and we can scarcely be said to have a brown. The few colours, tints, and tones we have form our whole palette; but we know what lovely harmonies the Oriental potters got out of white and black, a light and a dark blue, a light and a dark green, and red or purple, so that it is want of skill if we cannot produce endless and beautiful harmonies with marble.

When you are arranging coloured marble always use the material itself on as large a scale as you can, and with the pieces in relative proportion to the real work. With pigments, by changing the tones and tints of a discord you can make them harmonize. For example, blue and scarlet may be harmonised by making the blue tend to green and the scarlet to crimson, or by making the blue tend to purple; but with marble your colours are fixed, and you must get your harmonies by proportioning the masses. If you are a colourist, and you ought to relinquish marble if you are not, no time is to be grudged to get the proportions exact. We see cases in which the marbles do harmonize, but only passably, when we want them to do so perfectly.

Strong contrasts are allowable even if they be not called for in marbles, as the darker ones absorb so much light that different colours of the same tone are often indistinguishable. Genoa green and Belgian blue, or Genoa green and Breccia d'Herculaneo, if not exposed to a strong light, may be taken for the same. In full or dark harmonies white is your jewel, and must be used sparingly. In light harmonies, black occupies the same place; you may well marry pure statuary with darkish marble by means of veined, or pavonazzetto. Even bastard statuary will make a gradation from pure statuary, as will Hachette, grand antique, Belgian blue, or Nero di Seravezza, with black and a lighter tone. A gold inscription was made into a beautiful harmony with white by the use of veined marble at the Magazins du Printemps.

Fleeting colour might possibly be used to represent different emotions, but the colour spoken of to-night is fixed, more adapted to express a quality than an emotion: as purity, cheerfulness, magnificence, or funereal gloom. There is always dignity about marble, and it is perhaps possible to get all the qualities enumerated, but I may say, with the exception of St. Ambrogio at Genoa, I never saw a marble interior that inspired me with gladness; and then

I was ungrateful enough to think it looked too joyous for a church.

If you aspire to the making of interiors lovely, magnificent, or solemn, by means of a material so costly and enduring as marble, you should spare no pains to acquire the requisite skill; and this is only to be got by the study of the successful examples that exist. A coloured sketch is excellent as a memento, but you may sketch with scarce any addition to your architectural skill. The architect wants to know how an effect he admires is produced. You must copy the actual colour, and get the size, shape, and juxtaposition of every piece of marble before you can have the materials to reason on; and these studies, as Mr. Ruskin says, "are not to be put into a store-house for use, but into a gallery for study."

One of the best specimens of a purely marble interior is the Mausoleum of the Medici at Florence, of truly funereal magnificence; and although it is a museum of rare marbles and precious stones, these are mostly confined to the apse and the Medici arms. This unique funereal effect is got by the proper proportioning of two deep purplish reds; one dull light red; black and white; yellowish and greenish grey; orange yellow; cold grey, and green.

People who are colour-blind, or who care not for colour, call the marble-lined churches of the Jesuits vulgar or tawdry. If you are colourists, never believe what people say about colour, but judge for yourselves. Always look with suspicion on the word "tawdry" when applied to marble, for it requires almost superhuman blundering to effect this. When you want to rivet attention on the perfection of form, use pure white, for then there is nothing else to attract. Had Nature considered form as the only important thing, she would have made human beings like marble statues. A white cloudless sky, a white sheet of mist, and a snow-clad landscape, are the only pure white effects that Nature offers us. When we use colour it is architecturally speaking wrong to make contrasting forms, or primary and secondary ones, of the same colour; but in judging of the effect of a coloured interior, the goodness or badness of the colour is *the* important point, and solecisms in treatment are but of secondary importance.

We look at an interior as we look at a picture; if the colour be good, we may afterwards examine it, and see if its other qualifications are good; but if the colour be bad, we turn away in disgust, and know not whether it be well or ill drawn.

In the Scalzi, at Venice, the architecture is abominable, the high altar and baldachino look like a French bedstead of the worst epoch; but, as a coloured effect, the interior is magnificent; brown walnut confessionals form the dado to twin pilasters, which are of Rondone, with gilt caps and bases; the entablature is white and gold, with a Rondone frieze; the columns of the high altar are red Languedoc with a gold baldachino; the altar-rail is white, with grey balusters, and alternate red and green panels in the pedestals. In the chapels of the nave, between the pilasters, black and white is boldly treated. The altars have black shafts, with white caps and bases; a black frieze, with white architrave and cornice; a black tympanum to the pediment; a white archivolt, with black spandrils; a white altar-front, with a black panel; white altar-rail and base, with black balusters, and black panels in the pedestals; on the other side, the architecture is similar, but gold caps and bases are used with the black shafts, and pieces of red marble are introduced in the pedestals. The pavement is red and white Verona marble, laid lozengewise. The ceiling is vaulted, and has strips of Rondone on either side of the ribs; the colour is white and gold, with sprawling angels in colour; the dusty quality of the paint, and the poorness of the colour, harmonize badly with the polished marble.

The Jesuits' Church at Venice is of a pleasant cool colour, somewhat spoiled by the lurid-coloured gold of the ceiling, and the gigantic gold gimp at the top of the walls. Its nave pilasters, with their plinths and entablature, are all of grey stone; the walls between these and returning to form the chapels, are lined with white marble, inlaid with verde antique; the columns in front of the altar are of white marble, similarly inlaid; the twisted columns of the altar are of verde antique; and the baldachino is of white marble, with scales in verde antique and brocatello. The pavement is white Verona marble, inlaid with a geometrical pattern in verde antique.

I will not detain you by describing Pisa Cathedral, which is delightful from its milk-white haze; nor the more vigorous colour of Siena; the green and white stripes of the shafts being narrower than at Pisa, and the interior more varied in colour by the blue of the ceiling powdered with gold stars, by the brown woodwork, and the colour from stained glass windows; nor will I dilate on the dignified gravity of the Madeleine, mainly due to its being only lit by the eyes of the domes; the architecture is of grey stone, warmed by marble, gilding, dark brown oak, pictures, and polished metal; though the high altar is too white.

I do not admire portraits, historical subjects, live animals, or objects in relief on floors, not to speak of the celebrated fragments of the feast. Still less do I like those shaded geometrical forms which make us walk on ridges or points. Lately Messrs. Burke & Co. have introduced marble mosaic for figure subjects. Where a rich sobriety of colouring is wanted this mosaic is very valuable; specimens may be seen at the Guards' Chapel.

I trust I have convinced you that this beautiful material—marble—has been too grossly overlooked, and that we may hope to see the grand halls of our public and sumptuous private buildings made lovely and enduring by its use; that our pure colourists might bestow more care on the perfection of this coloured decoration, and might invent new harmonies so that English colour might be as distinctly marked by a native flavour as English music or English literature. I also trust I have shown that the use of marble is not inconsistent with the use of mosaic, coloured tiles, stained glass, oil paintings and statuary.

When we get our buildings perfected and adorned with colour, painting, and sculpture, their splendour and artistic skill must attract visitors from all the world. I do not believe that an indulgence in colour, and a proper cultivation of the visual fine arts, tend to enervate or demoralize a nation. Julius Cæsar fought none the worse because his tent was paved with a mosaic of ebony and ivory, while his fare was milk and fern roots. We cannot by our utmost efforts produce the loveliness or the splendour that nature spreads out for us in every landscape and in every sunset.

GEORGE AITCHISON.



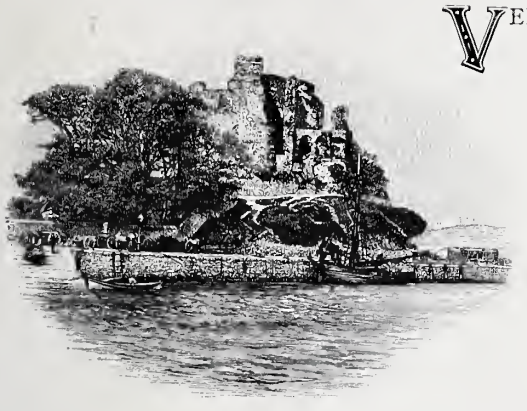
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CARLINGFORD.



King John's Castle.

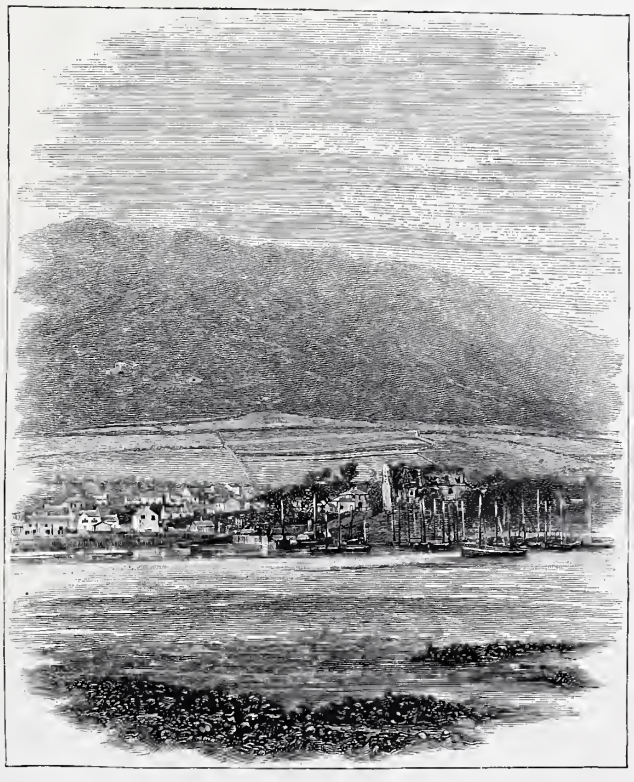
VERY few persons know whence the present Lord President of the Council derives his title, or have any notion that there is a place as well as a peer called Carlingford. Those talented people who have a memory for trivialities may recollect that the best of all oysters are said to come from the Carlingford beds, but it is to be feared that few carry their observations further than this point, and that the multitude is content to eat its oysters without also swallowing its topography. Yet if exquisite combinations of earth, water, and sky, if contrasts of lough and mountain, oak-forest and heathery down, sunrise on the sea and sunset behind the mountains, are worth seeing, Carlingford ought to be better known. Moreover, Carlingford is one of the most interesting towns in Ireland to the antiquary, and is full of stirring memories to the lover of history.

You come in sight of it as the Holyhead steamer rounds Greenore point and finds its moorings in the quiet water behind the railway station. Looking down the smooth surface of the lough, the first thing that arrests the eye on the left side is the little white town of Carlingford, lying sheltered beneath the steep slope of Slieve Foy, which the town has appropriated and re-christened "Carlingford Mountain." This mountain, some 2,000 feet high, forms the southern rampart of the lough, and its off-shoots run up to near Newry. There are many legends told of its rugged summit. The people trace the form of a giant stretched along the ridge, and see his stern face and obstinate upper lip in strong relief against the sky; and tell how the mighty hero Finn McCumhal, the King Arthur of Ireland (with whom we are more familiar under the name of Fingal), strode along the crest of Slieve Foy to meet a bold Scottish hero who had come from the north to challenge him; and how the famous builder of the Giant's Causeway could not wait till his opponent came up, but tore up a huge rock from the mountain side and flung it incontinently at his Scottish rival, and slew him on the spot, as he stood on the other side of the lough. So tremendous was the effort that Finn himself fell back and stretched his length on Slieve Foy, so that the ridge of the mountain bears to this day the impress of his body. If you can face a stiff climb you may still see the very stone that killed the Scotch giant on the hill side over Ross Trevor, while the hole out of which this "Cloughmore" stone came is clearly visible to believing eyes in the surface of the Carlingford Mountain.

Even from a distance Carlingford has an uncommon look. Among the whitewashed houses, which are seemingly the pride of Irish architects, you can see here and there a bit of old masonry, grey walls and towers, and, in front, overhanging the little fishing pier, with its fleet of luggers lying up, waiting for the tide, are the lofty battlements and commanding front of the Castle of King John. It is easy to see that the lough was well defended in the days of the Pale, when this old castle was an ample guard on the southern shore, and the corresponding fort of Greencastle on the opposite coast (see illustrations), equally ancient and once equally extensive, supported by the "Block House" in the very middle of the lough, effectually commanded the entrance to the water-way that led to the Moyry Pass, or "Gap of Uladh," the key of the north.

As you enter Carlingford, the impression of its strength increases. There are few towns that have so powerful an appearance, and have so completely the look of a strong place of defence. In every street you meet with loopholed walls and battlemented towers. Not long ago there were thirty of these forts or fortalices within the circuit marked out by the scattered remnants of the old wall. Many of these are now destroyed, but the effect of those that remain is still very imposing. And most of these strong walls have a tale to tell of the days when every method but the right one was being tried to bring order and peace to Ireland.

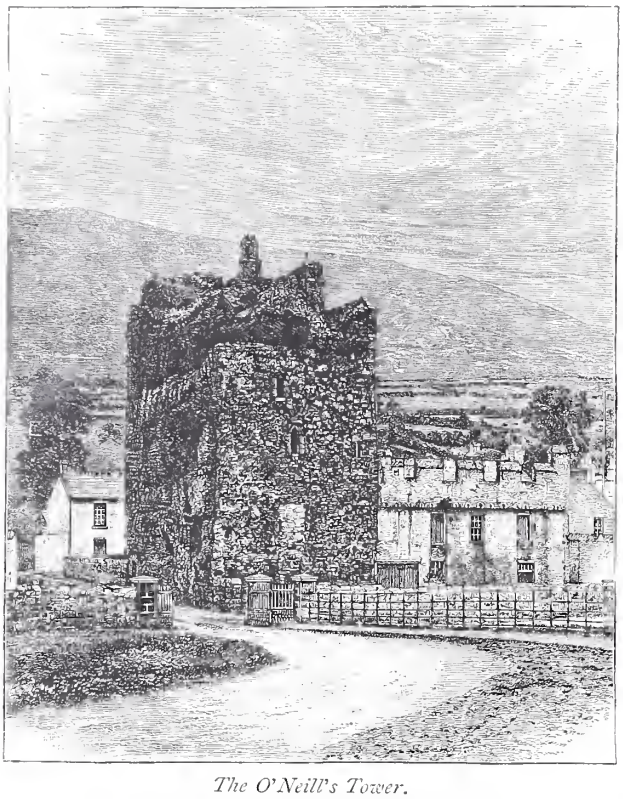
From the founding of the first castle in the reign of Henry II.



Carlingford from the Lough.

to the wars of Elizabeth and Essex, Carlingford has a history to relate. The chief castle, built on a rock jutting out boldly into the lough, was the work of the De Burghs, in John's

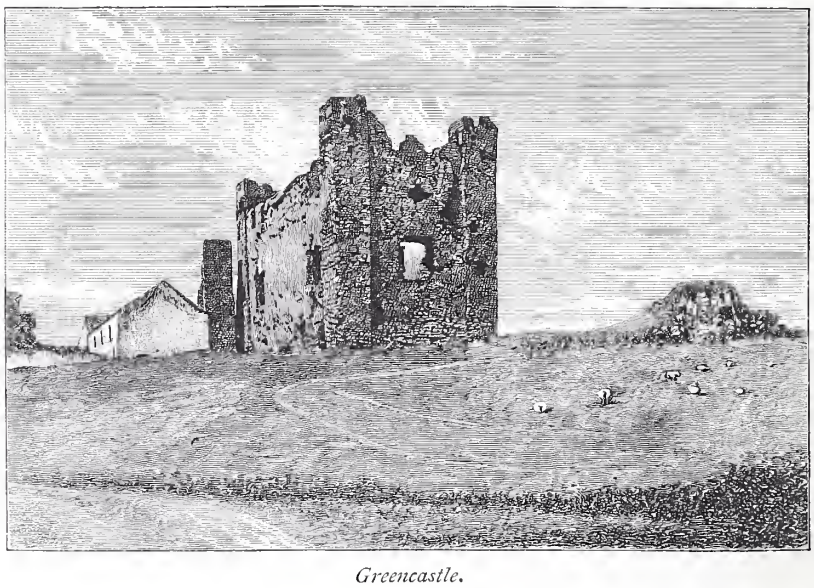
reign, and its massive walls, 11 feet thick, and loopholed in every direction, are some evidence of the trouble the stout barons had to hold their own—or what they were pleased to



The O'Neill's Tower.

call such—from the wild McGennises of the other side, though the natural strength of the position rendered most of the ordinary precautions of defence unnecessary. This castle has seen not a few deeds of war since its foundation in 1210: it was from the neighbouring Newry that the English forces always marched to meet the rebels of the north, and Carlingford must have been the chief support to Essex's position in the unlucky war with Tyrone, "the O'Neill," during which the fine tower (engraved above), with its ingenious defences, in the midst of the town, is believed to have been built. Henry Oge, Tyrone's son-in-law, tried to storm Carlingford, and it suffered somewhat at the hands of Sir Phelim's supporters. In 1649 it was surrendered to Lord Inchiquin, Cromwell's general, and "the curse o' Black Crummel" certainly fell on the Dominican Abbey, which, after more than three centuries of honour and veneration, since its foundation by De Burgh in 1305, was now desecrated and turned into a stable for Inchiquin's dragoons, after the approved Cromwellian manner. A scanty remnant of this once stately abbey is still seen behind the town, and the beautiful arches that remain testify to the grand scale of the architecture. Near by is the curious Tholsel, a rude room built upon an arch over the street, and able to hold about a dozen people. One would hardly suppose, from its insignificant appearance, that this Tholsel once accommodated a sovereign and twelve burgesses, who sat here and gave laws to the three counties of Louth, Down, and Armagh. It was to Carlingford that the sick of the Duke of Schomberg's army were brought, and in the following year the Lord of Carlingford was killed at the battle of the Boyne; here, too, Thurot learned English in the intervals of his quixotic invasion of Ireland with three French sloops. The present owner is Lord Clermont, whose barony is a revival of an extinct peerage, just as his brother, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, has adopted another extinct title in the style of first Baron of Carlingford.

Coasting round the lough in the little steamer commanded by the redoubtable "old John" Cunningham, well known to visitors to the kingdom of Mourne as the biggest boatman and the heartiest handshaker in the county, the scenery gains in beauty at each mile we make. We shall not quite touch the famous stronghold of De Lacy, and in later times of Ormond, at Narrow-water, with its great square tower standing up on the rock that almost bars the creek leading up to Newry, and its ruined turret where the Spanish bride of one of its lords used to bewail her captivity to the accompaniment of her lute, and does so still, if we are to credit the local traditions; nor shall we ascend the creek as far as Fathom Park, where Shane O'Neill, more than three centuries ago, defended the Gap of Uladh against the "proud invader." Warrenpoint, at the head of the lough, though a favourite watering-place of the merchants of Belfast, is only a watering-place; but Ross Trevor, on the north side of the lough, is much more. Indeed, its little season is too short and too little attended to spoil it, and its natural beauties are beyond anything else that can be seen on the north-east coast of Ireland. We need not say that local enthusiasm calls it the "Naples of the North," for it is an admitted fact that any village situated on the shore of a pretty bay is undeniably the Naples of the vicinity. But Ross Trevor deserves any name that will convey the idea of southern skies and sun tempered by the soft greenery and shade of cooler climates. The view of the lough as shown in our engraving is most beautiful. On the right is the long bare ridge of the Carlingford Mountain, with the prostrate giant on its edge; to the left, the thickly wooded hill of Ross Trevor, rising precipitately



Greencastle.

out of the little village, and showing a bare shaven crown above its leafy shoulders, with a glimpse of the Cloughmore Stone near the summit. Here amid the woods once stood the

castle of Rory McGennis, from whom the village that grew up round the fortress took the name of Castle Roe; but there is no trace of any such stronghold now. In front, at our feet, spreads the broad surface of the lough, its waters' southern blue contrasting with the grey and green of the hills that enfold it. It is impossible to survey this scene without enthusiasm, and we readily forgive all the Naples and Montpelliers and Elysiums and other preposterous names that have been invoked to express its beauty; for it really is, for the moment that one is looking at it, the most lovely spot in the world, and words are quite useless when one comes to try to say what makes its loveliness. The old bridge at the entrance of the village, with clear water trickling over shining pebbles, prepares one for the soft beauty of the place, and in sun or shade there is a special charm about it which every one feels and nobody can explain. A climb upon its steep hills is more invigorating than other climbs, and nothing is pleasanter than a walk along the Hilltown Road—between long ridges of softly shelving downs, through shady valleys, and past old-fashioned mills and a holy well sheltered by a sacred ash—to the little churchyard of Kilbroney, a lonely, neglected Catholic burial-place on the slope of the down, where, hidden by immemorial oaks and pines, yews and larches, an ancient cross and a group of grass-grown tombstones moulder in decay. The gentle giant, Pat Murphy, who had the misfortune to be eight feet eight inches high, and who consequently died at twenty-six, is among the tenants of this sad little graveyard.



Ross Trevor.

From Ross Trevor you may make rambles into the neighbouring "Kingdom of Mourne," where the mountains are nearly three thousand feet high, with splendid rugged crests, and delicious blue tarns high up among the peaks; where you may catch salmon and start grouse, or explore ancient raths and cromlechs, and listen to the local traditions on the Pixies' Bridge; and where the people are like no other people, the most kindly, simple, industrious, landlord-abiding folk in the three kingdoms.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

A VOTIVE MADONNA.

WHEN a picture hangs finished in its frame on the wall there is usually little to suggest the long story of the growth of the idea which it shadows forth. The artist may perhaps have stumbled, as it were, by chance upon his subject, or he may have had it suggested to him by some incident or picture long ago seen, and ever since lingering in the recesses of a retentive memory; or again, he may have framed, and fashioned, and wrought it out through months of toil. One of the favourite books of Sir Joshua Reynolds's boyhood, we are told, was Jacob Cats's "Book of Emblems," and when in after years he painted for Boydell the cauldron scene in *Macbeth* he founded his picture upon one of the prints in the old picture-book. The composition of the 'Madonna della Sedia,' on the other hand, is said to have been suggested to Raphael by a group of a mother and her child, whom he beheld by chance; whilst the composition of his famous 'Entombment,' in the Borghese Palace at Rome, is known to have been gradually evolved by a laborious process of slow development, leading on stage by stage from a suggestion taken from a Pietà by his master Perugino.

In the exhibition of works by the Old Masters at Burlington House at the beginning of this year there was a Madonna (No. 245) correctly ascribed to the Florentine school, but which the critics failed to fasten on any particular master. About its genesis, however, certain facts of more than ordinary interest can be discovered. In style it belongs unmistakably to the beginning of the last quarter of the fifteenth century. The delicacy of the draughtsmanship, the carefulness of the somewhat pronounced outlines, the affected fulness in the folds of fluttering drapery, all point to the influence of Botticelli; whilst the thoroughness of the portrait-painting and the careful modelling of the faces recall equally strongly the manner of Domenico Ghirlandaio. The arrangement of the figures is so simple, and withal so quaint, that we may be excused for dwelling a moment upon it. The life-size figure of the Virgin, painted on a gold background, occupies more than half the space. She faces rather to the left and has *both* her hands raised. Her figure is cut off below by a stone balustrade, in front of which, on a much smaller scale, appear portions of the figures of Pope Leo and an angel. The angel is flying out

of a blue cloud; she reaches forward eagerly and takes in her hand the diseased right hand of the Pope.

The incident referred to is a miracle reported to have occurred to one of the Popes; indeed, the inscription along the front of the balustrade tells us as much:—"Imago coram qua orando Leo Papa sensit sebi manum restitutam."

The miraculous picture that is accredited with this and many more wonders, is, and has been for centuries, in the church of Ara Cœli, at Rome. The picture, however, is so dark in colour, and so overladen with all manner of votive offerings, that it is impossible to make anything of it. Like another picture in the Church of S. Maria Maggiore, and like several more in different parts of Europe, this is referred by tradition to S. Luke, the patron of painters. Of the S. Maria Maggiore picture, legend relates that Gregory I., in the year 590, carried it in procession through the city, and in the war of 1860 its miraculous powers still retained sufficient vitality to be worth invoking on their behalf by the clergy, who once again bore it through the streets.



A Votive Madonna. Engraved by C. Dietrich, from the Painting in the Collection of Charles Butler, Esq.

In the town of Antwerp, on the 14th July, 1492, Gerard Leen printed a little book which begins with these words: "This is a very devout, holy, and profitable memorial of the Seven Sorrows or Afflictions of our dear Lady. And to each of the Seven Sorrows there is joined a figure expressive of that matter; that so devotion may be more strongly awakened in a man, and also for the sake of laymen who cannot read, for pictures are laymen's books." This little volume contains, amongst others, two woodcuts, which are of the very greatest importance, because they are the first woodcuts to which we can with certainty point as copied from paintings. The first of them represents the Virgin with the Child on her left arm, and holding an apple in her right hand. The text informs us that "this is an accurate copy of the picture of our dear, sweet Lady and her blessed Son, dressed and depicted as she was in her fifteenth year, when she went and presented him to S. Simeon in the Temple; and it is copied from the picture which S. Luke painted and made, and which stands in Rome in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore." The second is of more importance for our present purpose and may therefore be described at greater length. The text says of it: "This is an accurate copy of the picture of Mary, Mother of God, which stands in Rome in the convent called Ara Cœli, and which S. Luke painted and made; and it is just so as she stood under the cross all sorrowful. And this picture was brought in procession to Rome in S. Gregory, the holy Pope's time; and men heard the angels singing before it 'Regina cœli letare alleluya,' etc." In it the Virgin is seen to a little below the waist, standing and turned rather to the left. Her left hand is held *against her breast*, her right is raised in token of sorrow. She wears a heavy blue cloak wrapped closely about her in many folds, and brought over her head as a hood. There is no background, and nothing to show that she is standing at the foot of the cross.

The wood-cutter working at Antwerp never, of course, saw the original pictures at Rome; indeed the book itself tells us where the designs for the cuts came from. It says (and this is the last quotation that shall be imposed upon the reader) à propos of a certain letter, that it was written by "a notable and very devout man, Peter, confessor of the Convent of Thabor at Mechlin, and sent to the 'deken' of Abbenbroeke and 'pastoer' of Remmerswale; which letter was in twelve metres or verses on the Seven Sorrows, and they were written

and painted up before the true pictures of our dear Lady at Abbenbroeke and at Remmerswale (places in the diocese of Utrecht) which were carefully copied and made from the pictures painted or made by S. Luke,"—the two, namely, at Rome. These Dutch copies have long ago disappeared, destroyed no doubt by the Reformation iconoclasts. A similar work exists, however, in the Cathedral at Bruges, and is still highly venerated, for it is to be observed that much of the sanctity which appertained to the original painting very soon attached likewise to the copies, and thus the tendency to increase the number of these was great. Of woodcuts similar to those just described and of the same period, there are at least two more, one a little larger, one a little smaller; but it is the painted reproductions of the type that chiefly concern us now. At Cambrai there was, in the year 1454, a Madonna picture by S. Luke, recently brought from Rome, and in all probability a copy of that in "Ara Cœli." So wonderful were the cures wrought by it, that the Count d'Estampes sent Petrus Cristus (J. van Eyck's pupil), to Cambrai to make three copies of it, one of which is said to be still in existence in the hospital there. Again in the Old Pinakothek at Munich, there is a Mater Dolorosa (No. 694) copied, with improvements, from the "Ara Cœli" picture. The painter of it was an early sixteenth century Westphalian. The drapery is more naturally arranged, and on the gold background, within a framework of clouds, four angels are grouped in the form of an arch above the Virgin's head. Their square faces and golden wings, picked out with green and red, recall the manner of the earlier masters of Cologne.

Mr. Charles Butler's Florentine picture (here engraved), is, in a general sense, so far as the Virgin is concerned, a copy of this Ara Cœli 'Mater Dolorosa,' with the difference that the left hand is raised, instead of being held against the breast. This is the reason why, at so late a date, we have a large Madonna painted on a gold background—a style of painting which had, by the end of the fifteenth century, fallen almost entirely into disuse. This Madonna is not an ordinary picture of what a painter imagined the Virgin might be like, but it is in part a reproduction of an earlier type. At the present day, as has been said, it is almost impossible to discover what the picture in Ara Cœli is like, imbedded as it is behind multitudes of votive offerings. No doubt in the painter's day it was in much the same plight, and this will account for the different position of the left hand in the original and in the copy. What at first sight seems harder to explain is the fact that the Florentine work does not apparently represent a Mater Dolorosa at all. The Virgin's face in it has comparatively little expression, and certainly no look of sorrow. The figure of God the Father is painted above in clouds, reaching forward towards her, and the natural interpretation would be that this is a part of an Annunciation, the Angel Gabriel having been on a separate panel. In order to account for this a word or two must be said about the original S. Luke picture.

Of course neither it, nor any of the rest, have the least connection with the Evangelist. They are all merely Byzantine pictures of early date, brought from the East at different times, and about which, owing to their foreign and unwonted appearance, legends were swift to gather. It is a mistake to suppose that all Byzantine pictures are stiff and hideous in form Like every other school of Art, that of Byzantium had its epochs of rise, culmination, and decline. Unfortunately those works that have come down to us belong, with few exceptions, to the decadence. It is therefore almost as hard to estimate the artistic skill of the Byzantine painters as of the painters of ancient Greece. The one or two really good Byzantine works that do survive are encumbered with so much sanctity that an Art student can make but little of them. In the convent of S. Chiara, at Assisi, is preserved a really noble figure of Christ on the cross, painted by a Byzantine artist of the best period, but male visitors can only see it through an iron grating, and faintly lit up by candles. What, however, is plain at a glance with respect to all these good Byzantine works is, that they are characterized by great dignity, that they are painted in a large style, on rather a large scale, and that they are very finely finished. Outlines and composition are always perfectly simple; at the same time the painter never fails to impress upon his work much of the majesty which the Eastern Church, from its earliest days, seems to have felt most in its conceptions of divine beings. On the other hand, in no case do good Byzantine artists attempt the representation of violent emotions. They refused to represent the sufferings of Christ on the cross, and if they painted Him crucified, they showed no signs of pain. Thus the Mater Dolorosa might indeed be the subject of a picture, but in her face slight traces of sorrow would appear; she would stand upright with all the solemn dignity of an Egyptian goddess.

The peculiar simplicity and unmistakable grandeur which we observe in Mr. Butler's picture, and which seem so much at variance with the usual style of a day when painters strove rather to bring the Virgin down to earth than to take the devout soul with them to the foot of her heavenly throne—these and the like qualities are sufficiently accounted for by the nature of the Byzantine original, and the fact that the painter did not represent the Virgin as sorrowing, is for the same reason not to be wondered at.

In conclusion, then, the meaning of the whole picture is briefly this. It commemorates the miraculous power of a certain likeness of the Virgin, and does so by representing the most famous cure wrought in its presence. The immediate agency of healing is an angel, the locality where the miracle took place is before the famous picture of the Virgin, but the source of the healing power is God, who is therefore introduced above in the act of blessing with both hands. In all probability Mr. Butler's picture was a votive offering in commemoration of the donor's recovery from sickness. Art critics, in their attempts to discover the authorship of this painting, will have to base their conclusions chiefly upon the fine portrait bust of the Pope, and upon the figures of the First Person of the Trinity and the angel.

W. M. Conway.

THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS AT MADRID.

THE Exhibition at the Palace of Retiro has claims upon our attention which Spanish Art could hardly have asserted a generation or two ago. From the day when the first Bourbon king ascended the throne of Castile down to the time when Marshal Soult stripped the convents of their beautiful Murillos, there was little Art in Spain worthy of the name; for the once busy schools of Seville and Madrid it was a century of comparative inertia. This is no longer the case: the school which can boast such names as those of Fortuny, Madrazo, Rico, Zamacoïs, Ribera, and many others, ranks again among the first in Europe. In view of the lustre of those names, it is surprising to find in this exhibition a large preponderance of subjects drawn from the history or religion of the past. It is not in these catacombs of thought that artists now find their choicest inspirations. There is no great demand for a painter who

> "dips
> His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse,"

and a scanty allowance of death and coffins supplies us with mental food of a very satisfying description. Let us go back to the International Exhibition of 1878, and endeavour to trace the relations of this school to the prevailing tendencies of the age.



"For Fatherland." By S. Gil.

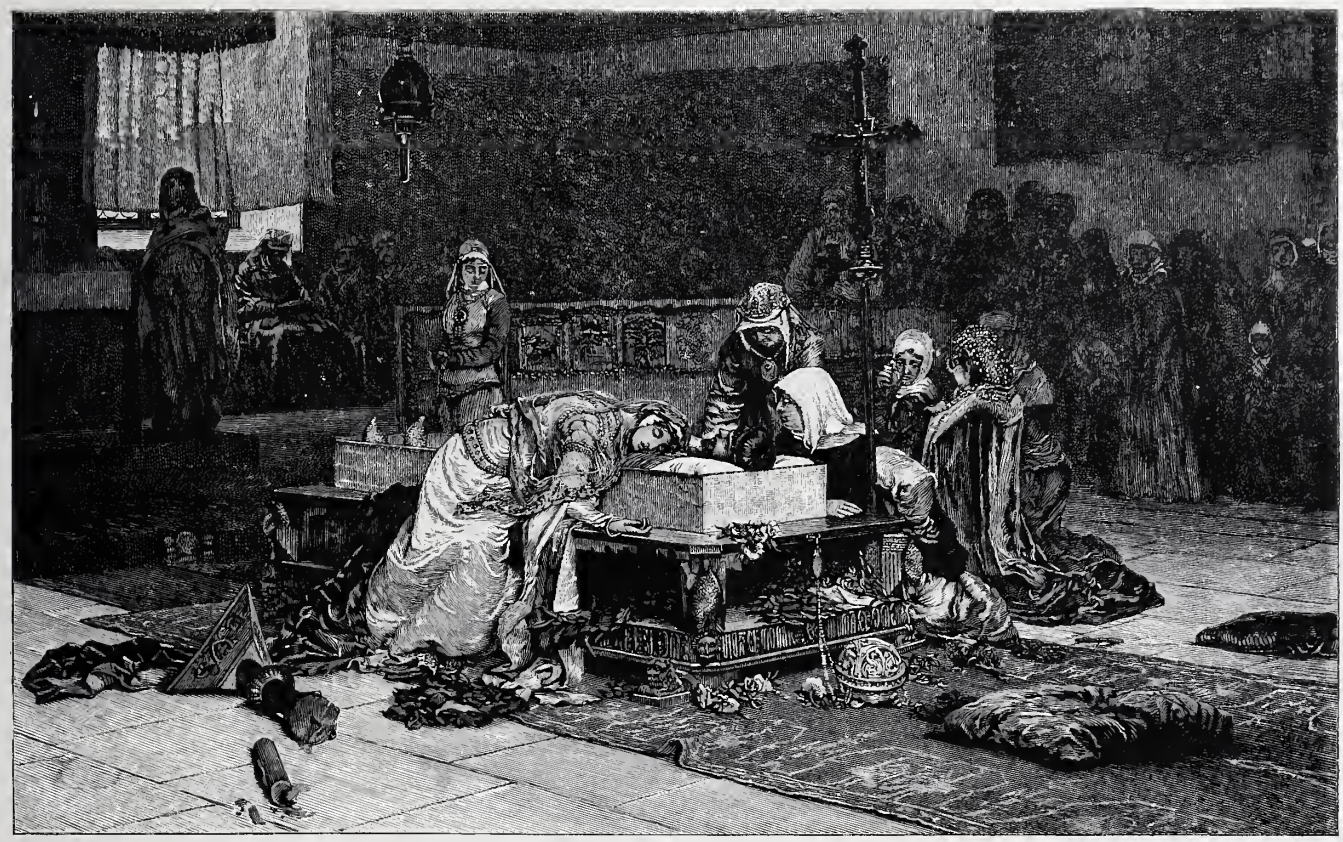
If we divide Art, according to a time-honoured partition, into historical and religious subjects, genre and landscape, we shall find that in two of these divisions the Spanish school was a power: genre, under the sway of Fortuny and Madrazo; landscape, bright with the glowing tints of Rico. Not that there were no painters of genius besides these three; but the impress of their individuality was visible upon the school, and the rest grouped itself round them. Their style, with its "tour de raillerie badine et bon enfant," betrayed the nation of Cervantes; but the charm and potency of the school lay in its colour. You may paint light impinging upon a dark body, and producing less colour than chiaroscuro, the method of Rembrandt; or you may paint the colours impinging upon each other, so as to produce the effect of light, the method of the new school. It was the most uncompromising attempt yet made to reproduce the direct, and not the horizontal rays of the sun; an attempt requiring a colour scheme as purely subjective—that is, coherent in itself—as that of Rubens or Tintoretto. It must be admitted that the school has its defects—defects which seem to be almost inseparable, on the one hand from genre as a style, and on the other from the nature of the attempt in question; for while the first wants dignity of design, the second is fatal to richness of hue. But it is here that the hope of progress lies, and not in copying dead masters. In order to be sure of this, let us consider for a moment what are the necessary conditions of an historic and religious school, and whether they exist any longer in the world.

From the day when the first mass was said in the mosque of the Alhambra, Spanish Art began to burgeon. The conquered Moors bequeathed their fairy architecture, but the home and cradle of artists was the Christian cathedral. They carved its portals, stained its windows, and sculptured its saints. Joanes inspired himself for new work by fasting and prayer. Vargas disciplined himself with the scourge. At his bedside he kept a coffin, in which he would lie and meditate on death in the intervals of his work. They exhausted every plastic process, and swept the range of religious passion. "The chief end of the works of Christian Art," said Pacheco, "is to persuade men to piety, and to bring them to God."

What the Church began the throne completed. Not to confine ourselves exclusively to Spain, Charles V. picked up the brushes of Titian, Lionardo died in the arms of Francis I., and Philip IV. spent more hours of his life in the studio of Velazquez than in the Council of Castile. This intimate relation between the monarch and the artist, at a time when the former was still hedged round by traditionary divinity, and the latter was in the zenith of his skill, could not fail to give rise to an historical school, if it produced a school of painting at all. Nothing in Art bears more impressive testimony to this than the fact that Rubens, who went as envoy to the court of Spain, to describe the miseries which followed in the train of Alva, painted the 'Horrors of War,' which adorns our National Gallery. Such a work as that could not have been engendered by turning over the leaves of a modern history book; it *is* a page of history, the most awful that could be written. But the materials of Art in our time are very different; the surroundings of Rubens, of Murillo, have passed away. The 'Immaculate Conception' and the 'Horrors of War' may "sparkle for ever," as jewels of Art, on the "finger of time;" but not until the revolving years bring back the atmosphere in which they were conceived, can they ever be melted again in the crucible of passion, or warmed into life by the brooding wings of thought.

Philosophers, however, are apt to find themselves in the position of Canute and his courtiers; they set limits to the tide, and the waves roll on in spite of them. And so it has come to pass that, while experience dissuades and reason condemns, a large body of artists are busily recording scenes which they never saw, and a piety which they have ceased to feel. But here are the subjects, the reader shall judge for himself.

The 'Lovers of Zeruel,' by S. Degrain. This picture we engrave. The story is as follows. Isabella de Segura was betrothed to a Crusader. While he was fighting for the Holy Sepulchre, she, in obedience to her father's wishes, wedded another. The lover died of grief, and Isabella sighed her last breath over his corpse. The exact moment chosen



"The Lovers of Zeruel." By S. Degrain.

presents peculiar difficulties of composition, which the artist, perhaps, has not entirely overcome. We are reminded of Sebastian Muñoz, who was required to paint Queen Maria Louisa of Spain, as she lay in state in the Church of the Incarnation. The coffin was to be in the centre of the canvas, *at right angles to the plane of its surface*. No easy conditions for painting a portrait, nor did the artist find them so. S. Degrain has not imposed on himself such fetters as these. His picture is carefully studied, and the chiaroscuro is very striking.

'For Fatherland' by S. Gil. This picture we also engrave. The painter introduces us into the hut of two old Aragonese labourers. Their son has fallen in battle. A sergeant enters, doubtless with some last message; he brings a scapulary, dipped in his fellow-soldier's blood, which the mother kisses. On the mantel-shelf we see the water-pots so familiar in the works of Murillo and other painters of the school of Seville, who exercised their nascent powers on these pieces of "still life."

'Antonio Perez visited by his Family in Prison after his Torture,' by S. Borras. Antonio Perez, first the favourite and then the scourge of Philip II., was one of the most remarkable men of his age. All-powerful with Philip, till he became his rival in love and accomplice in crime, he was arrested along with the Princess of Eboli (immortalized by Titian), and after a lengthy process, on refusing

to confess his guilt, was put to the torture. Finally he made his escape, and went through a life of brilliant adventure—now in England, mingling in the pleasure-parties of Essex; now as "Raphael Peregrino," throwing Europe into a frenzy of indignation against Philip; until, at the Peace of Vervins, in 1598, he sank again into discredit, and died in distress at Paris in 1611. The picture is full of life, well drawn and well lighted. At least one actor in the drama has been handed down to us, in the portrait of Rodrigo Vasquez, by Theotocopuli; but in his *facture* S. Borras is a devoted pupil of Velazquez.

'The Conversion of the Duke of Gandia,' by S. Moreno Carbonero. St. Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia, was the cousin and favourite of Charles V. It is said that the sight of the Empress Isabella in her shroud, followed soon afterwards by the death of his own beautiful wife, drove him to the cloister. Unlike the Emperor, who gave to the monastery of San Yuste only the lees of life, he renounced, while still young, a position of great splendour, and lived for twenty years a life of austere holiness. This impressive story forms the subject of at least two celebrated pictures besides the present one. The 'St. Francis Borgia,' by Velazquez, at Stafford House, was captured in Spain by Soult, who sold it in 1835 to the Duke of Sutherland, along with two Murillos ('Abraham and the Angels' and the 'Prodigal Son') for 500,000 francs. St. Francis is there represented arriving at the door of the Jesuits' College at Rome, and bowing low to Ignatius Loyola, who meets him on the threshold. The 'St. Francis' of M. Laurens, at the Paris International Exhibition, was kissing the clay-cold lips of Isabella, whose coffin he had just caused to be opened. In S. Carbonero's picture the Duke, overcome by the sight of death, is falling upon the breast of a companion. The colour is fine.

The 'Spoliarium,' by Don Juan Luna y Novicio—1st class medal. The Spoliarium was a place adjoining the Roman arena, in which the bodies of the slain gladiators were stripped, and those incurably wounded were despatched. The canvas is vast and the figures full of energy. Half-naked slaves are dragging the dead bodies over the blood-stained pavement.

'Guzman el Bueno hurling his Dagger at the Moors,' by S. Martinez Cubells. The scene is Tarifa, A.D. 1293, held by Guzman, besieged by the Moors. Guzman is on the walls; at their foot, Don Juan, showing Guzman his captured son, threatens to stab him to death. For reply, Guzman sends his dagger flying through the air. "Thou shalt have a weapon; the place, never!" This is the moment selected by the artist. History goes on to relate that Guzman retired, but on hearing a cry returned to the spot. Seeing the corpse of his son, he turned to those present with the words, "Keep watch and ward, duty is first." The king, Don Sancho, called him "el Bueno," and gave him a blazon with the device, "Mas pesa el rey que la sangre," words actually used by him.

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.*

AMONG the births in November are—1st, Pietro Berretini, called da Cortona, in 1596, and Antonio Canova, the sculptor, at Treviso, 1757: 2nd, J. B. S. Chardin, at Paris, 1699: 3rd, Antoine Auguste Ernest Hébert, at Grenoble, 1817, and Annibale Carracci, at Bologna, 1560: 4th, Guido Reni, at Calvenzano, near Bologna, 1575, and Auguste Cain, the sculptor, at Paris, 1822: 5th, Washington Allston, the American painter, at South Carolina, 1729: 6th, Jean Louis Charles Garnier, the architect, at Paris, 1825: 7th, Paul Jacques Aimé Baudry, at Bourbon, Vendée, 1826; F. Zurbaran, baptized at Fuentes de Cantos, 1598; Louis Jehotte, the sculptor, at Liège, 1803, and George Aitchison, A.R.A., the architect, in 1825: 10th, F. A. Bridgman, the American painter, at Tuskagee, Alabama, 1847: 11th, Fransz Snyders, at Antwerp, 1579: 15th, Balthasar Denner, at Hamburg, 1685: 17th, Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., at Plymouth, 1793: 18th, Sir David Wilkie, R.A., at Cults, Fifeshire, 1785, and Gaspar de Crayer, baptized at Amsterdam, 1585: 19th, Eustache le Sueur, at Paris, 1617: 20th, Karel du Jardin, at Venice, 1678, and Balthasar Beschey, baptized at Antwerp, 1701: 21st, James Clarke Hook, R.A., in 1819: 22nd, Leopold Flameng, the etcher, at Brussels, 1831: 27th, Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., at London, 1853: 28th, William Blake, at London, 1757: 30th, Lumb Stocks, R.A., at Lightcliff, near Halifax, 1812; Adolphe William Bouguereau, at La Rochelle, 1825, and Andrea Palladio, the architect, at Vicenza, 1518. Also, Paul Potter, at Enkhuisen, 1625, and H. T. Wells, R.A., in 1820.

The deaths include—1st, Giulio Romano (Pippi), at Mantua, 1546 (or 5): 2nd, Daniel Zeghers, at Antwerp, 1660; Jacopo Tatti, called Sansovino, architect and sculptor, in 1570, and William Bird, R.A., at Bristol, 1819: 3rd, François Rude, the sculptor, in 1855: 4th, H. Delaroche, in 1856: 5th, Mariotto Albertinelli, at Florence, 1515, and Maria Angelica Kauffman, R.A., at Rome, 1807: 9th, Gordon Greenough, the American sculptor, at Paris, 1880: 10th, E. B. Stephens, A.R.A., the sculptor, in 1882: 11th, F. Salviati, in 1563: 12th, Adrian van der Werff, at Rotterdam, 1722: 13th, William Etty, R.A., at York, 1849: 14th, Jacques Courtois, at Rome, 1676: 15th, Giovanni Bellini, at Venice, 1512 (29th also given); George Romney, at Kendal, 1802, and Thomas Girtin, in 1802: 16th, J. Ruijsdael, at Haarlem, 1681, and Godfried Schalken, at The Hague, 1706: 17th, Jakob van der Does, at The Hague, 1673; Aelbert Cuijp, buried in the Augustinerkirche, Dordrecht, 1691 (the 7th also given), and Ludwig Michael Schwanthaler, at Munich, 1848: 19th, Nicholas Poussin, at Rome, 1665: 21st, Claude Lorraine, at Rome, 1682, buried in the church of S. Trinità, in Monti: 23rd, James Ward, R.A., in 1859, and Agnolo Bronzino, at Florence, 1580: 24th, Johann Lingelbach, at Amsterdam, 1687: 25th, Sir Augustus Wall Callcott, R.A., at Kensington, 1844; David Roberts, R.A., at London, 1864, and Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., in 1841: 26th, Jakob van Loo, at Paris, 1670: 29th, Gerit Backheyden, at Haarlem, 1693, and Giovanni Lanfranco, in 1647: 30th, Michael Wohlegemuth, in 1519; Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini, the sculptor, at Rome, 1680, and Overbeck, in 1869.

ALFRED BEAVER.

* Continued from page 312.



PAINTED BY J WATSON NICOL

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES COUSEN

LOCHABER NO MORE

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF E. LEES, ESQ.

LONDON J S VIRTUE & Co LIMITED

A YORKSHIRE CONNOISSEUR.



OME months ago the Committee of the Fine Art and Industrial Institution of York were suddenly made heirs to a rich little estate of pictures, for the will of Mr. John Burton, of Poppleton, near York, revealed that he had bequeathed to them his collection of English masters.

This collection, which is now housed in the Fine Art Institution at York, consists of about one hundred and thirty works, in which the following painters are represented:—Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A., T. S. Cooper, R.A., T. Pickersgill, R.A., Marcus Stone, A.R.A., Clarkson Stansfield, R.A., J. C. Horsley, R.A., F. R. Lee, R.A., J. Linnell, Sen., T. Faed, R.A., and J. F. Herring combined, Sir J. Gilbert, R.A., J. B. Pyne, R. Ansdell, R.A., W. P. Frith, R.A., G. Morland, J. Phillip, R.A., J. Creswick, R.A., E. M. Ward, R.A., J. M. W. Turner, R.A., G. F. Watts, R.A., Wright of Derby, H. Moore, and others.

It is only meet that some record should be preserved of the singular character who amassed these pictures, and finally bequeathed them to form a "Burton" Gallery at the chief town of his native county. As a contribution to this we are tempted to furnish a few details of a visit paid by the writer to Mr. Burton shortly prior to his death.

The house at Poppleton, where Mr. Burton resided, was tall and methodless in form, the plaster was peeling off the greyish bricks, and the angled gables and windows were very small in proportion to the general bulk. The building was partly hidden among trees, and the lane leading from the main road, and the pathway from that to the house, were green with unchecked weeds. A little iron gate opening upon a field was on one hinge, and cocks and hens went about with uncontrolled liberty. There was in fact a general demeanour of unconventional latitude assigned to weed, animal, and bird.

The entrance to Poppleton Villa, as it was called, was modest, as though unfastidious custom had appointed the back to be the front door. The first and second pull at the bell did not usually bring any response, for Mr. Burton was often alone, and a little deaf. Having pulled a third time, the door opened slowly, and revealed a tall, bulky, ungainly man, almost filling the doorway, with a shaggy head, inclined to one side, pronounced features, everything in exaggeration in fact, as though centuries rather than years had evolved them; he apparently beheld one through the present from some distant past, with eyes that had a singular twist in the deep sockets overshadowed by bushy brows. His face, with its intricacies of wrinkled form, its irregularity of features, and its play of light and shade in and out of the nooks and corners, would have sorely tempted a skilful etcher's needle.

When you made known your desire to visit his gallery the severe face yielded, and to see the man smile was to see Giant Despair suddenly made hopeful and happy. His arm was soon extended towards you, and when your hand was in his (as capacious as two) you felt drawn or rather pulled over the threshold of a wonderful recluse.

If nature was neglected without, Art was evidently treasured within, the staircase even being set with gems of the brush. After depositing half-a-crown in his hand, without a word but with a mutual look very well understood, for some benevolent purpose to which he devoted it, this interesting character led the way up-stairs to his gallery, where were the works which now have a home in the public gallery at York. They at once deeply impressed you. Their presence was a mystery. Such a transition from weeds and farm-yard odours to fine Art, was too sudden. One was inclined to doubt the whole situation, and a glance at grim old Burton, of eighty years, made the transition all the more mysterious. But not for long. The mystery was really in us and not in our friend. Our ignorance of the variation possible in human nature was the cause of the wonder. Having once heard him speak of the pictures nothing was more reasonable than their association with him. One laments that there is no portrait which adequately represents the individuality of one who was something between nature in the rough, and Art in the superfine. Originally a farmer and an extensive horse-dealer, he knew well what nature was, and ultimately a retiring connoisseur in pictures, he knew well what a certain range of Art was.

Burton did not buy pictures as financial speculations. He bought them to keep and to know them. Not even to Her Majesty the Queen, it is said, would he part with a certain picture, the finest work he held it to be of J. Phillip, R.A., which Her Majesty wanted to purchase at something like two thousand pounds, though Burton had bought it when Phillip's work was not so high in value. The coveted picture is called 'Collecting the Offering in the Scotch Kirk,' and apart from story and sentiment, it is a rare achievement in technical qualities.

With what youthful and yet subdued delight did old Burton show and explain his collection. Had the pictures been living existences, but helpless in their enthralment to help themselves, he could not have been more considerate about their special characteristics and needs, and no artist had a more generous interpreter or a more devoted worshipper. What old-man delight there was—the smile and the chuckle, the pantomined expression of approval with face and up-lifted hands—if you happened to point out what to him was the one special feature of a favourite picture! What a bird-like look, with head aside as though to get all his vision into one eye, he would give the picture and then you, if you happened to suggest an absolutely new point for him to add to the list of a picture's virtues, for he had an old bachelor-like affection for these adopted children of his choice!

The visit to the Poppleton gallery was not complete in the old man's notion, unless you sat down on a low seat, while he nervously selected from a pile of letters received from notable artists, some epistle he particularly wanted you to see—documents well fingered and thumbed, and cracked and torn by frequent reference. Next to the pictures Burton apparently

prized these autograph letters; and next in importance to the letters was an ancient visitors' book, in which he almost insisted, as a condition of friendly departure, that you should enter your autograph. But, perhaps, the most touching sight of all, with a pathos and inference deeper than the pictures and the letters, was an old Bible, worn by constant but careful service. This volume stood on a little table in the centre of one of the rooms, and near it in inseparable companionship was a pair of old thick-rimmed spectacles. The book was open at the Psalms, as though the old gentleman had been disturbed in his reading by our ring at the bell, and this idea formed itself into a picture of reality, framed, as it were, by all the other pictures of Art.

Another feature of interest at Poppleton was the little workshop, a few yards from the entrance-door to the house. It was like a green-house converted into a joiner's shop. There Burton made picture-frames, chiefly for his own essays in oil, for he sometimes painted. Burton keenly appreciated Art, but only in a very limited sense was he an artist. With his perception for good points, and with such good examples of good points around him, no wonder that in his latter-day leisure he was tempted to endeavour to express some of his own unattainable impressions. Criticism was out of the question; one only in secret grieved that he was not permitted a greater power for the portrayal of his ideal.

Burton had the reputation of being miserly; if so, there was a generous method in it; it was not wholly selfish hoarding. In his heart was a desire to render a good account of his wealth and his days, and some of that account we now have at the York Fine Art Gallery. For the rest, we know that he contributed to local charities, the York School of Art, missions to the poor, and that on his eightieth birthday he gave a donation of one hundred guineas to the Yorkshire School for the Blind; he had also freaks of generosity, such as opening banking accounts with a deposit of five pounds, for children; or, sending a formidable donation to the Salvation Army. He was born at Belby, near Howden, Yorkshire, on the 18th February, 1799; was married twice; removed to Poppleton in 1859; where he died on the 26th of October, 1882, and now lies buried.

WILLIAM TIREBUCK.

ENGLISH ART AS SEEN THROUGH FRENCH SPECTACLES.*

III.—THE MODERN SCHOOL.

THE unanimity with which French writers bore witness to the falling off of English Art between its first display at Paris, in 1855, and the second International Exposition of 1867, was expressed in an equally decided way by the juries. In the earlier competition no less than thirty-four English pictures obtained some sort of recognition by medals and prizes, whilst at the later only four were awarded to our fellow-countrymen. On this occasion M. Charles Blanc's sympathies were especially enlisted in favour of Mr. Orchardson, represented by his 'Christopher Sly' and 'The Challenge.' In the latter the *doyen* of French Art critics thought he could discover a revival of that romanticism in Art which had set Parisian journalists by the ears in the early days of Louis Philippe's reign. Mr. Orchardson's expressions were, he admitted, well caught, his incidents dramatic enough for the stage, whilst his work was delicately painted and admirably lighted; nevertheless, in spite of all these qualities, the pictures only served to impress upon M. Charles Blanc the downward progress which English Art had made in a dozen years.

On the causes which led to this passing phase, M. Duranty dwells at considerable length. In 1855, he saw in the humorous and semi-philosophic treatment of subjects, drawn from home life, the influence which Hogarth and Wilkie still exercised. The notes, however, of the English school which most astonished French artists and critics, were a poetic "bizarrerie" of composition, a strange "acidity" of colouring, and above all, the præ-Raphaelites with their affectation of minute care or uncultivated simplicity. In 1867, the English school was lost in indecision. The præ-Raphaelites had stopped short; a new departure was being prepared. Orientalism, especially that of Japan, was invading the industrial arts, and was being reflected in the pictures of the day. A heavy mist overhung English Art, and it was questionable who would be the first to point the road which English artists would follow. A vigorous Scotch school, headed by Messrs. Faed and Hook, was attracting a crowd of followers, amongst whom were Erskine Nicol, Hemy (a pupil of Leys), Colin Hunter, and Macwhirter. To these could be added Mr. Brett, the most distinguished of the band, although the Cornish coasts and English channel were then more to him than the sea-girt rocks and headlands of Scotland. In all the painters of this school M. Duranty sees and admires the strength, the brilliancy, and the truthfulness with which they depict scenery; and although ignorant of all tenderness, losing themselves in no delightful reveries, they grapple manfully and healthfully with the realities of nature, and often emerge with honour from the struggle.

M. Chesneau in his estimate of this school differs somewhat from his confrères. Whilst according to Hook a very high, if not the highest place among the præ-Raphaelite landscapists (although he was not one of the seven composing the original brotherhood), M. Chesneau feels that the important part assigned to figures in Hook's works places him outside the ordinary painters of landscapes, whilst his

* Continued from page 120.

temperament does not give him rank among painters of genre. As a rule his figures are heavy, and but for their happy pose and childlike gestures would too frequently disturb the harmony of his landscapes. As a painter of rock-bound shores, with their sunlit creeks and glistening rocks, as well as in the heaving of the green transparent sea, Mr. Hook is unrivalled; but by some curious fatality those of his pictures which are the most successful are those in which he has left least space for his sky and clouds.

To return, however, to M. Duranty's classification of English painters, he finds side by side with the "athletics" a school, whose work suggests the thought that its adepts pass their lives in autumnal afternoons, contemplating the twilight and the falling leaves, and whose aim was to convey the conviction that full enjoyment is only to be found on the borderland of sorrow or suffering.

M. Duranty sees traces of this feeling, combined with other characteristics, in the earlier works of Mason and Walker, but chiefly in Mr. G. Richmond and Mr. Sant. The "rabbit mouth" (*bouche en bec de lièvre*) which marked some of Mr. Sant's earlier girl portraits gives them an almost savage look, whilst in Mr. Richmond's portrait of Lady L. Cavendish he discovers beneath the slight and delicate face a South Sea Island Queen, who has been accustomed to wear a shell in her lip. Another variation of the same theme is to be found in the emaciated woman, with hollow, sunken eyes, who typifies, for Mr. Burne Jones and Mr. Richmond, alike the Vivien of the Middle Ages and the Ariadne of antiquity, a type essentially poetical, but not without an *arrière* sentiment of harshness and cruelty. Mason and Walker, however, were the first to systematically eradicate this taint of insular realism from English Art, and to introduce a subtle refinement, which not unfrequently transforms it beyond hope of recognition. In Mason's 'Evening Hymn,' "un tableau qui se pâme," the farm girls in all probability most mediocre musicians, are represented as holy women, carried away by a passionate yet languishing desire; and hence the weakness of the picture. It is nature which sings in the ultra-poetic mind of the painter; not the girls whom he has sought to make the source of its poetry. Intense vigour, combined with a simplicity pushed to extremes mark Mason's talent. Excellent in colour, perfect in sentiment, as M. Duranty admits Mason to be, he is always more or less exaggerated, over-accentuated, and even painful in some of his moods, suggesting, when he most attracts, some delightful though sorrow-recalling melody.

M. Burty endorsing this view, finds in Mason, as in Corot, a sympathy with our inmost and best nature, and assigns to him, as a colourist, the leadership of the romantic school. Frederick Walker, as might be expected, finds even more favour than Mason with French critics, M. Burty regarding him as an incomparable draughtsman, and M. Duranty as one of the highest exponents of sweetness and delicacy. 'The Old Gateway,' says another of these French writers, speaking of the work by which Frederick Walker made himself famous in France as in his own country, is in itself a symbol. It was Walker and Mason who first threw *it* open to English Art, displaying the wide vista beyond, wherein daily life, tinged with a musical sentiment, is carried to such a pitch that a feeling almost of ecstasy is produced by the sight of a little girl driving a flock of geese, or before a weary ploughman and his team.

In spite, however, of these influences, English Art at the commencement of the present decade still retained its leading characteristics in colouring. Yellow and red, the latter slightly harsh in tone, but at times modified by shades of grey, furnish the key-note to most of our artists. This note, inherited from their Dutch masters and predecessors, M. Duranty finds everywhere and at all periods, from Reynolds and Crome down to the latest times. It is a national taste and a national feeling which can be traced in the golden autumn-fields of Vicat Cole as plainly as in the spring snow-showers of Boughton, in Mason's 'Evening Hymn' as in Walker's 'Old Gate,' in Millais' 'Yeoman of the Guard' and Scotch mountains, as in Orchardson's interiors, or in Ouless' portraits. Walker's 'Bathers' stands out as an exception to their petrified landscapes, as a conception treated with a breadth seldom surpassed; and in M. Ménard's view, the English landscape school, with rare exceptions, once so justly renowned, had in 1871 fallen to a low ebb. Mr. P. Graham could paint Scotch cattle with rare power, and in harmony with the surrounding scenery, and John Linnell, in spite of a certain weakness of execution, was a powerful colourist.

If, however, in one branch of English Art there was a temporary eclipse, in figure painting, and especially in anecdotal Art, there was a distinct advance. On this point M. Duranty is at one with M. Charles Blanc in his estimate of Mr. Orchardson, to whom he assigns a place apart from his fellow-craftsmen. Endowed with intelligence, individuality, and penetration, he has his own peculiar method, of which the distinguishing feature is the luminous harmony of grey and yellow, with ruddy shadows. M. Chesneau, however, conveys far more the French estimate of Mr. Orchardson's position in a subtle analysis of the school against which that artist is in revolt. From the days of Walker and the elder Leslie, the tendency of English genre painting has been more and more to seek its subjects in the streets and the scenes of daily life. If, however, race-courses, railway-stations, and the like, occupy an important place in the national life, there is no objection to the choice of such subjects; the real mistake is in attempting to fix fleeting expressions or transitory movements. Indifferent to the *laws* of composition, drawing and colour, to which the continental schools show perhaps too much deference, English artists seek for success by exciting interest, as either dramatists or physiognomists, borrowing at random from contemporary life, from history or fiction, the subjects of their pictures. Mr. E. Nicol is one of the best exponents of the first category, depicting with telling vigour the wretchedness of the Irish peasantry. Works, such as 'The Rent Day,' remind M. Chesneau of the analytical skill of Balzac. At first sight the comic side of the picture strikes the spectator; the varieties of cringing as shown in the faces of those who pay; the hard, contemptuous attitude of those who receive; the battered hats and the patched coats. The first impression, however, soon fades, and there is left only the moral hideousness of a scene, in which the mud-bespattered condition of the actors depicts their inmost thoughts and feelings. Mr. Nicol, however, stands far above the average of this school of artists in both colour and composition, avoiding as he does those crude and bizarre effects which are absolutely meaningless or worse in foreign eyes. Mr. Faed is, in M. Chesneau's opinion, less powerful than Mr. Nicol, but he can exhibit tenderness of feeling without mawkishness or exaggeration, whilst Mr. T. Webster is wearisome and irritating to the last degree by his laborious efforts to obtain

the variation of a theme originally too poor to bear attenuation. To this school in a way Mr. Orchardson himself once belonged, but the only trace which he retains of it is a complete mastery of the power of expression. Eminent alike by the gradation of colour and deftness of hand, he distinguishes himself from his brother "physiognomists" by his self-restraint. His pictures, however, M. Chesneau thinks, might hang in French, Belgian, or Dusseldorf exhibitions without attracting attention by their eclecticism. In his own country the exquisite taste displayed in his later works places Mr. Orchardson in the first rank "des petits maîtres du genre."

As regards Mr. Alma Tadema and Mr. Herkomer, the verdict of French criticism is uniformly favourable, but both of them display too much of their foreign origin to have a place here, more especially as in neither can be traced any influence of English Art training. Mr. Frank Holl, who, though of late he has almost wholly confined himself to painting portraits, won his spurs as a painter of genre, where his minute attention to details, too often wholly insignificant, combined with a sentimentalism often strongly accentuated, fails to find favour in French eyes. It is perhaps more strange that the delicate idylls of Mr. Marcus Stone should not attract more sympathy from our neighbours; but M. Chesneau finds that too often, as, for instance, in the 'Widow,' the interest of the picture, although put forward without exaggeration, is tinged with a certain "cruauté froidement incisive," and M. Dubosc, speaking of the same work, finds in it an idea too indecisive and too psychological to furnish the subject for a picture, although the artist has realised it with delicacy and simplicity. Mr. Pettie, on the other hand, although capable of conceiving excellent motives for a picture, and gifted with a ready vigorous brush, seldom rises above the level of melodrama, even when dealing with incidents so dramatic as those of 'The Trial of the Witch,' or 'The Flag of Truce.' In these as in other works of the same artist and of the same school, M. Dubosc finds the usual accuracy and life-like reality on one side, and on the other harsh modelling, crude colouring, and "touches longitudinales."

To pass from the Romanticists to a totally different school of artists, the origin, tendencies, and future reputations of the neo-classical school of English painting have occupied the attention of French critics at various periods. They are fairly agreed as to the difficulty with which Anglo-Saxon genius bends to the exigencies of a classical ideal. The divergences of taste and tradition, the anomalies of race and habit, make themselves felt in the domain of Art as strongly as elsewhere, and painters, in common with all who have recourse to their imagination, must depend upon the condition of the life they have lived. In whatever they have done, English artists of their school, says M. Chesneau, have laboured in vain. Poynter, Richmond, Sandys, and Spencer Stanhope have been inspired by a worthy ambition; but the outcome of their efforts has been a conspicuous failure. The instrument in their hands has failed to express their thoughts. One only of the group, Mr. Briton Riviere, has on one occasion, in his 'Daniel in the Lions' Den,' come at all near what is known as "le style," and then only in the figure of the prophet. M. Dubosc, endorsing this view, protests especially against the ever-increasing tendency of mixing up art and learning, as is too often done by Messrs. Alma Tadema and Poynter, and especially by the latter in his earlier Egyptian pictures, until he was finally driven out of the Delta of the Nile by Mr. E. Long.

"Taken as a body, the English Neo-Classicists," says M. Dubosc, "are, as a rule, stiff and contortioned. Their personages, disjointed in their members and woebegone in expression, are always false, alike in colour and attitude. The artists themselves make parade of an affected archaism, which is the product of local types, but has nothing in common with either the antiquarianism of the Old Academy, nor with the antiquarianism more historically accurate, revealed more fully day by day, by modern discoveries."

We must here break off. Enough has been quoted to show that English Art finds competent and often sympathetic criticism from our neighbours, who still cling to academic traditionist teaching. That in our country the Royal Academy fails to fulfil the functions to which the Ecole des Beaux Arts still aspires, causes no surprise to our neighbours. According to M. Duranty its rôle is one of hesitation and uncertainty, which is well reflected by its method of instruction. Every month a fresh artist is charged with the duty of correcting and directing the pupils; at the end of thirty days Mr. Pettie follows Mr. Alma Tadema, and Mr. Marks follows Mr. Pettie, and so on, to the confusion and bewilderment of the scholars, of whom the most intelligent are rendered desperate by this continual change. Nor is M. Duranty the only one to point out this dangerous method of fostering independence amongst untrained Art. In common with others therefore, he anticipated from the South Kensington School of Art, founded under Government patronage, the germs of an official or academic style. The contrary, however, has been the result, for it was in the official "atelier' that the first symptoms of a revival and of a reform were first felt, whilst the so-called free and voluntary institution, the Academy, continued to chill its pupils with frost-bound traditions. But as M. Ménard is careful to add, it would be unjust to look at the Royal Academy from only this point of view, since the efforts of Leighton and Poynter to arouse there the sentiment of classical painting, and the study of the antique, were decidedly innovations. By their rigorous drawing and severe simplicity of design they hoped to keep alive the traditions of the præ-Raphaelites, whilst the South Kensington School, rallying round Mason and Walker, aimed at surrounding by a modern setting the figures of ancient times.

Since those days English artists have modified their respective styles in more than one essential point; and on the last occasion when they found themselves side by side with the artists of other nations in the presence of the least tolerant school of criticism, our fellow-countryman came with honour out of the ordeal. "Above all others," writes M. Duranty in 1879, after reviewing the impressions left on his mind by the painting of other European schools, "I esteem English Art, at once original and delicate, homely, yet, bold in its love of truth, always expressive and meaning something, inspired as it were by a lofty intellectual dandyism, an Art in which melancholy goes hand in hand with brilliancy, originality with reality, and which, without the suspicion of plagiarism or imitation, has learnt to transfuse the gravity and simplicity of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries into its portraits of the duchesses, the citizens, the clergymen, and the babies of the nineteenth century."

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

THE PROGRESS OF AMERICAN DECORATIVE ART.*

THE place of colour in American work is as distinct as that of design. Again we are thrown on ourselves, since the causes that have produced that range of colours which we identify with the revival of decoration in England, under the somewhat paradoxical term antique tints, do not exist here. The influence of English colours has been great in this country in decorative work, and especially it has been imitated by manufacturers. It is not, however, to be observed in distinctively American decorative work. In the first place we can only have it by copying it from English decorative art, since we have not the sources from which to feel its beauty and get its inspiration, and colour filtered at second hand, it must be conceded, is apt to lose its charm. A striking example of this was seen in the two companies giving *Patience* here at the same time in New York. The Gilbert and Sullivan Company was costumed in tints sent out from London, selected for the purpose by William Morris. These the American company attempted to copy, but in doing it, the precision of tint being missed all through, the stage effect lost half its beauty. American colour has its own sign manual because it cannot escape from it. The American artist is the temperamental product of a new and comparatively isolated country. From the result of those conditions which create in the American in general certain distinctive features that other peoples recognise, the artist escapes no more than another man. There are nervous qualities in our atmosphere of which no one is more quickly conscious than the foreigner who comes here. It is said that there are more bright days in New York city in a year than in any other city within the temperate zone. It is no more improbable that these two influences, for example, make themselves felt in the colours of an artist's palette, than that they are manifested in any other way. That they are accountable for the crudity which is painfully felt in much native colour is equally probable, and that there is much of this that is raw and jarring may be readily admitted. But against those artists whose work is powerful enough to constitute the formative influences at present chiefly felt, the charge of crudity cannot be brought.



No. 15.—A Landscape Curtain, by Mr. John La Farge and Miss Tillinghast. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

This colour rests, as does form, on the direct suggestions of Nature. I have been interested in studying the development of colour schemes in a number of different works. It is not probable that these are the result of analysis of definite purpose on the part of the artists. Those who create do not analyze; feeling leads them in certain directions, and the generalization from these is the work of others. If it could be put in concise terms, American colour might be said to be the expression of the value of the small interval. To better illustrate this, a *portiere* by Mrs. Candace Wheeler may be taken as an instance. The design is a mass of roses with foliage embroidered on a light yellow ground. The deep red of the roses, the olives and browns of the foliage rising out of the vase form the starting point. The colour then lightens, yellow mingles with the red, the roses have taken in more of the sunlight, the foliage casts aside its olives and browns for redder and yellower tones. In this way, by imperceptible graduations, the mass rises through yellow pinks into yellows and yellow greens, and finally sinks in pale yellow buds and tender leaves into the tint of the background. Now through all these undulations each detail shows some one of the varied phases of nature, some new combination of tints which has its actual existence. Yet the most striking feature of the whole is the changing splendour of the colour. A word should be said in connection with the composition which repeats in the same way the inexhaustible variety of the natural growth of the sense of depth in the mass and the feeling of the forms behind.

Probably the most superb piece of colour and most magnificent embroidery yet produced, is a curtain made by Mr. La Farge and Miss Tillinghast for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. This repeats the story of Æneas's adventures at Carthage, after Raphael's cartoons, as arranged by Marc Antonio in the Vatican. These are in solid embroidery, in silk and gold, on linen framed in gold, with the legends in raised gold letters and set about an oblong centre panel of cloth and gold. There is no occasion here to speak of the exquisite needlework, the reproduction of the drawing, and the dramatic action of the groups.

The colour is subdued, but full and glowing; its most remarkable feature, however, results from the way in which the dazzling sheen of the cloth of gold is brought into relation

* Continued from page 184.

with embroidery. This is done by toning down the gold with short broken lines of colour, repeating the tints of embroidery,



No. 16.—The Birth of Psyche. Panel in Tapestry Stitch by Mrs. Candace Wheeler. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

and mingling them through the use of small intervals rising and descending. Words cannot convey an idea of the resplendence of this mass of tints, through which the gold of the ground gleams, and in which the colour does not appear to exist, but rather to palpitate and float above it.

I must refer in this connection to the use of perspective, which is unhesitatingly made use of by prominent decorators, as seen in the curtain (No. 15) after a design by Mr. John La Farge, and executed under Miss Tillinghast for Mrs. John Zerega of New York. This attempts, in *appliqué* and embroidery of the richest stuffs, to define the features of a landscape. The aerial perspective, the sense of distance, the feeling of motion, the accuracy of the forms in the foreground and their relation to the landscape are all carefully considered. And seen as it is, hung in one of the most charming drawing-rooms in New York, its decorative aspect is most impressive.

One of the first difficulties that the Associated Artists met in their work was the inability to procure proper stuffs. Before beginning their work Mr. Tiffany made a collection of artistic fabrics in Europe and the East, but these were soon exhausted, and space and time both intervened before they could be replaced, since in Art-work the right thing must be had. Finding American silk manufacturers willing to experiment, the associated artists undertook the production of their own stuffs with gratifying results. No richer fabrics are now produced in any country, and none of more exquisite texture. The most notable outcome of these experiments, experiments no longer, since the association not only supplies its own needs but has created a market for its stuffs, is the production of different tones through new ways of using the shuttle. One of the most magnificent of these new stuffs has been christened Gazonga, or Five Aces, since nothing could be better; and if this be regarded as peculiarly American nomenclature, to the initiated it is certainly very expressive. In this stuff one colour is undershot in a single thread, the upper being in filaments, now whole now subdivided, making an irregular twill. The effect of this is not the mere shifting of tints such as one sees in changeable silk, but also the union of tints in different proportions as they are blended by the play of light. The silk momie cloths which give somewhat of the same effects are especially delightful in texture, being soft as an Eastern web.

Another interesting fabric, entirely new, is the tapestry stuff, adapted for the tapestry stitch. The peculiarity of the tapestry stitch is that it passes through the meshes of the warp, and the decoration thus becomes part of the web. The stitch in this way allows for the blending of colours in the same way that they can be obtained by the brush.

Some important hangings have thus been made for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt by Mrs. Candace Wheeler, after designs by Miss Dora Wheeler. There are eleven panels executed in tapestry stuff showing salmon pink tones which serve for the flesh tints. The first of these is the Full Moon, personated by a beautiful woman, her head in a disk which her wings assist to describe, the atmospheric effect about her making another disk, and her feet touching a lily pod just opening in the pond beneath, while behind her are the suggestions of a distant landscape. The companion



No. 17.—Flower Motives, used in decoration of Chiffonier, by Mr. Benn Pitman. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

to this is the Crescent Moon, a lovely figure with the face in profile and streaming hair, whose folded wings make the

crescent in which she sits among the clouds, the atmospheric effect again suggesting two overlapping disks. The Air Spirit and Water Spirit are the motives for two companion panels. That of the Air Spirit is probably the loveliest of all the beautiful sensitive types which Miss Wheeler has given. With upturned face, again in profile, she is represented seated on clouds and sending forth a flight of larks. The Water Spirit sits under the crest of a wave holding a shell to catch the falling pearls, while a fish leaps up to catch a pearl the shell has lost. To continue, seriatim, the designs on the panels: Psyche and the Spirit of the Flowers make the next pendants. These are two floating figures in which the beauty of line, the soft, undulating, and varied curves of the two figures are even more attractive than their treatment. In the Psyche, which is illustrated in No. 16, the figure seems to spring from the growing stalks of the milkweed, whose bursting filaments becoming more and more attenuated make the light drapery of the figure. In the Flower Spirit, the form in the same way seems to proceed from a leafy vine. The delicacy with which such effects are managed in the drawing, as in the colour when put in the tapestry, shows the nicest artistic feeling, and the buoyancy and lightness of the figures in these panels, as in all of the aerial figures, are worthy of all praise. This is especially to be remarked in a larger group, the Graces, three girls dancing with entwined arms, their resplendent robes of gold, and blue, and pink hemmed with jewels, concealing from view, but not restraining the feeling of the lithe forms beneath. Cherubs swinging, and cherubs pelting one another with roses, add two more panels; and two larger groups represent cherubs playing a large viol among roses, a little floating figure wielding the bow, and others singing and playing a large golden harp. In the rendering of these figures the tint of the stuffs, as has been said, prevails in the flesh tints, the high lights and shadows being given by the needle. Particular mention should be made of the rendering of the textures, as seen, for example, in the wood of the viol so carefully imitated.

The manufactures of the association not only include fabrics, but printed stuffs. Special designs for these are furnished, the association agreeing that they shall not be repeated. Some delightful specimens of this sort have been produced, showing that delicate balance between the conventional and real which, as has been said, resembles more nearly Japanese work than any European influence, and yet could not be mistaken for Japanese work.

Work in marble has been recently conspicuous in interior decoration, and I am glad to refer to the illustration (No. 18), which gives one of the caryatides 'Peace' and 'Love,' modelled by Mr. Saint Gaudens for the large chimney-piece in the main hall of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's house.

To originality in furniture, with all the limitations about the word, we can make no claim. Among the best men eclecticism has been wise and fruitful, and that which may arise out of this will be fruitful rather than the result of a deliberate intention to create. One is reminded of this in the work of Mr. William B. Bigdon, a young architect, which bears a personal impress, that of delicacy and refinement. The forms are pure, and the pleasure is in these and not in the ornament, which is always chaste and unpretentious. I have seen some drawing-room cabinets by him in which a brass moulding defines a parallelogram with perfect frankness. The brilliancy of the pieces lie in the combination of mahogany, glass (in small subdivisions), and brass inlay, all of which render them at once light, sparkling, and brilliant. This metal inlay is always difficult in this country owing to the extremes of our climate—extremes which render the importation of foreign work of this kind impracticable.

The Associated Artists give a distinctive mark to the furniture which they design, inasmuch as its decorative feature is



No. 18.—Caryatide for the Hall Mantel of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. By Augustus St. Gaudens.

colour. In a number of pieces, for example, intended for a library the lines suggest strength and service rather than grace. These are plainly covered with brown silk plush, the play of light and shade giving it a charm which the intricacies of upholstery cannot rival. The ornament, if one chooses to discriminate in that way, is in the studding of the frame with large and small copper nails. To these there is given but little

apparent symmetry in arrangement, and conveying the idea of necessity in fixing down the stuff than of carrying out any design. The colour of the copper in relation to the tint of the plush is much more important, and it is this which gives the furniture its decorative value.

The colour value of copper Mr. Tiffany fully appreciates, and makes frequent use of it. Another effective combination is copper worked with leather. I have seen a screen by him of which the centre gives the legend of St. George in minute glass mosaics, and the leading of the border spells out the text in Old English lettering. The screen is mounted in leather of the natural tint, and is not only ornamented with copper nails but has handles and legs of hammered copper. In chandelier and such pieces colour is the important thing, and here the opalescent and chameleon-lined glass, of which we make much use in this country, is introduced with effect.

Lockwood de Forest has done much toward the beauty of furniture in supplying the makers of furniture with Indian ornament through his contracts with the native workmen of Upper India. These serve as panels, and, reproduced in metal, are used in registers as window screens.

The Illustration No. 17 more properly belongs to the previous article, which dealt with the use of new floral forms. It is a product of the Cincinnati School of Design.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'AFTER THE MASQUERADE.' Etched by Paul Rajon, after the painting by J. L. Gérôme.—The whole of the young French school is more or less affected by the principles of impressionary art, for even those painters who are not declared impressionists paint in a spirit contrasted with which the method of M. Gérôme and of the masters of his day seems deliberate almost to dulness. But this is true of manner only; M. Gérôme's subjects, and those of his school, are by no means dull. These elder painters cared much for invention, and in the case of M. Bonnat, and others resembling him in feeling, that invention was generally noble and serious. M. Gérôme, on the other hand, chose for many of his works stories as ghastly and horrible as those of the modern realists of French literature. And never was his fancy inspired by a more terrible scene than that of the duel fought in the cold light of morning, which forms the subject of this famous picture. The masquerading dresses assumed in play, and with at least the semblance of gaiety of heart, give their bitter irony to the murderous tragedy which has just been played out; the point is, indeed, a little obvious and violent. A ghastly figure dying in a *pierrot* costume, a sham red Indian walking off from the scene of death with the passions of Paris in his heart, the grotesque contrast between the array of the other members and the task they are fulfilling towards the fallen man—these are things rather insistent than subtle in significance.

'LOCHABER NO MORE.' Engraved by Charles Cousen, from the painting by J. Watson Nicol.—Mr. Watson Nicol is the son of a painter who has rendered Scotch and Irish life with equal industry, but who has studied the Irishman principally for comedy and humour. To many travellers the seriousness of the Irish poor is the most striking trait of the country; but Mr. Erskine Nicol has stuck to the tradition which makes the Irishman (like the melancholy African in another hemisphere) one of the jesters of the world. It is generally agreed that no such character can be predicated of the Scotsman, and Mr. Erskine Nicol's son has in 'Lochaber no More' shown us the tragedy of the Highland shepherd's life. The old man's flocks are gone, his colley and his crook have no further use, but he takes them with him into the banishment of the innocent. If it is true that the natives of mountainous districts cherish most closely the love of country, the Highlander and the lass who weeps at his knees are leaving the mist-clad hills of home with sorrow keener than that of exiles of more heroic name. This picture forms part of the interesting collection of Mr. E. Lees, of Lancaster Gate, London. It was purchased by him from the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1883, and we have to thank the owner for permission to engrave it.

'The ANGELUS.' Etched by A. P. Martial, after a drawing by Jean François Millet.—Less well known than another famous group and landscape with the same name and subject by the same illustrious pencil, the 'Angelus,' of which we publish M. Martial's etching, is equally spiritual, simple, and sincere, a study of nature on which lies the repose of heaven and earth. It would be hard to say whether Millet was most eminently a landscapist or a figure painter. He never drove his peasants off the fields to make a crowded street in the city, and a park in the country. That artificial crowd and that artificial solitude would have been alike hateful to the man who loved the village and the farm. Bits of wild woodland indeed he often painted on the outskirts of Fontainebleau, but it was a woodland wherein flocks of sheep found their pasture, and between the tree-trunks he showed us the shy figure of a shepherdess, alone all day with her knitting and her beads for occupation, more silent than a cloistered nun, innocent as the pastoral St. Genevieve. But the chief power of Millet lay in the fact that he painted peasant life with all the observation and fresh sensitiveness to impressions which would characterize the outsider, but with none of the dilettantism which inevitably accompany the watchfulness of the outsider's eyes and mind. He noted the peasants amongst whom he was born and bred, with the attention of one who came into the villages in all the keen curiosity of a student. Millet watched the men and women whom he knew so well; he was aware of familiar things, in a manner of which the ordinary mind is incapable; he felt sensitively the common beauty of his own lowly world. And the result was the great and noble art which has illustrated the days and labours of Barbizon—the knitting of the women within doors, the threshing and ploughing of the long-limbed labourers, and this incident of the prayer of the *Angelus*, when before sunrise, at noon, and after sunset, the bell calls to far and near to pause in their task, and recite "Nuntiavit Angelus Domini Mariæ."



PAINTED BY J F MILLET

ETCHED BY A P MARTIAL

THE ANGELUS

LONDON J.S.VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED.

THE COLLECTION OF CASTS FROM THE ANTIQUE AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

IF our great Laureate and the sculptor of the pediments of the Parthenon had been contemporaries, Phidias might have solaced his soul in prison by pitying those who "shriek and sweat in pigmy wars" and cannot hear

> "The sullen Lethe rolling doom
> On them and theirs and all things here."

For the temple which enclosed the Phidian Zeus, and whose panels were embossed with the statues of Alcamenes, was sapped by earthquake and buried in a swamp, and the Parthenon—a shrine so perfect that it seemed as if man, weary of halls of Osiris, had set himself to carve the spirit of symmetry, before plunging into Gothic gloom—was used as an arsenal, and blown to ruin by Venetian cannon. But even apathy feels the sting of example. The relics of the wonder-working Greek are prized more highly in proportion to their decay; and centuries of cold neglect or vapid praise are succeeded by the spade of the explorer, probing the ruined Acropolis of the city which was once the eye and brain of humanity.*

Those who are familiar with the treasures of the British Museum will find the most to charm them in the new collection of casts at South Kensington. Invigorated by the learning of Mr. Perry, and inspired by the divinity who presides over plastic art, they will think themselves in a home of the Muses, fanned, as Plato says, by a breeze from salubrious regions. The Phidian frieze runs round three sides of the gallery, at a height similar to that of its original elevation outside the cella of the Parthenon. The visitor, who has ample room to inspect this work, and can choose his point of view, will notice that its relief is as low, its flowing lines are as majestic, as those of a coin. And, observe, the necessity for this was inherent in the religious function of the frieze, according to the Greek conception of it, no less than in its architectural position. For, had the relief been higher, the worshipper would have dashed his head against the colonnade which surrounded the cella, in his efforts to see it better; and had the lines been less austerely solemn, curiosity would have overpowered religion, and the awe of the sanctuary might have melted into the mirth of the studio. On the fourth side of the gallery is the frieze from the tomb of Mausolus, much battered by time and Vandal hands, but very interesting from its association with the name of Scopas, of whose works we know so little.

Two great slabs on full level with the eye form part of the frieze of the great altar of Pergamon, in Mysia, representing the battle of the gods and giants; they were excavated with great pains by the Prussian Government, and are now at Berlin. The altar was probably built by Eumenes II., who assisted the Romans at the battle of Magnesia; the sculptures, therefore, belong to a period of Art nearly two centuries later than either of the two works last mentioned. They are full of powerful execution, and brimful of wild eccentricity. Mr. Walter Perry, who has written an excellent "Introduction to Greek and Roman Sculpture," replete with learning and redolent of industry, and who also provides the descriptive catalogue of this collection, observes, in reference to these groups, that "the form and attitude of the gods are, of course, dignified and graceful; but in those of the giants we find the utmost variety and originality of conception." In strict pursuance of this variety and originality of conception, the artist has cut out of the stone a projecting slab, on which a giant is comfortably squatting; while, in defiance of laws of bas-relief, gigantic or divine, one of his legs, pierced by the bolt of Zeus, is carved in practically flat relief on the surface of the ground, and the other bulges forth with all the rounding of a statue. It is, however, an interesting work; but if we compare it even with the more purely decorative sculptures of the Parthenon — the Metopes, for instance — we shall find that, in the qualities peculiar to sculpture, it will not stand the test for an instant.

Next, let us turn to the centre of the room. Among the many representations of the Goddess of Love, the Venus of Melos greets our eyes.

There are various suspicious circumstances in connection with this statue, but my space is limited and I will only mention one. On a fragment of the plinth was found the inscription: "Alexandros, Son of Menides of Antiocheia." This appears to have been afterwards lost. "On avait dit au Roi Louis XVIII. que la statue était l'œuvre du célèbre sculpteur de Phryné, et je crois que ce fut la cause de la perte de l'inscription."* One may smile at the notion of ascribing this work to Praxiteles, but it seems a pity to have lost the inscription. I have not the smallest doubt that it is the work of an Asiatic Greek, of the last and lowest period of decadence. Let those who would assign this work to Scopas, because he is known to have executed a Venus, which, in a Greek sculptor, was surely not a singularity, look at the leg, straining through its beautiful drapery, of the Niobid of the Vatican, next at the foot of the Hermes of Praxiteles, then at the foot and at the forward leg of our Venus of the Gymnasium!

The Venus of Capua and the Venus of Arles are also works of little merit, and will not repay long scrutiny. And so we pass on by the Belvedere torso, and the torso of a Persian prince, whose remaining leg clings to the trunk of a colossal horse, until we reach the famous Aphrodite of Cnidos from Munich, to which I would finally invoke the reader's attention. In spite of the right arm, the exposed surface of which seems to have been spoilt by some bungling hand, and resembles the arm of a dead person, it is a demonstrably faithful version of one of the most enchanting creations of sculpture. And here, amidst the masterpieces of Phidias and Praxiteles, he may well resign both heart and brain to some responsive breath of inspiration, as he follows the history of Art, in measured windings, from the mountain torrent of its might, through the green pastures of its happy song, on to the ocean of transparent and unfathomable calm.

* See a paragraph in the *Times* of 8th October, about the excavations of the Acropolis now in progress at Athens, under the superintendence of the Ephors.

* Quoted in Perry, "Greek and Roman Sculpture."

THE BRIGHTON ART LOAN EXHIBITION.

AN Exhibition's chance of success depends much more upon its outside surroundings than is popularly imagined. In a smoke-begrimed city, canopied with a leaden-hued sky, a visitor will be satisfied, even charmed, with a low standard of beauty, for it must be a higher one than what such an one is accustomed to. But in a town like Brighton the loveliest sunset ever painted is excelled almost every evening in the scene which unfolds itself in the western skies; and the fairest faces depicted in Cosway's miniatures find their match in the daughters of Eve who every afternoon take their airings in the King's Road. Doubtless, however, this familiarity with the beautiful has had a beneficial effect upon the Exhibition, concerning which this notice is penned, in making its promoters more critical concerning what should and what should not find a place therein. Certain it is that the committee, principal amongst whom may be mentioned Messrs. F. Merrifield, H. Willett, T. Davidson, and C. E. Clayton, have succeeded in amassing a collection which for interest and intrinsic value has never been approached in the southern counties—one which should be a very real addition to the luxuries to be enjoyed during this autumn at London-on-the-Sea.

The *raison d'être* of the Exhibition is the wiping off of a large deficit of £4,000, which at present cramps the energies of the Brighton and Hove School of Science and Art, a school which has hitherto met with a large measure of success, and upon which the sum of £12,000 has been expended. The Exhibition is divided into two distinct portions; a representative collection of modern pictures, exhibited by Messrs. Cuthbert Quilter, A. Morrison, J. J. Brown, J. S. Forbes, J. P. Heseltine, and others, and including works by J. M. W. Turner, Constable, Stanfield, Landseer, Phillip, F. Walker, G. Mason, as well as almost every living Academician. This is in the Corporation Picture Gallery. The Corn Exchange hard by has been converted into a miniature South Kensington Museum, and to the majority this will be the most interesting portion of the show. The western side is divided into bays by screens. In the first, besides some fine examples of old eighteenth-century furniture lent by the Earl of Chichester, we notice two pictures by Russell, R.A., the engravings from which are well known in Brighton as "George IV. when a child being dipped by Mother Gunn," and "A Bathing Man." These are lent by the Queen. In the second bay the place of honour is assigned to a portrait by Romney of Mrs. Jordan, lent by Lord Munster. Notable also here are the second Viscountess Hampden, by Gainsborough, and two Stubbs's from Mr. Louis Huth's collection. In the third bay two examples lent by Mrs. Holland, of Boucher and Fragonard, are sure to attract attention from the rarity of these masters' works in England. The fourth bay is occupied by the very remarkable triptych by Hans Memling, lent by the Duke of Devonshire; it represents Sir John Donne and his wife kneeling in adoration on either side of the Virgin and Child. Its date is fixed between 1471, when the Order of the Sun and Rose, which Sir John and his spouse wear, was established, and 1478, when the gallant knight was killed in battle. This picture is alone worth a day's journey to see. To the left hangs a fine portrait of Lady Guildford by Hans Holbein, from the interesting collection of Mr. Ed. Frewen at Northiam. As a pendant to the Memling is placed Mr. Morrison's interesting triptych, attributed to Van der Goes, and evidently copied in part from the Memling in the Belvedere. From this bay a staircase leads to a gallery containing engravings after Turner, Woollett, etc., lent for the most part by Mr. C. J. Pocock, and to a room of eighteenth-century furniture by Chippendale and his followers. Beneath these galleries are three seventeenth-century rooms; one the common living room of a humble puritan family, the second the *privée* parlour, and the third the hall; these are replete with tapestry, oak furniture, Sussex ironwork, all in keeping.

Space will not permit us to do more than mention the water-colour gallery, or the collections of china, plate, lace, jewellery, and embroideries, which go to complete a collection which must appeal to and gratify every one's tastes.

THE DEATH OF HANS MAKART.

FEW events, even in the tragic annals of Art, are more sad than the melancholy death of Hans Makart. The brilliance of his talent, the almost imperial splendour of his career, with the suddenness and sharpness of the final collapse, have moved Europe. And possibly the sensation has been somewhat in excess from the feverish colour, the dazzling light, and the deep shadow which, of late years, have played round the man and his art. The favourite of the Court, the spoilt child of fortune, who sported with fire and threw rockets in the sky, had reached one of those giddy heights which proverbially lie near a fall. His art necessarily caught the contagion: he squandered his genius as a spendthrift, his later pictures appeared as the riot of imagination and passion. Friends naturally looked on with alarm, yet the catastrophe came more swiftly than had been feared. About the middle of August last, Makart fell into serious mental excitement, followed by prostration; yet, at intervals, with utmost zeal he worked in his studio almost to the last. The medical men had advised fresh air and change of scene. He returned to Vienna one of the last days of September; in the evening he was cheerful, played at cards, and went to bed at midnight. On the 3rd of October he was dead.

Hans Makart was born at Salzburgh in 1840; his father acted as keeper of an Imperial Schloss; but, falling into

debt, absconded, and enlisted in Radetzky's army—extravagant living was a family infirmity. The mother, left in poverty, retained some subordinate post, and the boy Hans grew up anyhow; he would not learn at school, yet idleness, as often happens, took the turn of industrious drawing. Certain collateral relatives busied themselves with Art in a small, obscure way, and from them the vagrant and illiterate youth gained casual knowledge, and picked up sufficient courage to present himself, at the age of sixteen, as pupil to the Viennese Academy. He was turned from the doors as destitute of talent! Happily, kind friends, finding promise, took him by the hand, raised a small fund, and sent him to Munich. Two years were turned to good account, studies were made in the Old Pinakothek, and in 1861 such had been the advance that the long-coveted entrance into the studio of Piloty was secured. The school of Piloty, the most thorough in Europe, gave severe training, and imposed as much of law and order as was possible to the errant tyro. The classes were crowded, talent abounded; Liezenmayer, Alexander Wagner, Gabriel Max, and others since of mark, were among the pupils. Yet conspicuous above all shone Makart, and strangely enough the painter in this nascent stage was known as quiet, modest, dreamy and taciturn.

The career of the great artist, now struck down in the prime, extends over twenty years, into which were crowded works astounding both for number and magnitude. The majority, including 'Venice paying homage to Catharina Conaro,' 'The Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp,' 'The Hunt of Diana,' with not a few showy portraits, have fallen under my observation in international exhibitions, European museums, and the artist's studio in Vienna. No painter was ever more widely or loudly advertised, and no pictures ever attracted larger crowds.

Makart formed his style on Paul Veronese; his imagination ran riot: his hand, rapid and dashing, swept over a broad acreage of canvas. Quietude, subtlety, and delicacy were, at least in his latest moods, wholly foreign to his treatment. He was as a gamester who ventured all he had; he held nought in reserve. I have seen in his studio, which was open as a public show-place, compositions that took the spectator by storm: figures in festive array, draperies glittering in purple and gold, flowery summer gardens shadowed by cypresses and cooled by fountains, stately terraces decked with peacock plumes mounting to princely palaces, all conceived as a Medician banquet or a Boccacio revel, and coloured like cloth of gold. These pictures had been perfect if not so close to the stage and so distant from nature. The scenic effect is got up cheap; the brilliant technique has sleight of hand; the colour, borrowed from the rainbow, dazes the eye as the electric light. In short, the Art is a surfeit which cloys the taste.

The simple truth it is well to speak plainly; the artist was driven to paint against time in order to appease clamorous creditors. Makart had one of those imaginations which sweep away balances at bankers; his mind not content with creating a palace on canvas, set about building one in marble. The next news naturally was, "Makart is bankrupt." But the imagination which proved his ruin came to the rescue. The Emperor would call at the studio and pay a handsome sum for a picture on the easel, the Empress would give a commission to adorn a boudoir, or an order might come from the Minister of State to furnish pictorial decorations suited to the new Museum; these last, with Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, over life-size, were little else than big pot-boilers. Yet Makart was precisely the man for the place and time; in bettering his poverty he enriched and beautified the city. He was ready and rapid as Rubens, could improvise a ceiling, sketch out a state ceremony, plan a procession for his monarch's Silver Wedding. That in design he was a second Mantegna, that in colour he was the rival of Titian, not even his apologists will contend. Yet his art, if inclined to the meretricious, was never common and seldom coarse; his drawing, if careless, showed command and utmost facility; the human figure he modulated with infinite variety and used its curves and colours decoratively. And thus his genius wore the imperial splendour of the Court he served. His jewels might be but paste and his gold only a base metal, yet the getting up, scenic display, and accumulative climax, imposed on all but the cultured few.

That the art of Makart was the reverse of intellectual, made it all the more acceptable to the pleasure-seeking capital of Austria. The city that dances to the waltzes of Strauss, rose to the tiptoe of delight over the rhythmic lines and the musical colours of the would-be Paul Veronese. But these creations, like the art of Venice in her decline, are among the illicit offspring of luxury; they minister to sense and appetite. Hence less is the marvel that the artist, as his art, hurried downwards. Yet Makart in his death and burial completed the drama of his life. The body, placed between twenty-four tall silver candelabra, lay in state in the far-famed studio, mid tapestries, pictures, and cabinets, shadowed by draperies of mourning. And he who had designed processions and mingled in artist festivals, was borne to the sepulchre as in moving panorama by his artist brethren. Along the entire route, windows and balconies hung in black were crowded with spectators: the procession was led by mutes on horseback—pupils of the Academy—in mediæval attire and bearing lighted lanterns: the hearse on either side was flanked by artists carrying burning tapers, the coffin hidden by flowers, and within a garland of palm-leaves rested a palette set with brushes and fresh colours! Thus passed away the greatest of decorative painters.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

LIVERPOOL.

THE Corporation of Liverpool have purchased from the Autumn Exhibition, for their permanent collection, Mr. Henry Holiday's 'Dante and Beatrice,' etched for this year's volume of *The Art Journal*, Mr. Goodall's 'New Light in the Hareem,' and Mr. J. R. Reid's 'Rivals Grandfathers.' They have also recently acquired Millais' celebrated picture, 'Isabella,' which was engraved for *The Art Journal* in 1882. This notable work was painted in 1849, when the artist was in his twentieth year. During the first six weeks of this exhibition there have been 19,228 visitors at one shillling, 9,675 at sixpence, 3,282 season tickets, and 12,598 catalogues sold; the sales of pictures amount to £8,000.

REVIEWS.

"SILENUS." By Thomas Woolner (Macmillan & Co.).—It is perhaps owing to a difference in the subject that Mr. Woolner's new volume is less distinctively the work of a sculptor who composes his scenes into groups fit for a bas-relief than was the "Pygmalion" of a few years ago. In "Silenus" the writer narrates and reflects, and sometimes betrays a kind of thought not altogether accurately faithful to his theme, which is Greek, and treated dramatically—that is, from within. A modern, writing of an antique subject retrospectively, may, and must, illustrate his work with thought derived from those Middle Ages which are, happily, inevitably among the inheritances of our time. But for a modern who goes back to the period he treats, and works from its own standpoint, there must obviously be a solution of traditions. Mr. Woolner's poem concludes with a kind of hope which dates from the close of the old world and the conversion of civilisation. It is where the slave wives, who have served their Greek lords out of duty and without love, look forward to meeting in Elysian fields the lovers they had never found on earth. The conception of Divine justice, the importance given to the loves of women, the mysticism, and the idea of this life as something to be "set right" hereafter, are assuredly mediæval, but they are expressed in very beautiful and tender verse. Perhaps it is hypercritical to pause upon this one note, which, after all, makes one of those sweet discords dear to the musician. And the greater part of Mr. Woolner's poem is Greek and simple. Among the more emotional passages is the fine description of the death of Syrinx, beloved of the young Silenus. For the poet contradicts the almost unavoidable associations of the latter name by showing us the toper in the beauty of youth and love. His work is generally rich and interesting. It is not conspicuous, but it probably would have been conspicuous in a less generally accomplished age.

"ENAMELS." By James L. Bowes (printed for private circulation).—Mr. Bowes is known as the writer of previous books on Japanese Art, and he is himself a collector of old Japanese work. From the two hundred examples in his own possession he has selected the best for description and for photographic and chromo-lithographic illustration in the volume before us. If it be considered a catalogue, it is one of the most delightfully discursive of its kind, for it contains a variety of suggestive facts for that large public among ourselves which has come quite suddenly to admire the enamels of Japan. It was from the Chinese that the Japanese learned the mysteries of the beautiful art, of which the origin is unknown, but which has been practised in India from time immemorial. Mr. Bowes divides Japanese enamels into three classes, Early, Middle, and Modern. The foundation of the *cloisonné* in the early and middle periods is of exceedingly thin metal, by which sign it is distinguished from the *cloisonné* of the Chinese. But the most ancient of the enamels are not the best. The last century was, according to Mr. Bowes, the flower-time of Japanese Art. Perhaps, therefore, there is still in Japan as great an artistic capacity as there ever was; though for the time being the talent which might be turned to greater things is devoted to the manufacture of cheap inferiorities for the European markets.

"PETLAND REVISITED." By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S. With numerous illustrations (Longmans, Green & Co.).—The "illustrations, engraved by G. Pearson from drawings by Margery May," are a welcome addition to a volume which by itself could not fail to be a popular favourite. Both the dogs and the cats, of whom Mr. Wood has so much to say, and to say so pleasantly, are well delineated, the only fault being, perhaps, the presence now and then of a too emphatic gleam of almost human intelligence in the eye of Grimalkin, a fault which, in this instance, will readily find forgiveness from that difficult person—the author. For Mr. Wood's purpose in what he has written is, he tells us, "to demonstrate the sympathetic connection which exists universally between man and beast, and which is, in fact, the link that unites, through mankind, the spiritual to the material world." In doing this, he further insists that "the true character of animals can only be discovered by close and constant companionship," and especially by playing with them "upon an equal footing." And besides fulfilling his purpose, Mr. Wood has succeeded in producing a volume which will, no doubt, be as popular in its way as was his "Homes without Hands"—to name the most notable of his several earlier works.

"EUPHORION: BEING STUDIES OF THE ANTIQUE AND THE MEDIÆVAL IN THE RENAISSANCE." Two Vols. By Vernon Lee (T. Fisher Unwin).—The papers which "Vernon Lee" has collected into two deliberate volumes deserve the name of studies better than do many works given to the world under that name. They are the work of a student who has chosen to do her studying in print, and in the attitude of a teacher. Where there is little to discover, a book may be made interesting by the vigorous adoption of more or less credited views; and Vernon Lee adopts views with an energy which is almost fiery in its impulse and determination—pushing a little farther, and with a power all her own, the principles which have been more hesitatingly stated by perhaps riper thinkers. Her thoughts of the Middle Ages are mingled with an almost passionate aversion; and she defends herself from the charge of partiality which must haunt her conscience, by assuring the reader that the other side is composed of exceptions. The paper on "Mediæval Love," otherwise interesting and full of thought, contains perhaps the extremest specimen of the author's judgments, where she laments indignantly over the waste of human emotion which history reveals to us. Human affection, she says, so terribly necessary to man, has been wasted on various religious systems, "wasted upon Christ and upon God." Will she seriously maintain that affection so employed has literally defrauded mankind—that the charities, philanthropies, and self-devotions which redeem the Middle Ages—and indeed the Dark Ages and the Renaissance itself—were not the work of men and women who loved the ideal under some religious name? Would she compel all human love always into the beautiful but narrow ways of domestic tenderness? As well decree that there should be no virtues except those "little virtues of the back shop"—self-help, thrift, and their kind. There were "female atheists" in Pope's time who "talked you dead." In this terribly literary age they write instead, and do it, as Vernon Lee does it, with a more than respectable amount of literary ability.

THE WESTERN RIVIERA.*

BORDIGHERA AND SAN REMO.

BORDIGHERA has a character of its own quite distinct from that of every other place in the Riviera. This special character it owes to its date-palms, which grow here in greater abundance and luxuriance than anywhere else in Europe, with the sole exception of Elche, in Spain. It is the Jericho of Europe, and has a far finer climate and more beautiful situation than that famous old town possessed. Bordighera is embosomed in upwards of ten thousand palm-trees, and the number is being continually increased by planting and sowing Egyptian seed. They meet the eye at every point, in single trees or in groves, standing alone or mingling with the grey-green foliage of the olive. They raise their tall crowns over the garden walls, or form shady eastern-looking clumps around the walls outside the town. They are seen with their russet stems and magnificent coronals of rich green leaves against the bright blue background of the sea, or the deep purple of the distant hills. They are of all sizes and ages, from the mere nurslings of a few years to giant patriarchs over a hundred feet in height and more than a thousand years old. Their attitudes are also very varied, some standing stiff and erect in all their pillared majesty, others leaning very much to one side or another. Their stems are naked or gracefully covered with ivy wreaths and climbing smilax sprays—a strange combination. On the eastern side of Cape Ampeglio are the principal palm-groves, for there they are protected by a mountain ridge from the westerly winds, and are free in the hot sunshine to develop their fullest beauty. In the garden of Signor Moreno the most magnificent specimens are to be seen, some of them five or six hundred years old, and presenting as grand an appearance as those which grow under the burning suns of the Sahara. This being a well-sheltered spot, the date-clusters, which elsewhere rarely reach maturity, become perfectly ripe and have the power of germinating; and many seedlings may be observed growing spontaneously from the fruits that have dropped to the ground. This dense palm-grove, with its intermingling of old and young trees growing freely without help of man in nature's wild luxuriance, gives rise to eastern illusions and brings vividly before the mind pictures of the cradle-lands of the oldest civilisation, with which this Oriental tree is especially associated. It is a most charming retreat, full of beautiful flowers and semi-tropical shrubs—reflected in the mirror of a little pond—cool, calm, and yet bright, where the perfumed afternoon can be pleasantly whiled away listening to the cooing of the white doves flitting in and out among the fronds overhead, which the breeze outside fails to move from their passive eastern repose, and enjoying the golden sunshine which comes through the embowering vegetation filtered of its heat and glare, and invested with the old splendour of Arabian romance.



No. 42.—A Street in Bordighera. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

The Oriental character which the palms impart to the landscapes of Bordighera would be more striking still were it not for the practice which prevails in the district during the summer of binding up with osier twigs the great out-spreading tufts of fronds in order to bleach them. Tennyson, who visited Bordighera in the summer time, after the cutting of the leaves for the Easter

* Concluded from page 325.

ceremonies, seems to have been disappointed with the aspect



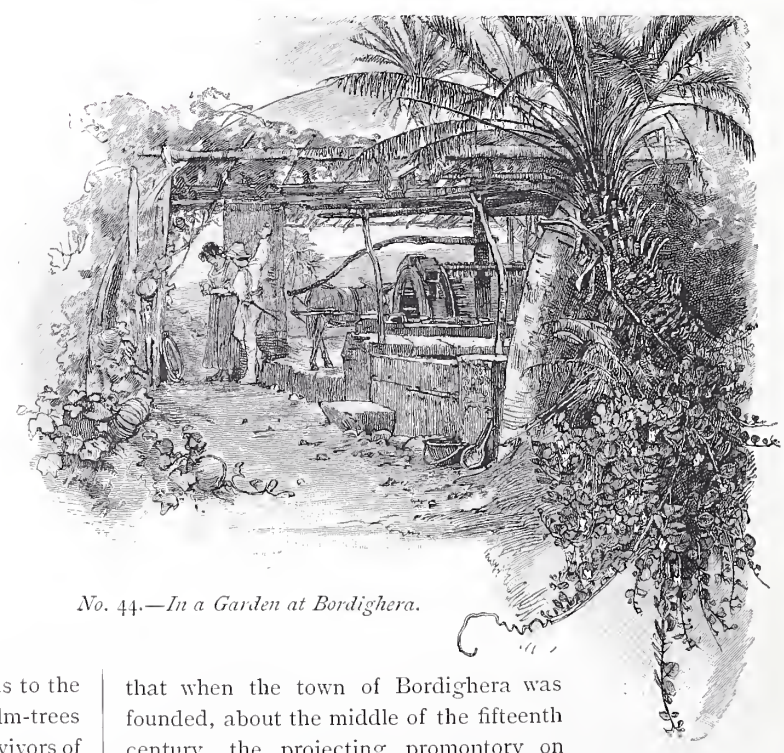
No. 43.—Vallebuona. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

of the palm-groves, for he says in his poem on "The Daisy," descriptive of this coast:—

> "Nor knew we well what pleased us most;
> Not the clipt palm of which they boast."

This wretched maltreatment destroys the grace of the tree, but is the source of a considerable revenue; for one of the principal trades of Bordighera is to supply Rome with palm-leaves for the Easter ceremonies, and the Jews in Germany and Holland for the Feast of Tabernacles. This is a monopoly, granted to the inhabitants as far back as the year 1584 by Pope Sixtus V., on account of the important service which Captain Bresca, a native of the district, rendered in connection with the elevation of the great obelisk in the square of St. Peter's Church in Rome Contrary to the orders of the Pope, this sailor, during a crisis in the operation, broke the silence by calling aloud to "wet the ropes," whereupon the obelisk was successfully raised to its present position. The original privilege of supplying palms to the Vatican for Palm Sunday and Holy Trinity services still belongs exclusively to the descendants of Captain Bresca; but the inhabitants of Bordighera generally engage in the business of furnishing palm-leaves for the rest of Europe. Previous to the romantic incident above narrated the specimens of palm-trees existing in the district were few and far between, the survivors of those which had been planted in all likelihood by the Saracens. But since the time of Sixtus V. a great impetus has been given to the cultivation of the tree, and now plantations or nurseries abound everywhere, which furnish the enormous quantities of leaves sent away each year from these shores. In these plantations only a few of the trees could have seen the preceding century. It will thus be understood that it is not for the sake of its fruit or its Oriental appearance that the palm abounds at Bordighera, but for the sake of its leaves. When these leaves are wanted by the Roman Catholics, they are prepared *alla romana*, *i.e.* they are bleached to a pale delicate colour as a symbol of purity, in the same way that gardeners blanch the white hearts of lettuces, and in this state they are valued twice as much as the ordinary green ones. They are plaited into all kinds of curious and elegant shapes, and make beautiful ornaments. When, on the other hand, they are required for the Jewish ceremonies, they are treated somewhat differently, *alla ebrea;* the fronds are much shorter and are provided with a smaller number of blunter leaflets. The palm-nurseries are also kept up for the purpose of supplying young plants for exportation to other places along the Riviera, where the palm is now extensively cultivated as an ornament. These young plants are obtained by separating the suckers from the roots and from the axils of the leaves; and if planted in a suitable situation will bear fruit when five or six years old, whereas specimens grown from seed produce no dates till they have reached fifteen or twenty years of age.

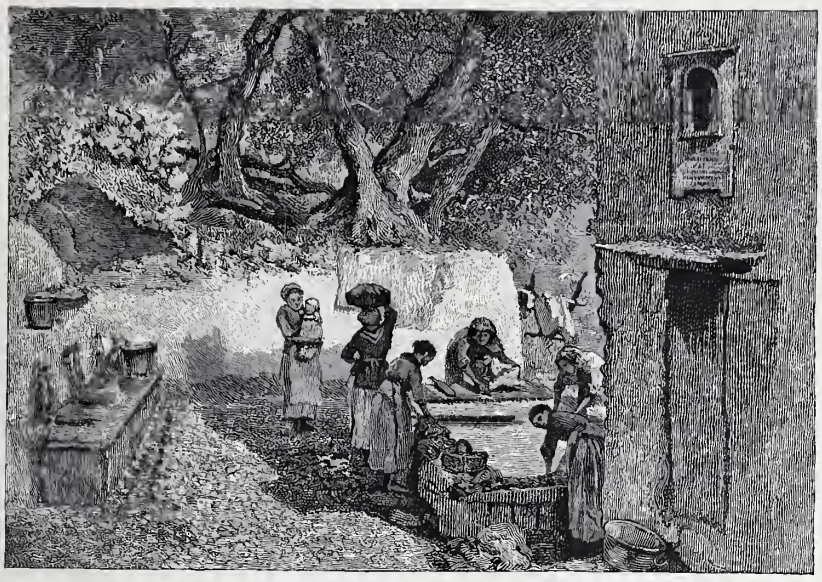
Bordighera derives its name from the word *bordigue*, which means a creek or gulf. This creek has now disappeared, having been filled up by the material brought down from the hills by the Nervia when in flood, and by the sand and shingle deposited at their mouth by other streams to the westward, which had been carried onward and accumulated in this place by the constant action of a current sweeping along the shore of the Mediterranean from west to east. This formation is entirely of recent origin. There is every reason to believe



No. 44.—In a Garden at Bordighera.

that when the town of Bordighera was founded, about the middle of the fifteenth century, the projecting promontory on which it is situated was a much more prominent object than it is now, and the sea extended very much farther up, to the very

foot of the hill, forming a little creek or *bordigue*, which the fishermen used as a safe harbour. That the sea beat against



No. 45.—Washing Place at Vallebuona. Engraved by J. Reindorp.

the foot of the hill, during the Roman domination, is evident from the fact that the old Strada Romana, or Aurelian Way, was carried along the slope of the hill, where traces of it have recently been found, whereas it would have run along the present plain near the sea-shore, had that plain been in existence. The sea has been slowly and steadily retiring, owing to the aforesaid causes, for many centuries; and in this way an increase of land for cultivation has been acquired, which has been subjected to special taxation by the communal council. Owing to the possession of a bordigue or creek which sheltered their boats, the inhabitants of Bordighera became expert fishermen and sailors, carrying the various productions of the coast from one place to another by sea. And although the old harbour has been silted up, the people seem to retain the capacity which they inherited from their ancestors; for they are still the best fishermen on the coast, and supply Mentone and San Remo with excellent fish.

The view from the extremity of the Cape of Bordighera is exceedingly extensive and beautiful, embracing the great palm groves and the smooth beach, with its numerous fishing-boats, to the east, and the splendid panorama of mountains to the west. The spot received its name from Ampelius, the patron saint of the locality, who came originally from Egypt, at the commencement of the fifth century, and lived a hermit's life for many years in a cavern in this place. By some authorities he has been identified with Apelles, a monk and priest in Upper Egypt, who followed the trade of a smith, and became famous for his miracles; a legend like that of St. Dunstan being told of his chasing the devil on one occasion with a red-hot iron. During his residence on the promontory of Bordighera, he was known far and wide for the austerity of his life, his kindness to the sick and suffering, and the remarkable miracles which he performed. And when he died he was buried in the cave in which he lived, and his grave became a shrine of pilgrimage. An ancient little chapel dedicated to St. Ampelius stands over the spot at the present day, the crypt of which was the anchorite's cave, known to the people as the "grotto." Above the altar in this chapel is a statue in white marble of the saint, holding his blacksmith's hammer, executed upwards of two hundred years ago. On the 14th of May, which is the saint's day, the chapel is still visited by crowds of devotees.

Next to St. Ampelius Bordighera owes most to Ruffini, the well-known author of "Dr. Antonio," who before his political exile in England lived in Taggia, near San Remo. Having laid the scene of this most charming story in Bordighera and its neighbourhood, he was the first to direct the attention of the travelling public to this isolated and previously unknown spot, and to do for it what Brougham did for Cannes, and Smollett for Nice, and Bennet for Mentone. Indeed Bordighera is identified with "Dr. Antonio," which gives to the place the same sort of charm that the "Lady of the Lake" gives to the Trossachs. The house where the incident occurred which began the whole of the romance is still pointed out; and the palm garden filled with the most lovely trees and flowers, and commanding most beautiful views, which is said to have belonged to Dr. Antonio, is a little to the east of the town, and has passed into the possession of Mr. Hanbury of La Mortola.

The old town of Bordighera is, like most of the other old towns of this coast, perched on the slope of a hill in a very picturesque fashion dear to the artist's eye. It was at one

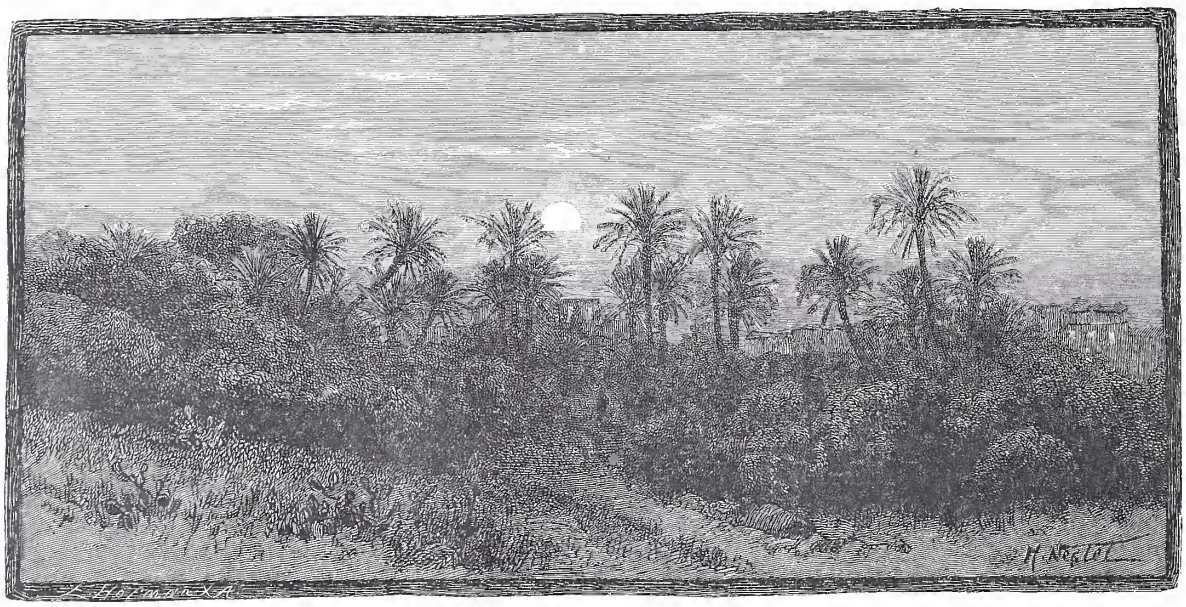


No. 46.—A Street in San Remo.

time surrounded by a high castellated wall, the remains of which are now shaggy with valerian, snap-dragon, and other

wild flowers. Its steep narrow streets are crossed here and there overhead with stone arches, which bind the houses together and secure them against the shocks of earthquakes, which have been somewhat frequent in the district. The vistas in these curious streets looking up to the lofty mountains towering above the town, or down to the deep blue sea below, are extremely romantic, especially when some religious procession, with its brilliant vestments and banners and flaming candles, is passing by, as is often the case. The Via Dritta, leading to Signor Moreno's garden, is a characteristic specimen and a favourite study with artists, being equally effective, whether looking up the steep declivity with the old gate of the town as a background, or looking back through the arch of this gateway upon the view which it frames. In the illustration (No. 42) is shown a typical street-scene, with a double arched passage uniting the houses on either side. The picturesque campanile, originally an avisium, or watch-tower, of the fine old church, with its coloured tiles, red, green, and yellow, like a serpent's scales, is seen in the background rising up from a curious colonnade, forming a most harmonious picture. The interior of this church has beautiful altars, precious paintings, and exquisite carving, associated with much that is tawdry and unsightly. In the centre of the little piazza, facing the church steps, is a pretty fountain with a statue above it executed by Sivori, the Genoese sculptor; and near at hand is the aqueduct which supplies it, where all the washerwomen of Bordighera may be seen almost the whole day busy at their work. The new town, which extends below the old in a straggling manner westward, along the Genoese road, is situated almost on a level with the sea, and for this reason seems unsuitably chosen for invalids, for effective draining is almost impossible.

There are few places in the Riviera that offer to the invalid a greater variety of charming excursions to interesting places than Bordighera. The Via Bischoffsheim, leading from the Hotel d'Angleterre at the station to the mountains, is an easy walk, affording a series of the most exquisite views. A most popular excursion is by the Roman Road to the Tower of Mostaccini, which occupies a most conspicuous position on a high plateau covered with firs, and commands a very



No. 47.—Evening.

wide and magnificent horizon. It is in excellent preservation, though it is supposed to date far back into Roman times, and to have served during the stormy Middle Ages as an avisium, or watch-tower. A mile and a half to the east of the town, on the high-road, is the little hamlet of Ruota, so called from the Knights of Rhodes, who once lived there, soon after the foundation of Bordighera, for the purpose of protecting the coast from Algerian corsairs. They founded the little church of the Madonna, which contains a group in Carrara marble representing the Annunciation, well worthy of notice. This lovely spot, with its palm-trees and eastern features and associations, is like a bit of Palestine. About a mile north from Ospedaletti, where there was also a colony of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, and about four miles from Bordighera, is the most interesting old village of Colla di Rodi, also founded by the Knights of Rhodes, perched at a height of a thousand feet on the top of Capo Nero. The visitor will find here what he would little expect to see in such a remote and obscure place—a library of six thousand volumes, and a collection of one hundred and twenty original paintings, most of them by the old masters, Fra Bartolomeo, Bassano, A. Caracci, Nicholas and Gaspard Poussin, Paul Veronese, Salvator Rosa, Domenichino, Guido Reni, Andrea del Sarto, Carlo Dolce, etc. This most valuable collection was made by the Abbé S. P. Rambaldi during his long residence in Florence, and bequeathed at his death, in 1865, to this his native place. In the sacristy of the church there is a large and beautifully carved ivory crucifix, the legacy of Monseignor Stefano Rossi, also a native of Colla. To the westward of Bordighera is the beautiful Borghetto Valley, through which, as far as Vallebuona, is a good carriage road. This village is extremely picturesque. In our engraving of it (Illustration 43), a few of its characteristic buildings, huddled closely together, may be seen, and in the next illustration but one a sketch of the interesting washing-place of the village. At the head of the same valley is the old village of Seborga, the Roman Sepulchrum, which belonged at one time to the Abbey of Lérins, whose monks had a mint here, where they coined gold and silver pieces, some of which are still extant in the Museum of Vienna, bearing the dates of 1666 and 1686, with

a representation of the Monastery of St. Honorat surmounted by a mitre, and the inscription, "Deus et ornamentum ecclesiæ." Up the broad valley of the Nervia is the village of Campo Rosso, which has an interesting and most eventful history. It possesses two curious old churches, both of the twelfth century. St. Pierre, the name of the one, has frescoes of the fifteenth century over the principal door and on the walls of the sacristy, and also some pictures attributed to Brea, of Nice. Farther on is Dolce Acqua, built on both sides of the Nervia, which is here crossed by a broad one-arched bridge. It is remarkable for its excellent wines and for its imposing feudal castle of the Dorias, rising high beyond the houses crowded together and piled above each other.

Six miles east from Bordighera is San Remo, which, on account of its superior climate, has increased of late more rapidly than any other town in the Riviera; and in the number of its population and the general elegance of its principal buildings far surpasses Mentone. It has not, however, the scenic attractions of Mentone. The hills on which it is situated are monotonously grey with the universal olives, and green with cultivated fields; while the mountains behind, though as high—Mont Bignole being four thousand three hundred feet above the sea—have a much softer character than the barren hoary peaks of the Mentonean amphitheatre, and their outlines and slopes are much tamer, having no deep gaps or gorges between them, the few streams that exist, trickling down their faces, only slightly furrowing them, and veiled in forests of fir-trees. The town itself, however, situated mainly on the western slope of its hills, is quite as picturesque to the artistic eye as Mentone. It was built for protection from the Algerine pirates, and therefore it consists of long, narrow, tortuous streets, so steep as often to require steps, leading in many places under arched vaults, the irregular houses on either side supporting each other by arched flying buttresses (Illustration 46). Notwithstanding the narrowness of the streets and the darkness of their dwelling-houses, however, the inhabitants carefully cultivate bright flowers in their balconies, and train up vines wherever they can against the sides of their houses, whose mass of greenery relieves the gloom, and under the shadow of which in the highest stories, exposed to the full sunshine, they sit and enjoy the animated view of the hills and sea through the vistas of the town. The little shrines, dedicated to the Madonna or to St. Roch, with their votive offerings in the shape of pots filled with some simple flowers, placed before them by some pious hands, upon which one comes here and there at the corners, lend a touching sentiment as well as impart a picturesque feature to the streets. The spot of central interest is the market-place, with its fountain of excellent water, its stalls of fish and fowl, fruits and vegetables, shaded by tasselled planes and rich-foliaged chestnut-trees, under which idlers are continually lounging, and boys and grown-up men playing at various games. At the north-west corner comes into view the back of the cathedral of San Siro, with its ancient turret and cupola of green and yellow tiles crowning the whole. But the irregular Gothic outlines of this interesting building are seen to better advantage from the parapet above the torrent relieved against a mass of olive and lemon trees, with glimpses of the sea beyond. Above the houses, on the summit of the hill, is the sanctuary of the Madonna della Costa, approached by a broad flight of steps, with its two cupolas curiously inlaid with water-worn pebbles and its valuable pictures and marbles on either side of the high-altar. The view from this elevated position amply repays the fatigue of the ascent, and gives one a better idea of the general aspect of the old town than can be gained from any other spot. The new town, which stretches along the Genoa road, contains nothing worthy of special notice with the exception of the Palazzo Borea, at the corner of the Via Cavour, a grand old pile built in the fifteenth century, and, therefore, in marked contrast to the modern buildings around it. It has curious figures carved about its doors and windows. It is now let out in offices, shops, and dwelling-houses, the Marquis Borea occupying the upper part. There is a public garden to the west of the town, and a beautiful strip of ground laid out in walks and shrubberies, gifted by the Empress of Russia, who resided here some years ago, where a band plays on certain days of the week; and nothing can be lovelier than the great masses of rosy, golden, and purple-flowered mesembryanthemums, glowing in the brilliant sunshine, which stream over the garden walls and over the wayside banks almost everywhere.

There are several beautiful spots in the neighbourhood of San Remo which might claim a passing word of allusion, but want of space compels me to leave them unnoticed. With this paper the series of sketches of the Western Riviera, from Hyères to San Remo, comes to an end: and in the succession of views which has passed before us we have seen enough of beauty and sublimity in the scenery, and of interest in the associations of history, ancient and modern, and of charm in the trees and flowers, and old-fashioned customs, to justify the fascination which this enchanted coast exercises upon all who visit it.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

HADES IN ART.*

IT has been observed by Professor Shairp that there is a striking difference in the conception of Hades as given by Homer in the eleventh book of the Odyssey, and as illustrated by the painter Polygnotus on the walls of the Lesche, at Delphi. "In Homer," says Professor Shairp, "the belief that the dead are in some way still alive appears in a bare and primitive form—an unquestioning instinct, never yet challenged, such as is found in the early history of almost all peoples. The place of their abode is cold, unsubstantial, forlorn; 'a land shrouded in mist and cloud, where never does the sun look down on them with his rays; but where deadly night is outspread over miserable mortals.' The inhabitants are shadowy, strengthless, living on in an existence without hope, without aim—only pining, with longing regret, for the loss of their earthly life. Homer has little or no conception of the future life as one of moral retribution. Even with regard to this life, Homer lived in the age of unconscious morality, before the

* Continued from page 220.

decided entering in of the moral law as the rule of action." The subject of the poet and the painter was the same, the invocation of the shade of Teiresias by Ulysses that he might



Scenes in Hades. The Hydrophori; Sisyphus.

inquire as to his homeward journey. Twenty-two of the figures represented in the painting of Polygnotus as described by Pausanias, correspond to those named by Homer as among the multitude with which he has peopled Hades. On the other hand, the painter introduced twenty figures not mentioned by Homer, among which are some whose appearance here is full of significance when we remember the lapse of time between the respective works of the poet and the painter, a period covering at all events from four to five centuries. We allude to the groups (here illustrated) of the Hydrophori, types of the Uninitiated, and of Orpheus surrounded by the listening shades, as he plays his lyre whilst sitting under a willow-tree.

These Hydrophori are figures of various ages and of either sex, engaged in the futile task of carrying water in leaky vessels; they signify, according to Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, the futility of the efforts of those who neglect the practices of natural piety, and who fail in respect to consecrated things. Orpheus, on the other hand, was the type of those initiating ministers, the interpreters of religion, in whose office lay the hope of the Greek religionist for peace in the grave and life beyond it. Here, then, we find in the painter's work an expression of moral retribution in the future life; as well as of restoration and hope of resurrection, things which are scarcely discernible in Homer, but which grow to a full and clear conception in the mind of Polygnotus. Professor Shairp has traced the development and gradual ripening of these ideas of retribution and of restoration from Homer to Virgil, showing that an intermediate stage in their growth is indicated in the story of Er, son of Armenius, told by Plato at the close of the "Republic," and we cannot but think that Mr. Watkiss Lloyd has, in like manner, pointed out another most valuable link in this chain of thought, as existing in the work of Polygnotus.

As we descend the stream of time and approach the work of Virgil, we discover a marked contrast between the ideas of the Greek and Roman poets. Homer has little or no conception of the future life as one of moral retribution. Virgil regards it as the moral fulfilment of what has been here begun. Whence had he derived this? "Partly," says Professor Shairp, "from his own pure and meditative heart," but more from the knowledge of experience which his own country and the world had passed through. But Virgil was anticipated by Plato. In the story of Er we find an anticipation of a great part of the sixth book of the Æneid—the belief in two fixed conditions of judgment, and the return of the souls to the earth; but with Plato hope is far outweighed by terror—terror that at last takes refuge in the doctrine of annihilation in death as the soul's only hope; that great Nature is but "the womb and tomb of all," and the final aspiration of the soul a deathful stillness.

"Whence did Virgil derive the materials for his description of the nether world? . . . belonging to an age when the old ethnic religions had been broken up, and only fragments of them came floating down to him. Standing at the confluence of many faiths and systems, he had a mass of incongruous elements to reduce to harmony: the remembrance of legends heard in his childhood; the philosophic studies of his youth, especially the Platonic philosophy; the mature reflections of his manhood—such were the sources whence Virgil drew his solemn picture of the underworld."

The Hades of the Æneid is divided into three parts. The poet speaks of an intermediate state as the fate of those who leave this world in an indeterminate moral condition, those who cannot be said firmly to have chosen the good, yet who cannot be stamped as evil-doers. This is in the first region visited by Æneas; approaching Tartarus, he views it from the outside, hearing the fearful sounds, but only learning the tortures there through the Sibyl's narrative. At length, reaching the Elysian Fields, he beholds the happy spirits, each in undisturbed repose following the pursuit he loved on earth, and here, with the meeting with his father, Anchises, the object of this journey of Æneas was attained. So far Virgil follows the old lines and keeps to the ancient traditions of his people, first obediently following the strong current of the old



Orpheus in Hades. Vase of Canosa.

religion, he then advances beyond the ancient legends and bases a new philosophy upon them. Æneas is now to learn religion from his father's living soul, but one developed from

that of Pythagoras and Plato. Anchises teaches that there is one living spirit; one breath of life interfused through all things—the heavens, the earth, sun, moon, and stars; that all life is an emanation from this all-pervading life; the lives of beasts, birds, and man are but derived from it.

To Æneas the life in Elysium is the fuller life—the more real, the substance—of which the best on earth is but the shadow. When we remember that Virgil died just nineteen years before the birth of Christ, we cannot fail to appreciate the interest of these points in his philosophy. We find the recognition of a fundamental Christian truth. This is the conviction of moral falling away and the necessity of restoration—an acute, a biting sense of what evil is in our own heart, a keen and permanent joy in purity; and where he assigns his work of restoration to material agents he does but use the wind, the water, and the fire as figures taken from visible things for unseen moral agents. Yet restoration in the philosophy of Virgil only consists in drinking the waters of Lethe and return to earth, there to live a second life. How few may remain for ever in Elysium! Still even this is advance from the Homeric conception, as we may see when we compare the words of Achilles—

"Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death, O great Odysseus. Rather would I live on ground as the hireling of another, with a landless man who had no great livelihood, than bear sway among the dead that be departed." — (*Odyssey*, b. xi., l. 490.)

And the words of Æneas when he hears that any spirits who have once reached Elysium are ever sent back to Earth—

"O my father! are we to think that any souls fly hence aloft to the upper air, and return to the cumbrous body? Can their longing for light be so mad as this?"

To the Greek, life in the unseen world is a poor and miserable existence—the mere shadow of the substance; in Virgil a more world-weary spirit finds expression; life among the shades is better than life on earth.

As we approach the subject of Hades in Christian Art, the two images which stand forth in this period of transition are those of Orpheus and Psyche.

The origin of the Orphic Mysteries is uniformly referred to Pieria, in Thrace. They are closely identified with the worship of Dionysus, and were bound up, as we learn from Professor Mahaffy, with the widely spread mysteries of Demeter and Persephone celebrated at Eleusis.* This religion of mysteries and rites "preached the identification of the most diverse gods, perhaps even the unity of all the gods. It approached the dogma of a world-soul, and of the divinity of the soul of man, if not of all the world, as a manifestation of God. It portrayed the wonder of a suffering deity, and of good overborne by the powers of darkness for a season. It held out the hope of immortality to those who embraced the faith, and made them a chosen people." Orpheus, priest of Apollo, was already a venerable name in the time of Peisistratus, and Pausanias describes the Attic clans as singing Orphic hymns. The name of this god is the best known of all the minstrels of Thrace. Orpheus drawing all hearts to him and subduing all savage nature by the power of song is one of the most common figures in antiquity.

> "For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews,
> Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
> Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
> Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands."*

The most familiar of the stories relating to Orpheus is that of his love for the beautiful Eurydice and his descent into Hades in search of her. She was bitten in the foot by a snake, and thus died. Orpheus then filled mountain and valley with songs of lamentation, so impassioned that the wild beasts of the forest were enchanted at the sound, and followed him like lambs, "their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze." He follows her to Hades, where his song caused even the Erinnyes to shed tears of compassion, and the discordant yell of Cerberus was silenced at its penetrating sweetness.



Orpheus in Hades, on the Blacas Vase in the British Museum.

The instances of the illustration of this myth in Art which we have selected are as follows:—

Orpheus in Hades, on the Blacas Vase in the British Museum.† — Here the underworld tree, whose roots are planted in Hades, while its branches reach to Heaven, forms the centre of the composition. Below Orpheus is seen handing his lyre to a youth, and stretching across the Hermes of Apollo Agyeius. With the other hand he holds Cerberus by a leash. The shadowy form of Eurydice is seen behind, seated beneath the laurel of Apollo the Sun God, whose blessing is felt by his votaries even in the underworld. In heaven Aphrodite and Eros, Mercury and Pan, recline beneath the leafy branches of the underworld tree. *Eurydice in Hades* seated on the ground before the advent of Orpheus.‡

Orpheus seeks Eurydice in Hades—Miniature Painting in the Vatican Virgil, fol. 47.—This is an illustration of the Georgics, Bk. IV., lines 541 to 566. Orpheus, the central figure of the composition, addresses the crowd of Shades who approach at the sound of his lyre from the depths of the cavern. Around the cavern (as shown in the engraving over leaf) the sluggish stream Cocytus flows between its sedgy

* See Hist. of Greek Literature (Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M.A.). Vol. II., p. 5.

* *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III., Sc. ii.

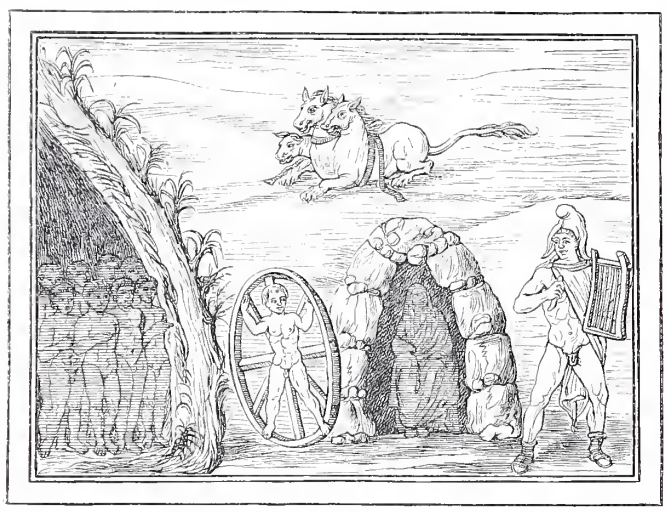
† See Archaol. Zeitung. No. 14. Feb., 1844.

‡ See Monum. Etruschi. Ser. VI., Tav. CV., n. 1.

banks—the Furies, Ixion and Cerberus, stand spell-bound by the song.

Eurydice in the River stung by the Serpent—Vatican Virgil, fol. 48.—The date of these miniatures is held to be about the fourth century of the Christian era. When we contrast the drawing of the human figure here, with its stunted proportions and inaccurate outline, with the Art of Greece eight centuries before, we perceive how low Art had fallen in the decline of the Græco-Roman period.

This tale of the death of Eurydice has been associated by comparative mythologists with that of Daphne and Apollo, and in some points resembles the tales of Melusina, Undine, the Lady of Geierstein. The name Eurydice denotes the wide-spreading flush of Dawn, and this fair being is stung by the Serpent of Night, as she wanders close by the water which is fatal to all. Just as she reaches the earth she vanishes like mist before the morning sun. The whole myth brings before us a being in whom some attributes which belong to the light, or the sun, are blended with others which point as clearly to the wind. But, however the solar myth may have been mixed up with that of Orpheus, there can be no doubt that its essential significance was the resurrection of the soul. The descent of Orpheus, his passage through



Orpheus seeks Eurydice in Hades—Miniature Painting in the Vatican Virgil, fol. 47.

Hades, his return in due time to upper light, symbolised resurrection as the reward of initiation into religious mysteries, and on the Greek vases is constantly associated with the figure of Hercules, divinely conducted, dragging the triple-headed Cerberus, the guardian of the gates of Death, enchained in his strong grasp.

The myth of Psyche is another of the most striking evidences we can bring forward of the existence of a religious belief finding expression in Art before it was formalised into doctrine.

A remarkable writer has lately observed in reference to early Christianity, that its founder won the world by placing Himself in harmony with that law of gradual development which the divine wisdom has planned;* and another writer remarks, "that the doctrine of Christ, more than that of the founders of any other religion, offered in the beginning an expression of the highest truths in which Jewish carpenters, Roman publicans, and Greek philosophers could join without dishonesty;"* that even before the birth of Christ such harmonious development was slowly working its way; that certain truths first brought to light by Him were latent in the human mind before His birth becomes clearer to us year by year; but if it can be shown that the first proofs of the existence of such conceptions are to be sought for in Art, how important does the study of its monuments appear. It is clear to the insight of some who have become familiar with the greatest works of antiquity that latent thought and feeling have from time to time found expression in music, in marble, and in painting, not only where words have failed, but even before words have been attempted. Passion, long dormant, has burst into new life through Art before it has found expression in literature, and an undercurrent of moral and spiritual life has been revealed through symbols before it has forced its way through language to the broad stream of human progress. No cause can be assigned for such works except feeling and conscience which has impelled its expression; but if we would find religious thought in embryo we must seek it in symbol, and see in Art that power which not only can "revivify the past but prophesy the future."

At first the fable of Psyche appeared merely as a graceful allegory springing from the Greek poetic imagination. The name signifies both soul and a night butterfly; so by a natural association the one came to stand for the other, and thus the allegory was developed. It was only at a later period that philosophy laid hold of it as a symbol in which ideas of renovation and futurity found expression. About the second or third century after the birth of Christ the allegory with its promise of the soul's restoration grew popular as a funereal emblem ardently embraced by perplexed souls at a transition period in the history of human thought.†

The tale of Psyche is too well known to need more than a short outline here. The soul's brief happiness is ended when through her own rash act Eros is banished from her side. She then commences her search for her lost love and among the labours thus encountered by her was the descent into Hades. Here she must have died but that Eros, though invisible, sustained her with a love hidden from and unperceived by all but her.

The subject of Psyche in Hades is not common in Art and mostly occurs upon engraved gems. Here she is seen seated in sorrow holding a vase in her hand filled by the water of Cocytus, or else she is represented as receiving this vessel from an eagle. In some instances she kneels by the river and fills the vessel herself.

The bowed head of Psyche in her divine patience and that of Orpheus uplifted in divine inspiration were early adopted into Christian literature and Art as figures and foreshadowings of the spirit of Christ when it becomes a living power in the soul. Are not these things signs given us in Art which may be placed beside those of philosophy and poetry, signs of the growing conscience and hope of mankind? Do we not seem to stand by the side of some tributary stream which will in due time lose itself in the ocean of our religion?

MARGARET STOKES.

* See "John Inglesant," vol. ii., last page.

* See Max Müller. "Origin and Growth of Religion," p. 372.

† See Max Collingnon. "Essai sur les Monuments Grecs et Romains relatifs au Mythe de Pysché."

GEORGE JAMESONE, THE SCOTTISH LIMNER.*

WE have said that Jamesone was not likely to have commenced his studies at Antwerp before 1617. Let us see.

Towards the close of 1608, Rubens, having heard of the dangerous illness of his mother, returned to Antwerp, after eight years' sojourn and study in the chief Art-centres of Italy. He had copied many of the more famous works in Venice, Rome, Florence, and Milan, had made drawings of the beautiful palaces of "Genoa superba," and had executed commissions for original pictures from potentates and prelates, and merchants who were also princes. He had, three years previously (1605), while on his mission to Philip II. with rich presents from the Duke of Mantua, painted the portraits of a number of the Spanish nobility, so that he came back to Antwerp with distinction and honour, and with an Art reputation that had received the *imprimatur* of Rome.

After mourning the death of his mother and erecting a tomb to her memory, with an epitaph from his own pen, for to his other accomplishments he added scholarship, Rubens contemplated settling in life. With this notion, after the lapse of twelve months, he married, in the thirty-third year of his age, Isabella Brant (13th October, 1609), and in the year following, he built, at a cost of sixty thousand florins—and the florin was then quadruple its present value—a princely house at Antwerp in the Italian style, after designs of his own.

Having thus settled down to his life's work, disciples soon gathered round the master, and commissions poured in upon him from all parts. His studio became the school not only of the Netherlands, but of Europe, and the magnates of France, Italy, and Spain strove eagerly for the possession of its products. Year by year his fame went on increasing, till by 1616 it had embraced England and thrown her into such a fever of desire that courtiers and connoisseurs, some of them commissioned by royalty itself, visited the commercial capital of Brabant with the object of securing from the painter himself, either by purchase or by barter, some adequate tokens of his marvellous cunning; and the things given in exchange or to make up the price were in one case marble antiques, in another a chain of diamonds.



Viscountess Falkland, Ætatis 30. *By permission of Earl Fife. Engraved by C. Dietrich.*

If, then, five or six years of ever-increasing fame were necessary after Rubens had taken up his settled abode in Antwerp to stir up among the refined and wealthy of London an active longing to know more of him and his works, we can scarcely imagine such fame reaching in a shorter period a remote place like Aberdeen, whose intercourse with Antwerp and the outer world was so much less frequent, and the culture of whose citizens was so much less general and advanced.

We are not warranted, therefore, in hazarding an earlier date for Jamesone's arrival in Antwerp than 1617. He was then in the prime of manhood, a dark-haired, medium-statured, olive-complexioned man of thirty, with a quiet, steady outlook in his dark brown eyes. As repeatedly depicted by himself, his appearance at this time or shortly afterwards, when Flemish fashion had made the douce Aberdonian amenable to her sway, without being boldly striking, was noticeable enough.

His beard was pointed but his cheeks bare, and his ample moustache was brushed back with a tendency upwards, after the manner of the period. The colour of his beard, according to Major Ross's portrait, the same which is engraved in Robert Chambers's "Scottish Biography," is lighter than his hair, and has a slight tendency to auburn. Shortly before this the moustache was almost invariably brushed upwards, and Shakespeare himself followed the prevailing mode. Jamesone's nose was straight and rather projecting, with a correspondingly pronounced nostril. The line of his mouth wore a pleasing reserve; the lips were generous, and their fulness not untouched by the sensuous. His brown hair fell over his collar, which he wore at one time plain but afterwards frilled, in a massive roll, and in front came half-way down his broad forehead. He wore, moreover, a wide Flemish beaver, but its rim had not the bravura sweep of his master's hat, and it did not sit on his head with the cavalier-like grace which lent such charm to that of Rubens. Without then that air of distinction which belonged to his master, or the feminine elegance and vivacity which entered so consciously into the personality of his fellow

* Continued from page 216.

pupil, Vandyck, Jamesone, though altogether of more homely aspect, had nevertheless a kindly, assuring, and strikingly intelligent countenance; and there must have been some happy balance of social and intellectual faculties before



Sir Archibald Johnston of Warriston.
From the original in the possession of Sir William Gibson Craig, Bart., of Riccarton, Midlothian. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

he could have been the welcome limner of so many diverse men, at a time, too, when political and religious animosities were so intense.

The tradition mentioned by several of Jamesone's biographers, that Charles I. having heard that the painter had been accustomed to wear his hat while at work, by reason of a complaint in his head, very humanely ordered him to be covered while he sat for his portrait, and that this privilege he ever thereafter thought himself entitled to in whatever company he was, may possibly be true. It is much more probable, however, that Jamesone, with a vivid recollection of how gallantly his master looked when beavered adopted the practice of painting himself covered, simply because Rubens and a hundred other artists had adopted the habit before him. We know that Jamesone suffered from stone in the bladder, and that he re-edified and beautified the Well of Spa on account of the fancied benefits he derived from its clear ferruginous waters; but there is no authority for believing that there was ever anything the matter with his head.

Among the many ardent disciples whom Jamesene found in the well-appointed studio of Rubens, garnished as it was with rich tapestries and casts from the antique, repeating, as it doubtless did, many of those features in his private dwelling, which breathed so freely the spirit of the later Renaissance, and further glorified by large hunting-scenes and subjects, classical and sacred, from the master's own easel, none would interest him more than the lily-handed Anthony Vandyck. He was then a lad of eighteen years of age, the junior of Jamesone by some twelve years, as he in his turn was the junior of Rubens by ten; and so precociously pre-eminent in his art that the following year he was admitted into the Guild of Painters at Antwerp, whereas his master was a year or two older when he received a like honour.

With such brilliant masterpieces in colouring and design daily filling his eyes, surrounded by a body of such earnest workers, and breathing an atmosphere so stimulatingly artistic, it is not to be wondered at if Jamesone rapidly advanced in his profession. Although too late in life to conquer altogether a certain stubbornness of hand, and acquire the masterly pliancy of pencil which characterized Rubens, and was almost instinctively unerring in the youthful Vandyck, Jamesone, as much by native perception and aptitude, perhaps, as by instruction, speedily familiarised himself with the mysteries of colour. If he lacked the strength of the latter, he acquired faculty enough to blend his tints with such artistic knowledge and suavity as made critics, not too minutely curious, hesitate, when standing before his best portraits, as to whether they were gazing on the handiwork of Jamesone or Vandyck. This is negative praise, certainly, but so much cannot be said of any other British-born contemporary painter.

About 1620, the year in which Rubens promoted Vandyck to be an assistant, Jamesone returned to his native city. That he at once followed up the practice of his profession we have many extant proofs scattered over Scotland; and that success attended his labours may naturally be inferred from the notable fact that on the 12th of November, 1624, he married Isobell Tosche, a young lady of remarkable beauty, who bore to him sons and daughters, of whom three of the latter, Mary, Isobell, and Marjory, outlived their father. Who the kith and kin of this Isobell Tosche were, does not appear. The name is not one of the historic patronymics of Aberdeenshire; but, as she comes down to us depicted by the loving hand of her husband, there is charm enough and distinction enough in her fair oval face, and graciousness enough in her mien, to have done credit to a long pedigree and patrician blood.

Thus happily married and settled in his native town, on familiar terms with its worthiest and best, and treated by all as a beloved and honoured citizen, Jamesone addressed himself to the labours of his profession with an industry not often paralleled in the history of Art. North and south, all over the country, wherever a gentle family of means had its abode, there was the pencil of Jamesone called into requisition.

His portraits were generally busts, in three-quarter face, and were rather under than over life-size. Although the price doubtless varied, it has been calculated that the average rate was about twenty pounds Scots, or one pound thirteen shillings and fourpence sterling. Such remuneration appears paltry enough in our eyes, when painters, holding a similar rank now to what Jamesone did then, would receive five hundred pounds for a bust, seven hundred and fifty for a three-quarter length, and as much as a thousand, perhaps, for the entire figure. But it must be kept in view that prices lately have reached rather an artificial height, and that though twenty pounds Scots sounds insignificant, we must remember how much of the necessary provisions of life such a sum would buy, two hundred and fifty years ago, before we venture on a sneer at the parsimony of the country and the time.

The earliest authentic portrait that I have been able to find is that of 'John Livingstone, Parson Ancrum.' It hangs in Monymusk House, the seat of Sir Archibald Grant, who is the happy owner also of several important Hogarths. The Parson has a grey pointed beard, and wears a scull cap and plain flat collar; the left hand in his breast, the forefinger

of the other between the leaves of a book. The face is three-quarter, inclined, as usual, to the left. It is dated 1620, and a similar date, I am inclined to think, belongs to the two, if not three, Jamesones which hang in Castle Fraser.

One of the first of Jamesone's patrons was Sir Robert Carnegie, of Dunichen, third brother to the first Earl of Southesk. Sir Robert sat to him in 1629, the same year that his niece Magdalen, youngest daughter of Southesk, was married to the youthful Earl of Montrose. The Earl was then only seventeen, and on the 3rd of November he rode into Aberdeen, a week before his marriage, that he might be painted in all his bridegroom bravery by Jamesone. And a comely lad he looks in that portrait. The painter could little have dreamed then that his boy sitter would become known to fame as "the Great Montrose." Jamesone is said by Napier to have painted him again in 1640, when the boy had given place to the man, and the man had become a startling power in the State.

Both portraits hang in Kinnaird Castle to this day, and along with those of (1) David, the first Earl of Southesk, father of Montrose's wife; (2) John, first Earl of Ethie, changed afterwards into Northesk; and (3) Sir Alexander Carnegie, of Balnamoon, are as historically authentic as any Jamesones extant. The three last portraits were not painted till 1637, and I remark in my note-book how slight the art difference is between the one period and the other. The lace ruffs and other minor details are scarcely so sharp in the portraits of young Montrose and Sir Robert Carnegie as in the others; but all of them have the Jamesonian sweetness and lucidity of colour, and that nice knowledge and appreciation of the use of greys. On the 10th February, 1632, he was served heir in general to his brother William, a writer in Edinburgh. He is then designed "Georgius Jamesoun, pictur, burgensis de Aberdein;" and it was probably as much from what he inherited then as from what he may have saved



John Duff and his sister of Muldavit. By permission of Earl Fife. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

by his labours at the easel, which enabled him afterwards to make such generous provision for his family and friends, and leave behind him the reputation of a man of fortune.

The culminating point in the painter's fortunes occurred on the occasion of his being called to Edinburgh in 1633 to aid the magistrates of that city in doing artistic honour to Charles I. during his long-promised coronation visit to his ancient kingdom. Not only did he superintend the pictorial portion of the pageantry, in consultation with Drummond of Hawthornden, and dash off, among other things, a hundred and seven kings, the Scottish progenitors of Charles I., to glorify and welcome him, but he had the honour of sittings from Charles himself, and was rewarded by the monarch with a diamond ring from his own finger. This incident, as may easily be supposed, had a marvellously stimulating effect, and patrons multiplied exceedingly. After the king's departure south, on the 18th July, Jamesone appears to have remained behind, doubtless enjoying the hospitality of his friends, and an honoured guest at every table, and mingling on terms of intimacy with all the personages who had borne a part in the late pageantry. That he did so remain, receives confirmation from the following extract from the Gild Register of the city of Edinburgh, 1633, August 28th, "The samen day, in presens of Joseph Marjoribankis deyne of Gild and the Gild counsall, George Jamesone, paynter, compear and is maid burgess and gild brother of this burgh, conforme to ane act of counsele of the dait of thir presentis, and hes gevin his aith in maner above written, and hes payit for his dewties to the Deyne of Gild the soume of ane hundreth thrie scoir sex pundes thretteine schillings four penyes."

Very different were the circumstances under which his next recorded visit to Edinburgh was made. By 1640 the Covenanting party had grown greatly in strength, and, like dominant religious organizations in all ages and countries, they showed

little scruple in using it. Over the lives and liberties of the quieter and more conservative citizens of the realm they rode rampant, and among other arbitrary acts, Earl Marischal and Major Monro caused to be brought up before them, at a council of war, held in the Tolbooth of Aberdeen, on the 10th June, 1640, several county gentlemen and nine burgesses of Aberdeen, among whom was George Jamesone. All remonstrance on the part of the prisoners was in vain. "They war gairdit and convoyit be soldiouris as throtcutteris and murtheraris, quhairat thay war displeissit, but culd not mend it." They were handed over from sheriff to sheriff till they reached Edinburgh, in the Tolbooth of which they lay prisoners for six months, and only gained their liberty by submitting to heavy fines. One is pleased to learn that George Jamesone and George Morisone "be moyan ware frie and payit no fyne," by which the reader may judge of the painter's remarkable influence with certain potent members of the party with whose views and policy he had evidently little sympathy.

In the fall of the same year he visited London in company with Alexander Jaffray, of Kingswells, afterwards Provost of Aberdeen, and notable in his day and generation for his Quaker opinions. While here he would have an opportunity of renewing friendship with his quondam fellow-student, Anthony Vandyck, who had come to London the previous year with his friend and disciple Jan Van Reyn, and had entered the service of Charles I., as chief Court painter, at a salary of £200 a year. While in London, also, he doubtless painted the portrait of Queen Henrietta, and it was a replica of this, if not the original, which went to Balloch.

The honour, indeed, of having been the largest, if not the most munificent, employer of Jamesone's pencil, undoubtedly belongs to Sir Colin Campbell, eighth laird of Glenorchy, a man of great culture, enterprise, and taste. But what with bridal plenishing, and the accidents of time, of the many portraits Jamesone invented and painted for him of Scottish kings and queens and Campbells, which at one time adorned the Hall of Balloch, only eight are left to glorify the walls of Taymouth Castle, the palatial structure which took its place.

The famous genealogical tree, mentioned by Walpole, and described, though not very fully or accurately, by Pennant, was painted in 1635, and doubtless followed commissions executed during the two or three previous years; for we can scarcely imagine portraits of "King Robert and King David Bruysse, Kings of Scotland, and Charles the First, King of Great Brittane, France, and Ireland, and his Majestie's Quein, and nine more of the Queins of Scotland," not to mention the "Knight of Lochow's Lady, and the first Countess of Argyle, and six of the Ladys of Glenurquhay, their portraits, and the said Sir Coline, his own portrait," painted in a less time. But the man who could at a pinch call up in his imagination the faces and forms of a hundred and seven kings, some of whom never existed in the flesh, and project them on the canvas, would be capable of any feat of laborious industry. It is probable, indeed, that the execution of these Glenorchy portraits extended over more years than we have mentioned; and the fact of Jamesone being so largely employed lends some countenance to the statement of Walpole, otherwise unauthenticated, that the painter accompanied his patron, Sir Colin, on his travels.

The eight portraits still extant at Taymouth Castle are placed in pairs over the doors of one of the great halls, and set in frames of a florid Gothic, and so far above the line of sight that they are practically, for critical purposes, or even ordinary comfort, beyond eye-range. They are thus made to serve the purpose of mere decoration, and are kept subservient to the lines, mouldings, and proportions of the architecture.

The Marquis of Hamilton and his wife Anna constitute the first pair, and were painted in 1636. The next pair, William, Erle of Æirth, and John, Lord Napper (Napier), were painted in the following year, 1637, as were also John, Earl of Mar, and the Laird of Laveden (Loudon). The last couple, making up the eight, representing Sir Robert Campbell and Sir John Campbell, were painted in 1642. After I inspected the genealogical tree, the Earl of Breadalbane had it cleaned, and Lord Archibald Campbell has had it engraved for his most interesting work on Argyleshire. If the owner of Taymouth would have the eight pictures just mentioned placed in the hands of an equally judicious cleaner, and then hung more advantageously for enjoyment and in judicious proximity to the genealogical tree, which would form a natural centrepiece to the whole series, he would do justice to Jamesone and confer a benefit on all Art lovers.

About this time (1640) were painted those admirable portraits in Duff House, which Earl Fife has so generously placed at my disposal. They are in an excellent state of preservation, and one has to travel south as far as Carberry Tower, the seat of Lord Elphinstone, before one meets with a set of Jamesone portraits so well cared for.

During the last few years of his life Jamesone seems to have retired from the more active pursuit of his profession and to have made Edinburgh his head-quarters. After a life of the rarest industry, he died there in 1644, aged fifty-seven, mourned in verse by the best scholars of his time, and leaving a memory behind him, which is still kept lovingly green.

In his will dated July, 1641, for which search has been made for me lately, but in vain, he provided amply for his affectionate wife and three daughters, nor did the love-child of his youth receive a less portion than her sisters. His friends and relations, too, were remembered, and the poor went not empty away. He lies in a nameless grave, but the very fact that his dust is there gives to the old Grey Friars Church in Edinburgh, in the eyes of every Scottish painter, an added sanctity.

That he was a good man and a patriotic citizen we have many palpable proofs; and although Arthur Johnston, in the warmth of his friendly admiration, only exercised a poetic license in styling him the Scottish Apelles, there was much in the achievements and surroundings of Jamesone to give him pre-eminent national individuality. Horace Walpole was much nearer the prosaic fact—a fact which most judges will accept as indisputable—when he called him the Vandyck of Scotland.

JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON.



PAINTED BY E. CRÜTZNER.

ETCHED BY CARL VALITZ.

THE MONASTERY CELLAR.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED.

NATIONAL ART EDUCATION.

By A Designer.

AS I have had considerable experience of the working of schools of Art, and their action in connection with one of the large textile industries of the country, my views on this vexed question may be of interest as a contribution to it. It is said that these have failed to fulfil the objects for which they were founded, and that the public money spent in their support is to a large extent wasted. Let us see how far the accusation can be met. I take for granted that the object of the founding and support of these schools of Art, or schools of Design, by Government, in the first instance, was the improvement of the Art manufactures of the country. It was felt at that time, that our manufactures—from an artistic point of view—could not hold their own with the productions of foreign countries, and that if we were to maintain our commercial supremacy, we must bestir ourselves.

There are two ways in which the Art training of designers may be compassed, or rather, two influences at work in determining their future development. One is the influence which an acquaintance with, and practice in copying good examples of, ornamental and decorative Art, has on a student, and which the plant of a good school should supply. The second influence is that produced on the student by the master. Now, as far as the first is concerned, I believe it to have been fairly met, though, perhaps, not as well as it might have been. In reference to the second influence, it is evident that before a master can influence a student in the direction of the improvement of the Art manufacture of the district, he must be thoroughly versed in the practical needs of the particular branch to which the student purposes to devote himself. I think I shall be borne out when I say that in all the great Art industries of the country—in furniture, paper-hangings, textile fabrics, pottery, iron, glass, etc.—it is only by strenuous labour and years of practice that a man can design moderately well, not to say excellently; and in many of these industries, only a few ever rise to the position of designer at all. An examination of the curriculum of an Art master will enable us to determine how far he is qualified to exert an influence over the above manufactures. I take the requirements of the present time. First of all, before admission to the training class at South Kensington, he is required to possess the first certificate. Now, as it would occupy too much of your space to enumerate all the requirements for this, I shall extract those bearing on design. He is required to send in:—1. A sheet of diagrams showing the application of the principles on which foliated design is constructed. These should be derived from Dyce's drawing book, Albertolli's Ornament, etc. 2. A design in outline, embodying the principles learnt from the above. 3. A sheet treating a flowering plant in water colour, from nature, as nearly full size as possible, without background; combined with three exercises in the treatment of the plant as designs for different materials: for instance, embroidery in lace, paper-hanging, printed muslin, woven silk, painted tiles. These four drawings to be on an imperial sheet in spaces designed by the candidate to suit the flower and material selected. 4. A sheet of at least two studies of ornamental arrangements in colour.*

Any one can see from the above that a few elementary studies are all that is necessary. The rest of the subjects required for this certificate are the usual thing: drawing and shading from cast and models, etc., sufficiently enumerated by Mr. Crowther in your March issue.

After admission to the training class, he usually proceeds to take the second certificate, and as this is the principal certificate possessed by most masters, and is the most necessary one, I will enumerate it wholly. It includes:—1. A shaded drawing from an antique figure. 2. A study of drapery arranged on an antique figure. 3. A painting of ornament in monochrome, from the cast. 4. A landscape in oil, from nature or copy. 5. A group of flowers painted from nature, in water colour or tempera. 6. A set of studies of ornamental design, not less than fifteen in number, showing the treatment of arabesques, diapers, or other ornament, in colour or relief. These should illustrate the decoration of some leading feature of architectural or industrial Art, and should, if possible, be executed from original examples, either in the South Kensington Museum or elsewhere. 7. A design embodying the principles learnt in the above course. Besides these works, the candidate must answer, in writing, a paper of questions on the elementary principles of ornament; a paper of technical questions on Art, and on the general principles and execution of the several historic schools of painting; a painting in monochrome, from cast, in a given time; a time study from an antique figure; a design, in a given time, based on the studies of ornamental design mentioned. These fifteen studies are generally small artistic drawings of specimens of glass, textile fabrics, or whatever subject is chosen; they would be mostly only a few inches square, and the whole of them mounted on three sheets of cardboard.

So that, altogether, in order to gain these two certificates, he must send in about three rather elementary designs, and do one more in a given time. I have seen a number of these productions, and they were certainly not remarkable from an artistic point of view.

The next certificate, the third, relates wholly to the drawing of the figure from the antique and life, etc. The fourth is a modelling certificate. The fifth certificate is a mixed one, and in looking over the list I counted only two masters who

* These statements may be easily verified by consulting the Art Directory for 1884.

possessed it. The sixth is wholly an architectural one. The seventh is a new one, and nobody holds it, so far as I can see.

A very large number of masters possess only the first certificate; that is, they have only just qualified in order to gain Government grant.

Very few possess more than three certificates; these run usually like this—first, second, and sixth. Every one who knows anything about this subject can see at a glance that the tendency of these certificates is towards painting and architecture, and design is just dove-tailed in in order to give them a good all-round look. The special Art training in design which an Art master receives amounts to little. I can say pretty confidently, from observation, that no Art master in the country (unless he had received a certain amount of training in the workshop of a manufactory before taking to the calling of an Art master) would be worth £1 a week as a designer in the business with which I am connected; and I suspect it would be much the same in others. Not because he did not know the technicalities, but because his designs would be artistically worthless for want of knowledge and practice. Yet the exertions of these men are the influence which the Department presumes has had such a tremendous effect in regenerating the Art manufactures of the country.

I should be sorry if it were inferred from the above that I am disparaging Art masters. I consider them an admirable body; many of them are skilled artists, and a few skilled designers; but these latter have been designers first, and the position of Art master being probably more lucrative, they have just taken the first certificate in order to qualify for Government grant.

The foregoing applies more particularly to local schools and the qualifications of their masters. I will now shortly review the influences at work as affecting design at the central school at South Kensington.

In considering these it must be borne in mind that the Museum is entirely independent of the schools. To illustrate this I cannot do better than give a little of my own experience. I attended the evening classes at a local school of Art; during the day I was occupied in the designing-room of a manufactory. After some years of this, during which time I took the usual prizes, I went to South Kensington, in order to gain a more extended knowledge of design, being under the impression that if I could learn nothing about design in the local school, there would surely be something of a higher nature in the way of teaching at South Kensington. But I found precisely the same thing going on at South Kensington School. I may illustrate this by giving the composition of the school at that time. There were about thirty Art masters in training, going through the usual course in order to gain their certificates. There were a larger number, perhaps as many as two hundred, general students; these were mostly studying to be artists, and were drawing and shading from the cast—the antique—and from life—and painting still life. There may have been a few who proposed to become designers, but they were not of much account; they were mere youths sent by their parents without any idea of what branch of decorative Art they were going to follow. Consequently they worked aimlessly, without the masters taking much notice of them. Besides these, there were about twelve national scholars. These were mostly embryo designers. They were under the charge of Mr. Moody—an admirable teacher. I believe he was connected more with the Museum authorities than with the School. His own tendencies in decoration were towards Renaissance, which any one can see by the staircase leading up to the Ceramic Court. Mr. Moody devoted himself wholly to these twelve, with the exception of some lectures on the figure and on ornament open to the rest of the school. This is the whole real and direct influence which I know of that the Department exerted then in the furtherance of Art manufactures. Even this influence was apt to be lost occasionally, as some of these national scholars became artists. A few of our distinguished younger painters have come from this class.

This was the composition of the central school some years ago during the time I was there. If I had not known the requirements of the branch of Art manufacture I am connected with, my time would have been wasted so far as being taught design in the schools is concerned.

The educational influence of the Museum and Library to a designer cannot be over-estimated, and I, for one, should be sorry to see it dispersed to local centres. I much prefer taking a journey to London if I want anything particular—and after taking this journey it would be very aggravating to find that what I wanted was say at Sheffield or Glasgow. I consider the Museum and Library to have exerted ten, ay, a hundred times greater influence over the design of the country than all the efforts of the Department.

I fully agree with Sir Rupert Kettle in his testimony to the value of teaching the masses free-hand drawing. And here I think the present system admirable. Mr. Crowther says truly, that the defects begin after this point. The schools of Art, as at present constituted, can do nothing more than lay a foundation of drawing—and I am quite willing to admit the great value of this. Let the Department remain content with this, and justify the schools of Art as an educational agency rather than as a reforming one.

Here is the form of argument I have heard used—"Look at the advance in our Art manufactures since the introduction of schools of Art; this advance must be plainly owing to this cause." This looks very specious till examined. I ask by what influence have you done this? By your Art masters? By your lecturers? You must have a relation of cause and effect. I say it would take a miracle with such a cause to work such an effect. The influences at work in the formation of public taste and advancement of design have been many. International exhibitions, more interest taken by the public in decorative Art than formerly, the introduction of Japanese Art; these have largely affected all branches of Art manufacture. Any one knows who is engaged in manufacture that the true influences at work are the *works* of men of genius, international exhibitions, and the educating effect of places like the Kensington and Bethnal Green Museums.

The only direct influence which has been associated with the Kensington system of improving Art manufactures is the application of plant form to design. I do not know who originated this novel style, this ironed-out view of nature, but this is what Mr. Poynter says of it: "Anyhow this determined insistance upon the necessity of a purely flat kind of decoration has produced as a result a kind of work, quite as unfortunate, if not more so, than the vulgar rococo ornament which it has superseded."* As far as I know the public has bought little of this kind of work; it being mostly produced by young students in schools of Art, who thought they were suiting the tastes of the examiners, and naturally wished to gain a prize.

* Ten Lectures on Art. E. J. Poynter, R.A. Page 29.

Under the present system I am convinced that schools of Art can do nothing more than give a preliminary training. This is owing to no fault of the Department, but to the inherent difficulties attending any other course. The training of Art masters is sufficiently severe. No man can be a jack-of-all-trades and excel at each. Why expect it? Let the authorities abandon the absurd pretensions that schools of Art have largely influenced the Art manufactures of the country. So long as these are persisted in, so long will the public look on the matter in the light of the fable—the travail of the mountain and the production of the mouse. The influences which mould a man's work must come from many sources.

The recent works manufactured from designs by students in the schools, and not only students in the schools at present, but those who have been students since 1862, has only added to this erroneous idea. Most of the works of excellence have necessarily been done by past students, as the works of present students were generally too elementary to be ever carried out in manufacture; even those gaining awards at South Kensington.

The Department proposes to take credit, I presume, for all influences under which a designer works, and assumes these works are the result of an early training in learning to draw. As well might a schoolmaster claim credit for all a distinguished pupil did in after life. As well might the Education Department claim to have influenced British literature by the introduction of compulsory national education, as the Science and Art Department urge such a claim. An Art master spends about a year in gaining his architectural certificate, and perhaps two to four years in gaining those relating to drawing and painting. Out of this time I suppose two or three months would be a fair average of all the time devoted to ornamental design. The inference naturally is that the teaching in the schools of Art should have more effect on architecture and painting than on design. But why Art manufactures should be fixed on instead of these latter is a mystery. It seems to be a case of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Unless the schools can justify themselves in this direction their *raison d'être* will vanish. The mistake was first made in supposing they could do this. It seems to have been assumed that the designers of the country were artisans who could be trained in the mass up to a given standard. This is quite an erroneous view. In the branch of manufacture I am acquainted with, only about one in ten are really designers; the rest are assistants, and carry out the ideas of the principal designer. They all have a chance of becoming designers, but practically few succeed in doing so. Most of these assistants attend, or have attended, the local school, and even have gained prizes in the national competition. They are obliged to occupy this inferior position, from want of sufficient ability to force their way through their fellows. The fact is, the real designer takes rank as a professional man, and in the textile industries earns from £300 to £1,000 a year.

I suspect these conditions apply to most of our Art manufactures. My own impression is that if anything further is to be done for the advancement of Art manufacture, it must be in the founding of local technical schools, or evening classes. If the leading designers and manufacturers of any district could combine for this purpose, some good might be effected. Let them do in a small way what the Royal Academy, and lately the Royal Institute of Water-colours, has done for Art. Students only to be admitted who propose to devote themselves to the local manufacture, having first attended the local school of Art, and being required to show a certain degree of proficiency before admission to this technical school. This school to be taught by a skilled designer, with occasional help from his brethren in the craft, and by means of lectures.

How far any connection with South Kensington would be advisable, would be a matter for consideration. The national scholars might be drawn from this class, and their number increased. I am not insensible to the value of a general training in design and knowledge of Art, which the Department might supply, and which they do supply in a small way in the manner I have indicated. It has a tendency to broaden a man's sympathies, and prevent that crystallization which is apt to become a characteristic of too much exclusiveness to local needs. It remains to be seen if there is sufficient cohesion among manufacturers and designers to effect the above. This kind of thing is done in large towns, I believe, by architectural associations. Students receive practical help and counsel from their elders, with occasional lectures.

It may be asked: why not give this tuition in the workshop? A designer is so much occupied with his own work that he has no time to impart instruction to those under him; they have to pick up such knowledge as they can gain by observation.

It must also be a local question. No department could possibly organize wholly such a scheme, as the needs of each district are so various.

In conclusion, I would say that schools of Art, as we know them, can be fully justified as educational institutions, but nothing more; and that the attempt of the Department to make it appear that the advance in Art manufactures has been wholly owing to their influence, is ill advised. It may have been one influence among ninety-nine others, but to claim credit for the hundred is preposterous. TEXTILE.

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.*

THE births in December include the following:—3rd, Eduard Bendemann, at Berlin, 1811; Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., at Scarborough, 1830, and Gilbert Stuart, the American painter, at Rhode Island, 1755: 4th, P. R. Morris, A.R.A., at Devonport, 1838, and G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., near Norwich, 1833: 5th, Daniel Zeghers, at Antwerp, 1590: 7th, G. L. Bernini, the sculptor, at Naples, 1598 (9th also given): 8th, W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., at Hamburg, 1817: 9th, Paul Chenavard, at Lyons, 1808, and Moritz Retsch, at Dresden, 1779: 10th, William Hogarth, at London, 1697: 11th, John Adams Acton, the sculptor, at Acton, 1833: 12th, Sir William Beechey, R.A., at Burford, Oxon, 1753, and Henry Le Jeune, A.R.A., at London, 1819: 13th, Sir

* Continued from page 340.

Joseph Noel Paton, R.S.A., at Dunfermline, 1821: 14th, François Hubert Drouais, at Paris, 1727: 15th, George Romney, at Dalton, 1734 (the 26th also given), and David Teniers, baptized at Antwerp, 1694: 16th, George Scharf, F.A.S., painter and writer on Art, in 1820: 17th, Thomas Woolner, R.A., the sculptor, at Hadleigh, Suffolk, 1825, and F. M. Granet, at Aix (Provence), 1775: 18th, Ludolf Bakhuisen, at Emden, Westphalia, 1631, and William Frederick Yeames, R.A., at Taganrog, 1835: 21st, Thomas Couture, at Senlis, 1815, and Seymour Lucas, at London, 1849: 22nd, Charles Louis Müller, at Paris, 1815: 23rd, Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A., at Dublin, 1770; Joseph Geefs, the sculptor, 1808, and R. Swain Gifford, the American artist, in 1840: 25th, Noel Coypel, at Paris, 1628: 26th, Balthasar Paul Ommeganck, baptized in the Cathedral, Antwerp, 1755, and J. D. Linton, at London, 1840: 29th, R. N. Wornum, the writer on Art, 1812. Also, Adrian van Ostade, at Haarlem, 1610, and Cecil Lawson, in Shropshire, 1851.

Among the deaths are—on the 2nd, Pierre Paul Puget, the French sculptor, at Marseilles, 1694: 3rd, C. J. Vernet, at the Louvre, Paris, 1789; T. C. Rauch, the sculptor, in 1857: 4th, Martin de Vos, at Antwerp, 1603: 6th, Jan van Schoorel, at Utrecht, 1562; J. B. S. Chardin, at Paris, 1779, and Sir William Boxall, R.A., in 1879: 7th, John Flaxman, R.A., the sculptor, in 1826: 8th, Baron Gustavus Wappers, in 1875: 9th, Antony Vandyke, at Blackfriars, 1641, buried in Old St. Paul's, and Benedetto Gennari, at Bologna, 1715: 11th, Thomas Barker, A.R.A., at Bath, 1847, and Pinturicchio, at Siena, 1513: 13th, Charles de la Fosse, at Paris, 1716, and Ludovico Caracci, at Bologna, 1619: 14th, Meindert Hobbema, buried in the Westerkerkhof, at Amsterdam, 1709: 15th, Carlo Maratti, at Rome, 1713, and R. N. Wornum, the writer on Art, in 1877: 19th, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., at Chelsea, 1851, buried in St. Paul's: 22nd, Guercino, at Bologna, 1666: 24th, Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., at Pisa, 1865, buried at Kensal Green, and Noel Coypel, at Paris, 1707: 27th, Hyacinth Rigaud, at Paris, 1743: 28th, Thomas Creswick, R.A., at Bayswater, 1869; Philip Hardwick, R.A., the architect, in 1870, and Baron Charles Marochetti, the sculptor, in 1867: 29th, Jacques Louis David, at Brussels, 1825, and William Hilton, R.A., at London, 1839: 31st, Gustave Courbet, in 1877. Also, Pietro Perugino, at Castello-Fontignano, 1524; and Mariano Fortuny, in 1875.

ALFRED BEAVER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'THE MONASTERY CELLAR.'—The monks of old were famous for their hospitality, and in Grützner's picture we have monks of modern type heartily entertaining the coopers who have come to put in order the barrels and the cellar of the German monastery. Good-nature and satisfaction with this world's providings are exhibited on the faces of the monks, who, with the strangers, seem quite ready for the repast.

The etcher of the picture, Carl Vaditz, is a native of Zerbst, about eighty miles from Berlin, where he was born in 1850. At the time of the Franco-German war he entered as a volunteer into the Anhalt regiment, with which he saw much actual service, coming through the campaign unscathed. In 1878 he commenced to study Art at Munich, studying drawing and painting, and latterly he has exercised himself with etching.

The painter, Edward Grützner, is well known on the Continent, and one of his pictures was engraved in *The Art Journal* of this year, at page 34. He was born at Neisse, in Silesia, in 1846, and entered the studio of Piloty, his chief works being representations of monastic life.

'RETURNING FROM FIRST COMMUNION.' From the painting by P. R. Morris, A.R.A. Engraved by Thomas Brown.—Although almost all the little out-door ceremonies of the Catholic Church have by this time disappeared from the streets and fields of Italy and France, there yet remain some unofficial pageants, which give the painter quaint subjects in their natural and unpremeditated setting of local landscape, sky, and sea. In places of pilgrimage, for instance, all that remains of distinctive provincial costume and manners may be studied better than elsewhere. Lourdes gathers together such types from remote historic France as extreme research could hardly discover in a year in their native villages. The Scandinavian Frenchman of the Norman pastures and orchards, and the Celtic Frenchman of the Breton coasts, show in all their distinctness in procession with the immemorial Basque of the South. But in every province, in every fishing village and little hamlet, unrenowned for miraculous spring or apparition, the simple show of the First Communion of children fills the country roads, about the time of Easter or of some other festival, with white-frocked girls, whose awkward draperies catch the lights and shadows of the clouds and play with the fresh spring winds. The little Italian maiden fastens to her dark plaits the thin veil which she has embroidered with white silk, and wears her virginal garments with the elegance of her race; but the French girl puts on the veil, more quaintly than gracefully, over a cap, and above her short white gloves appear the round wrists reddened by wind and labour. Nevertheless she is a charming and simple picture of youth and sincerity, and of the docility which is so important in the French conception of the child and girl. Mr. Morris has chosen a scene full of special character for his picture of the return of the young communicants. Some of them have come by boat to the seaside church; others have walked across the sands from their cottages, and now on their way home they tread the soft wet way with bare feet, and carry the shoes of ceremony in their hands.

We have to thank the artist for permission to engrave this picture.

'VENGEANCE.' From the statue by Samuel Fry, engraved by G. Stodart.—Dramatic sculpture is not common in the Royal Academy; for even when action is attempted by Englishmen, the motive is seldom carried into the facial expression. Mr. Fry's work, which was at Burlington House in 1883, has, however, that combination of temporary repose with tension of motive and animation of expression, which specially distinguishes dramatic sculpture. And his 'Vengeance' is, moreover, interesting for an originality marking the type as well as the action and look of the face and figure.



PAINTED BY P R MORRIS. A.R.A.

ENGRAVED BY THOMAS BROWN

RETURNING FROM FIRST COMMUNION

PEASANT JEWELLERY—FLEMISH AND SPANISH.



No. 1.—Gold Ear-rings.

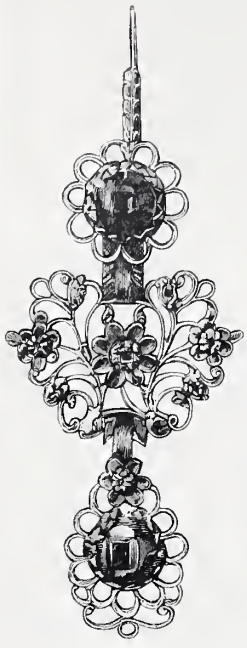
THE area within which peasant jewellery was made and worn by the Flemings was even more circumscribed than that of France. Its use was almost entirely confined to that part of Belgium which lies between Brussels and the sea-coast. The portion of Holland which lies to the northward of this tract hardly adapted itself at all to the usage of personal ornament. The difference in religion, no doubt, in a great measure accounts for this; the Romish faith developed the custom, the Protestant tenets discountenanced it. Where there are fête-days and festivals, there you are sure to find peasant jewels, or the remnants of them; but the sober Lutherism of Germany, and the still colder Calvinism of Holland and some of the northern kingdoms, blotted out such emblematical trifles, and there you only find personal ornaments without any special meaning, no idea belonging to them excepting their application and use.

Our second illustration shows a silver Flemish cross of the early eighteenth-century work. It is plain in its decoration, compared even with its fellows which immediately followed it. Crosses such as these generally weigh about half an ounce, and have some twenty rose diamonds in each. The variety of which this is a specimen is most often found in the district between Ypres, Bruges, and the sea-coast. The ear-rings (No. 1) are of gold, late eighteenth century. They are engraved actual size, and yet the pair only weigh seven pennyweights, and have forty-two diamonds in them. These latter will show that the jewellery of Belgium has a special character, namely, richness; due, no doubt, to the fact that in the seventeenth century they were the commercial magnates of the world. Whilst neighbouring France used almost entirely crystals for decorating their jewellery, the Flemings, without any exception, filled theirs with precious stones, rose diamonds being nearly always used in their ornaments, whether of gold or silver.



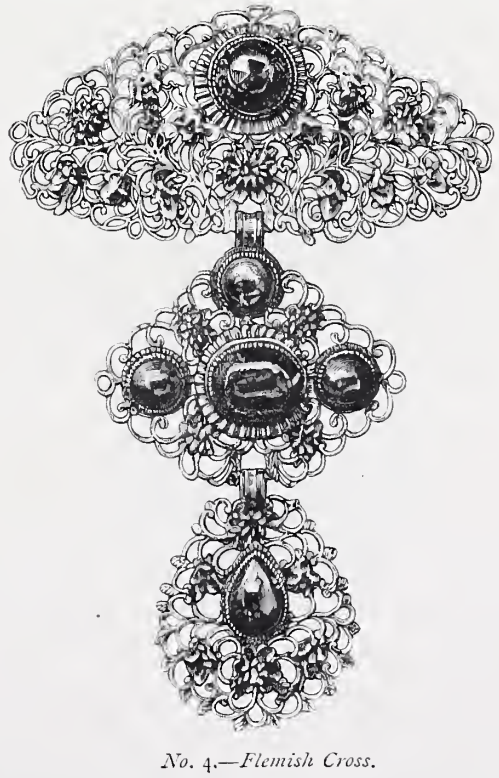
No. 2.—Flemish Cross in Silver.

No. 4 gives the style of the gold cross mostly found about Bruges; so local are they that few are found beyond Ghent. The cross is eighteenth-century work, and weighs eight pennyweights, having forty-two diamonds in it. It may here be remarked that the Flemish work is much finer than the French; this cross is also much smaller, and the ornamental top placed over it has lost nearly all the shape that prevails in France, although growing from the same origin, a knob, or bow, which here becomes a series of scrolls. The cross has also lost much of its individuality, and is almost lost in the intricacy of the fine scrollwork out of which it is formed. In the centre of each of the ends of the cross a table diamond is placed; whether made in gold or silver, it usually had the same form and size, but the silver one was made more solid, and the ornaments bolder and heavier, though not necessarily coarser.



No. 3.—Gold Ear-rings.

In the French cross the top, or "haut," is not a part of the cross, but is attached by the ribbon worn with it; but in the Flemish ornament the "haut" becomes part of the cross, and is never found without it—in fact, becomes a part of the pendant, making the cross less distinct and much less obvious than in the Normandy variety. The cross, whether of gold or silver, is sawn out of a plate of metal, the knobs and collets for setting the diamonds being soldered to the plates. The older the cross the thicker the plate that it is worked from, and the bolder the bosses; the back, too, will be found to be beautifully engraved in the older specimens. On the silver



No. 4.—Flemish Cross.

crosses gold knobs are soldered on, and on the gold ones silver knobs, so as to give a varied effect.

Unlike their neighbours the French, who did not wear ear-

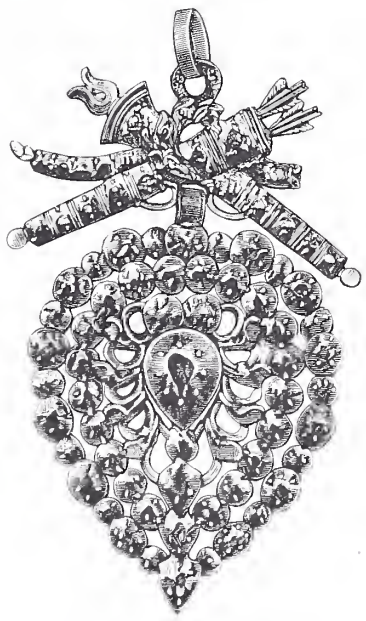


No. 5.—Heart and Crown from Antwerp.

rings *en suite*, the Flemish women went to the other extreme, and wore ear-rings almost as large as the crosses, made in the same style, and exactly to match. It is singular how different was the taste of two nations living so close together, the only point in common between these two countries being that the lower arm of the cross in every case is loose, whilst in Spanish work it is never so.

The Flemish cross is seldom three inches in length, and not half the size of the Normandy type, those shown being full size; neither has it its wonderful variety of shape and ornament.

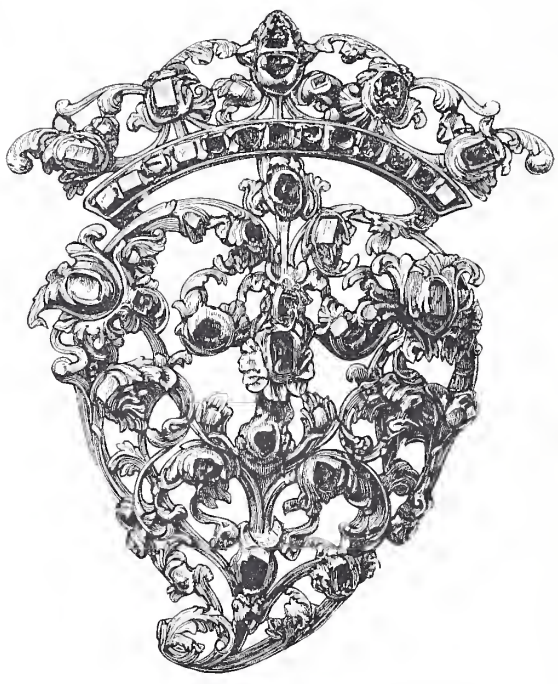
In Flanders the "heart" was never worn above the cross, but was used as a distinct ornament, and, as a rule, is only to be found in silver. No. 5 shows a type of heart and crown very commonly found between Antwerp and Malines, and



No. 6.—Heart and Flèche.

rarely elsewhere. The more clear and evident is the crown, the older is the jewel. The lower part of the crown is invariably formed of gold in all old hearts; the more modern ones (No. 6) have what they call a "flèche," being two quivers and a bow, so as to form a sort of love token. The heart and crown are usually entirely formed of scrollwork like the crosses, but the work is more open and bolder; the older the hearts, the finer the scrollwork and the more numerous the small diamonds set in them, some having nearly a hundred stones scattered over them. These hearts are still produced in fair numbers, but the crown has gradually lost its form, as in the case of our illustration (No. 5). Here it has lost much of its former typical meaning: it has over ninety diamonds on it.

No. 7 is a curious heart and crown in gold and silver, purchased at Brussels; it is almost beyond a peasant jewel, although having all that character as to form. This has forty rubies in it, and about the same number of diamonds, the whole weighing two ounces, and instead of being formed



No. 7.—Heart and Crown, with Rubies.

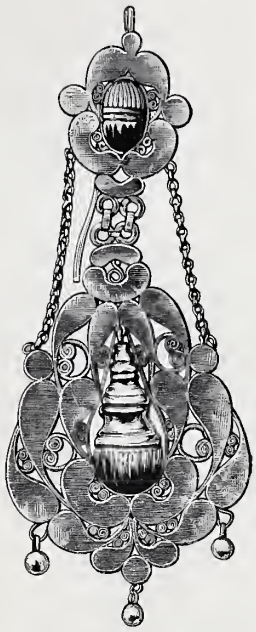
from a plate, is built up of pieces soldered together, and thus has more effect from the great amount of shadow on it.

Nos. 8, 9, and 10 are examples of Flemish jewellery without stones; like the French "Croix à Bosse," they are always made of much purer gold than when they call in the aid of the lapidary. The specimen 9 shows the oldest form, and is much enriched in the detail with the emblem of the heart, the crown being covered with it: this weighs less than a quarter of an ounce. The ornament 10 shows the decadence from this form, the crown being nearly lost, and the heart has become a sort of locket, or medallion. The ear-rings weigh only a quarter of an ounce the two.

There is little variation in the general form of the Flemish crosses, excepting in one instance, where the cross is almost without ornament, and plain, having only a stone at the end of each arm, the chief ornament being the top, or "haut," which is always larger than usual, bolder, and more massive in its scrolls; this type also varies more in design in its decoration of the top than the ordinary Flemish cross, although the lower part is always nearly plain.

The use of these jewels is only now dying out, and they can still be seen in ordinary use in some country places in

Belgium; the old jewels have, however, much increased in price. Twenty years ago a good old cross cost only fifteen francs, whereas now it brings fifty. These ornaments are also still made by a few old workmen in Belgium, but they only make a very common sort, far less beautiful than the old ones, and they are much cheaper; especially the ear-



No. 8.—*Flemish Ear-ring.*

rings are still made, as these are much patronised by the market-women and others of this class.

The style of Flemish work shows a family likeness with



No. 9.—*Flemish Pendant.*

Spanish, pointing to the long connection between the two kingdoms, before the Low Countries gained their independence. Thus all the stones for decoration are in both cases real, excepting that the Spanish used a greater variety, but neither ever used crystal like the French, and in each country the women delighted in very long ear-rings.

No. 11 gives an illustration of a fine Spanish cross, the peasant jewellery of this country being of the richest kind, and far too little known, as it is the perfection of the jewel-



No. 10.—*Flemish Pendant.*

ler's art, seeing every piece has the chief ornament of such work, that is, beauty of design, and each piece is a study. In this cross the upper part has now expanded into the grandest part of the ornament. As may be expected, the Spanish jewels are made from better gold, and about twenty



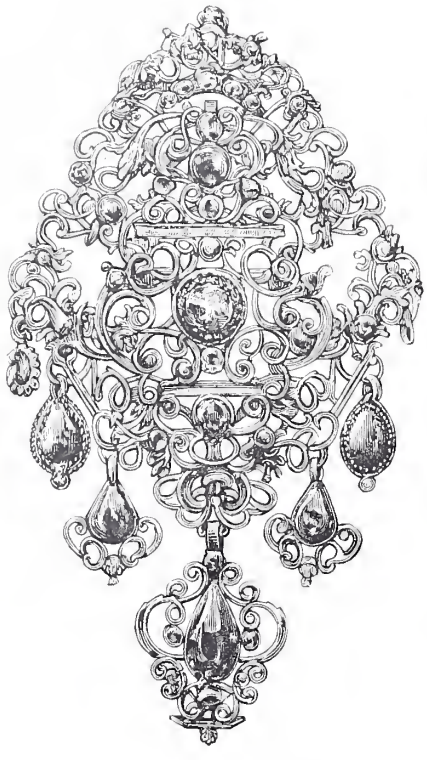
No. 11.—*Spanish Cross.*

carats fine; also they have finer stones. These jewels are not made out of thin plates like the Flemish and French, but are always built up from many small pieces, and soldered

together in most beautiful style. The stones are also set in a more ornamental manner. The ear-rings are long, like the Flemish, the specimen shown having emeralds. It is curious how often the number of the little pendants attached to each piece is limited to three.

As a rule the gold car-rings are always long, and the silver





No. 12.—*Spanish Ear-ring.* *No.* 13.—*Spanish Pendant.*

ones short, like the one shown in No. 12. The cross weighs an ounce. The Spanish jeweller adopted any stones according to his taste, and thus many varieties of colour are found, the cheaper specimens having mostly garnets, but always real stones.

No. 13 shows how the cross has almost entirely lost its form, and is absorbed by the scrolls about it; the long pendants being the peasant jewellery of the north of Spain, and common about fifteen years ago round Saragossa. But such has been the change, even in Spain, that a collection of jewels made in 1871, and then sold to the Kensington Museum, is now pronounced by the "Handbook of Spanish Art" to be almost unique, and not now capable of formation.



No. 14.—*Spanish Pendant.*

No. 14 is the form of jewel used in the south of Spain, particularly at Cadiz. This seems to be formed out of the emblem of the Trinity, many of them being quite triangular in shape, with either three or five or seven little pendants hanging from each. The ear-rings belonging to them are fine pieces of design, and the day will come when Spanish jewellery will have more attention and recognition than it has yet received.

J. W. SINGER.





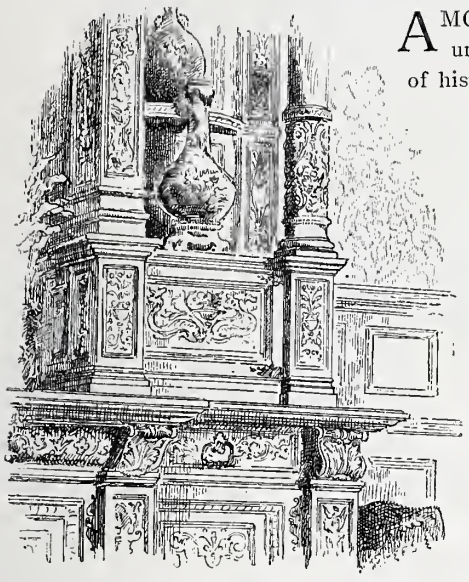
VENGEANCE

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE STODART FROM THE STATUE BY SAMUEL FRY

LONDON J S VIRTUE & Co LIMITED

CABINET-MAKERS' ART.

DOMESTIC FURNITURE.



No. 1.—Portion of Sideboard. Messrs. Gillow and Co.

AMONGST the many unconscious writers of history, there are few more persistent scribes than our own cabinet-makers. I do not mean the political ones—a history of their own times, written by them, would obviously be too one-sided to be trusted — but I refer to the more enduring works of their elder brethren, those cunning craftsmen who fitted up those well-furnished little rooms whence the political magnates take their name—our household furniture makers.

Now domestic furniture is perhaps the most subtle recorder of the varied changes which come over the fancies and the fortunes of a people; it interlines their general history, it punctuates and emphasizes the record of their æsthetic longings, and sometimes writes down at large their vagaries and their follies. Somewhat industriously it has been doing this latter of late, but there are symptoms that our household Clio will have a more worthy theme for her stylus to imprint, and that the pages of the future will be filled with weightier and more worthy matter than those just written.

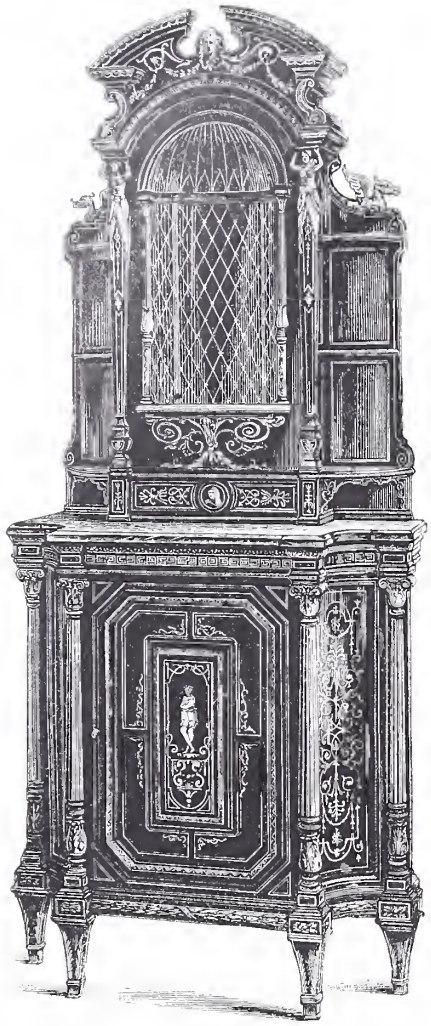
The change which is taking place in the arts of design as applied to domestic furniture is a very hopeful one. The reign of mean meagreness which has for some time ruled over us appears to be coming to a close; no longer is it deemed correct taste to encumber our drawing-rooms with rush-bottomed cottage chairs, no longer are combinations of broom-handles and thin spindles looked upon as marvels of design, and our chimney-pieces and cabinets are emancipating themselves from the enforced similitude to fragments of an apothecary's shop. It was a very odd phase, that elaborate affectation of simplicity through which we have just passed—a sort of parody on the shepherd and shepherdess period of Louis XVI.'s time, but which, oddly enough, only appeared in our furniture. Phyllis and Corydon made no sign in literature, nor was Dresden china particularly affectionated by our ceramo-maniacs, so that the vagary which fell upon domestic furniture had not the merit of being a representative one; it was no reflex of any popular tendency, nor was it the rebound from any exaggeration or excess in luxury. It was simply an evanescent reflex of the ephemeral affectation of a spasmodic clique. It had no general *raison d'être*, hence it perished soon, but during its short life it called into being those weak Eurasian hybrids, the "Anglo-Chinese" and "Anglo-Japanese" styles, which already are almost forgotten, the bills for examples of them being almost the only evidence of their existence.

What, too, has become of the Chippendale mania? that senseless furor which in its indiscriminate zeal adored good and bad alike? It too has passed into the limbo of fashion, whence one of these next days it will rise again, for the dry bones of it are sound and good. As a style, it had but little merit in design, and much of it was as æsthetically bad as it could be, but for careful manufacture and for the science of cabinet-making it was invaluable when true, but utterly worthless when false. Easy to simulate and cheap to forge, the flood of spurious imitations which crowded the shops and



No. 2.—A Cabinet. Messrs. Kendal, Milne and Co., from Drawings by Mr. W. Scott Morton.

auction-rooms soon drove away even the good and genuine examples of it from popular favour; but the only lesson it



No. 3.—A Cabinet. Mr. Jetley.

could have taught—that of sound construction—remained uncared-for and unlearned. Strange to say both these past phases of fashion masqueraded under the name of Queen Anne, though neither of them was in any way representative of the furniture of her reign. How good Mrs. Morley and good Mrs. Freeman would have stared at such things! They would have scorned such nude slimnesses, and deemed them but the product of a base degenerate race, a lampoon and libel on their own burly household gods that was well-nigh blasphemous. There yet lingers, it is true, a tendency to excess of thinness, and an attempt is being made to starve down the thinnest examples of the Adams' school of design to the most pauper-like proportions, but it is evident that the day when everything "correct" was uselessly slight is waning, and it is to be hoped that the day which is dawning will not consider it equally "correct" that everything should be uselessly heavy.

Herein lies the danger. Sudden reversion often produces an equal exaggeration of opposite qualities, and our designers and manufacturers will have to guard against this tendency. That the more instructed of them will do this goes without saying, but by far the larger number mistake caricature for character, and one dreads the return of those good old days when the test of merit was a trial by weight. "Feel this chair, madam! Allow me. Splendid chair, madam: so solid! you can hardly lift it." Such was, and I fear such may be again, the upholsterer's exordium; but weight and strength are by no means co-relative, and the warning needs to be given. This tendency towards weight as well as mass is shown by the change which is taking place in the very woods of which furniture is made; for rosewood and ebony woods, long strangers to the fashionable world, are now becoming quite the mode, and the revolution of a past cycle seems to be recommencing. Let us take warning by the errors it committed in its earlier career, and endeavour to avoid them.

In design there is a general disposition to go back to French and Italian furniture of the middle of the seventeenth century—furniture constructed on architectural lines, simple in general form, and of rich but careful detail. Let us examine some of the more important pieces of furniture recently designed and constructed by the principal cabinet-makers, and see how they are leading or following the popular inspiration. I say leading or following, for who leads or who follows is a moot point, and one which need not here be discussed. Those who saw Messrs. Gillow's sideboard in the Prince of Wales's pavilion at the Fisheries Exhibition will recognise in our initial woodcut (No. 1) a portion of its very beautiful detail, engraved in fac-simile of the designers' sketch. The general forms were bold and good—truly architectonic, and yet sufficiently playful and varied to prevent its becoming monumental, a mean not always easy to hit—whilst the detail, both in design and execution, was of exquisite delicacy. Such pieces of furniture as this will be treasured as epoch-marking examples long after ephemeral fashions will have changed,

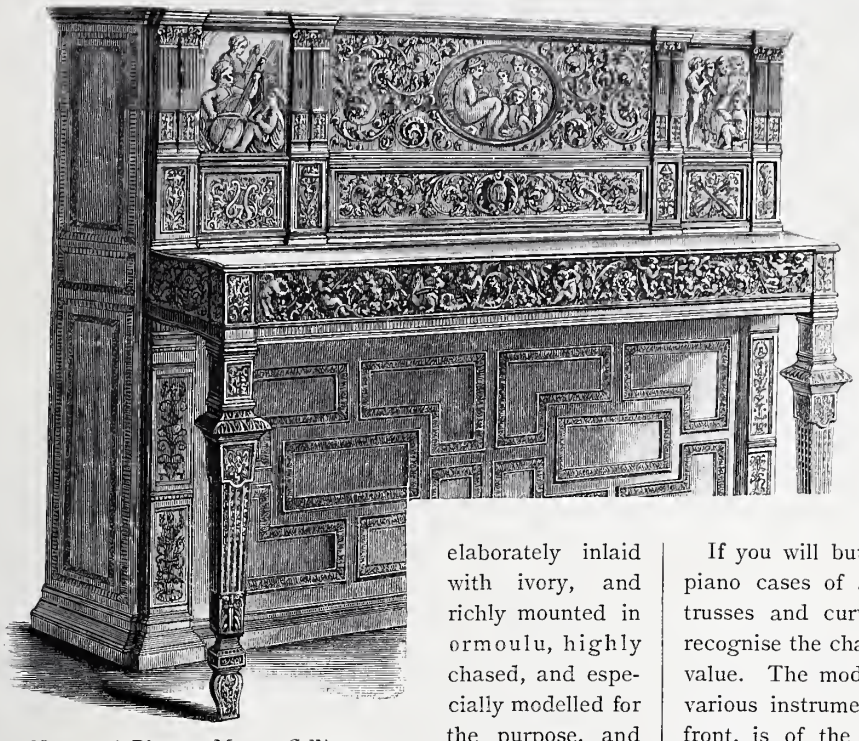


No. 4.—A Cabinet Table. Messrs. Collinson and Lock.

and as such, have a permanent value in the history of domestic furniture.

The cabinet by Mr. Jetley, of North Audley Street (No. 3), is

valuable rather as a piece of exquisite manufacture than as a record of the progress of the art of design. It is of rosewood,



No. 5.—A Piano. Messrs. Collinson and Lock.

elaborately inlaid with ivory, and richly mounted in ormoulu, highly chased, and especially modelled for the purpose, and not, as is too frequently the case, adapted from existing moulds. Its Renaissance character of style is rather German than Italian, and is reminiscent of the penultimate past rather than prognostic of the future course of industrial art, but the technical cleverness of the work redeems it from the common-place. Especially good is the truth of the inlay on the curved surfaces and the chasing of the ormoulu mounts.

There is, however, much more nobility and purity of style in the very finely designed cabinet which forms our illustration (No. 2). It was made by Messrs. Kendal, Milne & Co., of Manchester, from the drawings of Mr. W. Scott Morton. Severe in outline, architectural in build, and of great refinement in detail, it illustrates the most salient points of the course good design in domestic furniture is now taking, and as the work of a country manufacturer for a country connoisseur, is a remarkable evidence of the wide spread of good taste and good workmanship. Indeed, many of our larger provincial towns now produce work the like of which could only have been hoped for a few years ago in the metropolis, and this decentralization is full of hope for the future. Local schools of industrial art form so many radiating centres whence fresh impetus is given, and which, by competing with each other and the metropolis, leaven and quicken the whole country. Trade and taste are both improved thereby, a dull level of mediocrity prevented, and local connoisseurs confer a national benefit when they encourage such development. But wherever it had been made, this cabinet would be a remarkable illustration of the progress of the art of design applied to domestic furniture. Constructed of ebony and ebonized wood, having the panels painted, and being moderately decorated with but little of exquisite carving, it is an example of very refined taste, and at the same time is a singularly useful article of furniture. Of course it is not possible on the small scale of our engraving to illustrate the carefully considered contours of the mouldings, but those who know Mr. Scott Morton's handiwork will understand how much this consideration adds to the artistic value of the work.

Our other illustration (No. 5) is that of a marvellous piece of cabinet sculpture, and the pianoforte case made by Messrs. Collinson and Lock for a member of the Rothschild family, is worthy of the treasure-house to which it will belong. Here too we see the value of the somewhat rigid lines of its architectural outline. How these frame in the flowing lines of the sculptured frieze and panels! How well the stern treatment of the lower part emphasizes the lighter and more playful ordinance of the upper! and there could scarcely be found a better illustration of the value of that change of which I have spoken as being the type of the time than this piano case.

If you will but revert for a moment to the memory of the piano cases of a few years back, and recall the tortuous trusses and curved lines which ran everywhere, you will recognise the change which is taking place and appreciate its value. The modelling and carving of the Amorini who play various instruments, and which form the end panels of the front, is of the highest artistic excellence: they are truly plaques of sculpture worthy of the best periods of Italian art; while the decorative treatment of those in the frieze with their background of foliage is full of inventiveness and grace. It is very refreshing to find that the loving decoration of our musical instruments is once again becoming a feature in our households. In their early days these received the most lavish adornment, and the old claviers and harpsichords were painted and gilt and decorated with all the resources of Art. The home of sweet sounds was then lavishly rich in its adornment, and was the brightest spot in a brilliant room. Alas! what is too generally found now? A grand piano is a catafalque! You may hurl old embroideries over it, but its grimness grins through the pall; hide it as you will, you feel the ghastly thing is there, and rarely ever do you see any attempt made to render it a thing of beauty. Even the ordinary upright piano, as a rule, possesses no further attempt at decoration than a fret-cut panel and a bit of coloured silk; and the worst of it is the piano manufacturers do all they can to resist any attempt to render their instruments anything but hideous. They will make you horribly curly things for falls, and dreadfully knobbly-wobbly things for legs, in all sorts of expensive veneers, but they won't give you a painted deal case with a bit of good colour and ornament on it. If you will look at some of the old spinets in some of the Dutch pictures, with their cases of vermilion and gold, you will at once see how much effect may be attained by simple means. We cannot hope that many piano-cases, such as this Messrs. Collinson and Lock are now making, will come before us, but it would be quite easy to render our ordinary pianos less unsightly than they usually are nowadays.

Another piece of furniture by the same artist-manufacturers (No. 4) is a delicate little morsel made of rosewood and inlaid with ivory carefully engraved. Here the detail of the ornamentation is superior to the general design, and there is exhibited in it an eclecticism almost amounting to an anachronism

in the opposite characteristics of the inlay to the general build of the piece of furniture. The panels are like some of the designs of the niello works of Germany during the early part of the seventeenth century, whereas the general build of the piece is that of the latter end of the eighteenth century. Of course there is no reason why such a medley should not be, but in effect where two canons of design are brought into the same composition it rarely happens that they accord unless they approximate to the same period. Everything is reminiscent of something that has been, and so it was even long before the wise king's reign. Of course this does not limit invention or design, but as speech has crystallized itself into specific languages, so design has severed itself into certain styles, and as it is wiser to enunciate your ideas in some one language rather than in "pidgin" of one's own invention, so it is wiser to let all the design embodied in one composition follow one style. Let general form and minute detail all be imbued with the same feeling, and a much more harmonious whole will be the result, than when the orient pearls you have gleaned from oysters of all ages are at random strung.

May not one then invent? Certainly, invent if you can, but pray express your invention in some language understanded of the people. In some known language set forth your ideas and fancies in the most eloquent manner which is possible to you, but unless your language or style be recognised your eloquence is but foolishness to others, no matter how wise it may seem unto yourself; it is this which constitutes style in design, and why "style" is a necessity. Varying periods make that style more or less idiomatic, but the root-form of the language goes a long way back, and the farther you trace it, and the more you know of it, the better will be your effort at individual expression, and the more you know the less you will be inclined to copy. We are seeking just now to speak in a noble Art tongue, to use the firm, sonorous language of a healthy past, and I have a well-assured persuasion that much that is worthy to be written down in that interesting history—the history of our domestic furniture—will be recorded in it.

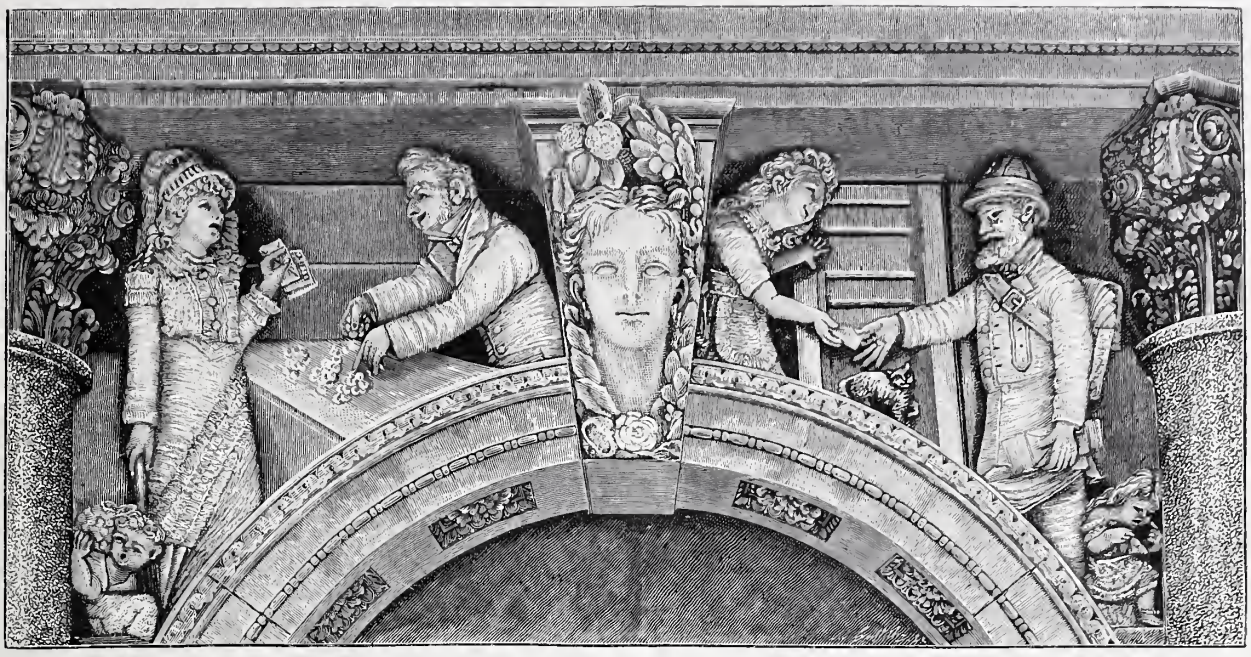
G. T. Robinson.

SIR JOHN STEELL'S
GROUP OF 'ALEXANDER AND BUCEPHALUS.'

IN *The Art Journal* of November, 1882 (page 348), we gave a description and an account of the history of this group, and indicated that it was about to be cast in bronze. The casting has now been successfully completed, and the work assigned a permanent place in a commanding and suitable situation in St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh. The work of unveiling took place on the 18th of April, 1884, and the event was rendered unusually auspicious by the fact that it was during the celebration of the tercentenary of the University of Edinburgh, when the city was crowded with *savans* and graduates from all parts of the world.



The bronze group of 'Alexander and Bucephalus,' of which we give an illustration, is colossal in its proportions, being ten feet in height. It is highly classical, both as regards conception and execution. As stated in our first notice, and as the title imports, "the incident represented is the taming, by the youthful prince of Macedonia, of the redoubtable charger whose indomitable spirit had previously scorned all restraint. The animal is shown in the act of rearing, its figure being finely poised on the hind legs, and the fore feet thrown freely into the air. On the near side stands the young athlete, whose head has been modelled from a bust of Alexander in one of the Florentine galleries. He is firmly planted on his limbs, of which the right is boldly advanced. His right hand, drawn back with strong muscular action, reins in the fiery steed; the left at the same time patting its shoulder in a soothing manner; while he calmly watches its excited eyes, as if to discover the effect of his treatment. A loose garment, shuffled from off the right shoulder by the energetic movement of the arm, droops in graceful folds over the left side of the figure, and falls in a voluminous mass under the horse's hind quarters. While individually showing good balance and proportion, the figures come well together, and, in their united effect, admirably carry out the sculptor's intention of displaying the predominance of mind over brute force." On the one side of the pedestal of the group is inscribed the following:—"Modelled 1832; cast in bronze 1883;" and on the other side—"Presented to the City by the Subscribers. 1884."



NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE engraving which forms the headpiece to this notice is a faithful reproduction, so far as photography can give it, of one of a series of alto-relievos which have been placed upon the new General Post Office now in course of erection at Sydney. Concerning these the Art world of the capital of New South Wales has been very much exercised during the past few months. The Colonial press has raised its voice against them, and a demand for their removal has been almost universally endorsed by the public. The ministry has, therefore, been compelled to arraign the architect, Mr. James Barnet, who is answerable for the designs, but he having appealed to the verdict of "England, Paris, Milan, and Rome," they are spared for a time, and it is feared may be left as a permanent disfigurement of these public offices. It is not our custom to assist in handing down to posterity representations of caricatures such as these, but we have in this instance felt it a public duty to do so.

We gather from Mr. Barnet's defence, which is published as a State paper, that he was led to treat the sculpture upon his building from a realistic rather than an ideal point of view by a perusal of Pugin's "Public Buildings in London," a lecture by J. H. Chamberlain, whom he styles "an almost infallible authority on Art," and a lecture of Mr. Gosse's, wherein he expressed a wish that Birmingham should erect as statues a welder of gun barrels, a caster in an iron foundry, and a true Warwickshire man in his shirt-sleeves and apron, rather than effigies of her more famous men. Thus educated, the colonial architect designed alto-relievos which represent Telegraphy, Commerce, Mining, etc. The one before us he thus describes:—"'Banking.'—Illustrated by a clerk paying money over the counter to a young woman who is presenting a draft. In the lower corner of the spandrel is a little boy with money in a bag and crying because he has lost some of it whilst bringing it to the bank. 'Post Office Business.'—Represented by a letter-carrier heavily laden, as on a mail day, giving to a young woman a letter which she gladly receives. Below is a little girl reading a letter." Mr. Barnet considers that "the result is admirable, both as to decoration and illustrative of the customs and costumes of the present day. The superiority of the bold and dashing stroke of the chisel in work which is seen at a distance, shows the artist's power of producing a masterly effect of life and reality with a few touches, and is evidence of fine handling." A Board who sat in judgment upon him, and who unanimously recommended that the carvings should be cut out, he stigmatises as "idealists unable to understand the subjects upon which they reported." And so he has appealed to Europe. The first opinion which has been tendered is that of Sir F. Leighton, who says, "I saw the photographs with nothing short of consternation, and I fear I must add with disgust; you have indeed an uphill fight where such things are possible." We have lately had occasion to see how varied are professional opinions upon questions concerning "artistic merit," but we imagine that if ever there was a matter upon which they could not possibly differ, it would be in the case of the sculptures on the Post Office Buildings at Sydney.

SOME AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

WITH one or two exceptions, the numerous exhibitions which open in London during October and November have this year been of more than usual interest. At the French Gallery there are a series of pictures by Carl Heffner, the young Bavarian landscapist, to whose considerable merits Mr. Wallis was, we believe, the first to draw attention. The best, perhaps, is the 'Via Appia,' with the long line of tombs standing like sentries on either side of the narrow, heavily

paved road. In this picture a clump of cypresses rises against the silvery greyness of the morning sky and gives a solidity which is absent from the rest of the series. Technically, Mr. Heffner's art is wanting in frankness; his colour is purely arbitrary; the gamut of silver, black, bituminous brown and red through which he runs corresponds to nothing in nature and, we rejoice to say, to little in Art. A German artist, to whose work we turn with immeasurably greater interest, is Professor Müller. In spite of the academic coldness of his conceptions and the exasperating thoroughness of their carrying out, his pictures pique us by the evidence they give of a perfectly balanced intellect, of a temperament which is never so much moved by the beauty of the world as to lay undue stress upon any one of its constituents at the expense of another. The picture of 'A Cairene Café,' now on view at the French Gallery, is at least equal to anything we have seen before by Professor Müller, and yet we do not know that it is not surpassed in real merit by one of the minute panels which hang beside it, 'In Pouting Mood,' a handsome heavy-lipped fellah girl in a blue hood and red shirt.

At the Messrs. Tooth's the foreigners are quite too much for the Englishmen. This is partly because among the latter appear rather too many, perhaps, of those whose style is now a little *passé*, and of those whose slipshod mechanism will not bear the trying juxtaposition with work in which hands, at least, have all the skill that hard study can give. Here, too, a special feature has been provided in the shape of a huge picture of a French harvest-field by M. Léon Lhermitte. This may be described as a Jules Breton in which the realisation of a type has been subordinated to ideas of light, atmosphere and value. On another wall hangs a small and in some ways still more pleasing example from the same hand, and beside it a large canvas by M. Jimenez, into which an extraordinary amount of fine painting of costumes and architectural details has been compressed. The subject is a competition between poets for a prize. On the same wall is a ghastly nightmare of a picture by M. Benlliure, and an extremely good example of Mr. F. A. Bridgeman's thoroughly well-drilled art. At the other end of the gallery the centre is occupied by a first-rate Van Haanen, an old Venetian fortune-teller exercising her vocation before two eager girls. Near it are one or two good examples of De Blaas; a clever, frank little picture by Signor Sorbi, and the small study for Mr. Waterhouse's 'Consulting the Oracle.' Mr. Atkinson Grimshaw is represented by a classicism after the manner of Mr. Alma Tadema, in which there is much promise. 'Moel Siabod' is a good Leader, and 'On Pleasure bent,' a Hamilton Macullum of the same class as the one hung on the line last season at the Grosvenor.

More popular, perhaps, than either of the two we have noticed, is the show of Mr. T. MacLean, for it includes no less than three new pictures by Mr. Millais. These were painted last summer for the decoration of a house. The first in order of the three pictures is 'The Mistletoe-Gatherer,' a brunette of a very decided cast resting under her load of mistletoe on an uninviting, snow-covered heap of earth and stones. The second is 'Little Miss Muffet,' a fair child of perhaps five years, startled out of herself by the advent of the spider. The third is a 'Message from the Sea;' a girl of ten or so, sitting on a rock and reading the words some shipwrecked crew have confided to the bottle that now lies, just broken, at her feet. In all three pictures the texture of youthful skin and the expression of youthful emotions are managed with a skill that Mr. Millais has certainly never surpassed; added to which the backgrounds, slight as they are, are almost in themselves enough to make the fame of a painter. In the remainder of Mr. McLean's collection there is nothing very remarkable. The best things, perhaps, are by R. W. Macbeth, Boughton, James Orrock, and Edwin Ellis. There is much that is clever in a vulgar canvas, 'An English Girl in Paris,' by V. Corcos, and something that is more than clever in a study by Mr. Van Haanen of a dark Venetian face looking out from a heavy veil of white lace.

Mr. Ernest George's sketches of foreign lands, shown at The Fine Art Society, have attracted considerable attention, and the fact that more than one-half of the three hundred drawings were sold in the first fortnight, testifies to their popularity. They are especially worthy of careful study by amateur sketchers, for they have all the qualities which that branch of Art-workers should strive after. The pencil work in them is admirable, the colours used are few—only four or five—the washes are well laid, the shadows are luminous, the figures are judiciously introduced, and Mr. George has known exactly where to stay his hand. As working examples for schools of Art they would be invaluable.

At Messrs. Dowdeswells' are a collection of disappointing studies in oil by Ernest Parton, which will do much to shake the high opinion which many people held of that artist's talent, and a number of delightful microscopic water-colours, dealing with the coast of East Anglia, by H. R. Robertson.

At the Hanover Gallery, in Maddox Street, a collection of pictures belonging mostly to the actual and the just past phases of the French school has been brought together. The most conspicuous work is McJacquet's 'Pavane.' In spite of the vulgarity of the conception there is something in this picture that prevents us from passing it quite with indifference. A great contrast to it is afforded by a panel only a few inches square, by J. F. Millet, a "Sunset at Barbizon," and by a Meissonier, a grey cavalier sitting motionless on his horse in a slushy landscape. Dupré, Daubigny, Alfred Stevens, Bastien Lepage, Corot, Fichel, are also represented, and about the room are sprinkled a number of fine bronzes.

Very different to the foregoing is the array of Eastern Art which Messrs. Liberty have collected at their East India House, Regent Street. The colours of the brightest picture are eclipsed by the magnificence of the hues which pervade floor, walls, and ceiling in every room, whether it be devoted to Chinese, Japanese, Indian, or Turkish embroideries. By dressing the good-looking lady attendants in garments to match, the brilliant effect is enhanced and a most fascinating show is the result. Visitors must not omit to journey to the topmost room and see the Liberty Art School, which is producing very good work at moderate prices.

SCOTTISH WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.—The seventh exhibition is at present open in Glasgow, and includes two hundred and ninety-four works. Mr. Francis Powell exhibits several drawings, of which 'A Westerly Breeze at the Pans, Kintyre,' is the most important. The wave forms are well modelled, and the sky treated with great tenderness. 'Glengarr,' a woodland scene, by the same artist, merits hearty commendation for its general tone and aerial perspective. Mr. W. E. Lockhart, in 'A Baptism in San Giovanni, Siena,' makes good use of the opportunities of his subject. Mr. Hugh Cameron's 'Happy Hours' is slight, but with pleasant feeling in it. In Holland, Mr. David Murray has found

subjects for several excellent drawings. Among the Glasgow men who have made decided progress are Mr. C. J. Lander, with his London and Thames-side scenes, and Mr. Tom MacEwan, in some of his rustic interiors. Mr. E. S. Calvert is painting with tender feeling. Mr. J. G. Laing has advanced greatly during the last two years, and Mr. Thomas Scott, Mr. David Farquharson, and Mr. S. Reid call for favourable notice. Mr. A. K. Brown always shows pleasant feeling, and a sincere appreciation of the poetry of nature's tranquil moods. Mr. John Smart's 'Ben Lithean' is a striking drawing. Mr. Walton displays considerable cleverness, but he must remember that eccentricity is not originality, nor impressions pictures. Mr. R. Herdman exhibits two drawings, very sweet in colour. Mr. R. Anderson is vigorous, but a little hard, and Mr. R. Allan's 'French Canal' is clever.

REVIEWS.

THE books in which Dr. Samuel Smiles has preached the gospel of self-help have been nowhere more popular than in Italy; and the seed sown by an English hand is already bearing fruits, not only in the achievements of many Italians, but also in a literature which records those achievements. Such a work is the "Autobiographical Memoirs" of Giovanni Dupré, which has been translated into English by E. M. Peruzzi (Blackwood and Sons). In this the story of a sculptor's life, from its days of poverty and hope long deferred to those of affluence and fame, is told with a genuine frankness of manner and in a pleasant style. The son of a wood-carver, his first recollections were of his father's employment at the Palazzo Borghese at Florence. That was a prosperous time, to be followed by one of depression, when the carver earned less and when the number of mouths to be fed increased. But, nevertheless, the happy glimpses of his own history as a husband and as a father are among the pleasantest parts of the volume. Besides the actual record of his artistic career, Dupré gives a great number of impressions and thoughts on matters connected with artists, their ways of life, their attitude towards each other, and their relations with their patrons.



Rouen Ware. From 'French Pottery.'

Another artistic biography, the appearance of which in America should be chronicled, is that of 'Eugene Fromentin' (J. R. Osgood & Co.), which Mary Caroline Robbins has translated from the French of M. Louis Gonse, editor of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, in which journal it has appeared. The reprint is made in an attractive form, and contains a number of the Arab sketches by which Fromentin added an artistic reputation to that which he won as an author.

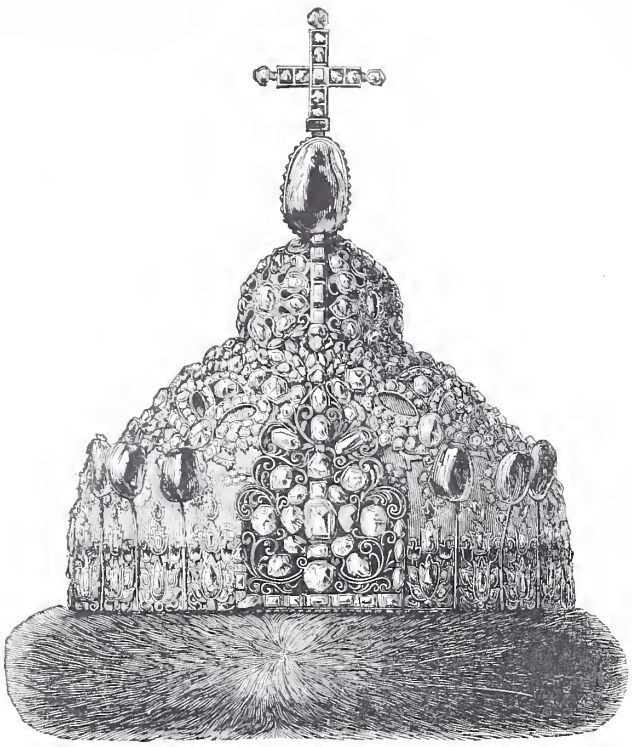
Among useful handbooks recently issued are two in the South Kensington series (Chapman & Hall), one of which is devoted by MM. Paul Gasnault and E. Garnier to "French Pottery," while "Russian Art and Art Objects in Russia" have been treated, or partially treated, by Mr. Alfred Maskell in another.* The series of "Illustrated Handbooks of Art History" (S. Low & Co.), has had an addition in a volume on "Spanish and French Painting," written by Mr. Gerard W. Smith and profusely illustrated; while "Classics for the Million" (Griffith and Farran) now include a popular treatise by Mr. Henry Grey concerning "Trowel, Chisel, and Brush."

A curious and beautiful volume is the "Biblia Pauperum," (Unwin Brothers), illustrated from original blocks which have been unused for nearly four centuries, and cannot be traced to any known artist, or connected with any known printed book. These blocks were purchased about sixty years ago at Nuremburg, by the late Mr. Sams, and have now for the first time been used to illustrate an edition of the New Testament, Wiclif's translation being taken as contemporaneous or nearly so with the designs. In these the Teutonic character is strong, and the typical and allusive intention very interesting. The book, beautifully printed and charmingly bound, is rather marred by the silly spelling of the title-page. Another "picture-book" is "The Seven Ages of Man" (T. Fisher Unwin), wherein Shakespeare's famous twenty-eight lines are illustrated by seven designs reproduced in photogravure. The mewling and puking age is drawn with uncommon grace by Mr. Church, and Mr. Shirland makes a powerful and even terrible picture of the last scene, expression and action being admirably conceived. But the intermediate ages are hardly so good. The schoolboy has no hold of the ground on which he stands, and the soldier lacks movement. In "A Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls" (J. C. Nimmo), Nathaniel Hawthorne's gay versions of classic myths for modern children are illustrated rather unequally by Mr. Church.

"Rambling Sketches" (Office of *The British Architect*) is a volume of architectural drawings, skilfully and rapidly made, by Mr. F. Raffles Davison, accompanying which are some brief notes by Mr. W. E. A. Axon. The sketches, which are reproduced mechanically, and lose thereby much of their charm, cover a wide field, from 'Rosebuds,' a fancy picture of a girl sent to an exhibition, to the new Law Courts, with its

* Specially interesting in this volume is the chapter upon Moscow. Here, within the Kremlin, is a Kazna or treasury, which, for the number and completeness of its contents, has no counterpart. Its riches are not confined to Russian Art, but include specimens of the best work of every European country. Notable amongst them is the regalia of the ancient Tzars. We give an engraving of the crown of Peter Alexeivitch, remarkable for the rubies and emeralds which surround it, fixed upon the top of pliant stems, and an immense ruby which supports the cross.

million cubic feet of brown stone and its thirty-five millions of bricks.

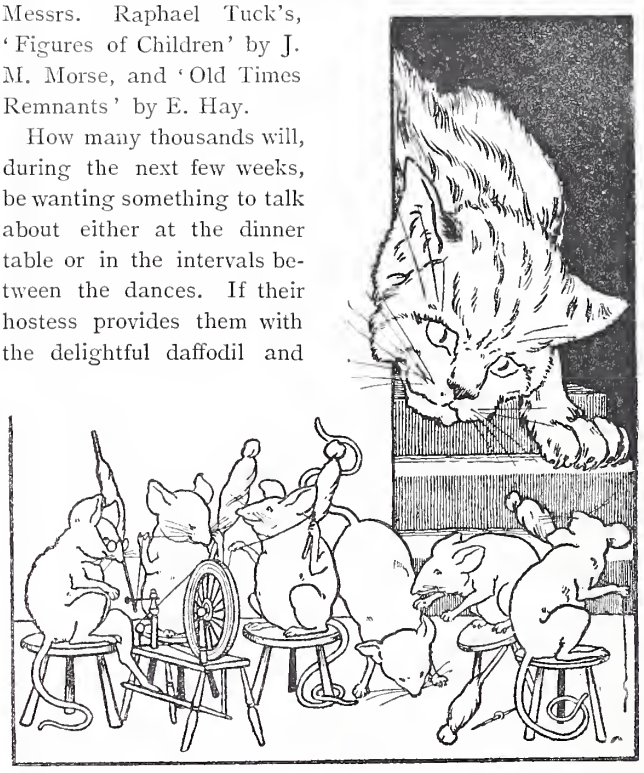


Crown of Alexeivitch. From 'Russian Art.'

AMONGST boys' and girls' books which have reached us we are sure that "True Tales of Travel and Adventure" (Hodder & Stoughton) will be deservedly popular, and many of the elder ones will like to refresh their memories of the stirring deeds of England's heroes. Boys and girls will also be interested in "A Long Lane with a Turning," and "The Autocrat of the Nursery," which come from the same publishing house. Judging from experience there will be no more popular book in the nursery this Christmas than "Nursery Numbers," which deals with the old rhymes. The book is issued by Marcus Ward & Co., so that nothing need be said as to the excellence of the chromo-lithographic illustrations; we give a reduction of one of the plain lithographs, and only regret that we cannot add the name of the artist. With "Dicky" Doyle as illustrator, and Andrew Lang as author, "The Princess Nobody" (Longmans) should command success, spite of the fact that the drawings were the product of the artist's later years, and a fairy tale written to illustrations can never have the same brightness as an original conception. Mrs. Houghton has hit upon a capital subject for illustration in Herrick's verses of "The Grange," and his "Book of Littles" (Marcus Ward & Co.); but, in constantly aiming at balancing her composition, she has made her work somewhat stiff, and it will consequently be appreciated more by grown-up persons than by young children. She has also failed to preserve a uniformity of date in her dresses, and has not even secured a correct likeness of the poet, as she might easily have done. Mr. Wyndham Hughes, in his illustrations to the old carol, "Nowell, Nowell" (A. R. Mowbray & Co.), has lighted on a seasonable subject, which he has clad in a mediæval garb.

THE Christmas and New Year cards which we have received are, as usual, as excellent as specimens of chromo-lithography as they are deficient in novelty of subject. This latter defect does not lie at the door of the publishers, for they apparently have searched through the artistic world for new ideas. The following call for special comment: amongst Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner's, a dainty volume, entitled "Home, Sweet Home," and cards designed by Miss Alice Havers; amongst Messrs. Marcus Ward's, 'Salt-water Sketches' by H. S. Wright, and 'Sporting Sketches' by Georgiana Bowers; amongst Messrs. Mansell's, 'Marine Studies' by the Cavaliere de Martino, and 'Beautiful Faces;' and amongst Messrs. Raphael Tuck's, 'Figures of Children' by J. M. Morse, and 'Old Times Remnants' by E. Hay.

How many thousands will, during the next few weeks, be wanting something to talk about either at the dinner table or in the intervals between the dances. If their hostess provides them with the delightful daffodil and peacock-feather menus and programmes of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., they will have a subject ready to hand.



'Six little mice sat down to spin.' From 'Nursery Numbers.'



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